

# THE NEW AGE

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## CONTENTS,

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..  | 73   |
| CURRENT CANT ... ..   | 77   |
| FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad ... ..                                    | 77   |
| MILITARY NOTES. By Romney ... ..  | 78   |
| "THE NEW AGE" AND THE LABOUR PARTY ... ..                               | 79   |
| INSANE PORTUGAL—I. By V. de Bragança Cunha ... ..                       | 80   |
| ENGLAND'S DAY OF RECKONING—I. By A. G. Crafter ... ..                   | 81   |
| AMERICA: CHANCES AND REMEDIES—IV. By Ezra Pound ... ..                  | 83   |
| MARRIAGE REFORM. By Duxmia ... ..                                       | 83   |
| IN KASHMIR—II. By C. E. Bechhöfer ... ..                                | 86   |
| LETTERS FROM ITALY—XV. By Richard Aldington ... ..                      | 87   |
| THOU SHALT NOT KILL (From the Mahabharata). By Beatrice Hastings ... .. | 88   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| PRESENT DAY CRITICISM ... ..   | 88   |
| READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C. ... ..  | 89   |
| VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R. ... ..  | 91   |
| ETHICS. By William Marwick ... ..  | 92   |
| REVIEWS ... ..   | 93   |
| ART. By Anthony M. Ludovici ... ..   | 95   |
| DRAMA. By John Francis Hope ... ..   | 96   |
| MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By John Playford ... ..   | 97   |
| PASTICHE. By Charles White, Minna Withers, I. A. R., P. Selver, T. Mark, H. E. Foster-Toogood ... ..   | 98   |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR FROM Joseph Finn, R. H. C., Augustus Simcoe, P. Fanning, Dr. M. R. Levenson, F. C. G., F. M., Sydney Robert West, John B. Ruff... .. | 100  |

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE politics are interesting, it is possible to deny, with some plausibility, that the influence of wage-earners on politics is nil; but it is not so easy to deny it now that Parliament is as good as dead and in some weeks will be adjourned for perhaps five months. During this period and that what can be the political action of the working classes? If they can fancy themselves during the session influencing the politicians, they cannot at any rate persuade themselves that with the permanent officials, who administer without reigning, their opinions carry any weight. Thus for four or five months of the year political action, even if it were the sole means, instead of a very subordinate means, of economic emancipation, would be impossible owing to the close season. Yet during not only the rest of the year but with no abatement whatever for Parliamentary holidays, national calamities or European wars, the forces of economics go grinding on, heaping up Rent, Interest and Profit for the possessing classes and reducing to bare and barer subsistence the wage-earning classes. It surely therefore stands to reason that however desirable political action may be during two-thirds of the year, economic action is necessary all the year round. The capitalist Press is in some degree to blame for the theory that nothing happens when Parliament is not sitting. Instead of examining economic phenomena—which, of course, it would be unwise in them to attempt, since sleeping dogs are best allowed to lie—the Press is now filling its leader columns with literary and other piffle. Piffle we call it because tired political hacks can scarcely be "turned on" (as they say) to the fine arts without making fools of themselves.

THE NEW AGE, on the other hand, has most material for comment when the general Press has least. We by no means find it necessary when Parliament is not sitting to scrub the anchor for want of something to do. If our readers can endure with as much patience to read as we have industry to write a weekly comment on matters mainly economic, the prevailing political dullness can, we believe, be turned to the profit of our common understanding.

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The celebration by means of a deputation to America of England's peace with that country during a whole century has resulted so far in the issue of a Peace Manifesto to all the Powers of the world. In it the signatories urge, among other considerations, this: "That the time has come when international rivalries and differences, though numerous and severe, may be settled without war." But there are no grounds given, that we can see, for this Angellic notion; for it is obvious that wars will not cease until the cause of wars has been sought out and eradicated; and nowhere, either in this or in any other pacifist document, have we seen any hint that the cause of wars is capitalism. On the contrary, from all we have read of pacifist literature, the amiable apostles of peace appear to be unaware of what is the real obstacle in their path. They profess to imagine that wars will cease on account of their cost, on account of their inhumanity, on account of the suffering they entail, on account of the growth of international friendship and sentiment. But none of these things weighs in the balances of nations, any more than in those of individuals, against the assumed and usually admitted necessity of the profiteers of the world to exploit for their personal advantage the markets and the inhabitants of the world. How, indeed, should they? The profiteers of any given nation are in a sense independent of the nation to which they nominally belong. The nation may lose money in war, may lose men, may be sickened with scenes or descriptions of horror, may even do violence to its sentimental friendships with this or the other nation; but, provided that its profiteers, individually or associated in powerful groups, see their profit in war, war there will be at whatever cost to the nations as nations involved.

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Much less, however, than this positive theory of the cause of war is needed to demonstrate the fallacy of

the remedies suggested by the Pacifists. A *reductio ad absurdum* is in most cases enough to dispose of their proffered grounds. The argument from the cost of war, for example, is disposed of when the defenders of war can plead the economy, in the long run, of prestige and advertisement. A business to-day finds its profit in devoting sometimes as much as one half its income to the apparently wasteful work of advertising itself amongst its competitors. Is the result on the world's production, or even on the nation's total production, good or bad? Undoubtedly it is bad. But on the business of the successful firm and relatively to the failures caused by it, the result of this madness is good. Similarly the profiteers of a nation, desirous of expanding their joint but still private business, may conclude that a successful war would be to their profit. "Empire" has largely been sought with this and no other end in view. And the results, so far as they are judged in terms of capitalist economics, answer to these expectations; for every country that has waged successful war now contains a few persons of colossal wealth, though in each, of course, the many are poor. The argument from the inhumanity of war we can scarcely treat with any seriousness, for peace, as has often been remarked, is even more inhumane in its accompaniments than war. More persons, for instance, have died in the gold mines of South Africa of phthisis and other industrial diseases than were killed by bullets during the whole war. The injuries sustained yearly on our railways and in our mines make an average compared with which war is often a safe occupation. If people are not moved to revolutionise at leisure a peace so inhumane, the inhumanity of war, with its gilded associations and its tragic excitements and pleasures, will assuredly not move them to abolish war. Not even, we believe, if Sir Richard Burton's wish could come true, would war be abolished. "He who renders war," said Burton, "fatal to all engaged in it, will be the greatest benefactor the world has yet known." It is no quibble, however, to reply that life itself is fatal to all who engage in it; yet reproduction does not cease on that account. As little would war cease even though every army that engaged in it were doomed to immediate instead of remote destruction. Man, as Aristotle said, is a mad animal. But the least plausible of the means of preventing war is surely international friendship. How seldom even in private matters where the parties are friends by blood or intimate association is business rivalry more than, at most, mitigated in its grosser rigours. Not for many long ages, we fear, will international friendships, based on sentiment alone, counteract the worst elements in competing nations; for it must be remembered that it is the worst and not the best elements in the nation, as in the man, that usually have their way. Can England rely upon America or America upon England for another century of peace? We should not, if we were either party, depend upon it. Ninety-nine in every hundred of each nation do undoubtedly desire peace (or, rather, do not actively desire war), but the hundredth man in each is a profiteer; and the profiteer has already shown what he can do by converting the mediæval world into the modern capitalist world. The guarantees of peace are two; and they are alternatives: to unite the profiteers of the world, as Mr. Finn has suggested, in an international partnership for the absolute dominion to their hearts' content over the rest of us; or to stamp profiteering out as if it were what it is, the greatest curse and disease of the human race. Until our Pacifists have pursued their analysis to this alternative they are mooning with Lucian in Cloud-cuckoo-land.

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Moreover, as those know best whose mastery of economics is most complete, the new American tariff is as good as a declaration of war upon England already. We say England and we say war, because in the end both these will be involved in the economic struggle now about to become fierce between the profiteers of the two countries for the world's markets. For some de-

acades, perhaps, the struggle will be confined to the business columns of newspapers, to the Stock Exchanges and to the shipping and manufacturing sections of the respective nations; but let either of these in either country become aware that a market for their profit is being closed to them even by reason of their own inferiority as tradesmen, a resort to force will inevitably be suggested as a means of capture where open competition has failed. On the face of it—to the economist—America is already stripping herself for the encounter; and, by the same tokens, many of our own business men are preparing to retreat. What is Tariff Reform in America but the establishment of Free Trade to the end that Labour may be cheap—as cheap as it is here—to the freeing of her profiteers for fiercer competition? But in England Tariff Reform is the *disestablishment* of Free Trade, and not (as the liars say) to the end that wages may be raised but that profits may be maintained without the trouble of competing for them. In short, America is preparing to face the world's competition at the moment when England is preparing—with no noble revolution in view—to shirk competition. This, it must be admitted, is a bad omen for the conclusion of the coming struggle. But are we then in favour of Free Trade with free competition all the world over? Free Trade or Protection—what does it matter. Provided there is competition, let the dogs fight on equal terms—it is a dog that will win and a dog that will lose. Humanity has nothing to gain from it. We repeat that the cause of war is capitalism or profiteering; that America is entering on a new phase of profiteering, a more intense and a more efficient phase; and that, sooner or later, the intensified competition between the two countries—provided we neither unite the profiteers on both sides nor lock them up as criminal lunatics and create National Guilds in their place—will result in war.

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We have not Tariff Reform in this country, but our Railway Companies have what is equal to it, a statutory right to raise rates so as to maintain profits when wages are forced upward by trade unionism. Following upon the strike of twenty-one months ago, upon which occasion Mr. Lloyd George basely sold public rights to the railway companies—for nothing, the latter have now given notice that their rates for certain traffic will be permanently raised at the end of June by four per cent. The London Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution against the action of the companies; and up and down the country other protests are doubtless being made. But they will, as a rule, not be reported, without exception they will be ignored, and, in the end, this treatment will serve them right. For no blow has been so long impending or has given such ample warning of its coming as this decision of the companies to make twopence profit out of every penny of their increased expenditure upon wages. Moreover, as that Jekyll and Hyde organ, the "Times," has pointed out, the motives of this action are more in number and deeper in meaning than immediate recoupment of losses. Recoupment, indeed, both for the losses by the strike and for the increased wage-rates has already been made by the companies, on the evidence of the "Times" itself, before the new rates come into force. Why, then, are rates to be raised in addition? In the first place, because if national purchase of the railways is imminent and the price is to be calculated on recent profits, profits at any present loss to the public, must be pushed up as high as possible. Says the "Daily News": "Railway profits are being steadily augmented with the full knowledge that every penny will be capitalised when it comes to purchase." In the second place, the increased cost to the community, while nominally falling upon all traders alike, will actually fall in the end upon the small traders and the poor of the community exclusively. For by a thousand devices known to large traders and the luxurious classes the new burden will be shifted on to the backs of those least able to bear it. With what result, we may ask? Not only

with the result that the poor are again made relatively poorer, but with the calculated result that they will be led to attribute their misfortune to the rise in wages of the railwaymen! The "Times" in its role of Hyde avowed this purpose in its leader on the subject last week. The public, it suggested, was too ready to endorse strikes for higher wages; but if they could be convinced that "higher wages mean raised prices" they would not be so ready to tolerate trade union action. Thus we see that over the whole field of industry, the dice are being steadily and deliberately loaded against the wage-earners in their next throw. Already the big capitalists were settled in their policy of opposing higher wages on every occasion; but it was necessary to enlist the small traders and the general public on the same side. This has been accomplished now, and by the time of the next railway strike, the capitalist opposition will include practically every man in business as well as the mass of the public. The irony of the situation is completed by the fact that the railwaymen are ignorant of what rods are pickling for their backs. They are still continuing at their conferences to demand higher and higher wages in sweet oblivion of the events we have related which will ensure them when they next strike the hatred of the small as well as the large traders and also the opposition of their own class in other industries.

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Even this, however, is not all that is in motion while Parliament is asleep. It is indeed the very least of the instinctive precautions that Capitalism is taking for its future defence. For the present period of so-called prosperity will assuredly not last for ever, and in no long time the tide will turn and we shall be in the thick once more of Labour unrest. The prosperity which the working classes are said to be now enjoying is not merely temporary, but it is illusory. To prosper is to save; but how few of the wage-earners are saving even though their work is now at full-time on full wages. For the most part, they are engaged out of their increased earnings in paying off the debts incurred during the lean years, in replenishing their wardrobes and in indulging a few normally unsatisfied desires—with this effect on their general position that at the very commencement of the coming slump they will find themselves with no reserves on which to fall back. It would be contrary, in fact, to the nature of capitalism if the working classes could save under any circumstances. The tendency of wages is to fall to the subsistence level and to leave no margin for savings. Capitalism would be fatally injured if the wages paid sufficed to enable its victims to save; indeed, to the extent to which the proletariat could save, they would cease to be proletariat and become partners, sharing in the profits as well as in the costs of industry. This would never do; and thus we may take it as an axiom that the proletariat can never save under capitalism, unless it be out of their subsistence fund. But it also follows that "unrest" is as inevitable as the next slump; and in preparation for this coming unrest new devices for meeting it are under the consideration of the employing classes.

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One defence has undoubtedly turned out contrary to their calculations. It is the Insurance Act. It will be remembered that this Act was specifically recommended by Mr. Lloyd George as a means not only of increasing the efficiency of workmen without any cost to their employers (for the employers' levies, he said, might fairly be added to prices), but as a sedative of the "unrest" of workmen during sickness and unemployment. In short, the Act was to allay unrest and to increase profits at the same time. Events, however, have now begun to prove that though for the moment profits may be on the increase, the Insurance Act will not do what it set out to do either towards efficiency and economy or towards industrial peace. The Act, to begin with, grows more unpopular, as we said it would, with every month of its operation. For the first few

months, it is true, people were disposed to look for their ninepences in return for their fourpences; but they have now begun to realise that, except to a very few of them, the ninepences are never coming. Again, the tragic division of the doctors, coupled with the fact that the cads of the profession have throughout set the standard of medical attendance, has resulted in a medical treatment of the insured at which pigs would turn up their noses and horses their heels. In thousands of instances, the insured, when they are such, either bribe their panel doctor to treat them as private patients or fall back upon patent medicines—these latter, by the way, are selling as well as ever, to the standing disgrace of the medical profession. Still again, the country has only just begun to realise the cost in administration of the new Act; a cost that, as sure as fate, will necessitate before very long either increased levies or still further reduced benefits. In the "Westminster Review" for May, Mr. T. Good, one of the experts on Insurance who opposed the Bill and whose prophecies are being fulfilled, has made a calculation of the administrative cost of the Act compared with its total income. The annual income of the whole scheme, he says, is some twenty-four million pounds; of which already some ten millions go in administration. And administration will not become less but more costly as time and bureaucracy go on. The cost in administration next year will be nearer fifteen than ten millions, and in the following year nearer twenty than fifteen. In short, the sum devoted to benefits will dwindle as the sum devoted to administration will increase—to the glory of the official vultures, but to the damnation of the Act and the robbing of the poor.

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We have never asked our readers to accept our word that the Insurance Act was a mistake; we should never dream of expecting anybody to accept dogma or even reason when experience is available in no long time. But we ask them now to compare our forecasts with the facts now being daily recorded. The medical profession, nobody will deny, is in the position we long ago foresaw for it—despised by the general public, detested by the panel public, and hated by its own better self. And we are afraid that even yet it has not fallen to the inevitable depth. The Friendly Societies, whom we implored to beware of Mr. Lloyd George, are now regretting that they allowed their leaders to be bought and themselves to be sold. At conferences last week of the Oddfellows and the Hearts of Oak, all the speakers, with the exception of a member of the Government and therefore a paid apologist, spoke bitterly of the Act, and all its results. The President of the Hearts of Oak in his opening address, sadly admitted that the Act "had retarded rather than helped the great principle of mutual co-operation." "Their interests," he said, "had, to a great extent, been sacrificed and betrayed in the interests of capitalist organisations." Of course they have been, but who, depending even on reason alone, could fail to have foreseen it? From the moment that Mr. Lloyd George accepted the dictation of the Prudential and appointed as one of his Commissioners the managing director of the Pearl Company, the interests of the mere friendly societies were doomed, and Mr. Lloyd George knew it as well as we did. In mere additional cost of administration the Manchester Unity of the Hearts of Oak has spent in the last year well nigh a hundred thousand pounds. Three hundred extra clerks had to be taken on. . . . over £20,000 went in postage, etc. At the Oddfellows' conference, attended by Mr. Macnamara (though why we cannot guess, for had we been delegates we should have had him turned out as a spy), the same hostile criticisms were passed upon the Act, and not in the dark of reason, but in the light of nine months of its working. Why, asked one delegate of Dr. Macnamara, why didn't you leave us alone? Because, came the reply, "the spirit of brotherhood. . . ." The cant of Mr. Lloyd George seems to have spread to his subordinates. What the trade union leaders think of the Insurance Act now that they

are "enjoying it," we confess we can only guess. These officials are such politicians that the last thing to be expected of them is the truth.

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But the country at large, and above all, the electorate, how are they taking the Act? In spite of the fact that the Unionists are as a party almost as deeply committed to the Act as the Liberals, the Newmarket by-election shows that the detestation of the Act is still greater than contempt for its political half-brothers. So intense, in fact, is the hatred of the Act after almost a year of its working, that the wretched electorate, having no other means of expressing itself, jumps from the Liberal fire deliberately into the Unionist frying-pan. No other cause than the Insurance Act can possibly explain the tremendous turn-over of votes at Newmarket. The Liberal candidate was a pet of Mr. Lloyd George's very own; he was supposed to be the accredited exponent of the always coming Land programme; his promises to agricultural labourers and small farmers, of whom the constituency is largely composed, were as extravagant as Mr. Lloyd George could possibly wish. Yet a Liberal majority of four hundred has been converted into a Unionist majority of over eight hundred. And the sole cause, as we say, is the Insurance Act. Writing dubiously on the eve of the poll the "Times" correspondent, who, like the rest of his party, allows his judgment to be clouded by the official optimism of the Insurance Commissioners, said: "If [our italics], if there is any change at all in favour of the Unionists it is probably due to the Insurance Act." An even more convincing admission of the effect of the Act, however, was made by the defeated candidate himself at the declaration of the poll: his defeat, he said, was due to misrepresentation of the Insurance Act. What? Misrepresentations after the rare and refreshing fruit has been gathered during the last nine or ten months? Hodge is not such a fool as to mistake ninepence in his pocket for fourpence, if the ninepence were really there. All he knows is that the fourpence is out of his hand and the ninepence is still in the bush. We again give the Unionists warning that the Act is becoming more unpopular as its operation is becoming known. If they have political intelligence among them, they cannot, save wilfully, fail this time to see their political profit in the fact.

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The Insurance Act, however, was never more than one string of the capitalist bow. There are many others, of which Arbitration appears to be the most difficult to get into working order. The Industrial Council, whose other name is Sir George Askwith, has lately been perplexing itself with the problem how to institute Compulsory Arbitration without exposing the scheme under that name. The first step was easy: to procure the unanimous support of the Council to a hearty verbal condemnation of Compulsory Arbitration; but the subsequent setting of it up again was met with difficulties. Sir George Askwith's own suggestions would solve the difficulty with little or no trouble if only they could be unanimously affirmed to be what they are not. His suggestions, bearing on this point, are three: (a) to compel every union to give notice of a forthcoming strike and to delay or suspend it until an official Inquiry has been held. We do not suppose anybody is simple enough to fail to detect the intention in this clause; it is not, we may say, to ensure the success of a strike or even to encourage the striking habit. In Sydney, New South Wales, only recently an official Inquiry was administered as a remedy against a threatened strike, with this result, that the Inquiry opened last September and has not concluded its report to this day. The dispute in question was small, but the delay has been so great that a week or two ago the men (ferry-men) struck in defiance of law; and the Government has now been compelled to run a service of its own. So much for Official Inquiries and their purpose. Sir George Askwith's second proposal is (b) to procure from contracting unions and federations

the deposit of a sum of money which shall be forfeited in the event of either party breaking its agreement. Again we see no room to doubt that the intention here is plain. In every instance the interpretation of a breach of agreement will and must be left to a nominee of the employing classes; who, since he is man and not god, will naturally as a rule see breaches in the men's case long before he will discover them in the case of the masters. Besides, the sum deposited will be a considerable amount even for the largest unions; but it will be a trifle in the amounts possessed by the federated employers. To ensure for a bad clause the most elementary justice the deposit on each side should bear an equal proportion to the capitalised values of the contracting parties. But the third proposal of Sir George Askwith is in every respect the most dangerous to unionism of all. It is (c) to regard "sympathetic" strikes as constituting breaches of agreement. If there is any doubt about the intention here, two considerations should remove it. Firstly, the whole future strength of trade unionism depends on its ability to carry into practice its motto of "Each for All and All for Each"; and, secondly, by the device of dissynchronising agreements, the present clause could easily make impossible anything more than a sectional strike in every instance. But if anything has been learned by trade unionism during the last ten years it is this: that sectional strikes are either suicidal or murderous. Sir George Askwith, we imagine, has for once overshot his caution.

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While the employers are thus engaged and political Labour is gazing on their operations with open-mouthed amazement mingled, it is to be feared, with admiration, the economic forces proper of the Labour movement are not entirely inactive. We have referred more than once to the desirability of the federation of the Co-operative movement with the trade union movement; and to our great satisfaction this union is now in train under conditions even better than we dared to hope for. The fear in our mind was lest the co-operative movement that has hitherto kept outside of politics should be captured, as the trade unions were captured, by the ambitious Parliamentary candidates and members of the Labour Party. At the Co-operative Conference at Aberdeen last week, however, by a majority of two to one the co-operators resolved that while they were willing to federate with the Trade Union Congress, they would have nothing to do with the Parliamentary Labour Party. Politics, said the President, were a cause of division in the working-class movement; but economics unites them. This is true, and we are glad to see it recognised at last. Why, however, we continue to wonder, has the British Socialist Party, with Mr. Hyndman at its head, failed to see the truth when mere co-operators have grasped it? At the conference of the B.S.P., held last week at Blackpool, though there were many differences about trifles, there appears to have been no difference about essentials, especially when these were fallacies. But the worst fallacy on which they beautifully agreed was that the proletariat, while they remain the proletariat, can exercise political influence. They cannot, and all the political organisations in the world will not make a unit of a collection of ciphers. The B.S.P., if this is its attitude, has really no reason that we can see for existing. As the rebel section of the Labour Party, its fate, as well as its value, depended on its possessing ideas more nearly true in substance and more certain, therefore, of ultimate recognition, than the ideas of the party it left. But, in fact, the B.S.P. has no such new and superior ideas. Its leaders are as much intent on getting into Parliament as the budding hopefuls of the I.L.P.; and have the same prospect, when, if ever, they arrive there, of having nothing to say either to Parliament or the country save the old clap-trap about raising wages. We should like to see the B.S.P. dissolved and its members scattered over the industrial world like shepherds without sheep.

[The present issue of THE NEW AGE contains thirty-two pages.]

## Current Cant.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb are iconoclasts."—"Daily Chronicle."

"I am very like Cæsar."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"The Militant Suffragettes are heroines."—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"Ought the man who cannot sing at all to sing in church?"—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Those who are abnormal should be certified as insane."—CECIL COWPER, in "The Academy."

"It is not generally known, I believe, that the King has a special hairdresser to cut his hair."—"London Mail."

"There is no room for loafers nowadays; every man has to work."—MR. MACKIE, at the Licensed Victuallers' Schools.

"Were it possible to convey to the public through the medium of the Press, all the blessings that the benefit of insurance gives. . . ."—"The Policy."

"I think it would be well if ministers preached at least once a year from the text, 'I have married a wife, and, therefore, cannot come.' The years following marriage are frequently fatal to the habit of church attendance."—REV. J. E. ROBERTS.

"No Englishman with a conscience can desire the British Government to insist upon the opium evil enduring three years. Prudence and morality are here at one, for the continuance of the opium traffic will be at the cost of our legitimate commerce."—"News and Leader."

"The boy, what will he become? is a troublesome and a very anxious question. . . . There is evidently a great work waiting to be done by the juvenile Labour Exchanges."—"Cardiff Times."

"A new era is now dawning upon the world in Great Britain—an era of almost unrestrained and unalloyed democracy. At last, after many centuries of impotence or oppression, the People have entered upon their heritage of Power."—BISHOP WELLDON.

"To-day the militant women are honoured above all others in that their courageous and capable behaviour has drawn upon them the special and ferocious hostility of the Front Bench."—TOM MANN.

"The present system of business has not yet been shown to be degenerate."—ERNEST LOXLEY.

"Let me get away down the Commercial Road to Saint Mary and Saint Michael's, that my heart may expand and my soul be lifted up to see working-men rallying to the Master, and more fervent in their Catholicity than ever."—FATHER B. VAUGHAN.

"No one can survey the civilised world without taking a hopeful view of the future of religion."—"Vanoc," in the "Referee."

"Half the wealth of the country, even in the estimate of Mr. Chiozza Money, a Socialist, is enjoyed by the working classes. In other words, if ruin came on the country by invasion, or any other great national disaster, the working classes would have more to lose than all the other people put together."—"Accusator," in the "Leeds Mercury."

### CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"The management of the 'Hippodrome' announce that they have engaged Mrs. Evelyn Thaw; the American actress who figured so prominently in the trial of her husband, Mr. Harry Thaw, for the murder of Mr. Stanford White, to appear in the 'Hippodrome' Revue. It is stated that Mrs. Thaw is to be paid £600 a week."—"Daily Sketch."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

AT the time of the Turco-Italian war I indicated that the status of Egypt would shortly have to be taken into consideration. Negotiations were opened, in fact, but they were interrupted by the outbreak of the Balkan war. And about the same time negotiations were also begun with Germany in connection with the Bagdad Railway. Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin will be remembered; but it was fruitless. Viscount Morley has now taken the matter in hand, and it is generally believed that the events of the last twelve months will help him to bring his task to a successful conclusion. No notice need be taken of the Press reports which state that his visit to Berlin is purely private; for Lord Morley does not care much for travelling, and still less for travelling to Germany. In any case, the purpose of the visit is being freely discussed in Berlin diplomatic circles without the slightest indication that concealment or discretion is desirable.

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As the full details of this proceeding have not yet been made public, I will touch upon the more important. In the first place, Lord Morley has not gone to Berlin to discuss merely the question of the ownership of the final (Koweit) section of the Bagdad Railway, for that has already been as good as settled, and settled to the advantage of this country. For several months the German Government has ceased to support the German concessionaires; for both Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter and Herr von Jagow, the late and the present Foreign Minister, decided that difficulties would be avoided in the meantime by admitting the English claims to the final section of the Bagdad line. It does not follow, of course, that the matter is never to be re-opened.

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In the second place, a much more important question than the Bagdad Railway had to be discussed with the German Government, though there is no reason, on the surface, why it should not have been dealt with by our Ambassador in Berlin. A few weeks ago an "arrangement" was signed between the British Government and Turkey, whereby important changes in the status of Egypt will become effective when a suitable moment arises for making them known to the world. The changes proposed have not yet been set forth in detail; but, in so far as they have been set forth at all, they are not the work of the Home Government but of Lord Kitchener. The most drastic alteration suggested in the Constitution is that the mixed tribunals, which consist partly of native and partly of foreign (i.e., European) judges, should be abolished in 1915—according to the Decree of January 30, 1910, these tribunals were to be continued for a period of five years from that date. It is proposed that instead of the mixed tribunals English Courts shall be introduced; and it is further proposed that the Ottoman High Commissioner, who has always resided at Cairo since 1887, shall be relieved of his duties, which are not particularly arduous. In addition to all this, it is urged that the Khedive, nominally responsible to the Sultan, but in reality semi-independent, and responsible to Great Britain if responsible at all, shall be treated as if he were a servant of the Crown, and have rights and privileges conferred on him accordingly. In other words, England would administer de jure even a greater part of Egypt's governmental work than she now administers de facto; for the abolition of the mixed tribunals would make a great change in England's direct relations with the people of Egypt. I do not think it advisable to refer further to this matter at present. Indeed, the remaining details of Lord Kitchener's scheme would hardly be of general interest; for they are chiefly of a financial nature and relate to the administration and supervision of Egypt's revenues. Naturally, strategical considerations have not been overlooked.

In spite of the fact that arrangements have been made for holding a Peace Conference in London, it must not be taken for granted that general peace is assured, or that the most important questions are going to be discussed here. Peace between the Allies on the one hand and Turkey on the other is certain enough; but beyond that we can see very little further than we can beyond the tomb. The quarrels among the Allies over the division of the spoils are becoming serious enough to give diplomatists an anxious time; for there is now no hesitation shown anywhere in affirming, and admitting, that Serbia and Greece have a grudge against Bulgaria, and that Bulgaria would not hesitate, if she thought she could profit by it, to enter into an alliance with Turkey.

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Bulgaria has undoubtedly suffered heavily; but then so too have her partners. Serbia, in view of the great assistance her army rendered at Adrianople and Chatalja, does not see why she should be bound by the preliminary treaty made with Bulgaria before the War, for this document restricted her possible gains, while at the same time restricting her sphere of operations. As the Belgrade Government was ultimately called upon to provide twice as many men as had been arranged for, no one can blame King Peter's advisers if they should increase their territorial demands accordingly. Greece, too, points to the excellent work done by her navy, and maintains that Bulgaria could never have reached Adrianople if the Greek warships had not held the Asia Minor Turks in check. Bulgaria retorts by reminding her friends that she has had to give up Silistria—both town and fortress—to Roumania, as the price of her northern neighbour's "benevolent neutrality."

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It is not for us to decide among all these bewildering demands, claims, and counter-claims. It seems to me that Bulgaria is asking for too much, and that she is unwilling to acknowledge the assistance rendered by her partners in the Balkan League. This, indeed, is the general opinion in diplomatic circles throughout Europe, from St. Petersburg to Paris; and Bulgaria will certainly not improve her position by sending Dr. Daneff over here again to represent her at the Peace Conference. Dr. Daneff, as I mentioned at the time, attended the preliminary conference in London and got himself sincerely and thoroughly disliked by everybody with whom he came in contact during his visit. He gave M. Cambon cause to lodge complaints about his rudeness at a French Embassy dinner; and when M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, called on him he did not even take the trouble to return the call. In addition to these relatively minor breaches of etiquette Dr. Daneff's general attitude was greatly resented. He was brusque and boorish to the last degree, unwilling to listen to advice or suggestions, and highly offensive when talking to the Turkish delegates. I write of what is notorious in London diplomatic society.

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But the real Conference will be held in Paris, and it will have the most difficult task of all to deal with, viz., finance. It is hoped by the Great Powers that the Balkan States, if they show a disposition to resort to force for the purpose of settling their own little disputes, will think twice about it when reminded that war means a withholding of loans. It is reported as I write that the Bulgarian Finance Minister has gone to Paris with the object of raising a loan of £10,000,000; but I am assured by authorities at the Quai D'Orsay that France will not advance more than one-tenth of this sum until she is assured that the money is not wanted for war purposes. Indeed, it is rather puzzling to know how these little States have held out so long. Greek finance is partly under international control; and it is commented that Messrs. Krupp have shown as much interest in Bulgaria as the Schneider-Creusot firm has been showing in Serbia for several months past.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

Now, once that we have cleared our ever-burdened brains of all the elaborate, hardly acquired, and really quite useless nonsense that has been stuffed into them as the result of the exceptional experience of the Regular Army in South Africa, we shall at once see our way clear to "scrapping" a good half of the present curriculum. Movements in extended order will go by the board, because nobody but a lunatic would dream of employing Territorials in extended order. Marines, Guardsmen, and the better drilled battalions of the line have advanced, and will advance, under heavy fire extended to five paces without "bunching," losing direction, or getting beyond control, lying down, and refusing to go on. Territorials would not—even two-year conscripts would not—and everybody knows they would not. It is therefore a waste of time to train them at it. Musketry in the sense of range practices would also be abolished. The men should be taught to load neatly and quickly and to fire in sectional volleys. Except at the longer ranges, there is no armed fire in war except controlled fire. Only the man without a rifle can be trusted to think of anything save firing the rifle off, and if one could deprive the section commanders of all firearms it is quite conceivable that the better of them might keep the fire of their sections reasonably controlled to within a thousand yards. After that, it is simply a question of keeping up the ammunition supply on the principle that, out of every thousand shots fired, some percentage simply *must* hit the mark. If the guns do their work the hostile fire will be just as wild. The effect of well-controlled fire can be brought home to the men by field firing, for which, again, it is not necessary to have expensive and elaborate ranges. Great Britain possesses a longer coast line than any other European State save Greece, and no spot in the island is more than forty miles from the sea. A squad on the foreshore firing at a towed and moving target will obtain all the practice wanted. The strike of the bullets is easily perceptible on the waves.

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The time thus saved could be devoted to drill, especially drill in large bodies such as battalions and brigades. Not only is such drill indispensable if troops are to be moved without confusion, but it is extremely popular with the men. There should also be field operations on a large scale: brigade against brigade, and division against division. These should be realistic: the arms should be combined, and the troops should be sent on "trek" under service conditions. It is frequently objected to such manœuvres that the regimental officers and men learn little by them. Here, again, the answer depends upon the conception of war at the back of the objector's head. If he is thinking of a war of small columns, of cunning little traps laid by one company for another, of Red Indian tactics, and so forth, the grand manœuvres of brigades and divisions are certainly the worst of educations for that description of war. If, on the other hand, he is thinking (as he ought to be thinking) of European war with hundreds of thousands of troops engaged at once, grand manœuvres are the best of training. The men learn march discipline and how to fare for themselves on "trek." The regimental officers learn how to handle weary men under service conditions—and it is a fact worth remembering that a man knows neither his own self nor his friends until he has been with them in conditions of this sort. The staffs of regiments, brigades, and higher formations learn how to handle their commands on the move. The arms learn how to work together. The services and departments learn how to fit into their places in the organisation. Is all that learning nothing? And be it not forgotten that a mistake in any of the subjects thus enumerated has far more fatal consequences than a mistake in the sub-

jects learned during battalion and company training. It does not matter very much if a few men do form fours to the left instead of the right. An N.C.O. can put that right in half a minute. But it does matter very much if the supply organisation collapses: if the guns cannot work in conjunction with the infantry; if, in short, the pieces of the great machine have not been shaken down together.

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In addition, by another happy coincidence, this species of training is by far the most popular. The imagination—the strongest faculty in an Englishman—is seized by the spectacle of thousands upon thousands of troops—cavalry, infantry, and guns, on the march together. I remember a casual acquaintance in a London “pub” describing, or endeavouring to describe, to me the effect on his mind of the spectacle of a mobilised brigade which marched through Alton during the afternoon of an autumn day in 1909. He had been particularly struck by the high-loaded wagons of the train. There was a small subsidence in the road which every vehicle had to pass in turn, and he described to me the vivid impression upon his memory of the hundred times repeated scrunch as each gun or wagon “took” the obstacle, and the “hup” of the officer set to watch the passage as he helped each animal through. Anyone who has watched that endless chain of vehicles will understand. Men are overawed by the combination of organisation and multitude.

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But most important of all trainings is that which is afforded by the social life and good fellowship of the mess and canteen. After all, it is the training afforded there, and not that gained on the parade-ground or even on manoeuvres, which determines whether a man will or will not disgrace his regiment. Men must learn to regard their regiment as an individual and distinctive entity, having claims upon their honour and affection, and it is just that feeling, by the way, which could never be generated among a hotchpotch crowd of compulsorily enlisted “trainees,” thrust into the corps upon some rigid territorial plan, without regard to affinity or choice, and compelled by law to perform so many perfunctory parades. Whatever the Volunteers had not, they did possess this corporate spirit. Whatever Lord Roberts’ “trainees” have, they will not possess it. The Continental conscript does, at least, spend two years in barracks, and the traditions of the regiment can be effectually knocked into him in the time. But casual youths compulsorily enlisted for three or six months’ continuous service at a depot, and then relegated to a local unit for four years’ further service of ten drills and two weeks’ training each—coming heaven knows whence, stopping under compulsion, and going after a few years to God knows where—how, in the name of reason, is one expected to get *esprit de corps* from these? I would beg the National Service League to explain, were I not quite convinced that the point had never occurred to them. People who concoct these fat-headed schemes for universal service will never be got to comprehend that, if man does not live on bread alone, neither do armies exist solely upon “training.”

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I have dozens of other suggestions, but this is no time and place for them. But, in conclusion, I would say, for God’s sake let us have somebody at the head of the Territorial Force with a little imagination and understanding of his fellow-countrymen. Englishmen are queer, romantic creatures, and it wants a man who is a bit of a poet to run them. Now, your bureaucrat is a dear, good creature, but he is not a poet, and I have the bulk of my fellow-countrymen with me when I say that I cannot stick the beast. Eliminate him therefore. Hand over your Territorial Army to men with ideas, and it will prosper. There are some people with ideas, although perhaps the War Office will have to look for them elsewhere than in the class with which it is accustomed to dine.

## ‘The New Age’ and Labour Party.

WE are often reproached for our critical and unsympathetic attitude towards the Labour Party. It is hinted that we have only to change our heart and our policy in this regard and, hey presto! we shall be supported and admired to such a tune that we shall find ourselves prosperous and popular. This lure does not allure us. We long ago deliberately cut ourselves adrift from machine politics and we are not minded to return. The small change of the sixpenny-ha’penny mart at Westminster is poor exchange for our liberty of thought and our independence. It would not profit us to lose our soul to gain the support of the Labour caucus. But Guild Socialism is now being subjected to the criticism and analysis of students, has inspired a recently published book, and has been commented upon in another, so that we may perhaps advantageously restate the grounds of our unbelief in Labourism. At first glance this seems a non sequitur; what has the criticism of Guild Socialism to do with an unbelief in the Labour Party? This primarily: Guild Socialism and political Labourism represent two fundamentally different conceptions of labour emancipation.

One of our correspondents told in last week’s issue of trade conditions in the North. Trade in Yorkshire, he says, “is booming, bounding ‘in full-throated ease,’ the only anxiety, and that rather small, being shortage of hands, as they call it. The textile industry has had three years of it now, as busy as a bee, and there is no sign of slackening. Fortunes are being made very fast and nary a word said. The hands—good people—are satisfied enough that work is plentiful; that is ever the first consideration to them and has been for 100 years. Wages are secondary; that is, the amount of pay for the work is a matter not of half as much importance as plenty of work to be got.” To a Manchester economist this is matter for great rejoicing. But to the serious thinker it is ground for grave misgiving. Manufacturers rapidly piling up fortunes; labour seemingly content to work long hours at the old rates of pay, without protest and without effective claim to a share in the huge profits made out of its sweat. Prosperity thus means that the chasm between capital and labour grows deeper; that labour relatively weakens as capital grows stronger. Thus when trade depression comes, capital can easily rest on its gains; labour will still be a week, or at most a month, from poverty.

Now all this is perfectly well-known to the Labour Party. Do they show the slightest sense of the material and moral issues involved in this fatal acceptance of industrial servitude? Do they offer the faintest resistance, spiritual or material, to this accelerated aggrandisement of capital at the expense of labour? Do they show the slightest appreciation of the gravity of the facts? So far as we know, they do not. Their chairman has signalised his return from India by a speech on woman’s suffrage and a theatrical offer (contemptuously declined) to publish the “Suffragette,” a weekly paper devoted to the enfranchisement of propertied women. Mr. Keir Hardie, the bell-wether of the Labour left, promptly telegraphed his desire to dance a turkey-trot in the same limelight. Now whatever may be our views on woman’s political enfranchisement, it is of infinitesimal importance compared with the economic emancipation of the vast mass of the population. Is it not odd that the Labour Party should thus fash itself about ladies and forget the enduring interests of men and women? The aim of Socialism is so to organise society that profiteering shall be abolished. Messrs. Macdonald and Keir Hardie are reputed to be Socialists and are therefore presumably deeply concerned with the stupendous aggregation of profit so graphically described by our correspondent. Presumably! Actually, they are meekly co-operating with Lords Hugh and Robert Cecil, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George and other recognised supporters of private capitalism and public plunder.

Why is it?

The answer is simple. Messrs. Macdonald and Hardie and their congeners believe in the continuance of profits (which they would nationalise) and they must therefore believe in the continuance of the wage-system. Those who have followed the argument for Guild Socialism know that profits, private or national, are only possible under the wage-system. In consequence, the Labour Party's frame of mind, as it witnesses these bounding profits, is a vague desire to nationalise and not to abolish them. Labourism postulates more—slightly more—wages and not the abolition of the wage-system. Thus when everybody is earning wages, Labourism has nothing pertinent to say or do. But it must keep itself *in evidence*. It is accordingly thrown back upon woman's suffrage or whatever may be the prominent political topic of the day.

We see, therefore, that political preoccupation has led the Labour Party into a position both stupid and tragic. It has misconceived the function of politics. It has assumed the existence of political power without economic power. It has openly preached the possibility of economic emancipation by means of political action. It has failed because political power is merely the reflection, the inevitable sequel, of economic power. Guild Socialists know that economic power must precede political power. We cannot therefore countenance the futility of putting the political cart before the economic horse.

The result of political Labour's misconception of the political function is, as we have said, both stupid and tragic. The stupidity of the situation expresses itself in the almost comical incongruities in which the Parliamentary Labour Party is continually floundering. The tragedy of it can best be expressed in the simple fact that since 1906, when the Labour Party entered Parliament in force, the loss in real wages is not less than £100,000,000, and is probably nearer £200,000,000. But is this loss the result of Labourism? We will answer by a question: Had the same nervous energy, activity, vigilance that have been devoted to politics been applied to economic organisation, is it conceivable that capital would have run off with all that plunder? Another question is also another answer: Had Messrs. Macdonald and Hardie shown the same vigilance and flair, in the economic sphere, in attacking profits, that they have shown politically, is it not reasonably certain that even if they had not secured an actual material gain, at least they might successfully have resisted the loss? Are we then far wrong when we assert that each Labour Member of Parliament has cost the wage-earners anything between £2,000,000 and £4,000,000? The Wardles and the Pointers are expensive. But the forty men who sit in Parliament are of small importance compared with the army of political enthusiasts who support them. There is not a single Labour Member of Parliament who has not morally deteriorated since his election; in like manner the local Labour politician grows from enthusiastic simplicity into cynical cunning. His work is barren; and the consequence is that it bankrupts his character. Spiritually and materially, the effect of political Labourism is to plunge the wage-earner into deeper and murkier waters.

We do not doubt that the time, money and effort now wasted upon politics, would, if devoted to industrial organisation, prove fruitful and not barren. We believe that this simple truth will within an appreciable time germinate in the minds of the wage-earners. If not, then the gradually diminishing economic power of labour will end in incurable servitude.

Whilst it is true that economic power precedes and dominates political power, we do not agree with the Syndicalists that there is no political function outside of the industrial unions. On the contrary, when by a proper application of organised power to industry, the wage-earners have shaken off the profiteers, when the production of wealth is followed by its equitable distribution, when the Guilds have relieved the State of its financial responsibilities and limitations, then, and not until then, will purified politics engage the fruitful energy of the emancipated worker.

## Insane Portugal.

I.

"It is as impossible for such a mass of incoherent units to reconstitute a stable State as for the dust or mud of Lisbon to form itself into Jeronymos, that historical monument that calls up the soul of Portugal to those who now behold only its corpse."\* These were our words while the Portuguese Revolution was enjoying some popularity in this country. The prudent were not yet alarmed, when we raised our voice and exposed the leaders of that movement in their own colours. But since, we have noted the reluctant but decided retrocession, step by step, according as the intelligence arrives, of some leading organs of public opinion in this country, which first joined in the applause of the Portuguese Republicanism. We have assuredly no pleasure in the fulfilment of all our predictions; the speed with which they have been accomplished exceeds our expectations, while the atrocity of the means adopted surpass our worst apprehensions. "It is a dance of fools and of madmen," writes a Portuguese revolutionary in the "Republica," edited by an ex-Minister in the Provisional Government, "and a grotesque collection of creatures for whom the complete absence of all morals is the principal attraction and most striking characteristic."†

Bishop Butler is known to have asked whether nations could go mad. The emotional temperament, the imagination open to every fantastic influence, the confused, incoherent thought—such if we mistake not, are notes of many tenants of the asylum. These thoughts will cross the minds of those who have read the circular issued by a certain Rodrigo Rodrigues, the Minister of the Interior, directing his subordinates "to proceed rigorously against newspapers supporting Jesuits." An English writer at the time of the Restoration of Charles II, divided into three classes those who neither love nor trust the Jesuits. "The first and worst of all," he said, "are some Catholics who have such a tooth against the Jesuits that they cannot afford them a good word." "A second sort," he observed, "are those whose watchword is 'root and branch' the king being for them a Papist, the Pope a monster, and the Jesuits his horns." "The third sort," he added, "are adversaries not out of malice but prevented by a pre-judicate opinion." To these latter belong the Portuguese who still believe in the Crypto-Jesuit stealing about the country in disguise; and the famous underground passages of the Jesuit convents in Lisbon, merely illustrated the lengths to which Portuguese credulity can go. The very description of these subterranean passages which appeared in a Republican daily, was a literal translation taken from a story by Edgar Allan Poe!

The journalists should be freed from the shackles of special penal legislation. Such was the uncompromising verdict pronounced when Portugal was a monarchy by the so-called apostles of liberty; how little it is realised in practice, may be illustrated by the very recent abominable outrages against the liberty of the Press. The "Dia," an important daily which was impossible to prosecute for its writings, has been suppressed because it spoke truths, unpalatable to factions that contemplate the possibility of carrying a government by escalade. The copies of the workmen's newspaper, the "Syndicalista," are seized by the police at the offices, for daring to speak against authorities of the type of the absurd Rodrigo Rodrigues. The "Aurora," edited by the revolutionary Mario Monteiro, a personal enemy of Affonso Costa the Premier, is seized and suppressed, in revenge for being irreverent to a prominent Republican, whose birth certificate it published. The "Grito do Povo," "Palavra," and "Guarda," for "being suspected of reactionary tendencies." But this is not all. The Carbonarios at Covitha send a notice to the editor of the "Democracia" informing him that the Carbonarios "had

\* "Portugal." NEW AGE, January 5, 1911.

† "A Republica." April 12, 1913.

decreed that the paper should cease publication," and the offices of the newspaper are assaulted and the furniture, printing press, and type destroyed, against which the Government, it is needless to say, provides no protection whatever!

The liberty of the Press was one of the principles of the revolution. The condition of Portuguese journalism was unsatisfactory in the extreme. The Portuguese Press, with few honourable exceptions, was libellous. Indeed, we are not sure that the monarchy was not unintentionally favourable to it: In 1881 an attempt was made to prosecute the newspapers that insulted the king. A Regenerador Ministry was then in power, and Rodrigues Sampaio was the Premier. But Rodrigues Sampaio had no moral prestige to display firmness in the matter. He himself had been a journalist, and editors of Republican sheets charged with having insulted the king, were not slow to remind the Prime Minister that in his "Revolução de Setembro," and especially in the "Espectro," he had poured forth the most vindictive slander against Dona Maria II., the Queen of Portugal; and so vile was Sampaio's language that Don Pedro V had refused to appoint him Minister of the Crown, for being his mother's traducer. Thus, for years nothing was done to protect the monarchy by the enactment of law against libellers. Writs were frequently issued but trials seldom took place. It was not, therefore, freedom of thought but the licence of the Press which the Republic had to discover to be inconsistent with the safety of any government, for then as now the Portuguese were feeling sensible how great is the evil of a licentious Press.

"Your English papers are just as bad. Have you read this article?" were the words of Bernardino Machado drawing the attention of a British journalist to an article on Portugal in the "National Review." "Such things," said the Portuguese Foreign Minister, "should not be permitted. It professed to be the work of an 'Englishman in Portugal'—who is he? Your Government which proclaims its friendship and sympathy for Portugal should not allow such pernicious falsehoods to be published."\* This was a strange confession to make. It would be hard to say whether Machado's statement was most conspicuous for its indiscretion or for its levity. The British journalist, however, reminded the Republican diplomat "that effete monarchies do not enjoy the same powers of summary jurisdiction over the Press as those exercised by a new Republic."

Nothing is normal in Portugal to-day. The nation still quivers in the throes of revolution, she is still plunged in political chaos, is still governed by the right of insurrection. The Government "may go on taking the measures required by the situation." But it lacks prestige to prevent revolutionary movements headed by men without parts to maintain themselves on the giddy heights to which their insane vanity raises them. The recent attempt at a coup d'état which resulted in the seizure of hundreds of bombs of the latest pattern, at the headquarters of the Radical Republican Federation, was "a movement," says the "Mundo," the organ of the Portuguese Premier, "easily explicable as that of ambitious madmen." Nor is this to be wondered at. The larger portion of the nation lives to-day in strange apathy, or rather have abandoned their interests with cowardice to bastard politicians who arrogate to themselves the right of leading the nation.

"Sebastianismo"—that over-strained nervous tension now known to experts in lunacy as "morbid impulse" has had its epochs in Portugal. The "King of Penamacor" was the son of a potter at Alcobaca, and if time had been given him—who knows he might have succeeded in being for a few months the King of Portugal. He was arrested, paraded on an ass's back through the streets of Lisbon and would have ended his days on the scaffold had he not faced the situation with relative

composure. "Am I to be hanged," he asked, "because people choose to take off their hats to me?" The facile credulity in the *statesmanship* of Affonso Costa, which we consider is the symptom of the Portuguese disease, evokes the days of the "King of Penamacor," the "King of Ericeira," or the Venetian "Knight of the Cross," who was welcomed as the "King of Portugal," imposture all the more remarkable from the fact that the Calabrian bandit could not speak Portuguese!

Be that as it may, "Sebastianismo" came into existence in the days of the king whose frantic efforts to become a "hero" resulted in the Castilian monarch reducing Portugal to the abject state of a conquered province. "Europe is conservative," is the regret expressed by the editor of the "Lucta," now worn out by the feverish activity and trying suspense of the last two years. But what strikes some Portuguese most forcibly and painfully is that these fourth-rate actors to-day entertaining Europe with a comedy do not yet realise that this comedy is about to end in a tragedy, which we propose to discuss in a concluding article.

V. DE BRAGANCA CUNHA.

## "'England's' Day of Reckoning."

### I.—Nomenclature and Nationality.

OR whether we, any of us, are consciously predominantly, "English," or "British." Is the Crown Canadian or British? Is an Australian a Briton? Is an Englishman a Briton? What is nationality? What is patriotism? Somewhere, in the greatest empire, is a Sovereign Power. What is it? Is an Imperial nationality—that is, a British empire nationality, including, as it must, white citizens and coloured subjects of the Crown in the following rough proportions, e.g., 325 million East Indians, 35 million Negroes, 30 million "British," and about 30 million "English"—a possibility? This, by the way, is the "ideal" of Imperialism. But, is it desirable; would it be stable? Or, on the other hand, would a National Federation of the one people and five Parliaments of what in reality is now the sovereign Power—the British race—be preferable? This, in turn, is Nationalism, not Imperialism.

It is conceivable, and is here seriously suggested, that the Nation is greater than its Empire—the brain greater than its body. I do not agree that mere bulk is either Glory or anything more than mere bulk. I do not agree that this civilisation, of British national and historic development, should, or can, amalgamate with, among themselves, the antagonistic castes, races, creeds, and other civilisations of the British subject and tropical empire, to all of which, be it noted, the two words "nationality" and "patriotism" are foreign and incomprehensible idioms. But this, as I have said, is the ideal and aspiration of the leaders of the Imperialist movement, if, that is, we assume that that movement (with its dominating subscribers) is at least as sincere as it is unintelligible.

I am aware that many self-styled Imperialists do not really desire an Empire nationality, though this, nevertheless, is the only meaning, and can be the only meaning of their phrase "Imperial Unity." These last, though in maintaining their claim to a misleading and wrong title they must follow their masters of the Purse, do recognise the historic expansion of their nation and kingdom, from the Motherland, its last Act of Union and its one Parliament, to comprise now five countries and five State (termed "national," for the moment) Parliaments. It is this people, these States, these Parliaments and countries, which this unofficial and unimportant bulk of Imperialists would federate in some form. But here, as I have said, is not Imperialism, for all this people of the sovereign race are Britons, with, among other essentials of nationality, a common Crown, and a common patriotism—a patriotism based on their common history. Among these, it does not matter whether they are Canadians, Welsh, or English, their patriotism is British. Each of these five environmental

\* J. O. B. Bland. "A Portuguese Jacobin." "Nineteenth Century Review." July, 1911.

sections of the race, may, and should, be loyal to their own Government, love their own country; but the patriotism of all—a greater and another matter—is inseparable from their united nationality. Hence, an Englishman should be as British as a Canadian. Teutons, in this connection, whether Bavarians or Prussians, are conscious of the real unity expressed by the term "nation." Their Federation is German, their nationality is German, and their patriotism is German. In the United States, again, the leaders there are deliberately displacing the term "federal"—"the Federal Government," and so on—with the word "national." Since the unification of Italy, and of Germany, this word "nation" has attained a larger international significance. There is no greater unit of Power than a national unit. And this word, unlike Imperial, is familiar to, understood by, a bond of the common people everywhere. Personally I want none of "the greater spiritual content of the wider patriotism, the Empire is my country," which is both Imperialism and Lord Milner's sentiment; because, knowing the Empire as an empire, its values, *and*, say, Bermondsey, I, barring sentiment altogether, am more concerned in every way with that fraction of my own race. The last will fight for what I hold dear, for the Nation, the empire will not.

Now this deponent is a Canadian, loyal to his own race and to its history, which is British, loyal to his own Canadian Government only (as a Government), loving Canada even before Britain, but claiming and exercising, without adequate or equitable representation, the privileges and duties of *British nationality and British patriotism*. The whole Empire, and the Motherland, is no less a "possession" of Canadians than of Englishmen.

But this un-English, non-party, broader attitude does not yet find favour with the Imperialistic sentiments of a host of Englishmen, who, carried away by local partisan phrases, have never had time to analyse, or to understand, what these things mean, or whither they—their tribe or nation—drift. National security, and national well-being, are less to-day than a local self-styled "statesman's" local and personal stake in a minor local Bill. As a matter of fact, the British nation, with five Parliaments, has no National Parliament. Two-thirds of the Empire's territory, and one-fourth of the nation, notwithstanding this blatant Imperialism, are entirely without the jurisdiction of St. Stephen's. His Majesty assents to the Acts and Governments of five independent Parliaments. And four of these Parliaments administer the affairs of not only the richer units of the nation, but of that greater part of the Empire's territory which, if territorial expansion does, or may, proceed with racial and national expansion, is really the bulk of the kingdom, and which indubitably does contain to-morrow's real British wealth, to-morrow's comfort, and British national power. The "English," it may be noticed, have no voice at all in this greater part of "their possessions." Yet at the present moment Canadians use, enjoy, and profit by more of England's new capital subscriptions than all the 45,000,000 people in Britain. This, unnoticed, does not worry the Parliamentary Labour Party in this country, nor are the people here conscious of their loss. But every shoeblack in Canada appreciates his gain, and his country's gain. And the popular, largely cosmopolitan daily Press of Britain, knowing these things, is silent. But then, of course, when the Harmsworth combination asserts that "Britain leads the world" in trade and progress and prosperity, it really means that Britain, in all these things is (as I shall show) retrogressive.

The following from the pen of Mr. Arnold White, in a recent number of the "Referee," is typical of a certain section of society and its mind. Speaking of English, Scotch, and Welsh "nationalities," he says: "Let all Englishmen use the word English when writing or speaking of a thing that is English. The Navy is English; the Army is predominantly English; India has never heard of the United Kingdom" (or, presumably, of the *British Crown*, or *British nation*). It may be

remembered that "the Princes and people of India" sent a congratulatory message last year to "the Great English people," through the Viceroy, a British official. "England she knows."

I shall return to the subject of India's place in the sun, its real values to this nation, in a subsequent paper. To Mr. Arnold White its bigness is its greatness.

But fortunately this prolific Imperialist and publicist has nothing at this time to say of the Irish "nation," or, is it, of Irish nationalities? To Mr. Redmond the people of Ireland are a "nation." Yet the leader of the Opposition told his Blenheim audience: "There are two nations in Ireland." Whereas this, again, was denied by Sir Edward Carson, who instructed the House that the Irish were not a nation at all. (Hansard, 42-118.)

On the same phase of the same subject in the current "British Review," Mr. Cecil Chesterton says, "I am convinced that our difficulties in Ireland are due almost wholly to our refusal to recognise the sentiment of Irish nationality." Now with the profoundest respect for this scribe's splendid and more than English journalism, to my mind, he is here expressing a transitory sentiment, and a sentiment only, of uninformed, or misinformed, local public opinion. The Irish, because of mis-government and distrust (in which they are not alone), express their revolt against the "English" only, in the disintegrating threat or suggestion of this "national" claim. Patriotism will always, and can only, follow nationality. It is a part, a test, a justification of nationality. If you multiply one, you multiply the other, and *destroy* the original larger unit from which these arise. There can never be a "lesser and a greater" patriotism; you cannot divide this sentiment, a sentiment which is greater than simple loyalty. A loyal Irish people, loyal to their tribe and Government, if British, have that patriotism. If they (or any of us) are not British, of that nation, then they (or any dissenting section of us) are foreign. There is no half-way house. Nor can *British nationality*, or *British patriotism*, be confined, defined, or expressed in consonance with the only local prejudices or exigences of any of the ten principal parties of the five principal Parliaments of this sovereign British race.

Mr. H. Page Croft, M.P., is chairman and founder of an organisation named the Imperial Mission, which, really a minor association of the Unionist Party and the Tariff Reform League, includes in its membership such names as the Duke of Argyll and Lord Roberts. Listen to this leading Imperialist's pronouncements on nationality, a still unknown quantity, which, nevertheless, should be the very essence of his, and all so-termed Imperialism. In February last year, inspired by the present writer, he said, "We are not five nations, we are one nation living in five countries." (Hansard, 34-7.) And then, in December of the same year, after a first weekend in Canada, he was able to agree that "Canadians, Australians and Scotchmen are proud of their *separate* national feelings, though," he added, "they are all proud of *our*" (the "English"?) "national flag." (Hansard, 45-162.)

Another local party Imperialist, Sir Gilbert Parker, finds it convenient to express his conviction that, though—"the world takes no note of the Irish, Scotch, Australian, or Canadian 'nations,' it takes note of the British Nation, which," nevertheless, he then affirms, "includes smaller nationalities."

Now, while I agree with the first part of the last considered, but not sincere, opinion, I deny that a nationality can include foreign (i.e., "smaller" or "lesser") nationals, and, as it then must, various patriotisms. A nation must at least be a unit in its patriotism; and patriotism, in turn, can only be national. In subsequent papers, after some further considerations of this terminological phase, I shall try to show that this question of National combination is the true basic foundation and principle of constructive social reforms in Britain and in Greater Britain; that the problem of fair or adequate wages in this country, for instance, is not an Imperial, is not a local, is not within the province of any local party or Parliament.

A. G. CRAFTY.

## America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

Proposition II—That I would drive the Seminars on "The Press."

AFTER devising the new castes, to wit, of professors who could meet a creative artist without being made to appear ridiculous, and of artists who could meet a decently informed professor without being shown for charlatans, I would consider the matter of the thesis.

The "Thesis" as an institution may need some explanation to the present reader; be it known then that in the United States of America, possibly in the United States of Brazil, in France, Germany, and most civilised countries except England, the seats of learning confer the higher degree of "Doctor of Philosophy" in most cases upon students who have never studied and who never intend to study any philosophy, but no matter, it is an old custom and worthy of reverence, and it dates from the time when people did study philosophy and the liberal arts. "Ph.D." after your name implies that you have done at least three years' hard work on some two or three special branches of learning after and above what you did for your baccalaureate degree, and part of this work is a thesis which is supposed to make some new contribution to the pre-existing sum of knowledge.

Now this is a very fine system, it is a tremendous machinery for accumulating minute information, and I speak of it, and in especial of its inventor, with nothing save the deepest respect. But this system implies that after every hundred or so of such theses there should come a super thesis, the product of some intelligent person capable of efficient synthesis.

In the branches of science it is possible that such synthesis actually occurs. In the history of letters, and possibly in other branches, there are two obstacles to be considered. First, the American universities are not in such close touch with each other as are the German universities. Second, there is no British Museum catalogue from which a man may start.

From these and other causes the scholar Quixote often sets out on his quest of the unknown without fitting orientation. Original documents are fairly scarce in America. If he come abroad he will possibly fall upon some ill-catalogued library. He is little likely to have been told how to use the various European libraries. He may not even know that you save about three months' time by spending a week in the British Museum before you set out on any task of research. If he can only afford one summer abroad this knowledge is apt to be costly. The result of this, and of divers minor causes, is that, even if he does by chance discover something of importance, his monograph is very apt to be like one pillar of a temple raised in the desert that no one will ever visit.

In the meantime, good introductory works are sadly lacking. The disconnected method of research is beginning to be realised. Anent this, I had a joyous passage with a don at Oxford. Another don had been inspecting American universities and he had found one proud head of a department who had correlated everything pertaining thereto. He took the Oxonian to a room completely filled with cubby-holes and from these he drew forth in alphabetical order the lists of all the books and articles that had even been written about any classic author, BUT . . . ! and here the don paused as if to overwhelm me with the approaching marvel. "But," I said quietly, "there were no texts of the authors themselves."

"What!" he said, "is it possible? I thought perhaps Murray was exaggerating."

Now I had no idea what university was in question, so there could have been nothing personal in my expectation of what the visiting Oxonian might have found. Nevertheless, one cannot feel that this system is likely to breed that fine sense, that exiguous dis-

crimination which shall enable us to preserve and to propagate "The Best."

The visit to Oxford brought me another gem. I was seated next a very reverend head of something-or-other and someone had just shown him "A new poem, 'The Hound of Heaven,'" but he "Couldn't be bothered to stop for every adjective."

Now I could scarcely have heard this at home. Firstly, if the old gentleman had not seen the poem a decade ago it is unlikely that anyone would have thrust it upon him in the year of grace 1913. Secondly, if it were out of his own line he would probably have accepted authority that it was a masterpiece. Thirdly, nothing under the American heaven would have evoked that swift and profound censure, that scrap of criticism which touches the root and seed of Thompson's every defect.

This may seem beside the mark, but the crux of the matter is this: The graduate student is not taught to think of his own minute discoveries in relation to the subject as a whole. If that subject happen to be the history of an art he is scarce likely ever to have considered his work in relation to the life of that art.

On the other hand newspapers, especially the huge Sunday editions, are constantly printing interviews and impressions about recent discoveries in every field of knowledge; these are often vague and worthless.

No minute detail of knowledge is ever dull if it be presented to us in such a way as to make us understand its bearing on the whole of a science. Gaston Paris notably, and S. Reinach, especially in his Manual of Classical Philology, have presented detailed knowledge in such a way that any one can approach it; that anyone who likes may learn of what the subject consists and may study as much of it, or precisely that part of it which suits his purposes.

The usual doctor's thesis is dull, is badly written, the candidate usually has to pay for the printing of the required copies, as even the special journals will not be bothered with the average thesis.

My suggestion is the very simple one that the thesis be briefed, that the results, with due introduction and with due explanation of their bearing on the whole of the science or on the particular period of history, be published in some newspaper of standing, which should become in some measure the organ of the university. Secondly, that the minutæ of the thesis be typewritten and placed in the university library to be printed only if they happen to be of general interest or if the results and conclusions of the thesis based upon them are called into question.

The benefits of this scheme as I conceive it would be as follows:—

First, the student would have to get some clear notion of his work in its relation to life. Second, the newspaper which is fond of calling itself the great educator, etc., would be brought into touch with a new set of specialists, and aside from the thesis printed, the editor would know whom to call upon for an article on any special topic.

Note that I am not writing this for London.

## Marriage Reform.

By Duxmia.

Now in the days when this story happened England was happy and young and fair, and everybody did as they liked and nobody suffered for it, and the rich felt no qualms about being rich, whilst as for the poor, there was nothing that they enjoyed so much as a good stiff dose of poverty and no nonsense about it. And from all this and other facts the archæologist can gather that it must have been the spring of 1913 or thereabouts. Money poured out and money trickled it. Men were married and forgot it, and the divorce court reminded them of the fact. Politicians lied. The spring fashions came out and various absurdities with them. Girls put their hair up. Men wore tight boots and got sore feet. London was exceedingly hot and dusty. Every-

body talked about nothing until they were sick and tired of it. People fainted in the crowd. And the devil walked up and down in the earth.

Now whilst explaining evolution and progress in general, this tale will be dealing with marriage reform in particular, and it is the first real genuine attempt to let the public know how England was led aside from the darkness and despair of an obsolete monogamy to the light and hope of marriage reform; and of the holy and merry men who laid the plot, and reaped the benefits. And incidentally it is also useful as showing what a lot can be done by pure, unadulterated cheek—not that this age requires any enlightenment upon that score, but for the benefit of posterity and of the next epoch, who might not believe that these things really happened unless someone really reliable told them so.

For in those glad and joyous days politics were slack. For it is in accordance with nature than no one should pay any attention to politics whilst there are better things to think about, and whilst the wine was flowing and the girls were dancing and the taxi-cabs were running, and the orchestras playing, and the Devil travelling up and down in the earth with more than usual speed and diligence, it was not to be expected that anyone should concern himself with dismal speeches; and the world—or the only part of it which matters—had something far better to think about. Therefore politics were at a discount. People had ceased talking about them, and the newspapers had ceased writing about them, and war scares were a drug in the market, and the Government might have mobilised the regular Army and the Special Reserve and the Territorial Army and the National Reserve without anybody really worrying, and even the Ulster crowd were prepared to accept Home Rule, whilst as for Lloyd George, if you started talking about him, people left the room. And things were getting so mighty slack that, as Jerry Jocelyn (who happened to be Prime Minister) said, unless somebody raised a living issue quick there was considerable danger that the public might forget about politics altogether. "And where should all we politicians be then?" as Jerry Jocelyn said. And as Jocelyn again remarked: "Better that I should find politics to amuse the public, than that the devil should find mischief!" And as a consequence he went to see the Four Great Men Who Really Run the Show, who happened at the moment to be at Lady Chancetonbury's country mansion talking about England: two Yankee millionaires to wit, and German and one Polish Jew, all of whom were as good as gods in reality, and a jolly sight better, for gods do not remunerate services with a good fat cheque book, whilst Great Men Who Really Run The Show do—which may explain why the gods have rather fallen out of it in recent years. So when the Four Great Men were ready, and had enjoyed a good fat dinner, and were full of wine and nicotine, they started to talk about England—and, one of them remembering that the Prime Minister was there to see them, they sent for him from the housekeeper's room.

Then Jocelyn said that he thought that the public were tired of superficialities, and that what with the cinematographs to compete with now, as well as the music-halls, and the boating season coming on, and the threatened revival of diabolism, it was time to make a dive down right to the root of things, if they were to regain the public attention. Accordingly he proposed that one or other of the two great historical parties, and preferably his own, should propose something highly immoral, for which the public would become enthusiastic if they only dared. And he said that for his own part he thought that the best thing for them to advocate was fornication, because that appealed to everyone—only not plain "fornication," since the public would very likely jib at such a nasty word, but something which at any rate sounded respectable, such as "Marriage Reform," which was, as Jocelyn genially remarked, the same thing under another name, only it sounded nicer, and sounding nice was what the British public mainly wanted. As he pointed out, the great knack in England was to obtain the right name

for things, for the English people were not really conservative at bottom, but a most adventurous crowd, and would consent to any mortal innovation provided you could save their faces—or rather their maiden aunts' faces—by finding a nice, new, harmless name for it. "Marriage Reform," he said, "will dish the maiden aunts." So spake Jerry Jocelyn, and the two American millionaires were so delighted that they added a couple of thousands to his retainer on the spot, and the German Jew was delighted also (though not to the point of stumping up money), and even the Polish Jew was pleased when the thing was explained to him clearly in Yiddish. But there always was a difficulty in getting him to understand, for he never really grasped the English tongue, never having had imperative occasion to learn it, having always been able to make himself understood in Yiddish among the English aristocracy.

So the step having been determined upon, and the leaders of the two great historical parties having tossed up as to who should have the privilege of introducing it, and Jocelyn having won—he always carried with him a shilling with both sides tails that he found extremely useful for this purpose—he started the ball with his famous Guildhall speech. In it he said that Monogamy had been all very well in its way and admirably adapted to an earlier stage of evolution, but that since then the world had progressed and things had changed, and it was now obsolete and a fetish and a shibboleth to boot. For, as he acutely observed, the introduction of steam alone had entirely altered social conditions, and whereas in the olden times a man was bound to stick to one wife if only because he simply couldn't get away from her, except by going to the pub (and he wasn't always safe even there), and in any case he had to put up with her as soon as he went home to bed, nowadays he could easily have a wife in every one of seven different towns, and visit one on every day of the week, and no one be any the wiser. And he went on to say that the spirit of progress and enlightenment clearly called for Marriage Reform, and that the historical party which he had the privilege of leading was going to take upon itself the honour of introducing it. Let them, therefore, up and attack the dragon of marital unhappiness with the shining excalibur of Marriage Reform—not "fornication," for that was quite a different thing—but Marriage Reform scientifically conducted by a board of scientists and in accordance with the latest scientific knowledge on the subject. As for the audience they were a little flabbergasted, and didn't cheer as loudly as they might have done, but the morning Press was all right—the Yankee millionaires and the German Jew who owned nine-tenths of it saw to that, and the "Daily Parrot" in particular, which was the property of the German Jew, was sent on to boom the cause as a sort of advance guard, whilst the rest hung back, in case, after all, the public didn't like it. As for the other tenth of the Press it consisted of the papers owned or controlled by the Polish Jew, who told off the "Daily Cockatoo" to organise the opposition; for, as Jerry Jocelyn said, a good judicious opposition was half the battle, and you could bring in literally anything provided you could "cook" your opposition. And, indeed, in justice to the "Cockatoo," it must be said that it managed the opposition to perfection, talking consistently even greater nonsense than the "Parrot." Which may seem impossible to those that read the latter paper, but it's really quite simple when you know how to do it, and you can't get on in journalism until you do.

Therefore the "Daily Parrot" came out next morning with heavy, leaded type:—

MARRIAGE REFORM MEANS HAREMS FOR ALL.

To which the "Daily Cockatoo" replied:—

YOUR HOME WILL COST YOU MORE.

The which the "Parrot" refuted by producing house-keeping bills of the Zulus, Bantus, Hottentots, Mashonas, and other negroid races of the African sub-Continent, proving beyond all possibility of doubt that although the majority of them possessed four or five wives apiece, and some as many as ten or twenty, they

were not thereby impoverished, and that they kept themselves in comfort on the equivalent of sevenpence-ha'penny a week, which was considerably cheaper than anything hitherto managed by the monogamic English artisan. To which the "Cockatoo" answered with scorn that, if such were indeed the case, it was notoriously because the savages in question were cannibals, and obtained considerable portions of their menu gratis by killing off their aged relatives; and published staring headlines to the effect that—

JOCELYN WISHES YOU TO EAT YOUR  
MOTHER,

and referred in terms of noble scorn to "devilling your father's kidneys" and "uncle and onions." And so far did the "Daily Cockatoo" go that it founded the "Anti-Cannibalism League," and collected £3,000 in subscriptions in a fortnight (mostly from aged relatives who thought they were going to be eaten by their heirs), and sent a dozen travelling vans with speakers all over England, and issued literature recommending persons of mature years to insert provisos in their wills and testaments rendering them null and void in case any portion of them, before or after death, should prove to have been used for food. As for the "Parrot," it founded the "Marriage Reform League," which issued several tons of printed matter a day, and plastered its famous "Happy Harem" posters all over the country, and hired two thousand eight hundred professional public loafers to perambulate the taverns of these sea-girt islands talking Marriage Reform, and saying how they had all been ruined by trying to keep two wives at once, and being caught at it and punished by the present iniquitous enactments on the subject. Nor did the Marriage Reform League neglect the stage, for they hired the "Blue Eyed Bengalee" to introduce Marriage Reform into his patter, and Maritana van der Dimple was engaged at a ridiculous expense to add a new Marriage Reform verse to her famous rag-time melody at the Hipposeum:—

We'll put an end to bigamy  
By voting for Polygamy.  
Johnnies, you may marry me,  
When Jocelyn is in.

Finally Jocelyn set the example himself, and stimulated the enthusiasm of his adherents by taking in (as yet unofficial) marriage seven wives, to wit, Maritane herself, and Toto from Paris, and Loto from Paris, and Koko from Paris, and Tsukamoto from Japan, and Kescuomo from Kukarest, and, last but not least, Yubba Yubba, who was conveyed at immense cost and especially for the occasion, from the inner private harem of the Sultan of D'r-el-As'r in the oasis of Tob, accompanied on the journey by thirteen hundred camels bearing ivory and spices and rahat-la-koum. And their photographs appeared in all the daily press.

But in spite of this there was no life in the cause. Interest was unceasing, but mainly hostile, and some of the ablest judges of the sporting Press were heard to predict that unless something happened quick, Marriage Reform would soon be offering at heaven knows what against. And the millionaires began to fidget, and the editor of the "Daily Cockatoo" was actually dismissed because, it was said, he was responsible for the failure by mismanaging the opposition to the extent of once or twice actually talking sense, in consequence of which quite a number of persons had been furnished with reasons for opposing Marriage Reform. Then did the genius of Jocelyn assert itself. The country was falling away. Concessions must be made. Compromise was the soul of politics, and the art of the statesman was to discover, not what was good for the public, but what the public would stand. If the great soul of England would not put up with "Marriage Reform," why not try "Marriage Reform with proper safeguards"? Stranger things had occurred. The great soul of England would not take Monkey Brand until the proprietors announced to an expectant universe that it "would not wash clothes." So the editors received the tip, and "proper safeguards"

was the word, and the two thousand eight hundred public loafers told the tale, and Maritana van der Dimple changed her song and came out with an entirely new verse, translating it all into terms intelligible to the vulgar, which unfortunately cannot be given in the pages of this chaste periodical. And it ended in success. And fifteen other papers came over to the "Parrot" the very next morning, and their readers with them, and those who really run the country determined that their time was near. And they agreed that the simplest thing was for there to be a split in the Government on the subject of Marriage Reform, and for the Ministers whom they wanted to get rid of to resign en bloc, or to go to the Lords, and for the King to dissolve Parliament, and for a general election to follow, when the people would have an opportunity of uttering its mighty voice on the lines laid down for it by the politicians. And to make quite sure that the public did not get out of hand and vote for something unauthorised, as the public sometimes does, it was arranged that the other party should go to the country with the cry, "No wives at all!" for which no one could possibly vote without declaring himself incapable of managing his affairs. Not that there was really any danger of Marriage Reform failing to sweep the country, for, as Jerry Jocelyn observed, everybody would openly vote for seven wives except those who already possessed one, and they would not dare to vote for "no wives at all."

But the greatest sensation of all was caused by the "Election Special," which Messrs. Natty Flares, Film and Gramophone manufacturers, placed upon the picture halls. And these represented "Marriage Reform in the Life." And you had a picture of Mr. Jerry Jocelyn sitting in his house, surrounded by his seven wives, Toto, Koko, Loto, Tsakamoto, Kescuomo, Maritana van der Dimple, and, last but not least, Yubba Yubba herself, who had been conveyed especially and at immense cost from the harem of the Sultan of D'r-el-As'r in the oasis of Tob, accompanied on the journey by thirteen hundred camels bearing ivory and spices and rahat-la-koum. And you saw how they cooked the dinners, and how they scrubbed the floors, and beat the carpets, and comforted Mr. Jocelyn when he returned in the evening from his labours for the public good. And it was pointed out by legends thrown upon the screen that all this solved the servant problem, and completely disposed of the allegations of the "Cockatoo" and its pamphlets that "Your Home will Cost You More." And then a talking machine would be set to work and bellowed forth: "A message from Mr. Jeremiah Jocelyn," in which he encouraged his supporters, and promised them that they should all be polygamists before long—under proper safeguards, of course.

So Marriage Reform gained the day. And Marriage Reform was introduced (after a fashion). For the difficulty was that, after coming into power the Reformers discovered that, in order to get there, they had promised a thousand irreconcilable things to a thousand irreconcilable persons, all of whom wanted to see their promises honoured. But at length a satisfactory compromise was arrived at, the essence of which was that all things should go on very much the same as before. And marriage should be called "connubial union," and a wife a "female cohabitor," and divorce was renamed "nuptial separation," and separation was called "nuptial divorce." And the rich should have as many wives as they pleased, and the poor should pay for them; but the poor should have only one wife apiece, and not the whole of her, in order to save them from the sin of extravagance. And for the rest, as we have said, things went on very much as before. Money poured out and money trickled in. Politicians lied. The spring fashions came out, and various absurdities with them. Girls put their hair up. Men wore tight boots and got sore feet in consequence. London was exceedingly hot and dusty. Everybody talked about nothing until they were sick and tired of it. People fainted in the crowd. And the devil walked up and down in the earth.

## In Kashmir.

### II.—Srinagar.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

THE broad brown Jhelum flows down the valley in bends and curves between the mountains. At length it approaches the Takht-i-Sulaiman, a tall gaunt hill detached from that small interior range, now almost bare of snow, which o'ertops the east of Srinagar. On the summit is a small doomed Hindu temple, the landmark of the City of the Sun throughout the Happy Valley. Between the river and the foot of the hill, and for half a mile up and down the narrow Bund, are the European quarters. From this pathway steps, wooden or cut into the bank, lead down to the scores of house-boats and doonga-houseboats, large and small, clean and dirty, that back below; the owner of each devoutly believing the tradition that the broad bronze chenars and the lofty poplars of the Bund a dozen yards to the northward shade him from the noonday sun.

Just above the Residency is a bridge crossing a little canal which leads to the Chenar Bagh and the Dal Lake. Below the Residency is a small island abounding in beautiful fruit-trees and chenars. It belongs to a Fakir who lives there in a hut and exacts toll from every boat that moors against it. Behind the island and for half a mile below are the various "European" shops—Parsi, Kashmiri, and Punjabi firms, viz. :—

I asked my cook one happy day  
Whom should I call for stores and tay,  
To what sweet name my rupees hand  
Dádabhoy or Hasan Abdul,  
Nusserwanjee, Gulam Rasul,  
Mian Mohamed or Jai Chand.  
"Sa'ib," exclaimed a dusky pair,  
Who must have sprung from empty air,  
"Master call us, we suit fine,  
Don't call Daddy, Jai, or Rasul,  
Don't call Mian, Nuss, or Abdul,  
Call but SUFFERING MOSES *thine*."

For I regret to say that an old-established Persian, Sudfar Hoghul by name, of quaint and charming manners and appearance, was once termed "Suffering Moses," and has used the profitable designation ever since.

Below these shops lies the native town with its seven bridges. The first—but, heh! Sultana, Ramzan, Mohamdo, bring up the shikara! shikara lao! There are shouts in the kitchen-boat and the rattling of paddles, and a small dinghy manned by five cheerful, lazy rogues comes up to my window. I clamber out and into the boks of the shikara, settle down on the cushioned seat under the shade of a double awning, and am paddled rapidly away by the ruffians behind me.

The first bridge is about a mile from my houseboat, which I have moored opposite the Residency in the grateful shade of a grove of poplars. As I float swiftly round a bend, towering above me on every side are gaunt black mountains surmounted by snowy ranges and peaks, grey in the shade of the dark rain-clouds, or gleaming white where the sun breaks through to them. I pass under the bridge beside a Kashmiri poling a raft of three gigantic logs, while two gaily-dressed veiled women are slowly paddled upstream. Doongas, laden with grain, timber, or stone, are poled in all directions, each with a little covered space astern for the boatman and his family; and there is usually a calf in a closely fitting hutch.

On the left, divided from the Chief Minister's bungalow by a high-walled garden, is the Maharajah's New Palace, built right upon the bank, a great white, three-storied building with bow windows and balconies projecting over the stream. Two or three staircases run along it down to the water. Adjoining it is an old red palace, towered and balconied, and connected by a passageway with the oldest building of all, a palace in ruinous decay. Between the two the Ma'rajah's private temple stands out into the river high up on the wall, with a large gilded dome glorying in the sunshine. Be-

low, round the base of the ancient palace, a canal flows down to the last bridge.

Along the banks the decrepit wooden houses, leaning one on another, are for the most part thin and narrow, but three or four storeys high—regular poplars among buildings—with blossoming fruit-trees growing out of the ruins of the lowest storey. On all the roofs grows long green grass; when the pastures are bare the sheep are hoisted up past the protruding bow-windows and latticed balconies on to the tiny plot. Thirsty cattle stumble down the crumbling flights of steps that run between the houses and barns down to the water, amid the howling and fighting of mangy mongrels. Chattering old women crouch down to clean brass pots with the wet mud, others dip clothes in the stream and tread them out on a smooth stone, or, in the more usual fashion, slop them down on the rock until the buttons, the stitches, and, sometimes, the dirt, disappear. A group of elderly loin-clad Brahmins stands on a ghat beneath a little tin-roofed temple. The old men shiver as they look at the cold swift river, and finger the sacred thread that hangs over their shoulders. Suddenly there is a splash, and, a moment after, I see a dripping worshipper puff his way out of the water. Naked children in imitation play about the steps, the younger howling dismally as they are slowly cleansed and ducked, in the chill breeze blowing down from the snowfields. I notice one lovely little house in fair repair. The top storey is green, the next pink, the lowest blue, and it stands on a bare brick wall supported by piles, as are all the houses that project over the river. On the side of the house are two large pink and white storks. Each storey has four or five bow-windows, each with a latticed shutter tumbling on its hinges. I pass two little temples with glittering domes of tin and vermilion dragons splashed uncouthly on the plaster wall.

Through one of the arches of the second bridge I can see the domes of two Hindu temples and the wooden pagoda-shaped pinnacle of a Moslem ziarat and the green-roofed houses on both banks, seeming to meet at a bend. We pass a shikara propelled by only one boatman travelling very slowly down stream, laden with several generations of a prolific Hindu family. On the bank some Brahmin babas are checking the weighing of some doonga loads of timber. The houses are very much bigger now, mostly of four storeys, raised on piles above the high bank. Sultana raps twice with his paddle, and with a "shabash" we sweep down between the wooden piles of the third bridge into the very midst of the merchants of Suryanagar. The tall old buildings have signboards hanging from their balconies and bow-windows. Suffering Moses paints his real name so small beside his pseudonym as almost to hide it. A little further on a certain Gani masquerades as Ganemede, and on all sides I hear the cry, "Sa'ib, Sa'ib, come and see my shop, wood carving, shawls, papier maché, me got very nice, come see, not buy, just see." Several shikaras dash out from the stony mudheaps of landing places to intercept me, but my boatmen, regardless of offers of enormous commission if they will take me to their shops, paddle me swiftly to my destination, the house of the merchant and banker, Abdulla Shah.

The steps that lead up to his shop are dangerously decayed, but, with the aid of a walking-stick, I succeed in climbing them, and enter the courtyard. Round it on three sides is a large tumble-down two-storied building. Two verandahs, cut off by broken lattices, project over the river. The banker, a small, dark, aquiline Persian, one of the wealthier men of the country, is dressed in European style. His well-cut frock-coat is brushed, his linen spotless, and his socks without holes (it would be, of course, the grossest rudeness for him to meet me with his shoes on), a condition almost unknown among the natives of rank and wealth in India. But in Kashmir it is different, and Abdulla Shah, with his delicate features, neat clothes, and richly-embroidered turban, looks worthy of his rank. He invites me to ascend a

dark rickety flight of stairs on one side of the building, and he and his sons and servants show me beautiful embroideries on wool, silk, Pushmina, and finest lawn; carpets from Bokhara, numdahs from Yarkand and Khotan, tea, turquoises, copper and gold from Tibet, simple lovely designs in silver and enamel, and large Kashmir shawls, some that will pass through a ring, and some old, heavy, and red, of which the secret has been lost. On the other side are rooms full of the finest carving in walnut wood—seven-foot screens, folding Koran-stands, made of one intersected piece, tables so delicately worked as to glint as if a tray of finest brass were inlaid; chairs, cabinets and boxes, worked with leaves and flowers or the fearsome dragons and hieroglyphics of the famous Lhasa pattern. This is the shop of Abdulla Shah.

## Letters from Italy.

### XVI.—SORRENTO.

“δεῦρ’ ἄγ’ ἰὼν, πολλὰν Ὀδυσσεύ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,”

It is a four hours' drive from Amalfi to Sorrento, through country similar to that between Vietri and Amalfi. I suppose if one wished to discriminate very finely and curiously one would take the second part of the drive as the better, because the hills are a little higher and more rugged, and the country nearer one's heart from its "classic" associations. I was very happy—in spite of leaving my beloved Amalfi—as the crazy little carriage bumped over the stony road towards Prajano and Positano in the morning sunshine. There was hardly a ripple of foam about the jagged rocks, hardly a ripple in the grass and flowers, fragrant from the burning sun. Just as on the former drive from Cava, the lizards scuttled across the rocks and shrub-roots, slipping into crevices or hiding behind stones. The mists hung about the peaks; the opposite shore of the gulf glimmered and trembled across a pale haze; and the road turned about the headlands, giving us always some new foreground to set off the lines of hills we had had in sight ever since we started. Beauty? Do you ask me now to admire feeble productions like the Riviera between Genoa and Pisa, or the sunrise over the Alps? Go to Amalfi, little person, consider its ways and be wise.

Thus we clattered along—two somnolent elders and a great artist—until suddenly the beery driver turned to me—"Ecco, Signor, Isola di Galli!" And then I murmured to myself time after time that line from great Homer which I have set above this letter, for the Isola di Galli, according to some, is that island of the sirens where Odysseus heard the enchanted singing and shunned steep death by god-like guile. For my part I prefer to take Capri as my siren island, and I leave my animadversions on Homer till I come to speak of Tiberius' summer resort. Still, it reminded me that I was coming to sacred ground, since Sorrento, the ancient Surrentum, is supposed to have been honoured by the landing of the Much-enduring on its beautiful quiet shores. How much of this is apocryphal I don't know, but I certainly remember having read somewhere that Odysseus landed at Sorrento.

Right above the town is a kind of ridge of high rock over which passes the road from Amalfi, and at the point where the land begins to fall towards Sorrento is a "Tavern of the two Gulfs." Both the Gulf of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno can be seen at once. But the road descends quickly, the Gulf of Salerno winks one last blue flash as farewell, and you turn to contemplate Sorrento as it lies on its sunny slope looking towards the Neapolitan coast. The town is scattered, not concentrated in sordid masses of dirty buildings like North Italian hill towns, but open and almost opulent looking, lying among large orange and lemon orchards, whose brilliant fruit spots the trees with strong colouring and fills the air with a suggestion of perfumes which do not exist. All the roads lie between the tall, dusty walls of the gardens, but the beautiful trees give one pleasure enough, in spite of the lack of extended "views."

As we came near the coast-edge we passed a little girl, the first pretty human thing I had seen in Italy. She didn't beg of us, but cried "Buon giorno" in a clear Italian voice and waved her hands. I was immensely pleased and waved my hands back and kissed my fingers to her, and said how pretty she was, to the horror of my Spartan companion. She was very pretty indeed. I wish. . . . Heigh-ho!

At Sorrento I stayed in a very pleasant albergo (far beyond my means) whose garden was full of tall orange trees, most decorative under a clear sky. In the flower-beds by the flagged walks grew stocks, fox-gloves already in flower (March), and large clusters of white fressie. These flowers—of which I know only the Italian name—are very beautiful indeed; the blossoms vary from white to pale primrose, with purple streaks outside, and one orange-coloured petal within, and they grow—five or six of them—on a kind of horizontal stem projecting from the main stalk. The scent is like that of lemons, but sweeter and richer. And because I was happy at that place, I remember the flowers very clearly.

I cannot claim to have "done" Sorrento in any sense of the word; except for a few hours' wandering among the orange groves, and a climb across the steep terraces of olives and lentisks and beans on the hills towards Amalfi, I saw nothing of the place. I did not even go to Castellamare, for the quiet of the old inn garden was very calming after the hideous din of Napoli. Most of my time was spent on a terrace, at the end of the garden, about 200 feet above the sea, where a few seats were set under bushes, and the tall lemon trees made a screen against the light breeze. The sea was of the same delicate clarity as on the other side of the peninsula, and spread away in a lordly plain to Pompeii and Vesuvius on the right hand, to Napoli in front, and to Procida, Ischia, and the open Mare Tyrrhenium on the left. Capri was hidden by a long headland. And the position of Baia one could only guess.

And here, through the long "sun-satiate" hours I lounged—so delicately lazy, you industrious one, so sensually absorbing sunlight, you ascetic ones. If I thought, it was in a very languid fashion, without serious intent, probably about Odysseus, or some hapless friend in London, or the lizards, or the Greek bronzes at Naples, or nothing. If I read, it was some scrap of Theocritus I had already translated for myself, or M. de Régnier's beautiful *vers libre*.

See Naples from the inside and damn it vigorously, but see the Bay of Naples from the Sorrento side, and thank gods and heroes for a notable vision. Who shall say when it is most beautiful? In the morning, when the sun shows the red scarp sides of Vesuvius, cracked and seamed with the lava-streams, and the white houses of the towns at its base gleam like very small squares of marble, and the sea lies utterly still, hardly spending the lightest ripple on the shingle? Or at noon, when even at this early date, the sun becomes almost too hot, and one is glad of the faint breeze rustling among the lemon-leaves and just breaking the smooth sea? Or at sunset, when the opposite shore stands very clear and sharp, the sun goes down golden behind the point of the peninsula whose deep shadow is olive-green on the water, and Vesuvius again catches the light? And, as the evening gets suddenly chilly, one gathers one's books and pipes, and goes slowly into the albergo, feeling that pious cleanliness which follows a day spent in utter laziness under the heat of "mio fratello," the sun.

All right—sentimentality of the worst kind, if you like, "nature-worship" and all that sort of bilge. But it is so charming to be useless, to refine upon sensations and ideas in the open air—and to eat afterwards. In whatever Cerchio or Bolge I eventually find myself ("Il y a beaucoup comme vous aux envers," said a dear old Spanish priest to me at Cava), I shall not be among those who gurgle in the foul marsh, "Tristi fummo Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s' allegra."

Anacapri.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

## Thou Shalt Not Kill.

(From the Mahabharata.)

By Beatrice Hastings.

- RELATE, O Bishma, righteous chastisements :  
Tell me how kingly rods may strike unstained,  
To guard the pure, yet injure not the vile.
- O Yudhishtira, hereto men narrate  
How Satyavat gave law to Dyumutsen :  
Prince to his sire the law of Manu gave.
- Were passing evil subjects judged to death,  
When Manu, Lord of Mind, inspired that prince  
With certain words till then not heard on earth.
- "O sire, sometimes the right doth seem the wrong,  
Again, iniquity takes virtue's grace :  
Yet murder may not stand as righteousness!"
- The monarch said : "Wouldst spare the evil life?  
If this were righteousness, then sin were good,  
And innocence as profitless as guilt.
- "Our worldly wheel is turned by chastisements.  
The rogue is held from sin by fear of death.  
Discourse if more thou knowst, O Satyavat."
- "O king, by imitation low men live.  
The practice of the great decides the low :  
Unseemly rulers cause disordered realms.
- "In moral science be the ruler versed,  
Who, when he judgeth, must judge true the offence,  
Nor unrestrained mete grievous punishment.
- "The subject's body kings may not destroy.  
Behold! by death of one are many slain—  
All innocent kindred fall for one man's crime.
- "This, too, is seen—the wicked turn to good :  
And this—ill men oft father goodly sons.  
Tear not the root even from vilest man!
- "Power of the king extendeth not to death.  
O king, thou mayst not persecute with death  
Thy erring subject and his helpless kin.
- "Ill rule, by dungeon, lash, and brand revealed,  
Ill lives still sparing, beareth not the curse  
Of crazed sires and blighted, guiltless babes.
- "He who offendeth once, rebuke with words ;  
Mete not to childish sin harsh chastisement :  
Thus doth eternal practice clear command.
- "All men transgress, all suffer, all repent,  
The law for noble men must count their worth :  
Insult not greatness with ignoble pains!
- "Who, having sinned, late turns to penitence—  
Release thou him in bondage of his vow :  
This is the way of Him that knoweth men."
- The king said : "Son, thy words fit golden times,  
When men were tranquil, truthful—shame was law.  
Those days of pure report match not with ours.
- "At close of that bright age, words still sufficed ;  
Next followed need for forfeiture and fine :  
In this, our age, scarce death restrains the vile.
- "The Crutis cast the thief from gods and men—  
Nothing to anyone, he may be slain.  
None but the fool makes covenant with thieves!"
- Spake Satyavat : "Men imitate, O king.  
Not cruel laws, but noble conduct rules.  
By naught but glancing, kings make honest men.
- "Superior subjects imitate the king,  
And lesser men them that above be set :  
Men are thus formed to emulate the great.
- "That ruler's mocked who sins, yet judgeth sin—  
Himself a slave to sense, is reft of power,  
And men pass laughing where he makes the law.
- "Listen, O king, to words of ancient fame.  
A Brahmana endued with clemency—  
The pity which is knowledge taught me thus :
- "The Kreta age of men is void of blame,  
The Treta age of sinful parts hath one ;  
In Dwapara by half all men are bad ;
- "And Kali sees but one part good in all—  
E'en this through wickedness of rulers fails  
Till but one sixteenth portion pure is found.
- "O Satyavat, though mercy shake thy throne,  
Consider still how short is human life,  
Consider still how weak is human strength,
- "Consider how afflicted creeps this age.  
Manu, the Lord of Laws, compassionate,  
Hath set the learned way of ruth towards men."

## Present-Day Criticism.

A GENERATION that is almost totally materialistic will be sure to breed mystery-mongers. We seem to be passing through a plague of them in our time. Mr., Mrs. and Miss publish every other week his or her entirely new and personally vouched for solution of Life, its enigma. Guides to the Perfect Way were never so numerous, and but one country of the deluded globe, America, surpasses our own in the frequency with which it hails the latest and most infallible "Mystic." The Oriental book lists, bulging though they be with thrillingly entitled expositions of any and every kind of myth, folklore and fairy tale, yet contain, as we judge, not a quarter of the fishy mystery works, manuals, plays, verses, novels, pamphlets, and tracts which are being spat out from incalculable little private bogs of the mind to allure and destroy the feeble majority of this world. Too indignant pity of the cheated victims is only to be steadied by the reflection that Nature herself directs calamity against the surplus of beings. Degeneracy, nevertheless, is a sad disease to die of. There is only one refuge to-day from the prevalent occultistical poisoners; this is at the sources of the mysteries. Go to the sources. Here you will find nothing more or less mysterious than the admonition "Know Thyself." Here is nothing more fatally alluring than the vision of Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. Here are no mincing hints of fantastical adventures in spriteland, no fumous descriptions of walks and talks with devils and djinns, but a very emphatic warning against all mystery-mongers and a nod of contempt for the would-be yogin too feeble-minded to resist a stroll on the astral plane. No, here is nothing soporific, dreamy, balmy, and pestilent, but an intellectual exposition of Man—lord among the universal animals, animal among the universal lords. None but the doomed might study unhumbled at these sources of all human knowledge.

From the Babu provinces of India a fishy school of mystagogues is stretching tentacles over the Western world. America, in countless numbers, has gone down to these persons of whom there are many hundreds in that country. England plays as yet a very distant second in the race to be hoaxed; but we are ourselves the breeders of bathos, and already our own trumpery mystagogues are busily preparing the feeble-minded majority to welcome the covetous decadents from the East. Women, of course, are the natural quarry of the impostors. It is only since women began to read that mysteriettes have become popular as novelettes used to be; only since women began to gad unrestrainedly, have these preposterous charlatans, most of whom deserve deportation, become thriving on the shillings and guineas and hundreds of guineas of female audiences. The recent judgment given against the wofully fallen Theosophical Society will in all probability paralyse the tentacles of this particular octopus, though its dying spasms may be even more malignantly directed than those of the suffragettes. But in our opinion the influence over the feeble-minded of quacks like Messrs. Yeats, Carpenter, and Tagore, is scarcely less pernicious than the more audacious and despotic humbug of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. And then there is this ever-swelling crowd of minor jargonists, innumerable and persistent. Each gathers from the monstrous regiment of idle wives and spinsters his or her little following. What? Why talk of idle women only? Behold Miss Evelyn Underhill completely entêtée with the grubbing reverence of our now unrecognisable ancient friend, "The Athenæum," and the frivolous parsons who have replaced in its pages our olden guides and philosophers. One is not in the least amused to hear Miss Underhill parroting the mysteries or superbly pronouncing upon the personal character of Jesus; the spectacle is greatly disgusting even in an age of considerable filth and of the crudest blasphemy. But Miss Underhill, proud as the provincial Punch, expatiating in the halfpenny press on experiences, and graciously introducing a fellow-

mystagogue, Mr. Maurice Hewlett of "ruinous face, ruinous face" fame in these columns, is something to provoke a legitimate smile. 'Tis a mad world, my masters!

There is no defence for it save only the Brahma weapon which, plainly, is Truth. This is that wonderful weapon that neutralises falsehood with all the hypocrisies, insolences and vanities accompanying falsehood. While so-called occultism is virulently working against the minds of men, only a clear accusation of the charlatans employing it will be heard. If the accusation is false it will fall to the ground. If the accusation is true it will begin to establish itself from the very moment it is uttered.

In the brief day of THE NEW AGE, how many pretenders have we not seen compelled by an accusation to become what they really are? There yonder is Mr. Shaw cheerfully flattering Suburbia; there is Mr. Masefield, done with the silly nonsense of the classics and seated at home on the top of the biggest midden in England; there is Mr. Maeterlinck, a boy of the bruising world; there is Mr. Bennett writing for the "New Statesman," and there is Mr. Yeats adorning his successor's triumph; and what scores are there not of youngish Philistines, all flat and stale, who half believed that the seal of Art was broken, that raving, doggerel and fulsomeness were about to pass handsomely with all the world for imagination, poetry and criticism. When the truth has chanced to be said about a man he becomes what he is.

For this reason of the nature of truth, the critic must be forever alert to see the least sign of good promise. Less than the truth will blight him in speaking it, though his judgment fail only from ignorance, as surely as the deliberate lying of flatterers blights these. Ignorance is small excuse in cosmic law as in imitative human law. Time inexorably judges the critic's judgments.

## Readers and Writers.

SINCE Strindberg's death a year ago five of his prose works have been translated and published in this country, two volumes of his plays, and now Miss Lindaf-Hageby has just published his life (Stanley Paul, 6s.). It is too much. Really Strindberg is not worth so much of England's precious attention. The merest selection would amply satisfy the healthiest craving for the works of "Sweden's great genius." Miss Lindaf-Hageby's "Life," which I have just looked through, is no better than well-informed gossip about the man. The good lady sub-entitles her work: "The Spirit of Revolt"; but, apart from the cant of Revolt with no definition of its object, Strindberg was no revolutionary. He died, it appears, with a declaration of his faith in the Bible on his lips—or is this an amiable epitaph? He lived, if it is true, in an even worse state of hypocrisy—as a Spirit of Revolt—for he wore a crucifix under his shirt. What would Nietzsche have said of his disciple had he known this? I am reminded of Spinoza's correspondence with one Brandenburg, if I remember. After many letters had been interchanged and Spinoza was becoming confidential, the wretch Brandenburg coolly remarked that of course he did not allow himself to speculate outside the Catholic doctrines! Strindberg's "revolt" was similarly circumscribed; and now that we know the facts they are obvious in his work. He was always imitating somebody or other, or posing before his own whims, or actually going mad. His imitations were feeble—witness his Heinesque ditheryrambs which appeared in these columns last week—no reflection on Mr. Selver, who did his best; or his cynical anti-feminist stories, copied clumsily from Voltaire, I should judge. His poses were numerous, but his chief was that of a European figure—in emulation, no doubt, of Ibsen over the border. His madnesses I simply cannot away with. A genius has no right to go mad without good reason; and Strindberg, I gather, had the worst.

The "Nation" has been saying that Mr. Masefield has a genius for success. Pooh! So have all the other great advertisement agents. But there is no more relation between success in publicity and success in art than between the merits of pill-advertisements and pills respectively. In fact, advertisement and art have never gone together and never will. The advertised is always bad. At the game of advertisement, however, there will always be many players, and they will compete with each other as artists will not. Last week, for example, Mr. Tagore countermoved upon Mr. Masefield's wall-space by reading his unpublished play "Chitra" (a "laav" story) to a select Kensington audience presided over by Sir Richard Stapley and attended by Mr. Montagu—the former a lately defeated Parliamentary candidate and the latter, I hear, the Under Secretary for India. I myself received an invitation, but my ears, among other things, would not permit me to accept it. They told me, truly enough, that they were not yet to be trusted to judge in matters of literature. Without a good deal more training than mere education provides, our ears are much less reliable as critics of style than our eyes. Abracadabra may be made to sound well; as Mr. Ashby-Sterry once amusingly demonstrated in a recitation with the meaningless refrain: "The Fate of the Capstan Bar." I have heard Mr. Yeats chant a "poem" in the voice of an oracle delivering the Sibylline books (as Reinhardt, at any rate, would present it), and when I came afterwards to read the lines myself, the imposition on my ears was exposed. Until, then, I can read with my ears as well as with my eyes they shall mew their inexperience in private practice. Mr. Hewlett, by the way, is about to follow Mr. Tagore's example and to read *his* something or other somewhere or other. I shall have a word to say about Mr. Hewlett in a minute.

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An oft-repeated prophecy of one of my colleagues is that we are on the eve of great satire in England. God send that we do not need it or give us courage to profit by it if we do! Don't let us *amuse* ourselves with it or give it to our children to play with in the nursery, as we did in the case of Swift. The courageous thing to do with satire is to hate ourselves for it. My intention in this note, however, is to record the fact that a writer in the "Nation" declared, apropos of Mr. Dyson's cartoons in the "Daily Herald," that satire has lately changed in spirit and "returned to the expression of contemptuous hate." "In passing from 'Max' or 'F. C. G.' to Dyson we pass from the atmosphere of the 'Rape of the Lock' to that of 'The Drapier's Letters.'" It may be so. Mr. Dyson is certainly a satirist. But nobody has yet, I believe, tried to murder him.

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For the anatomy of satire probably nobody has bettered the classification of Goldwin Smith. "There are," he says, "three kinds of satire, corresponding to as many views of humanity and life; the Stoical, the Cynical, and the Epicurean. Of Stoical satire, with its strenuous hatred of vice and wrong, the type is Juvenal. Of Cynical satire, springing from bitter contempt of humanity, the type is Swift's 'Gulliver' . . . Of Epicurean satire, flowing from a contempt of humanity which is not bitter, and lightly playing with the weakness and vanities of manhood, Horace is the classical example." Now that I have copied out the passage, it does not seem so luminous. Mr. Dyson cannot, at any rate, be placed in it.

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I did last week what I have never done before and probably shall never do again: I bought and paid six shillings for and read a current issue of the "Edinburgh Review." It was Sydney Smith who really induced me to plunge in this fashion; for he was one of the founders, indeed, the original inspiration, of the Review, and was its first Editor. When he came, nearly forty years afterwards, to review the Review, he was able to write in this enviable strain: "To set on foot

such a Journal in such times (1802), to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate." The words must have struck a sympathetic chord in me for, as I say, I bought a copy of the "Edinburgh" last week. Alas, how deceptive are sympathetic chords! The "Review" under Mr. Harold Cox is stodgy, without ideas or style. I amused myself, however, in playing on its articles the grammarian's game: I solemnly took the opening sentence of each and analysed it to prove to my technical mind that my taste was not in error.

It seems probable that there will be no further armed conflict in Europe as the immediate result of the Balkan War.

Thirteen weeks to produce that! I could do it once a day with punctuality and dispatch.

It is an accepted axiom of modern politics that each State must be allowed to be the judge of what forces it needs for offence and defence.

Fancy an "axiom" of that length coming after so brief an announcement. The sentence is *wagged by its tail*.

There can be little doubt that criticism in England is apt to give a preponderating eminence to the prose-writer who weaves his texture out of his own emotions and reflections, as did the founders of the British Essay, Bacon and Cornwallis.

That is Mr. Gosse, and how fallen since before he edited the "Daily Mail" "literary" page! Preponderating eminence—apt to give—weaves his texture—Bacon and Cornwallis! Besides, the purport of the whole is trivial.

It is alike the despair and the solace of human existence that we can divine little more from the world of men or books or of solitude than what we bring to them. (Mr. Walter de la Mare, lately crowned with a purse by some society or other.)

When a great man dies it is always a matter for consideration whether his work has been so far dependent on his personality that it will die with him, or whether it has been built on such a foundation of sound principle that its permanence may be regarded as assured, subject to the changing needs of each day and generation.

The last is a model of bad style and should be placed on the cover of the "Edinburgh Review" for the emulation of its contributors. I wish I had my six shillings back again, or that Sydney Smith were alive.

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Though something of an eleutheromaniac, I decline to accept the current conception of Liberty as it applies to literature—that anybody may express an opinion on anything and everybody shall say no more than: "How interesting!" I would not (publicly) go so far in honesty as Ruskin, who thought his word on art should be taken as a doctor's is taken on medicine; though, unlike the "Athenæum," I see no *amazing* presumption in that. But there are definitely persons who have not only no title to dictate, but none even to speak on the subject of literature. And Mr. Upton Sinclair is one of them. On the whole, I think, little Americans should be seen and not heard. "An American to excel," said Henry James, "has just ten times as much to learn as a European"; and Mr. Upton Sinclair is still among the minus quantities. In the "New Statesman," however, he has been "revealing his individuality" on the subject of the classics generally, and of Homer in particular, concluding the whole performance with an astonishing display of a list of the gr-r-eatest writers (in his judgment) living or dead. With these I am, of course, not concerned; but nobody should write of Homer after the manner of Mr. Upton Sinclair without hearing more of it. Homer, then, you will be pleased to know, is, in little America's opinion, over-rated by the cultured classes in Europe. In England above all he is no more than "what the top-hat is to the British world sartorially," that is to say, a shiny, hollow, useless fraud. Matthew Arnold hypnotised us all by his phrase of Homer's "grand

manner." But Homer's "grand manner" is a mere trick. How, Mr. Sinclair asks, did Homer "secure" his "effect"? "Simply by giving his heroes the centre of the stage and by portraying them as unrestrained in their emotions and limitless in their greed." Ah, now we see it. Italian grand-opera, says Mr. Sinclair. Precisely; that's the ticket! Mr. Sinclair probably supposes his onslaught to be iconoclasm. It isn't, it's ignorance.

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The moment an art is on its death-bed Leagues are formed ostensibly to bring it to life, but actually to give it burial. The latest League for the latest art to expire (only temporarily, I believe) is the "Drama League," which was founded last week with three avowed objects: (1) To prevent the untimely withdrawal of promising plays; (2) to whip up members to attend when such plays are drooping in their box-offices; (3) to form a library of dramatic literature. Of these three objects only the third is practicable, the other two being as relevant to the occasions when their services are needed as good advice to people who have no mind to take it. A tiny handful of members might be persuaded to attend a play from a sense of duty which they would not attend from a sense of pleasure or profit; but no theatre will be kept open a day longer by their sacrifices. And who is to indicate the plays which are worth these efforts? The committee, I suppose. And what plays will they recommend? Their own, of course. But if their plays are not a public success to-day how will making them a private success assist matters? The drama for the moment is dead; the music-halls and the cinemas have completed the work of destruction that realism and Reinhardt began. To revive it, we do not need to band ourselves in Leagues and swear to attend its corpses and lie them living. The play's still the thing, and a new dramatist will arise so soon as the Leagues are out of the way. This is a prophecy.

If one obscure little paper calls another obscure little paper "a certain undistinguished weekly," refuses to name it, and then "would like to enter a vigorous protest" (if only it could) "against the coarseness that passes in the latter under the heading of 'Reviews,'" I see the "Academy" girding on its fountain-pen and rushing from a fray with—well, with the "Pebbles Courier," say! Only, the "Academy," by its quotation of a delectable passage, seems to have in mind THE NEW AGE. Touché, I chivalrously cry, Touché! I felt the "Academy's" retreating ink spatter my colleagues.

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I made occasion a fortnight ago to mention Miss Evelyn Underhill's "work" on mysticism. Her review of Mr. Hewlett's new work, also mystical, "The Lore of Proserpine," which appeared in the "Daily News" last week, confirms my estimate of the pair of them. Great is Mr. Hewlett, and Miss Underhill is now his Prophet. That mysticism of the modern sort is the last refuge of Romanticism I can well believe; but I should never have believed that mysticism, even in Mr. Hewlett's mind, would have been confused with comic flapdoodle. I have not read the "Lore of Proserpine," and I do not intend to read it. Since a certain passage in Mr. Hewlett's "Forest Lovers"—a book that was born in a night and died in a day—I have read nothing of Mr. Hewlett's, not, that is to say, read. The quotations of Miss Underhill are quite sufficient of Mr. Hewlett's "Prossy." The book "offers us a profound philosophy, a new vision of the world." Does it indeed? Deary me! The author "relates how a gentleman kept a fairy in his dog-run." Poor dog! "Man's soul, which Bunyan thought a city, is likened by Mr. Hewlett to a house divided into three flats." How urbane to be sure! Out of one of the windows he saw trees like "slim grey persons," and the spirits of the air "darken the sky as red wings in the autumn fields." Well, as Alice said, I never heard it before, but it sounds uncommon nonsense. Which reminds me.

When Mr. Yeats and Mr. Edward Carpenter (the story has been told in *THE NEW AGE* before) first met their conversation fell upon the Fabian Society, and afterwards—such is eclecticism—upon fairies. Mr. Yeats had told Mr. Carpenter that he (Carpenter) was the spiritual successor of the Fabian Society, destined to supersede it; and to compensate himself for this compliment Mr. Yeats ventured to bespeak Mr. Carpenter's interest in Irish fairies. He related how once upon a time he was walking in a birch wood, I think it was, in Ireland and saw—emerge—from behind a tree—a bright figure—of a being—who might have been a god! Mr. Carpenter remarked very drily—for he has humour under his free rhythm: "Well, let's hope it's not quite true!" I know, by the way, that the story is correct, for I was there.

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I do not need to hope that Mr. Hewlett's stories of "slim, grey persons" and "red wings" are not quite true. They cannot be or he dared not tell them, could not tell them, in his fashion. Or, if they are true, he had better see a doctor. Spiritual experiences demand silence or command language. They cannot be related in terms of dog-runs and lousy flats. And to Miss Underhill the story should be told of the reply of the young initiate who was asked about what he felt when the "Truth" was revealed to him. "A fool," he said, "for not having seen it before." The most esoteric thing in the world is commonsense; the most simple, the most obvious, and the most incommunicable. All true Mysticism is summed up in it. The rest is vapours when it is nothing worse.

R. H. C.

## Views and Reviews.

THE new Mental Deficiency Bill raises once again the whole question of the present social utility of what is called "Practical Eugenics." The Eugenists have proved to their own satisfaction that feeble-mindedness is hereditary and incurable; and by the use of pedigrees, and much babble of the Mendelian law, they have convinced those people who like apparently easy solutions of complex problems that segregation (for the purpose of preventing the procreation of "unfit" people) is the only remedy. But if we are to be scientific, we must know what feeble-mindedness really is; definition is the very condition of the precise thinking that real science demands. We learn from Eugenic literature, and from the definition that the Home Secretary has adopted in this Bill, that feeble-mindedness has no connection with a state of the brain; indeed, no physical symptoms are ever mentioned, it is thought sufficient to state that the person is poor, or objectionable, or incapable of receiving proper benefit from the teaching in elementary schools. Always the Eugenists offer us social symptoms, instead of organic signs of mental defects.

Dr. Bernard Hollander, writing in the current number of "The British Review," says: "Considering that the definitions in the original Government measure were those of the Royal College of Physicians, and had to be amended by Members of Parliament, it is perfectly evident that so long as experts, as presumably those who made the definitions are, cannot define Mental Deficiency in a 'medical' and 'psychological' and not merely in a 'social' sense, the Bill must be premature, however much we may agree with the intentions of its promoters. For to administer the Bill, the Government must rely on its medical experts, yet expert knowledge with reference to the whole subject of feeble-mindedness, especially with reference to the higher grades, is still in its rudiments."

We must look at the definition to understand this objection. "Feeble-minded persons; that is to say, persons in whose case there exists from birth or from an early age mental defectiveness not amounting to imbecility, yet so pronounced that they require care, supervision, and control for their own protection or for the protection of others, or, in the case of children, are in-

capable of receiving proper benefit from the instruction in ordinary schools." It is for the sake of a definition like this, which may mean anything, that we are asked to empower local authorities "to ascertain what persons within their area are defectives subject to be dealt with under this Act otherwise than at the instance of their parents or guardians"; in other words, to give them the right of entry to, search and examination of the homes of the lower classes. What is feeble-mindedness? "Mental defectiveness not amounting to imbecility." What is mental defectiveness? A state in which persons "require care, supervision, and control"; a state which, it may be genially confessed, we are all in when we want our own way with things. Yet, after all, the brain is the organ of the mind; and, as the physiologists say, "reflex action is the type of all nervous action, and the basis of all psychic activity"; and before we can contemplate the surrender of any of our liberties we need some such amendment as that suggested by Dr. Hollander. "And who present such physical signs of abnormality or disease as to make it certain that their mental defect is an organic one," or words to that effect," is Dr. Hollander's proposed amendment; and it would at least have the effect of making medical men diagnose pathological conditions of the brain or body before certifying, instead of merely expressing an unfavourable opinion of the habits and thoughts of their fellows.

If doctors were compelled thus to diagnose, it is not inconceivable that they might discover that quite a large number of cases would be susceptible of cure. I have, in previous articles, mentioned the possibilities of brain surgery, and of the psychical treatment of insanity; and the necessity of diagnosing feeble-mindedness, instead of merely certifying it, would probably have the effect of setting doctors to work to discover similar curative methods. But it is quite certain that this Bill does not contemplate any such possibility; the physiological knowledge of the doctor, if, on this subject, he has any, is of less authority than the physiological ignorance of the judicial authority. The county court judge, or police or stipendiary magistrate, may correct the doctor's diagnosis merely of the class of defective (idiot, imbecile, feeble-minded, or moral imbecile), if the judicial authority is satisfied that the person is a defective.

Here at the outset we part company from the half-educated people who are trying to force this measure through Parliament. We do not know what feeble-mindedness is in the physiological meaning of the word, and we cannot accept any remedy without a diagnosis. The feeble-mindedness may be due to accident, and amenable to brain surgery; to auto-intoxication, and amenable to medical treatment; but we cannot accept the assumption that all cases of feeble-mindedness are due to a lower type of brain, denoting a degenerate stock, and that the only remedy is segregation for life. We cannot accept as proof of feeble-mindedness the fact that a woman has illegitimate children, and receives poor relief during her periods of maternity; we cannot accept the fact that a man has been in prison, or is on trial, or is undergoing imprisonment, as presumptive evidence that he is feeble-minded, as he would certainly seem to be from the definition without Dr. Hollander's amendment. These are not the comparatively simple facts of medical diagnosis: they are the highly complicated symptoms of a social state that really is not quite perfect. Even the system of education in ordinary schools is not an effective test of mental power, it probably makes more fools than it instructs, and the power of apprehension is so various in children that prizes ought to be awarded for mere incompetence to receive "proper benefit from the instruction in ordinary schools."

Segregation, it must be insisted, is not cure. If a disease is not diagnosed by stating its social effects, neither is it cured by prescribing a social remedy. The social effect of cancer, for example, is frequently poverty; but you cannot cure cancer by prescribing

maintenance for cancerous patients. Feeble-mindedness may or may not be the cause of most of the crime, immorality, and poverty that, at present, are so expensive to the nation; but it is not so clear that it is less expensive to the nation to call these people "defectives," or that the cure is to prevent them from breeding. For if, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, of every 1,000 people born five were hanged (a proportion practically equivalent to the incidence of insanity in modern England), yet crime did not decrease, segregation will only be more expensive and no less futile. And who, we may ask at this point, are the people contemplated by this Act? Mr. McKenna has stated that "it must be borne in mind that to a considerable extent the feeble-minded homes would be supporting." May we suggest that the feeble-minded are persons who could support themselves, but will not, or cannot, provide surplus value, either for capitalists or officials? Dr. Hollander mentions the fact that none of the existing homes are self-supporting; that the labour of the inmates reduces the expenditure by only six per cent. Obviously, Mr. McKenna is contemplating a different type of defective, as, indeed, the very wording of another clause suggests. In providing a penalty of two years' imprisonment for abuse of a female defective, the Bill says: "unless he proves that he did not know and had no reasonable grounds for suspecting that the female was such a defective as aforesaid." It is obvious, then, that people will be under "care, supervision, and control" who are just like any ordinary person; and a man who is even less skilled in diagnosis of feeble-mindedness than doctors are in its definition may become a criminal simply because his love outruns the lady's discretion. This is the American idea of imprisonment for fornication; and if this clause is passed, and it has the effect that is intended, we may expect an increase of functional nervous disorders due to unnatural suppression of instinct.

The objections to the Bill in detail are manifold, but I can only mention one. At present, the plea of insanity can rarely save a man convicted of a capital crime; under this Bill, there is not a charge in which the plea of feeble-mindedness may not be successful. In the case of the poorer classes, the result would be segregation for life; in the case of the upper classes, of course, a guardian would be appointed, and the person leave the court, and return to liberty with no more supervision than can be exercised by a companion. The legal reactions of this Bill are incalculable, and must cause much confusion in the administration of the law; but I may leave these details to the lawyers.

It is better to confine criticism to the principles of the Bill, and it is clear that without a precise definition of feeble-mindedness the provisions of the Bill may apply to anybody. It is clear that the remedy is not a remedy; that segregation of the feeble-minded will no more prevent feeble-mindedness than incarceration of the insane prevents insanity. It should also be clear that the fact of segregation will have the same effect on medical men in the case of feeble-mindedness as in insanity; it will act like a blinker on them, and unconsciously prohibit any research into the causes or the possibilities of the cure of feeble-mindedness. Segregation is a confession of failure, and is not itself a cure; and if on no other, on these grounds it should be opposed. For our knowledge of the brain is comparatively recent, and is by no means complete: it dates back only to Gall, perhaps to Swedenborg, about 150 years ago. For ordinary doctors it does not go much beyond Broca; and it is absurd to put an embargo on further research by such a palpably inept social remedy as segregation. Doctors, at least, should resist the Bill by all the means in their power; it would be a disgrace to the medical profession to allow a handful of quack sociologists to usurp the prerogative of healing. Readers of THE NEW AGE will not need to be told that this Bill is only a means of preparing the Servile State; and there I may leave the matter for the moment.

A. E. R.

## Ethics.\*

By William Marwick.

"THE end of all moral speculations," wrote David Hume, "is to teach us our duty, and, by proper representations of the deformity of vice and beauty of virtue, beget corresponding habits, and engage us to avoid the one and embrace the other. But is this ever to be expected from inferences and conclusions of the understanding, which of themselves have no hold of the affections, or set in motion the active powers of men? They discover truths; but where the truths which they discover are indifferent and beget no desire or aversion, they can have no influence on conduct and behaviour. What is honourable, what is fair, what is becoming, what is noble, what is generous, takes possession of the heart, and animates us to embrace and maintain it. What is intelligible, what is evident, what is probable, what is true, procures only the cool assent of the understanding, and, gratifying a speculative curiosity, puts an end to our researches." This paragraph from the first section of Hume's "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals" seems to me, in its closing sentence, an apt description of the little manual that the Cambridge lecturer in Moral Science has produced for the Home University Library. Its defect is an intellectualism which "gratifying an intellectual curiosity, puts an end to our researches." It may be a good manual for examination purposes. It is clearly, simply, and ably written, but it seems to me to be singularly lacking in the power to make Ethics a subject of living practical interest, or to give any guidance in the discussion (I do not say the solution) of those ethical problems that confront us every day of our lives in the home, the market place, the school, and the university, in national and international affairs, in questions of race and religion; in a word, the ethical relations of humanity at large. To make quite clear what I mean, let me instance the ethical questions involved in the White Slave Traffic Bill, e.g., that of flogging, so ably discussed in these columns in the issues of October 24 and November 7, or the ethical problems raised by the war in the Balkans, or in the apparently purely economic thesis of Mr. Norman Angell's book, "The Great Illusion," that war is futile. In an earlier book he had made an effort to state the problem in ethical terms, and a recent interview in "The Christian Commonwealth" (November 13) makes it clear that in the latter, though he relies on purely economic arguments, the problem is fundamentally a moral issue. What help does Mr. Moore's book on "Ethics" give to the discussion (I do not say, the solution) of any moral issue before Parliament or before Europe? None at all that I can see, and I have read the book from cover to cover, not only to gratify speculative curiosity, but also in the hope of finding a practical illustration of Hume's dictum that "the end of all moral speculations is to teach us our duty."

But I desire to be absolutely fair to Mr. Moore, and I shall let him state in his own words the questions he wished to discuss and has discussed. I did not quote from Hume's "Inquiry into the Principles of Morals" only to bar discussion of fundamental ethical questions in favour of quick and easy solutions of concrete problems. "Ethical philosophers," he says, "have been largely concerned, not with laying down rules to the effect that certain ways of acting are generally or always right, and others generally or always wrong, nor yet with giving lists of things which are good and others which are evil, but with trying to answer more general and fundamental questions such as the following. What, after all, is it that we mean to say of an action when we say that it is right or ought to be done? And what is it that we mean to say of a state of things when we say that it is good or bad? Can we discover any general characteristic, which belongs in common to

\* "Ethics." By G. E. Moore, Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. (London: Williams and Norgate. 1912.)

absolutely all right actions, no matter how different they may be in other respects? And what does not belong to any actions except those which are right? . . . There is . . . no such consensus of opinion among experts about these fundamental ethical questions, as there is about many fundamental propositions in Mathematics and the Natural Sciences" (pp. 9 and 10). Bergson has remarked that "it has not been enough noticed how feeble is the reach of deduction in the psychological and moral sciences. From a proposition verified by facts, verifiable consequences can here be drawn only up to a certain point, only in a certain measure. Very soon appeal has to be made to common sense, that is to say to the continuous experience of the real, in order to inflict the consequences deduced and bend them along the sinuosities of life. Deduction succeeds in things moral only metaphorically, so to speak, and just in the measure in which the moral is transposable into the physical, I should say translatable into spatial symbols" ("Creative Evolution," Eng. Tr., p. 224). Without discussing the passage, I simply quote it to call attention to what he says about appeal needing to be made "to the continuous experience of the real"; and it seems futile and a beating of the air to discuss even fundamental ethical questions, "to realise and distinguish clearly from one another the most important of the different views which may be held about these matters" without constant reference to man's "continuous experience of the real." My point will be made still clearer if I refer to what Dr. Bernard Bosanquet calls "the truly obvious"—"the principle—or truism if you like"—with which he began his Gifford Lectures on "The Principle of Individuality and Value," "that in our attitude to experience, or through experience to our world, we are to take for our standard what man recognises as value when his life is fullest and his soul at its highest stretch." Of course, the critic murmurs that all these terms of rank and value merely beg the question. But Bosanquet was only urging by anticipation "that there are in life central and dominant experiences, whose importance is obvious and undeniable, but which seldom find due recognition in the formal philosophy of other than the greatest men" (p. 4). "You do not, for example," he adds, "readily find represented in philosophical doctrine so large and free an impression of the world as has recently been gathered by a gifted student of Shakespeare. . . ."† "The phenomena, as we really recognise them, are like those of beauty and ugliness; you cannot divide them between this side and that, and say 'Lo here!' or 'Lo there!' You have rather to open your eyes to the higher obvious, and look at the greater experiences as they are. . . . You cannot, perhaps, 'solve the problem.'" But you can see that the whole belongs together in a way which our prima facie judgments wholly fail to confront. So with "good" and "evil" in the universe. Such experiences as Moral Good, Pleasure, Justice, take you only a certain way. With the best of logic you cannot make a universe out of them; or, more truly, the best of logic refuses to handle these alone. The matter must be of higher quality, or it will not give rise to the fuller form. So the higher, yet obvious and dominant, experience carries you at least as far as, for example, strength and endurance, love and sacrifice, the making and the achievement of souls." This, it seems to me, is the most fruitful way to approach the study of ethical problems. "Simply to be right, as the greatest men are right, means to have traversed hundreds and thousands of ingenuities, to have rejected them as inadequate, and come back to the centre enriched by their negative results" (op. cit., p. 7).

To return to Mr. Moore's "Ethics," I shall quote from his closing chapter on "Intrinsic Value" a passage that illustrates the futility of his method and also his irritating use of italics: "The fact is, that the view which seems to me to be true is the one which, apart

from theories, I think everyone would naturally take—namely, that there are an *immense variety* of different things, all of which are intrinsically good; and that, though all these things may perhaps have some characteristics *in common*, their variety is so great that they have none which, *besides* being common to them all, is also *peculiar* to them—that is to say, which never belongs to anything which is intrinsically bad or indifferent. All that I think can be done . . . is to classify some of the chief kinds of each, etc. . . . But I have not space to attempt it here" (p. 249). This, he thinks is one of the most profitable things which can be done in ethics. It is a pity he did not attempt this "neglected" subject, and leave the less profitable alone.

## REVIEWS.

**Fatuous Fables.** By Denis Turner. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

O unwelcome bard, be off.

There was a certain millionaire  
Whose life was very full of care.

There was a man who worshipped fame:  
I cannot recollect his name.

There was a man who . . .

Run away, run away, the Royal Literary Thingamy  
yawns for you.

**New Poems.** By D. S. Shorter. (Maunsell. 1s. net.)

One set of three verses, "The Poisoned Arrow," has some claim to be called a minor poem.

**Songs of Childhood.** By M. Lawrence. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)

And other verses, we must add, in quoting the mature line: "God! I am lonely!" Parlour-verse for the most part with many yores and before and much halting rhythm—

Love comes but once in his own regal guise,  
Once in a life we shrine his Majesty.

The songs of children are sophisticated things enough—

I do not understand the world

For I am very new,

I only wish the People saw

Things from my point of view.

By the way (nothing to do with this review), we read somewhere or other an effusion by Mr. Richard Buxton, something about "Just that half-hour before you go to bed, fold close your something hands and dumti dum," and she was to repeat all the love words he had said to her that day and not mind if the great poets scoffed at his babble—he was too young to be able to say things decently although he could say, and had said, "strong words and naked, brutal, stiff and stark," with all the ardour of his nature, and was very pleased not to know "the secret arts of loving and being loved." A lad who should get on!

**Immanence.** By E. Underhill. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

The first verses proclaim the Creator as adjuring all things great and being much concerned about the small ones, Love's hour, feathery motherhood, and so on. In "Stigmata," Christ or another Master is addressed as "My Dear."

"Invitatory" is a plea and a promise from God to a mortal soul. "Dear child! my Sister and my Bride, dear Heart, poor wearied one" are a few of the Almighty invocations; and the soul is promised "Her Lover and her God." Why ever were women allowed to know anything about the soul? They will never make anything of a mystery except an excuse for an orgy.

**In Lavender Covers.** By Dermot Freyer. (Glaisher. 1s. net.)

Casual stuff, the rejection of which by many editors with great promptitude and politeness, Mr. Freyer believes to be sufficient justification for publishing in book form. Our poet is content, he says, to be a man with the heart of a child. However, children can behold a girl without rhying about the proud promise of her strange sweets to be, and they don't discourse of

† A. C. Bradley. "Shakespearean Tragedy," p. 246.

full-blooded love, pulsing and virginal; a quaint lie. We also, borrowing his cliché, reject Mr. Freyer's "third trespass" with great promptitude and politeness.

**Verses.** By E. Waterhouse. (Methuen. 2s. net.)  
In windy winter, O my love, my love,  
I seek the spot where most I think of thee.

H'm.

But where, where, where  
Is the child so dear to me,  
With the silken-golden hair  
Who sobbed upon my knee?

Where, where, where is the art which alone could justify publishing feelings of this sort?

**Helen of Troy.** By Sara Teasdale. (Knickerbocker Press. 5s.)

Advertisement of the "New York Times" opinion: "Authentic accent of genius. . . sufficient poetry in this small book to furnish forth a hundred volumes."

For never woman born of man and maid  
Had wrought such havoc on the earth as I.

From "Erinna" :—

They sent you in to say farewell to me,  
No, do not shake your head; I see your eyes. . .

From "The Wayfarer" :—

Love entered in my heart one day  
A sad, unwelcome guest,  
But when he begged that he might stay,  
I let him wait and rest.

From "Youth and Pilgrim" :—

Gray pilgrim, you have journeyed far,  
I pray you tell to me  
Is there a land where Love is not,  
By shore of any sea?

Authentic accent of fiddlestick!

**Poems to Pavlova.** By A. T. Cull. (Perkins.)

These verses, among modern verse probably the most skilful of their artificial order, have no more than so much to recommend them. Poetical progress is unlikely from so decorative a beginning.

**Akademie; Revue Socialisticka.** Duben, 1913 (April, 1913.) Price, 40 heller (4d.)

This is a monthly review of Socialism issued at Prague in the Czech language. The fact that it is under the editorship of F. V. Krejci, a well-known literary critic, attests its general excellence. The present number contains in its forty pages half a dozen articles on economic and sociological subjects. Frant. Modracek writes of the lamentable condition of Austrian finances. V. Dvorak of the "present theatrical crisis"; this refers to the serious pecuniary losses that have been incurred during the past few months by a large number of foreign theatres. The writer sees the remedy in the formation of popular stage societies such as have already gained ground in Berlin and Vienna. E. Stern deals with Collectivism in its various aspects, while Dr. A. Schulz concludes an article on agrarian matters as they affect German social democracy. A. Broz shows an intimate knowledge of the Trades Union movement in England and the chief figures associated with it. Finally there is an instalment in Czech translation of "Socialism and the middle classes," by H. G. Wells. The various notes on political, economic, and socialistic events survey a wide field.

On the literary side may be mentioned a tale by Anatole France, and the review of a detailed study by J. Vondracek of the poetry of Petr Bezruc. It will perhaps be remembered that translations from his remarkable "Songs of Silesia," appeared in THE NEW AGE about two years ago.

**Confessions of a Tenderfoot.** By Ralph Stock. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)

Why do people write books? "Some play the devil, and then write a novel," said Byron. Others play the fool, and then write confessions; but what confessions! Is it of world-wide importance (and therefore worthy of publication) that Mr. Stock did not know that there

was no porter at Maple Creek station to carry his bag to a hotel? The discovery is solemnly recorded, and is typical of these "confessions." The book tells of the author's experiences in Canada as a cattle-rancher, of his trip to England on a cattle boat, of his return to Canada and his "beating" out West, of a trip to the South Sea Islands and to Australia, and of his settlement in Queensland as a grower of pineapples. The book conveys little information concerning these places; the author took himself wherever he went, and his readers are as incapable of shaking him off. Mr. Stock must have forgotten that a personal record is interesting in proportion to the interest attaching to the person; and that, to people who know nothing of Mr. Stock, his book would be equally superfluous. There are two principal reasons for writing a book; one is to convey information, the other is the application of literary skill to knowledge already obtained with the intention of revealing its significance. Mr. Stock is not a learned person, and he is certainly not a literary man, in spite of his journalistic work in Sydney. He has had nothing but a few experiences which might happen to anybody, and his proper place is among the six-shilling novelists. There, at least, his imperfections would seem natural, perhaps even glorious as examples of his "realism." Among the half-guinea travel book writers he is an interloper; and even his eighty-five illustrations will not make him anything but a "tenderfoot" in literature. The letterpress is the sort of stuff that Stevenson might have dashed off in a letter, but it lacks all Stevenson's skill and occasional grace of expression. You had better grow pineapples, Mr. Stock; there are critics of literature about.

**The Ring of Nature.** By G. G. Desmond. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This is a book of twenty-four chapters, two for each month of the year, and four illustrations that have no obvious connection with the narrative. We suppose that Gilbert White began it, and we gather from Mr. Desmond's references to boy scouts that there is a section of the reading public that is interested in Nature. Anyhow, Mr. Desmond has published the record of the observation of what happened during one year, and has given us a good idea of what we may expect to see and hear if we become skilful enough to walk through the country without making a smell or a noise. Mr. Desmond certainly avoids the laboured incomprehensibility of the scientist; indeed, when he forgets his imaginary human companions, his narrative becomes interesting. But his attempts to make it interesting are unnatural, which is the severest condemnation of a Nature lover. The scheme of the book certainly adds clarity to amateur observations of Nature; each chapter tells what may be seen during a fortnight, if one is lucky enough to live near a green field, a spinney, and running water. Even Hyde Park lends itself to observation, and Mr. Desmond's book may be recommended to those who never went bird nesting in their youth, and are sorry for it.

**Shakespeare as Pan—Judge of the World.** By Charles Downing. (Shakespeare Press. 2s. net.)

God bless the commentators! "Fair, kind, and true," is all my argument," said Shakespeare in the Sonnets. This means that Shakespeare has declared himself as at one with Beauty, Truth, and Love. When he said: "You are my all the world" he meant that his ideal was identical with the All of Nature; and thus presented himself as "Pan alive again with the Renaissance." Therefore "The Society of the Shakespearean Reconciliation" has been formed for the purpose of proving to the world that Shakespeare was not only a poet, but was also "a supreme manifestation of the Divine." The Sonnets declare him as Pan; "The Tempest" presents him "as at one with the Moral Law of Nature, and with the Moral Spirit of Love, in judgment of the world; thus as Judge of the world with the Reformation." Behold! We are witnessing the birth of another "Chicago religion."

## Art.

### The Hundred and Forty-Fifth Royal Academy.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

NOBODY could be more desirous than I to praise and to find some ray of hope and promise for the future in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Say what you will about it, it is after all, the stronghold of many things which are sacred to the true lover of art. And, I believe, that it is precisely because it is the stronghold of many things which are traditionally sacred, that the public, who are the stronghold of tradition flock there in such numbers. They know that there, and perhaps there alone nowadays, they will find what they understand by a "picture"—that is to say, something of human interest which has awakened the love if not the passion of a painter, and which he has selected and communicated to them inside a gold frame. And they are right. This is what they get, more or less. Or at any rate, in *their* opinion, it is the nearest approach to this which our age can give them.

Now, believing the public to be right in their unconscious expression of a long traditional taste, what are the precious things precisely of which the Royal Academy is the stronghold? They are two: the subject picture and technical finish.

Well may the true picture lover cry, "*Que faites vous dans cette galère?*" when he sees these two precious things in such hands, and often in such company. But this, after all, is beside my point. If we regard the tradition of a subject picture as sacred, and we value finish, willy-nilly we must admit that both of these things now have their headquarters at the Royal Academy. You suggest, perhaps, that it is as if the resuscitated bodies of two of our most revered personalities in history—say Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Colbert—were found hiding in a slum in Whitechapel. Certainly, it is very much the same thing. But I would add that it is probably in the most dreadful company and in the most uninviting surroundings that the best things are to be found to-day.

Therefore, desperate as you may feel, while you are descending the staircase leading down from the vestibule, after your inspection of the pictures; ashamed as you undoubtedly are to have held communion with two of your most revered friends (in the graphic arts) in such a place!—with your eyes dazzled to the point of anguish, and with a blush of righteous indignation on your cheek, you will still have to acknowledge that you are both pained and blushing *because* your friends are there: *not* because they are absent.

I know it is terrible. Because, when you have to shake hands with your venerable old comrades in such pictures as Nos. 95 (Charity), 90 (The Little Mother), 125 (Love's Garden), 129 (The Darkened Room), 211 (The Autumn), 324 (At the Lawyer's), 542 (Out of it); you feel tempted to say to yourself: "I would prefer not to meet them!" Quite right, perhaps! And yet, I don't know. Bad as these pictures are, nauseating and putrid as is their sentiment, soulless and spiritless as is their technique, personally I prefer them a thousand times to the filthy anarchy of the Cubists, the Futurists and the Independents. And in this matter I have the public with me, and, thank Heaven, I have more of the lower than of the middle classes on my side! For large numbers of the middle classes are beginning to turn up their stupid noses at the Academy, while the lower classes would still vote solidly and unanimously in its favour.

I could mention a number of other pictures in which vulgarity and sentimentality are solemnly or logically wedded. But it would be ridiculous to expect anything else. For what are the sentiments which are triumphant to-day? Answer that question, and then, instead of condemning the subject-picture your censure will naturally fall on something much vaster and more unwieldy—the "system," as Cobbett called it, which prevails above all Academies, which governs a whole

world, and of which the section of pictorial art is only a small and neglected part.

It is this "system" which is pictured at the Academy in the portrait, genre pictures and landscapes. And to escape from such a place with a condemnation of the subject-picture on your lips, would be as shallow as to take your leave of a huge modern lunatic asylum by uttering a curse upon the unfortunate inmates.

The manner in which most other picture-shows wriggle out of this difficulty of blandly portraying modernity, is by being less naïf, less unconscious, less successful, less certain that they are right, and therefore less confident in modernity, than the Academy painters are: it is not by being more artistic by any means! These are important considerations, especially when one is standing in the porch of Burlington House, wondering why on earth one deigned ever to enter the terrible place at all.

There are, of course, some pictures which are so bad, so hopelessly, irretrievably rotten, that they would disgrace a collection even very much inferior to the present Royal Academy; such, for instance, taken at random, are Mr. Adrian Jones's "Earl Roberts" (No. 445), W. S. J.'s "Tranquillity" (No. 291), Mr. William M. Palin's "Mother and Child at Play" (No. 329), W. H. Margetson's "An Ill Omen" (No. 394) and a number of others which will announce themselves ostentatiously enough to any one who has eyes to see. While I think of it, however, there is one other, that should be included in this category, and that is the appalling portrait of "Lesley and Rosalie," daughters of J. L. Tiltson, Esq. (No. 594), by Maud Hall Neale. I feel certain that no two children ever looked so self-conscious and bare-faced as these two unfortunate little girls do. Poor kids!—they are probably quite pretty and charming; for there are signs of incompetence about the picture which force one to give the benefit of the doubt to the sitters rather than to their painter.

And now let me take breath, before disposing of the most painful part of my present duty. Any one would think, from the way one is reviled when one reviles, that it is a task one enjoys. As a matter of fact, nothing is more unpleasant. I believe that sometimes a critic is base enough to work off an old grudge in a criticism. In that case, maybe, a certain pleasant feeling of relief is obtained at the cost of decency. But, on the whole, even the most irresponsible wasp must find it more pleasant to go about gathering honey, than to be perpetually stinging.

It was not only with sorrow, but with genuine alarm that I inspected the portrait of "Their Majesties The King and Queen, and Their Royal Highnesses The Prince of Wales and The Princess Mary," by Mr. Lavery, A.R.A. I think it positively awful. Words fail me. I confess I expected little, but I realised less. Where is the feeling, the sense, the *je ne sais quoi* of Royalty here? What has the artist given to his subject? Nothing! He has taken heaps away from it. Devoid of all generosity, of all richness and all splendour, this is beneath even mere transcriptism. One can only say, the pity of it! If I had not seen their Majesties I should have refrained from uttering a word about this picture. But—well, I think the less said the soonest mended.

But do not let yourself be carried away by the thought that a commission of this sort involves insuperable difficulties. We know it is difficult—everybody knows it is difficult. But on the walls of the very same room, there are two other portraits, also commissions of this nature. But even if these (Nos. 192 and 205) by Messrs. Arthur S. Cope and William Llewellyn respectively, be no better than careful transcripts, how infinitely superior they are to No. 170! And if you wish to look at a picture which, on a slightly lower plane, is also a commission of a kindred nature, and which is infinitely better than all three, look at Mr. Frank Craig's excellent "Installation of Sir John Curtis as Lord Mayor of Cardiff" (No. 376).

Given a little ingenuity, a little care, and above all

a little art, and even a difficult commission can be given some spirit, some life and its share of beauty. But there you are, it's done now, and there's no help for it! And with that feeling one walks away, wondering what on earth the people and everybody else think of it.

Let me now just race through a list of pictures that really are worth looking at. First and foremost, John S. Sargent's "Rose Marie" (No. 37), a nice type, beautifully drawn and sympathetically treated; then, in the order in which they appear in the catalogue, "Summer in Windsor Forest" (No. 12) by Claude F. Barry; "Mrs. E. Wynne Chapman" (No. 21), by J. J. Shannon; "The Garden Seat" (No. 160) by Amy K. Browning—this is a charming study, conscientiously observed and daintily painted, quite one of the nicest things in the whole exhibition; "From Rivington Pike, Bolton" (No. 168), by Sir Alfred East; "Weavers" (No. 229), by John S. Sargent; "The Stack Yard" (No. 375), by Lindsay G. Macarthur; "The Summit of the Jungfrau" (No. 464), by John Lavery, very pleasing, but slightly marred by a careless foreground; "The Rainbow" (No. 504), by Sir Alfred East; and "The Picnic" (No. 598), by Laura Knight—this is a little crude, perhaps, but exceedingly well done.

Among the noticeable but less striking are: "Fleeting Night" (No. 59), Gardner Symons; "Morning After Rain" (No. 101), by Edith Kemp-Welch—the uncertainty of the light rather spoils the effect of this picture; "Passing Clouds" (No. 118), by James Henry; "Margery" (No. 207), by Cecil Walton; "Mrs. W. P. B." (No. 225), by Hugh de T. Glazebrook; "Kathleen" (No. 236), by Kate E. Olver; "Spanish Gipsies" (No. 271), by John S. Sargent; "On a Mountainside" (No. 317), by Adrian Stokes; "In Suffolk" (No. 370), by Arnesby Brown; "Mrs. John Innes" (No. 497), a nice type, very nicely painted by G. Henry; and "Summer Afternoon" (No. 362), by L. Campbell Taylor—why does Mr. Taylor paint such bourgeois subjects?

Among the decidedly comic ones are: "Paolo and Francesca" (No. 115), by C. E. Perugini; "Life"—or the Englishman's idea of it (No. 163), by Napier Hemy; "The Honeymoon" (No. 353), or the Englishman's idea thereof, by Talbot Hughes; and "Divorced" (No. 388), by Agnes N. Goodsir—no good, sir!

Finally, the picture, "Finance" (No. 575), by Edgar Bundy, is the only truly socialistic painting in the exhibition. It succeeds in making opulence look thoroughly disgusting. It is an exceedingly able piece of work; but like Maeterlinck's stupid scene of the banquet in the "Blue Bird," I question its taste and its point of view.

For the rest I draw the veil.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is an old jibe of the writer of "Notes of the Week" that what Lancashire thinks to-day England thought the day before yesterday. I am reminded of the epigram by the production, at the Court Theatre, of Mr. F. H. Rose's "dream play," "The Whispering Well"; and the memory has the greater relish because I was once told by a Manchester man (who has since been honoured by the publication of a letter in the "Daily Citizen" as one of its "Thoughts of Leading Citizens") that Manchester was ever so much more advanced than London, particularly in drama. We, poor, benighted devils, were supposed to be still maundering over "The Harbour Lights" and "Two Little Vagabonds"; while, in Manchester, "Nan" or some similar rubbish had been performed. I believe, also, that Miss Horniman has come to London to show us what drama really is, and how plays ought to be produced. Certainly, if the amount of printed matter given with the programme is any indication of the managerial estimate of the importance of a production, "The Whispering Well" must be, as the "Manchester Guardian" said in its notice

(carefully reprinted by the management, and distributed to the ignorant heathen of London at the Court Theatre), "the most ambitious play that the Gaiety Theatre [of Manchester] has yet produced." The orchestra is specially augmented by the addition of some players from the Queen's Hall, the music is specially composed (and, I may say, specially reviewed by the "Manchester Guardian"), and the augmented orchestra playing the specially composed music is conducted by the composer. We mere Londoners ought to be impressed.

Yet I may protest that, in the days of my misspent youth, I saw as bad productions at any one of the "blood pots" of London. There also did we have the strings shivering up chromatics to a shriek, while the brass grunted and roared to make the villain's "Curse you!" inaudible. There also did the traps stick, or open before their time; there also did flats become immovable, or were mixed in their setting. There also was seen the whole of the stage staff wrestling with each other and the scenery while the audience clamoured for the play; and, really, it is rather late in the day to offer us incompetent stage management in London. The transformation scenes in pantomime are better produced at a first performance than were those of "The Whispering Well" at the Court Theatre; and the dioramic use of the backcloth is about the oldest thing I remember in stagecraft. As for the bogarts at the well, what little could be seen of them resembled a crowd of pantomime dogs and monkeys; and if the Spirit of the Well must have illuminated eyes, there is no ostensible reason why one should be red and the other white, like railway signal-lights. Altogether, in spite of its pretensions, the production of "The Whispering Well" was about the worst I have seen since "that I was and a tiny little boy."

The play? Hear the "Manchester Guardian" first. "The stuff of the play seems to us extremely fine, and with care and good fortune may come to be acknowledged as one of the most remarkable stage pieces of our time." The management have taken care to the extent of reprinting the "Manchester Guardian's" critique, but can one command good fortune? "The Whispering Well" tells us that in proportion to our sacrifices shall we have what we most desire; and the management have sacrificed much. They have sacrificed, for example, quite a lot of the dialogue, for their specially composed music makes the actors inaudible during the greater part of the boggart scenes. They have sacrificed stage management, as I have said; and their production of this play shows that they have also sacrificed drama and, presumably, the power of judgment. Perhaps good fortune will attend them.

Robin o' Tum's is a weaver, a married man and a father of two; a good weaver, of course—a good man with a good wife. Unfortunately, we are only told this by his wife, and need not believe it unless we like. It does not matter much, for he is not on the stage when the curtain rises. There sits the lassie from Lancashire, spinning, and singing her specially composed song. Enter the old gossip, who says much that is happily inaudible. At last, the woman rises in scorn; something has been said about her own "true, good man," and she is offended. She sends the gossip packing, and her own goodness of heart is betrayed by the fact that, as soon as the gossip is gone, she promises to make it up to her with a sup of ale (or something like that) when next she comes. Enter two intolerable children, who are, for the most part, inaudible. They recount their adventures while picking flowers, among which is the fancy that a great grey wolf sprang out on them, but Diccon was brave and stood in front of his little sister, and, of course, the wolf ran away. I say, of course, because it should be obvious that if the wolf had not run away, the children would not have come to bore Londoners with the story. Enter Robin, not obviously drunk, but as the very good father who loves his children. He wants no supper: he has dined with his master at The Seven Stars, and the audience has to be

told all about that. Bedtime for the children: they demand a story, and for ten minutes the play is stopped while the story of "The Whispering Well" is told. They go to bed, and the play begins at the end of the first act.

Robin wants to be rich without work. His wife protests against his ungodly desire, and they quarrel. She goes to bed, and he raves about what he will do with riches until the Spirit of Desire (a particularly lugubrious individual he looked) appears. The Spirit of Desire offers to take him to the well, where, in proportion to his sacrifices, he may obtain riches. Then, without any indication that it is all a dream, begins the period of scene-shifting. The second scene of the second act is, apparently, the next morning in Robin's cottage; and the woman who went to bed as a good housewife, rises as a slattern. Later, one discovers that weeks have elapsed. More quarrels, and the man is about to strike his wife with a stool when the Spirit of Desire appears. They sacrifice their children, and the third act shows them as Sir Robin and Lady Tumson. After a ridiculous scene in "The Hall of Sir Robin's Mansion," the Spirit of Desire appears to the woman; and she gives up all she has to regain the children. The father is too late to do likewise, and the Spirit of Desire drags him to the Whispering Well, and throws him into it. The last scene shows us the real next morning, with Robin waking from a drunken sleep into which no one had any reason to suppose that he had fallen; and, of course, reconciliation with his wife.

This is the stuff that seems "extremely fine" to the "Manchester Guardian"! It has been done to death in melodrama and is not redeemed from its utter banality by a touch of the Manchester Maeterlinck. The dialogue, as well as the ideas of the play, are worthy of a Labour member; and it is for tosh of this kind that the repertory theatre movement exists. Fantasy that reminds one of nothing but a supper of roast pork, music that is as trumpery in its pretentiousness as that of the ordinary conductor of a pantomime is banal, stage-magagement that is a disgrace to London, a play that a self-respecting child would scorn and yet is not funny enough for pantomime, this is what the "advanced" drama has come to, this is what Manchester thinks to-day.

## Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

"Music Composers and Lyric Authors desiring publicity should apply for particulars of popular publishing scheme" . . . "— and Co., are prepared to consider MSS. with a view to publication. Author's property (if approved) published on a very equitable basis, eliminating the usual speculative risks, and enabling composers to derive a very substantial benefit from their works." Very frequently one may read advertisements of this kind in one or more daily newspapers. What they mean precisely is not very evident on the surface beyond the mere invitation to communicate with those benevolently minded business houses. What happens between composer and publisher is open to conjecture. My own opinion is that the publisher takes the "usual speculative risks" (which are here thoughtfully reduced to a minimum), that the popular publishing scheme is performed on a "very equitable basis," that nobody is a ha'penny the worse, that more than likely the publisher is a few ha'pence the better for the transaction, and the composer a little wiser for the experience. I am not sorry if the composer has to pay; his work is usually indifferent good. The two firms of music-publishers who advertise the seduction above quoted distribute broadcast (at a price) music that is unlikely to disturb the peace of this glorious Empire to any very noticeable extent. And the names of the composers involved in the great scheme are not of the genus one associates with imperishable fame, or tremendous pecuniary profits.

So the point is only relatively important. What is important to musicians is that the quality of music made

in England to-day is better than it was ten years ago and very much better than it was twenty years ago. An average list of new songs published by such firms as Novello, Boosey, Chappell, Enoch, Cramer, J. H. Larway, and Stainer and Bell will expose a certain amount of sediment, the sort of sediment one is, perhaps, better without. At the moment of writing I am in an apple orchard many miles from my bookshelves, and off-hand it is difficult to remember the contents of the most familiar catalogue. But I know that frequently, and in some cases very frequently, in the recent catalogues of those firms appear—to take them at random, from memory—the names of Balfour Gardiner, Cyril Scott, Vaughan Williams, Roger Quilter, Julius Harrison, Percy Grainger, Joseph Holbrooke, James Friskin, Gustav von Holst, Hamilton Harty, Frank Bridge, Graham Peel, W. H. Bell, Arnold Bax, Cyril Rootham, Edgar Bainton, Geoffrey Toye, and Norman O'Neill—each of whom one may safely regard as an artist who takes his art seriously without money-making as the chief end in view. I did not sit down in this uncomfortable orchard to prate about sincerity, but merely to point out what few people seem to be aware of—namely, that the standard of the maliciously misnamed "royalty ballad" has been considerably raised during the last few years. Probably each of the young men I have just mentioned is in receipt of royalties from at least one of the firms in my list. Twenty years ago had we as many composers of this quality? Ten years ago most of them had hardly got over their pot-hooks, and to-day their workmanship—or most of it—holds its own with the best in the world.

Of course, I do not suggest that all these names are greatly favoured at Ballad Concerts—the forcing-houses of the "royalty" song; but they are more than tolerated. The present idols are Amy Woodforde-Finden, Stephen Adams, Teresa del Riego, Hermann Löhr, Guy d'Hardelot, and others whose works bear not the hall-mark of immortality. But the bad old tradition is losing ground fast, and in the more recent publications of Boosey and of Chappell have appeared little songs that may take a reasonably high place in the literature of contemporary music.

I anticipate, indeed, a renaissance in the despised "royalty ballad." It will not come from publishers of the kidney advertising in the style I have quoted above. It will not come from Novello's, whose ventures in the direction of drawing-room songs are (with several exceptions, such as Parry and Walford Davies) generally without distinction; it will not come from Enoch's, who pin their faith principally to the platitudes of Mr. Landon Ronald and his type; it is hardly likely to come from Cramer's, whose publications often reveal a somewhat fossilised taste; and it is very doubtful whether Stainer and Bell's ambition will rise above Stanford's "Cushendall" cycle. Larway, perhaps—an adventurous firm. Each of these has, as I have suggested, published significant stuff by the younger men. But the renaissance is more than likely to come from firms like Chappell and Boosey, who run Ballad Concerts. During the autumn and winter seasons large audiences stampede the Queen's Hall and the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoons, and a good deal of indifferent music is heard at both places. But in the ordinary course of business both firms have been obliged to employ artists of the first rank, such, for example, as Maggie Teyte, Gervase Elwes, and Plunket Greene, who studiously refuse to sing the banalities of the shop. Automatically the standard has been raised, the publishers having found that songs like Quilter's "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" are, financially, worth printing.

Which is, as the Americans say, all to the good. An improvement in the art of singing is a long way further off. My own experience is that on an average perhaps two of the artists engaged at any one of these Ballad Concerts sing really well; that is, with anything like a proper comprehension of phrasing or the pronunciation of English. The rest sing to the gallery, their artistic development having ceased after the first encore.

## Pastiche

### TO THE CUCKOO.

O stalwart soul, I call thy ban  
Of Mr. NEW AGE choice!  
O Parker! shall I call thee man,  
Or but a wandering voice?

When I am lying on my bed  
Thy loud note smites my ear!  
And rolls like thunder through my head,  
As if thou wert quite near!

I hear thee talking to the rest  
As Belloc claims his hat.  
At repartee thou art the best  
Who on a witness sat.

Thrice welcome, darling of thy kind!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No man, but superhuman mind,  
A voice, a mystery.

And I can listen to thee still!  
I pray thee don't desist;  
Put thy inferiors through the mill,  
Thou super-Socialist!

O demi-god! this land we prize  
At last appears to be  
A bureaucratic paradise,  
That is fit home for thee!

CHARLES WHITE.

### THE SECRETARY, SEX, AND A DOG.

Having arrived at birthday number 28, and finding myself spectacled for life, I obtained a post as secretary to a "well-known author," and entered his office in Covent Garden with the grim determination in my mind of leading a Busy, Happy, and Useful Life.

Being highly strung by temperament, and with a body, though tingling with vitality, utterly devoid of charm and beauty, I was a fair example of the kind of woman that thousands of us, so endowed, find ourselves obliged to appear—placid and contented.

But I had seen passion work its ravages in men, and I had watched other people mating, and at one time I had dreamed my dreams. After perusing De Maupassant and Gautier through feverish nights, and searching my Bible for fundamental facts about life, I had reason to believe I "knew everything"—and I thirsted. I had all the knowledge but none of the sport; and there were other women round me shamelessly, magnificently seducing men, while I, having learned the fatality of giving rein to impulse, watched them, knowing what it was to feel seductive behind restraint and spectacles. And yet I waited and hoped; the mate-seeking impulse would not leave me. Some day . . . some man . . .

I saw a woman at a dance one evening languishing at a man who stood silent somewhere, some distance from her, in the shadow. She had warts and protruding teeth, but she reproduced a dozen seductive tricks correctly. Finally, she tripped across to him and rapped his collar with her fan, whispered something and fled. I saw her face as she passed me, and she looked like an excited horse. I saw the man's face as he emerged from the shadow, and I wept for that woman and myself. After this, I recognised my lot as being one of stainless sterility, and talked passionately of Work. I took the secretaryship.

For a fortnight I was his secretary, and after that his audience. Being fifty, and having given rein to impulse, he had a story—of a sort. Being insignificant, and never having obtained a hearing, he was bursting for expression, and I was called upon to undertake a courageous piece of listening. He paid for his hearing, as he had paid for most of his Past.

Fingering nervously with the keys of the typewriter, I listened to his Past. It was Purple. No finer nuance tinged its course, and no finer nuance of admiration was asked for. I said it was Purple, and he bowed acknowledgment. He recaptured the rapture of bygone moments rather vividly, and it was disconcerting to find my pulses throbbing and my cheeks ablazing at the secondhand excitement.

"I don't regret a moment of it," he said, continually, and the remark for the time being seemed to place the lustre where it was most needed amid the weary chaos of that Past.

He was the author of a book, which for a brief period had pointed something out about Walt Whitman—until it was suppressed—and this fact, together with frequent allusions to Havelock Ellis, his book, and a liberal use of scientific terms, helped us over innumerable gaps. These rendered his confessions in an academic light. We were conscious of emerging from "Intellectual Cowardice."

When he had told and re-told everything, in detail, and greater detail, he reviewed his present situation, and told me mildly that he was unutterably wretched. He mentioned, looking at the fire, that he was not sleeping at nights; he said he yearned for a peaceful love; he stretched himself, said "damn" at nothing in particular, and sat with his face in his hands.

This was an approach, and I felt it; and yet, in spite of his adequate experience, and my entire absence of delicacy, we were nervous and furtive. I gazed at his head, and realised that he could give me the fundamental thing without the preliminary game of thrust and parry which I had watched and knew I must not venture upon. Desire seized me again, and I knew that here was my experience if I would take it.

I could do this thing and suffer nothing. He had never had a child, for he knew everything and was an expert. The Busy, Happy, and Useful Life could still be led.

He raised his head. "I shall be obliged to go into the street and find a factory girl, and make her my mistress," he said, "I must have someone," he tidied papers, "I can't stand this," he shut the drawers.

I rose, annoyed to find myself trembling. "You must have—" I faltered. "A mate," he finished, and took me by the shoulders.

I let him crush me to his chest and whisper passionate nothings in my ear. The experience, which I rated highly among the experiences of life, had set in; events must take their course.

I played with his waistcoat-button, and said, "We simply can't," rather frequently, and we sat in the easy chair, and tried to arrange it all. His face was very moist and pink, and he was trembling and breathing hard.

"I can't take you to the house," he said, "my wife—"

"No, no," I replied.

"We could have a private room in a hotel," he said.

"Yes, that will be best," I replied. The details were very sordid and disgusting. I felt that it was all singularly bereft of beauty.

"You darling, you little darling," he gasped, and redoubled his embraces. "You do love me, don't you?" he asked, his moist face assuming an anxious expression. "It is not only curiosity?"

I gazed down upon his hair, and felt a wild impulse to speak the truth brutally; but no, I wished to play this game as others played it, and see it through on the accepted lines.

I endeavoured to return his pressure, and all the time I was persuading myself that this was "it." "I am having 'it' now," I said, "This is the kind of thing—"

And then we tidied the office, and, locking the door behind us, we stole out furtively. The wind was bleak. I had lost a hat-pin, and both my hands were occupied in holding my hat upon my head. The buses were full, and we could not obtain a taxi. We walked along the pavement, and conversation was suddenly difficult. He sniffed continually.

I reached home, having experienced "everything," and I was feeling remarkably normal. I was not even dazed. This, that I had gone through, formed the basic impulse of innumerable sonnets, and the poems of passion, that lined our library walls were prompted by thoughts of this. The thirst of youth and the vague desire of the restless woman sought this. All the complicated love "affairs" I had witnessed culminated in this. This was what half Society was fighting against, and the other half was hankering after. The various institutions and societies, preventive and remedial, which I saw around me, with all their complicated machinery, were based directly or indirectly, or had tremendous relations with—this. I thought of my sisters, caught up into the machinery of philanthropy, always busy, eyeglasses on nose, corresponding, visiting, docketing, pigeon-holing, more or less about this. It was such a little thing; it was absurd.

The atmosphere of home came out, as it were, to greet me, as the door was opened, and the atmosphere was fraught with disaster. While yet on the step, I knew that "something had happened," and against all reason I felt guilty. I saw myself with the eyes of my sisters, and

knew that I was a Fallen Woman—if they should discover me. I heard subdued voices and knew the significance of the tones; it was a question of disgrace. Feeling myself growing hot and cold by turn I rushed the situation and inquired loudly as to what had occurred. And then I learned that "Fairy had been out for hours."

MINNA WITHERS.

#### PROLAPSUS CALAMI.

(The disjointed musings of one of the intellectually unemployed.)

I'm sick of patience, tired of cleanliness,  
Of wisdom among the stupid,  
Tired of my brain and the nerves that feel too much—  
Make me a fool, O God, make me a fool,  
A stodgy, filthy mucker like the others.

O God,  
Why did you make *me* poor?  
Why wasn't I a gentleman?  
O all these bloody fools, they torture me,  
Torture the brain you made so fine—  
I didn't want it.

Why did you let them make  
Steam-whistles, babies, hawkers, barking dogs,  
Tramways, and third-class carriages, and touts,  
Church-bells, whips, stone-pavements and canaries,  
Sharp female voices, beggars, motor-cars,  
Hooters, — . . . .

I wanted flowers, nothing but flowers,  
Slim silver ones, frail as her fingers are;  
Hills of them, and sunlight and the silence,  
And the blessed endless sky. . . .

O God,  
And you made me poor—hell, rot you—  
"Our Father, which art in Heaven". . . .

My head aches—how I loathe this place,  
And nearly every place except the flower land,  
And that I'll never have—I'm not a gentleman.

O hell, O God, O damn, O blast, O —,  
(I will swear if I want.)

Why was I made a pauper?  
Got like a may-bug or a centipede,  
And jerked into a dung-heap, striking hot,  
With fools, with bloody fools. . . .

God—how the noise flays, how the fools stink—  
All right, I'll stop it soon; I'm out of breath and cold—  
I'll sleep or drown or drink or cut my throat,  
Be silent somehow. . . . .

Stick on the crown of thorns and spit at me.  
I'm only Jesus Christ—  
You bloody fools.

I. A. R.

#### FURTHER ELEGIAC MUSINGS OF A WHILOM PEDAGOGUE.

Well, I have won my freedom! Blithe of heart,  
I amble through these fragrant avenues,  
Splashed with hot jets of splendour that have gushed  
O'er fallow tracks of space. And as I pass,  
My gaze caresses fondly all those nooks  
That in its depths are mirrored. Heath and covert,  
Herbage with rank festoons of greenery,  
Lawns and drowsy discs of ponds, wherein  
The sun of noontide basks. Beyond this village  
I, too, will seek retreat, and, lulled and hushed  
By the glad murmuring of far cascades,  
Let me woo dreams.

Now this is strange, that I  
Am haunted by the bondage that of late  
I shook aside. The tablets of my soul  
Are still too freshly graven—yea, some legends  
Perchance will never be erased, so deep  
The imprint of those years.

But most of all  
I feel in silent hours a wistful stir  
When, delving in my memory, I find  
Young eyes and faces with their mute appeal.

This was my saddest burden. Had I been  
A mollusc as the rest, I had found naught  
Save rows of urchins, mere appliances  
For testing craft and temper—elfish oafs.  
Against whose wiliness we needs must pit  
The gins and shackles, and the armoury  
Of petty penalties—that craven code  
Dubbed education.

I saw budding lives.

I watched the moulding of each petal, braced  
With swiftly arching tendrils—ah! or marred  
With clog of noisome weeds. For oft my spirit  
Was racked to find upon these virgin frames  
Sin's birth-marks, dulling eyes and searing cheeks,  
Spoil of some nightly bout.

And I grew fierce  
To see frail fruit, whose core was tainted, sick  
With infamy of murrained sires, ill-starred  
Third generation of Jehovah's wrath,  
Set with a seal upon their wizened limbs.  
All this I saw, and, seeing, felt my soul  
Surge up in wild compassion for mankind,  
But yet I durst not speak.

And in the night  
I thought the corridors were filled with dim  
And monstrous shapes; a loathsome company  
Of leering gargoyles flitted to and fro,  
Feeding on children's innocence.

For this  
Has ever been my curse, that I have pierced  
With anguished eyes the woof of cerements.  
But let me slowly wean my phantasy  
From brooding overmuch thereon. And now  
Out of my knapsack take I Homer—this  
A scant but precious remnant of my lore.  
And to the symphony of spring I chant  
His anthem of hexameters, a spell  
Potent to ban these spectres to their lair  
And fit me for this gladsome pilgrimage.

P. SELVER.

#### DOPE!

[Being the natural sequel to Miss Christabel Pankhurst's announcement of the existence of an elixir of chastity.]

—"Suffragette," April 26.

#### ARE YOU A WHITE SLAVER?

##### I CAN CURE YOU!

Why continue this foolish, injurious, and costly habit?

##### LET ME TELL YOU MY OWN STORY.

For sixteen years I was regarded as a hopeless case. My life was one long martyrdom.

Disguised as a nurse, a policeman, a luggage-barrow or a slot-machine, I haunted every terminus in London. Through my efforts to arouse sympathy by epileptic paroxysms amidst the traffic, I have been placed in seventeen different hospitals in a single day. I was frequently fatally injured, and, under the incessant strain, my health broke down. I had no power to resist the fatal craving; at night I could not sleep. Government institutions, repeated flagellations, all failed to give relief.

##### YET I WAS CURED IN ONE DAY!

Through the kindness of an interested physician I learnt how any sufferer, no matter of how long standing, may be cured speedily, safely, conveniently, with or without his knowledge, at home, or while attending to his business. Think of it! A permanent cure between to-day and to-morrow.

##### MOTHERS, WIVES, VIGILANTES!

You can cure him secretly. Try it in his bath, in his dentifrice, in his tea-can. Mention whether he is willing to be cured or no, as, in extreme cases, I can supply manacles, gags, tooth-chisels, tubes, and nozzles to fit any nostril. You can't be happy till he gets it.

##### GIVE HIM NO—VIM!

Post-free, under plain wrapper, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., upwards. Note that the 2s. 9d. size contains four times the quantity in the 1s. 6d. phial. From

CHRIS. T. ABEL, Avenue de Sade, Paris.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS. WRITE TO-DAY.  
T. MARK.

#### COMPREHENSION.

I hold the world in my hand  
For I hold it in my eye;  
Here's a legend in the sand  
And another in the sky.

There's a story going round,  
Told among the stars and me,  
With a moral so profound,  
None may guess what it might be.

How can any understand  
Aught save joy and trouble?  
There's a legend in the sand,  
Which says that Life's a bubble.

H. E. FOSTER-TOODOOD.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE RAILWAY CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—We have just received a copy of the Agenda for the Sixteenth Annual Conference of the above Association to be held at York. Presumably railway clerks have had a somewhat superior education to that of railwaymen, and on occasions of strikes they usually identify their black coats with those of their masters. The Agenda, however, shows no signs whatever that these gents have so much as begun to realise that a movement for the abolition of wage-slavery has opened. As painfully unconscious of the new movement as their masters are alert to it, these black-suited, empty-headed pen-scratchers (who disdain even to affiliate with the National Union of Railway Men) have filled their Agenda with bleats for every kind of amelioration of their servitude, but with never a word for freedom itself. Here in strict order from Item 29 to Item 45 are the subjects of petition and entreaty to be embodied in "resolutions" (the word is ridiculous in this connotation):—Differentiation in District Salaries on L. and N.W. Railway; Salaries of Locomotive Clerks on L. and Y. Railway; Reduction in Hours of Labour; Hours of Duty of Clerical Workers; Unpaid Overtime; Excessive Hours of Midland Parcel Clerks; Shipping Clerks on the L. and Y. Railway; Annual and Bank Holidays; Deferred Annual Leave; Weekly Half-Holidays; Stationmasters' Leave of Absence; Weekly Paid Stationmasters and Clerks; "Premium" Clerks; Publication of Vacancies; Active Service Age Limit.

Is not the list sickening? We beg to urge such railway clerks as are among your readers to take instant steps to bring their association into line with the new ideas, and to turn out the old leaders if these latter are blocking the way. THE WRITERS OF THE ARTICLES ON GUILD SOCIALISM.

\* \* \*

## OMNIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.

Sir,—It is either Mr. Felix Elderly's dull understanding, or my defective explanation which makes him think that there is only a hair-splitting difference between his contention that "the proletariat can never have an effective voting power," and my contention "that for mere social reforms the proletariat's vote could be effective, and that only for a social revolution the proletariat is powerless." I shall, therefore, give him the benefit of the doubt, and will try to be more lucid if possible.

When Labour demands better conditions under the present system of Society, the propertied classes will not oppose them with all the forces at their command. They will even remain politically divided into Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals, and thus the Labour vote could achieve some social reforms. But if it were to come to a fight for an entire reconstruction of Society from Capitalism to Socialism, then it would mean a life and death struggle. Not only would the propertied classes present a solid front politically, but they would with the greatest ferocity use all their forces. The Paris Commune is an example of what they are capable.

If the above explanation is not clear enough for Mr. Elderly, then I must give up the task as a bad job.

JOSEPH FINN.

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## THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—Reading the current "Edinburgh Review," I encountered the following sentence in an article by Mr. E. N. Bennett:—"Not a single newspaper in Great Britain has expressed sympathy with the Ottoman cause, or even endeavoured to place before its readers any definite statement of the Turkish point of view." Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, as authoritatively as fervently, did so in THE NEW AGE at a series length, and the same you have published in pamphlet form. What I would like to ask Mr. Bennett is, what his reputation gains by his ignorance of the fact that a better-informed man than himself has done what he positively asserts nobody has done? His cause—supposing it to be Turkish—manifestly loses if his statement be believed.

R. H. C.

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## MR. GARVIN'S DISCOVERY.

Sir,—Incredible as it may seem, you may be surprised to learn that a not inconsiderable number of people during the whole course of the alleged Marconi inquiry never read the words "April 17" without being painfully reminded that the date in question synchronised

with that on which, after certain American newspapers and shipping interests had for two days sought to gag the wireless operators and establish a virtual monopoly in the "good" news—the greater and more appalling the catastrophe, the more joyful the intelligence from the conventional newspaper standpoint—the names of the lost were, for the first time, suffered to come over the wires, together with a contradiction of the interesting, if inspired, account originating from the other side of the "pond" of the sinking of the vessel, and reprinted with unctuous fervour a few hours later in the British Press.

If you will visit the British Museum, you will probably find that scores of morning and evening provincial papers for April 16 and 17, 1912, printed within and of less than a hundred miles' radius of the metropolis, made capital out of the fact that, while their third editions contained the awful truth that sixteen hundred souls had gone down with the ship, the first editions of London halfpenny journals published the misleading intelligence that no lives had been lost and that the Titanic had been safely towed to Cape Race. Who, indeed, could continue to read the "Daily Sale," or the "Daily Seller," or even the "Daily Puff and Feeler," or "Morning Chronic," in view of so damning an indictment of the accuracy of their news columns? All this is, of course, on a par with the ramifications of the politicians; but, whilst a competitive Press has a valid excuse, no such can be claimed for pensionable political adventurers and lay preachers on the make. Mr. Garvin's discovery, therefore, is but an indiscretion which would probably have ended in an Irishman's rise in the case of the financial editor of a London daily.

AUGUSTUS SIMCOE.

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## "THE FELON'S TRACK."

Sir,—Turning out some old papers the other day, I came across the accompanying handbill, drawn up, I remember, by Mr. J. L. Garvin. The "Pall Mall Gazette" would not print it, I suppose, though the contents might interest the readers of that organ.

PETER FANNING, Hon. Sec.

"We love them yet—we can't forget  
The Felons of our Land."

"Life in Ten of England's Prisons."

## A LECTURE

On the above-named Subject, will be delivered in  
Ginnett's Circus, Northumberland Road, Newcastle,

ON  
SUNDAY, APRIL 28th, 1895,

BY

J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

TO THE IRISHMEN OF TYNESIDE.

## FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—

After more than twenty years of exile, O'Donovan Rossa is once more amid the scenes of his early labours in Ireland's cause. No living man has served his country with a more consistent and ceaseless devotion according to his convictions. No living man has expiated his devotion to Ireland by keener sufferings. In prison after prison he wasted his prime; contumely and persecution made the best years of his life an agony. When Ireland lay "like a corpse on a dissecting-table," Rossa first essayed to galvanise the palsied limbs into vigorous life. Forty years have passed since then, and Rossa's fidelity, through all the tortures of penal cell and bitter exile, has remained unshaken. Of the great movement with which in his manhood he was identified, it may with strictest truth be said that it made all later movements possible.

The lives of some of its veterans were broken in prison or ended in exile. Some few have been privileged to come back to spend their declining days in the old land. It seems but as yesterday that James Stephens himself returned to find a home in his native land, secured to him by the gratitude of his countrymen. Rossa's record shall not surely be less practically remembered to-day. Irishmen have never yet failed to welcome and sustain those who have risked and lost all in Ireland's service.

The claim of one who at so much self-sacrifice served the cause, is equal upon all who love it. From kindly Irish hearts there will well forth no chilling welcome to one who fearlessly and unflinchingly has trodden "the felon's track."

## THE RECENT VIVISECTION CASE.

Sir,—I have just seen a copy of a report of the evidence—or of part of the evidence—given by Dr. Saleeby and by Sir Victor Horsley in the trial of the action brought by Miss Lind-af-Hageby against the "Pall Mall Gazette" and Dr. Saleeby.

As an old (and retired) physician, and one who respects the courtesy which should be shown by decent members of the profession even to their opponents, and not only to those of the medical profession, but also to opponents among the laity, I desire to express regret at the language used by Dr. Saleeby and also at his testimony, supposing the report I have read to be correct.

On that hypothesis, Dr. Saleeby's explanation of his use of the expression, "unscrupulous mendacity of hirelings," shows that he lost his temper; and, if correctly reported, that he was heedless of veracity in accusing the opponents of vivisection with buying people to make misrepresentations, for he, in fact, admits that his so saying, was *an assumption without evidence!*

And Sir Victor Horsley, in his testimony (at least, as reported), denied that there was an atmosphere of levity or hilarity among the students attending the experiments; possibly he saw only selected specimens of the medical student class. I have seen with disgust and shame members of a graduating class behave with levity and rudeness even when suffering humanity lay extended before them, while the surgeon performed his labours upon the patient.

I differ from Sir Victor in his estimate of Pasteur's work; and while to go into details in this letter would take up more space than you might care to give to the subject, I am able to prove, on any fitting occasion, that not only Pasteur did not "open a new era"—unless a new illustration of marvellously successful quackery may be so termed, but that his erroneous statements have not only clouded the fundamental sciences of medicine, but have misled the profession *in toto*. Medicine needs "to take a new departure," by taking up the study of morbid anatomy where Quekett left it, and by the light of the grand discoveries of Béchamp, there may be builded up the sciences of physiology, pathology, anatomy, and medical chemistry upon sure foundations though these sciences are now, thanks to Pasteur and his followers, floundering in error and confusion.

The slights attempted to be placed by Sir Victor Horsley upon the names and reputations of Dr. Edward Bell and Lawson Tait can only react upon himself. True men of science were they indeed, and, in my judgment, Sir Victor Horsley has excluded himself from the ranks of men of science by his reckless exhibition of spite or envy against these two "Sommités de la Science."

Sir Victor has "followed the crowd" in lauding the work of Pasteur; I would like to see *his knowledge of that work tested*, as well as of the sources whence that work was derived!

I, therefore, invite Sir Victor Horsley to state, which of the works of Pasteur and of Béchamp he has studied, or even read!

Nice. M. R. LEVERSON, Med. Dr.  
Ætat 83.

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## "THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—You would not believe—would you?—that the "New Statesman" could be such an old coward as to discuss Guild Socialism (which it thinks to improve by spelling the word without "u"), without mentioning THE NEW AGE. But it does. It also "reminds our young revolutionaries that the Webbs, whom they have sent to the guillotine . . . strongly urge this very thing"—namely, Guild development. But since when did they urge it? More important, where and how and when do they now urge it? By the way, I think Mr. Shaw must be dead. A few years ago, nobody could tread on his shadow without evoking a tract. To-day your writers can do what they please and nary a sign. Mr. "Solomon Eagle" in the same journal attributes Mr. Grierson's reputation to the fact that the "English Review" and THE NEW AGE first began to publish his work. The conjunction is repugnant, and, moreover, is unwarranted. THE NEW AGE published dozens of Mr. Grierson's articles and over a period of at least three years before the "English Review" published one. And, if I am right, the "English Review" never published more than one. The "New Statesman" appears incapable of common accuracy. Again by the way, I am waiting to see the "New Witness" take up your challenge of Mr. Belloc's polysyllabic "distributivism."

PRESS-CUTTER.

## FEMINISM.

Sir,—I have so profound a respect for the acumen of the writer of your weekly notes, that I dissent from a single one of his expressed theories only with caution, and some mental uneasiness.

But a week or two ago your anti-feminist went quite beyond the limits of my mistrustful forbearance. To me, he reads like one who harshly strains argument and reason to fortify prejudice. Little enough, in all conscience, has argument and reason got to do with the present agitation anyway. Nor have those tiresome moral platitudes either—mere howlish hoots at militancy, as an exercise in coercion, which must be resisted to all lengths in the public interest, etc., and so on. Not a word about Ministers' silly vanity which evolved insurgency and wrath beyond appeasement. Not a word about the tacit approval of hooliganism as an agent of suppression, but plenty about taking such outbursts as genuine evidence of popular disapproval, and enlisting them as arguments in an *a priori* sequence. What folly is all this parading in the mask of reason?

My conviction ever since the Suffragist demand became insurgent has been that to make the concession to it in principle was the simplest and safest course. In this matter I am entirely a pragmatist, not perceiving even a regardable approximation towards a political ethic involved in either granting or denying the vote to sections and particulars in the community.

Such adjustments depend more upon material conflict for their shaping than upon academic reasoning, and so your note-writer is for once largely wasting his own time and that of others. And many of these others do not share his doleful anticipations as to what would likely follow the extended franchise. They may agree with him about its relative ineffectiveness in the struggle for economic power, but yet be given to believing that it would act in this issue conveniently in the functions of a safety valve, and are, therefore, annoyed that the whole affair should assume the proportions of a quite unnecessarily violent row.

Thoroughly married to a real feminine, one of the comfortably normal type, I apprehend, Sir, none of his calamitous predicates. Some gleams of psychological knowledge forbid me to suppose that having gained the vote, women would begin to organise themselves strictly with an eye to their interests as a sex.

The supposition is contrary to all experience. It flatters their genius excessively, and grossly maligns their instinctive nature in the greater concerns affecting the well-being of the race. No; I refuse to be scared. Many political revolutions have come and gone, at first hated and feared; but the mouldering of time has effaced their sharp edges, and made them part and parcel with that common run of experience that ceases to excite special comment. If any fidgety male is given to alarmist views as to what feminist attempts at supremacy might amount to let him turn for re-assurance to a passage in Arthur Young's "Travels in France." . . . "but I may remark another effect of this revolution . . . which is that of lessening, or, rather, reducing to nothing, the enormous influence of the sex; they mixed themselves before in everything, in order to govern everything. . . . The men in this country were puppets, moved by their wives, who, instead of giving the tone, in questions of national debate, must now receive it, and must be content to move in the political sphere of some celebrated leader—that is to say, they are, in fact, sinking into what nature intended them for; they will become more amiable, and the nation better governed."

What really set me off wondering, however, was this query. What does the writer of your notes mean, when he refers to the added bitterness to those women who do not want the vote if women who do want it get their desire. Why should the first sort be distressed—they might be amused or sarcastic perhaps—but why anguished?

F. C. G.

["The Writer of the Notes" replies: Your correspondent appears to be one of those frivolous persons who see no harm in anything. To him the Vote apparently is a matter of no concern one way or another, to men or to women; and neither is anything else, I judge, so long as he personally is comfortable. His misrepresentations of my views are, however, not speculative, but obvious to your readers. I have never confused, as he implies, anti-Suffragism with anti-Feminism; but, on the contrary, I have stated that anti-Suffragism really arises from Feminism. I have never failed to give reasons for my views on the Suffrage; and, indeed, have repeated them so often as to risk their neglect by their monotony. I have never prophesied

a dramatic catastrophe as the result of enfranchising women and thereby sealing their entrance into industry, but I have pointed out the economic effects and its concomitants. As for the quotation from Arthur Young, it is, to say the least, ambiguous. Are we to conclude that political women produced the conditions that led to the French Revolution and that women retired when politics again became sane and masculine? These are as valid deductions as those your correspondent appears to draw from the passage, and are, moreover, both consonant with my opinions of the Suffrage and dissonant with his views of the unimportance of the vote. Finally, your correspondent is unable to see why the mass of women should feel "bitter" if a minority of their sex should force the vote on them all. It can, of course, be no concern to them that their sex is misled, and, consequently, degraded in status by reason of the inevitable preoccupation of women with men's affairs!]

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Sir,—The example you quote of the Countess of Carlisle at a public meeting is one repeated over and over again. I remember an earl's daughter who married our squire—a decent man and a gentleman—for money, her family being impoverished. She had the wish for power, to be the queen and dictator of the village and secretary of Christ in the Church. The damage she did was considerable, and would have been enormous but for the independent character of the Yorkshiresmen. Oh! she was a silly, mischievous, vain, and cruel character, and had no notion whatever of herself. She did everything to the glory of God. She proposed once at the Sunday-schools some silly proposition which the village schoolmaster ridiculed in her presence and that of sixty teachers. I saw her writhe. Self-possession, she had none of it. But from that day she, by under methods, wire-pulling, etc., reduced that schoolmaster so low that he went out of his mind in fear of her and hanged himself. He had a large young family. His school was a Church school, and managed by her husband's family. He had saved money, and lost it in a speculation about the time he perceived that she intended to do him in, and the two circumstances together terrorised him out of his mind. He was a bad-natured man, but that had little to do with her. He could have been as wicked and vindictive as anybody who ever lived, and been favoured by her if he had toadied and flattered her. She was the most dangerous of women, absolutely selfish and without culture, and wanted to control the private lives of everybody near her. Her power for mischief lay in her physical attractions, which were as great as they could be in any woman without brains. I cannot say, however, that her example has affected my views of women much; they arise from life experience among women of my own class—a plebeian one. My grandfather was a small farmer, rack-rented, when I was a youth. I liked him, and used to spend a lot of time with him, and I sympathised with his difficulties, and out of my small, very small store I used to help him. He thought, or had an apprehension, that I might be more generously disposed than my slender means would allow—in fact, that I might hurt myself by giving more than I could afford. I did not. But his wife, granny, had no ruth, no scruples; she told her tales coloured, and lied, to get as much out of me as ever she could. I remember her rage once when, after she had excited my sympathy and, I suppose, subscription by her tale of their extreme poverty, grandfather came in and all unconsciously let out that he had ten pounds or twelve—I forget which—with which he was going to buy a cow. It must be really thirty years ago. Granny had not the slightest influence with me after that.

F. M.

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#### FEMINISM IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Mr. Randall's wit has said more for itself than I shall be able to say against it. One can't publicly attack a jest with the butt-end of a week's cogitation. Besides, he reassures my doubts of him, and, if I still think him to blame for having aroused a vision of the lively A. E. R. living in brotherly love with Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. Randall has certainly laid the ghost.

I cannot for the life of me decide whether Mr. Kennedy's epistle is directed against me or not. His reference to Dr. Rouse baffles me. I cannot find that he has even so much as mentioned Dr. Rouse before, nor can I understand quite why he should now drag this gentleman into a comparison with Miss Jane Harrison. I accused him of the modern sort of chivalry towards the fair, inasmuch as he threw to the best women he could think of two or three old carcasses of men he despised,

saying blandly: "There, my dears, you're quite as good as these." The proper comparison is not at all between Miss and Mr., but between all men since civilisation began, and all women: and here, of course, intellectually and creatively, women are nowhere. However, if Mr. Kennedy will name me any intellectual achievement by Miss Harrison which is the outcome of a creative mind, and not due to mere extensive reading and to the excellent feminine patchwork faculty of putting two and two together, I will undergo the penance of perusing all her works over again. But he must not bring forward her so famous discovery of the origin of the word "tragedy," because this comes within my stigma, and I shall match it with Mr. Allen Upward's discovery that Athene was owl-eyed, as lucky a reward for diligent research as has blessed any scholar this twenty years, but which I do not find has received even due recognition in this age of petticoat glory. My own opinion of modern Englishmen, unlike the Irish Mr. Kennedy's, has not quite "sunk to the nadir." I should not think badly of a man who sank down or fled from a swarm of wasps, and modern women are wasps. Presently we shall escape from them, blue-bag our wounds, lie low, and descend on the stingers while they're all grinning at home over the day's performance. In fact, the police have just carried out much such a raid, and the grin begins to go against the grand purifiers of public life whose bribery and corruption is only less than their touching dependence on mere male guidance, a guidance which they have meanly left traces of for the police to lay hands on. So much for wasps! Mr. Kennedy asks me to accept Miss Margaret Douglas as a proof that Englishmen have sunk to the nadir. Without in the least wishing to belittle Miss Douglas's patriotic spirit, I may claim for myself that I have steadily resisted the Insurance Act without any other spur than my own hatred of a slave-making Act. And I can name several personal friends who are in a like state of defiance, which nothing will shake or needs to support. Now, as Mr. Kennedy's suggestion that women had nothing to do with the Insurance Act, and at least no more than men with the White Slave Act—well, first I ask who will believe him, and secondly I produce some evidence.

That the driving force behind the White Slave Traffic Bill was identical with that which is determined upon the Enfranchisement of Women was clearly evidenced at the Opera-House Demonstration. The single reference to the Suffrage Movement at that meeting in the phrase employed by one speaker—"an enlightened and *enfranchised* motherhood"—simply brought down the house. We gratefully acknowledge that some who are not Suffragists—e.g., the Archbishop of Canterbury—did yeoman service, but had it not been for the enthusiasm of the Suffrage forces, their strong organisations, and persistent educational work of many years' standing, these good men had been as voices crying in the wilderness, if they had not been mute in the silence of despair.

This cutting is from "The Church League for Women's Suffrage," March 10. If any male reader of the NEW AGE desires to deprive the women of their boast, let him now step forward. Men were wasped into the White Slave Act with a fury which the wasps will probably find never forgiven or forgotten. Evidence regarding the influence of women behind the Insurance Act, I personally do not possess in so damning a form as the above paragraph. But the two most influential among women labour leaders, Miss Margaret Bondfield and Miss Mary MacArthur, supported the Act and roped in thousands of menacing blackleg female labourers. Women doctors are all on the panels, though women, for some reason, do not patronise them. The objection of mistresses to the Act was avowedly the private one that they hated interfering inspectors and stamps and bother. A very good objection, doubtless, but not the masculine objection, shared also by a few exceptional women, against corrupting and enslaving a whole nation. I was talking to a doctor the other day, and this is what he said of one class of women: "Wait until the Mrs. Doctor realises that her old prestige in society is somehow not what it was. She won't be so fond of Mr. Lloyd George and his seven vanishing hundred a year." This practitioner was convinced that wives were at the back of the stampede to the panels. It is not evidence, but as women be, what is more likely in our day of wasps?

In Mr. Kennedy's final paragraph, he puts a question to a lady critic, and once more raises my doubts whether I am the person he intends. However, I cannot resist replying to the question: "Will this problem (of modern England and her industrial system) be solved by men's

organisations . . . or, and, if not, where are we to look for support in our attempts to shame, gibe, bully, or kick the working classes into activity?" Well, Mr. Kennedy and his Gaelic compatriots of the "Herald," may turn to women if they feel inclined. But why not go and do something in dear old Ireland, and leave us to fight it out ourselves, or stew in our own juice. If Ireland, home, and duty were the motto and practice of Irishmen who knows how our burden might not be lifted? To be sure, the "Daily Herald" couldn't run a day in Ireland. To be sure, Ireland seems to be the very country for super-Celts to get out of, but what is the good of coming to us who will never take the advice of Irishmen over here, except after three generations of acclimatisation. And what Irishman stops anywhere for three generations? If Mr. Kennedy really wants to know who will bring England round from the slummary of capitalists and the flummery of females, it will be men like the Editor of THE NEW AGE, long-sighted people who know how old the world is, and don't think it began with themselves. One thing is certain: that men will direct and organise men. But, once again, I begin to suspect that I am not the critic aimed at by Mr. Kennedy. His communication has surely been mis-addressed, and should have turned up snugly at the offices of the "Herald," or of "The Suffragette."

SYDNEY ROBERT WEST.

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#### "EVERYMAN'S" ACCURACY.

Sir,—I should like to call your attention to a remarkable article headed, "The Trial of the Girondists," by Henri Mazel, which appeared recently in "Everyman." There is hardly a literary fault which it does not contain, indeed, it might be taken as a model of what to avoid in the writing of history. I have pointed out a few of the errors to the editor of the journal, but he has not cared to correct them. Therefore, in the name of that national education of which "Everyman" talks so much, I beg you to give me a hearing.

The faults can be classified under the following four headings: (a) Wrong spelling of historical names; (b) bad English and clumsy narrative; (c) historical inaccuracies; and (d) unphilosophical and unfair treatment.

(a) Of these I would note that Lanjuinais, Rionffe, Vergniaud, and Vigée are rendered respectively: Languinis, Rineffe, Vignaud, and Viger! One can understand how these mistakes occurred, but, if the essay was intended to be anything more than a soporific, an early opportunity should have been taken of putting the reader right.

(b) A short extract will serve as a specimen. The whole article is in the same strain.

"An immense crowd was gathered on the route. Cries of 'Vive la Republic!' 'Down with the traitors!' were heard all around. The condemned replied, 'Vive la Republic!'

"One of them said, prophetically, 'Poor Parisians! We are leaving in your hands men who will make you pay dearly for to-day's pleasure.'

"The melancholy cortège took an hour to go from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution (now La Place de la Concorde.)

"On their arrival at the place of execution, Boyer-Fonfrère and Ducos embraced one another, and the others followed their example.

"The Marquis de Sillery was the first to mount the scaffold. On the scaffold he saluted the spectators right and left, with as much ease as if he were in a drawing-room. Another followed and another.

"During the waiting time they sang the refrain, 'Death rather than slavery!' It was the motto of Francis I.

"Some of them at the moment of their death said some inaudible words.

"When *Vignaud's* turn came there was a rumbling of drums which drowned his voice. In the same way they had prevented Louis XVI from speaking on the scaffold.

"The last to be executed was a man called *Viger*. The execution lasted thirty-eight minutes.

"The end of the executions was greeted by cries, a million times repeated, of 'Vive la Republic!' which lasted for more than twenty minutes."

(c) M. Mazel writes that the prisoners "saw the Public Prosecutor rise and protest against the death sentence." A rather unusual attitude for a Public Prosecutor to adopt! What Lenôtre says is, that "Fouquier immediately demanded sentence of death on all."

In the first column we read: "The proceedings of the trial lasted seven days"; in the second column, "the trial lasted for five days." M. Mazel means that five

days had elapsed before Robespierre passed his law to speed up the trials before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The reader is also led to believe that the jury at once decided to hear no more evidence, whereas the question had to be put to them twice, before they declared that their minds were made up.

We are told that the Girondists "concurred in the King's trial." They not only concurred, but ardently desired it, though they were unwilling that the death sentence should be passed upon him, before the people had been consulted.

A few lines lower down M. Mazel writes, that the Girondists "established the Revolutionary Tribunal." Yet Mignet says: "The Mountain demanded the establishment of an extraordinary tribunal. . . . The Girondists used all their power against such an arbitrary and redoubtable institution. . . . All that they could effect was to introduce the jury, to keep away violent men, and to cripple its action so long as they preserved any influence." Lenôtre also reports, that "Vergniaud indignantly protested against the establishment of an 'inquisition that would be a thousand times more redoubtable than that of Venice.'"

These are but a few of M. Mazel's many misstatements, but his greatest fault is that he has written a violent and awkward diatribe against a party, who, as Mr. Belloc says, "represented the purest and the most enthusiastic ideal of democracy," without mentioning his authorities for the conclusions at which he arrives.

(d) He begins by accusing the Gironde of cowardice, and supports his statement by the fact that on the eve of their fall they numbered 270 votes against 238. He also praises the Feuillant or Liberal Court party, who he thinks "would have saved France from all the Terrorist horrors." Although the Feuillant Club had been dispersed on January 27, 1791, the party was still powerful in the following year. On August 8, 1792, two days before the attack on the Tuilleries, the massacre of the Swiss guards and the fall of the Monarchy, Dr. Moore writes: "When the decree of accusation (of M. de la Fayette, a prominent Feuillant) was put to the vote, it was rejected by a majority of near 200. . . . As this was considered as a trial of strength, it is to be presumed that the majority of the Assembly is with the Court. . . . The minority, however, seem to have the people with them." Obviously cowardice cannot be imputed to the Girondists unless we also include the Feuillants.

But a majority in the Assembly or the Convention stood for very little, while the Paris sections and the Commune possessed the real power. For all practical purposes the Girondists were prisoners in Paris. When they attempted to form a guard to render their deliberations free from interruption, and to protect their persons against violence, they were defeated by the armed forces which were at the call of the Extremist or Mountain groups.

Had the Girondists been less bold in their denunciations, had they not repeatedly demanded the punishment of the instigators of the September massacres, they would not have been pursued with such relentless fury. In other respects, they may not have been blameless, perhaps they were unpractical, perhaps they were tainted with the Jesuitry of expediency, but cowards they were not. Like Peer Gynt, they attempted to go round the Mountain, and the Mountain punished their temerity.

I trust that I have not encroached unduly upon your space, but the matter is of importance. The public should be assured, when they buy a journal of literary pretensions, that they can rely upon the accuracy of such statements as I have exposed. JOHN B. RUFF.

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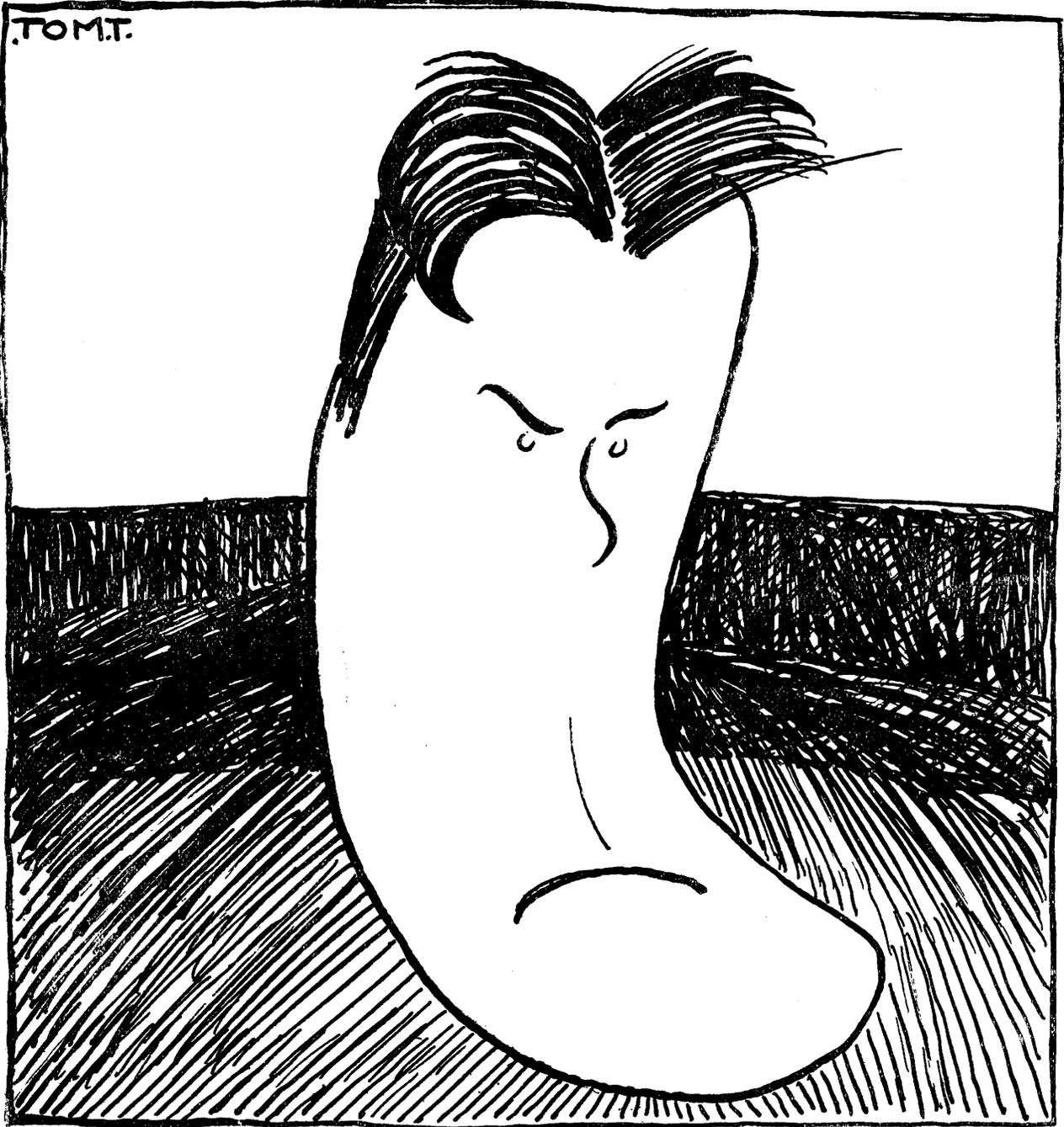
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