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The SHRINE of the JESTER CRITIC.
By FLORENCE FARR.

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The ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.
By E. NESBIT.

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THE OUTLOOK.

Is it Too Late?

Is it too late to save our national honour from a gross betrayal? That is the question which all decent Englishmen must be asking themselves when they read Sir Edward Grey's confirmation of the rumours of an Anglo-Russian agreement. It is a singular defect in our democratic institutions that even Parliament has no control over the most vital issues of foreign policy, alliances and wars being made by the executive solely on their own responsibility. Even if it were not so, we doubt if the present House of Commons would refuse any slough of national humiliation through which the Government may choose to drag it. But the indignant protests of a whole people no Government can afford to despise, and we believe that such protests will be forthcoming in full measure as soon as the nation realizes the danger. Alas, it is hard to make the nation realize it! In another column we print a vigorous protest from the pen of E. Nesbit, which we commend to any of our readers who may be doubtful about the necessity of immediate action. We will add one word to her unanswerable plea. Granted, for the sake of argument, that we care nothing for the liberty of the Russian people or for our own fame as the historic friends of freedom; granted that profit is the only end of our diplomacy; what profit are we likely to derive from negotiation with Russia? Is it not written on every page of history that Russia never gave a pledge that she did not break, never offered a price that she honestly paid, never accepted a concession without instantly demanding another? Fifty years ago the Tsar solemnly pledged his royal honour that he would not keep a fleet in the Black Sea. No sooner was one of the Powers that had exacted the pledge disabled from enforcing it than he shamelessly repudiated it. The same thing happened in Manchuria, and Russia would again have enjoyed the fruits of her perfidy had Japan proved as humble and helpless as we. The same thing will happen again if these ill-starred negotiations are concluded. If we sell the birthright of our honour and traditions, what guarantee have we that we shall receive even our miserable mess of potage? The Austrian Social Democrats have, we are glad to see, protested against the civilities of the Hague Conference towards a Power stained with perfidy and murder. Cannot our own Labour Party be persuaded to do the same?

Clemenceau and the Wine Growers.

Macaulay said admiringly of Lord Palmerston: "What a knack that fellow has of falling on his feet!" The same praise must be conceded to M. Clemenceau. We do not like his politics; we entirely concur in the censure which the French Socialists have pronounced on his arbitrary and repressive measures. But we cannot withhold a certain degree of respect from the personal qualities which have enabled him to carry out his own policy in opposition to antagonists formidable separately and, it might be thought, irresistible in combination. It is not easy to fight Catholicism; it is not easy to fight Socialism; it is not easy to fight the whole population of three departments banded to destroy the very machinery of government. Yet M. Clemenceau has fought all three, and his Ministry still stands. Will it stand for long? It seems almost incredible. The majority of ninety by which he secured his vote of confidence this week was a considerable reduction on that by which M. Millerand's vote of censure was defeated a week earlier. It would now seem that he is trying to meet the wishes of the wine-growers by a Bill to check adulteration. But the peasants are still in revolt and the agitation shows no signs of abating. The Socialists alone have a policy which goes to the root of the problem, and the Socialists are now as completely antagonised as ever the Catholics were. Only an exceptionally commanding personality could, in a country of which the two main traditions are respectively Catholic and Democratic, keep in being a Government which at one and the same time harasses Churches and shoots down strikers. Something must doubtless be allowed for the instinctive French preference for a strong centralised administration, the preference which created first the Monarchy, afterwards the Committee of Public Safety, and later still the Empire, and which still keeps the Republic "one and indivisible." But sooner or later we fancy that M. Clemenceau will be obliged either to make his peace with the Socialists or to follow Bismarck to Canossa.

Doing the Honours.

There is a certain irony about the rapidity with which the Liberal sham attack on the Lords is followed by the elevation of four good Liberals to the despised and hated ranks of the Peerage. When we examine the personalities of these four gentlemen, the irony becomes still more delicious. We have nothing to urge against any of them considered as reputable citizens, but we do not think that the most fanatical supporter of the Prime Minister could pretend that there are not (to use Carlyle's phrase) "in all England four diviner men" than Sir James Kitson, Sir James Blyth, Sir Samuel Montagu, and Mr. Alexander Peckover. The two outstanding qualifications common to them all is that they are all sturdy Liberals who, in the language of another recipient of birthday honours, "never thought of thinking for themselves at all", and that they are all very rich men and have probably subscribed liberally to the party funds. How unkind of Mr. Belloc to hint in the presence of his leaders in the House of Commons that peerages were occasionally bought and sold! For the rest, the honours may pass as fairly well-earned. Sir W. S. Gilbert's knighthood is thoroughly deserved, and may be regarded as some sort of reparation for the idiotic behaviour of the Lord Chamberlain in the matter of "The Mikado." Sir William Cremer is, we take it, the first Trade Unionist to obtain a knighthood, and we congratulate him, though his political views are

not of our colour. Sir Robert Morant is an excellent type of the hard-working and efficient public functionary whose services are certainly not overpaid by a K.C.B. Knighthoods should always be a more real distinction than peerages, because they are not hereditary, but are (or should be) the reward of personal merit, like the French Legion of Honour. To such an aristocracy Socialism has no objection.

Labour and the Lords.

We need hardly say that we find ourselves much more nearly in sympathy with the Labour Party's amendment concerning the House of Lords than with the Government's resolution. We think, indeed, that some sort of second chamber is desirable, as a bulwark less against revolution than against reaction and especially against that particularly perilous form of reaction which goes by the name of "Liberalism." But that the House of Lords, as at present constituted, "is a hindrance to national progress and ought to be abolished" is a proposition to which we do not think that any Socialist will take exception. Mr. Henderson's speech in moving the amendment was wholly admirable in tone, and we are glad to note that he courageously denied to the Education Bill the credit of embodying the views of the people, and pointed out, as we did last week, that the machinery proposed by the Government would probably prove more fatal to distinctively social legislation than the present system. The Labour amendment was, of course, defeated, and, equally, of course, the Government carried its original resolution by an overwhelming majority, but we are sorry that this majority should have been swelled by the votes of the Labour Party. We think that they should have put up a speaker to point out that the refusal of their amendment proved the Government's crusade against the Lords to be hypocritical and unmeaning, and so either voted against the resolution or walked out of the House. As it is, Liberals may attempt to claim their support for a policy the utter futility and even mischievousness of which they have themselves demonstrated. In the same way the proceedings of this year's Trade Union Congress with reference to this question must be closely watched. One Union has, we see, given notice of an anti-Lords resolution. To this in itself we have no objection, but we must be careful to keep clear of any complicity with Liberal humbug. Of course, there are some Trade Union leaders who will always be ready to play the Liberal game, as have those twenty-two Liberal-Labour members, whose manifesto against Colonial Preference would have appeared somewhat old-fashioned to the elder Mirabeau, and quite insupportably antiquated to John Stuart Mill, but it is essential that the Labour movement as a whole should avoid such pitfalls. Cannot some Union be induced to move an amendment bracketing the House of Lords and the Liberal Party in a single condemnation? We have little doubt as to which is the more "useless, dangerous, and meet-to-be-abolished" of the two.

Ireland Again.

Is it possible that Mr. Birrell is actually going to succeed in getting a Bill through Parliament before the present Government retires from office? It really looks as if his Evicted Tenants Bill would go through, for it is apparently acceptable to the Nationalists and is not strenuously opposed by the Conservatives. It is the last relic of Mr. Birrell's Irish programme, since the University proposals have been abandoned and the Council Bill killed, and for the poor Minister's sake, as well as for its own, we wish it success. In itself it is, of course, a very plain instalment of justice which the Irish people have a perfect right to demand, though we may remark that it will probably be a long while before so much justice is conceded to mere Englishmen. It is just this feeling that English grievances receive at present far less attention than Irish ones that makes some of us, like Hodson in Mr. Shaw's play, a trifle impatient of the continual exploitation of Irish distresses. Mr. Redmond, we see, has been exploiting them vigorously at Jarrow, where he has been pleading for the rejection of Mr. Pete Curran, an Irishman and a Home Ruler, but one who does not limit his sympathies to one side of the St. George's Channel, in favour of Mr. O'Hanlon. We trust that the workmen of Jarrow, English and Irish, will resist all attempts on the part of parochial Jingoes like Mr. Redmond to divide them into hostile camps.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Investor.

The President of the Board of Trade, at one time regarded as the most Radical member of the Government, will soon be looked up to as the sole protector of property in a land threatened by the predatory ravages of Socialism. He waxed quite tearful in his eagerness to assure the shareholders in tube railways that the Government contemplated nothing that could possibly justify any nervousness on the part of investors. In similar vein he told the House of Commons that while the country had a right to demand reduced rates, shorter hours of labour, and the like, yet "if all these things were to be done for a great public purpose, they ought not to be done at the expense of the investor." That the investors should take the profits of an undertaking, to the success of which they have contributed not a single effort of brain or hand, and should then throw on the community the whole burden of coping with the evils produced by their desire to get as much work out of their servants for as little wages as possible, seems to Mr. Lloyd-George just and reasonable. Yet he coquetted with railway nationalisation, probably because the combined rapacity and incompetence of our railway companies have forced even the capitalists to realise the necessity of controlling them. The case of national ownership was made out with overwhelming force, and no serious reply was even attempted. We hope that this reform, long overdue, is at last in sight, so that in future we may cease to protect the foreigner against our own producers, and to hand over the profits of a State-created monopoly to the investors for whom Mr. Lloyd-George feels such a tender care.

More Imbecilities.

On the top of the banning of "Mary Barton" comes the prohibition of living statuary. It is a grave disappointment to some of us that the Moderates, who were returned to power by a reaction to which London's disgust with Progressive puritanism contributed not a little, have shown themselves no less fanatical and absurd than their rivals were. Indeed, we are not sure that they have not shown themselves more so, for the last Council, in spite of the appeals of the Rev. Copeland Smith, let La Milo alone, while this Council has decided that the human body is so vile a thing that nobody must even simulate it without skirt or trousers. The Rev. Stuart Headlam was, of course, on the right side, as were some of the saner Moderates. But the prudes and cowards carried the day. It is some consolation, in the face of this betrayal, that the Moderates have had a bad slap in the face from Parliament over their electric scheme. The Progressive and Moderate policies in this matter have killed each other, and London must wait for an efficient and economical electric supply till Parliament and the Council can agree. This is not a very satisfactory outcome; but it is perhaps better than handing a new source of immense wealth over to the exploitation of monopolists.

The Anglo-Russian Alliance.

An Appeal by E. Nesbit.

THE persistent rumours of a proposed alliance with the Russian Government are causing alarm and uneasiness in decent men of every shade of political opinion. An alliance with the Russian Government means, in plain words, an alliance with men in power, who have not scrupled to use that power to crush with every circumstance of abominable cruelty the people of their country. We Englishmen have free speech, a free Press, a free Parliament, free justice—freedom personal and political. The Russian people have none of these things. Their efforts to obtain, peacefully, what our fathers died to win for us—have been met by imprisonment, exile, execution—without trial, or with a trial that is the bitterest mockery. Are we to permit Sir Edward Grey to bind us in bonds of amity with such a government as this?

The simple methods by which Englishmen make known their desires are denied to the Russians. In Russia to hold a public meeting in favour of, say, a Habeas Corpus Act, to write or even read a tract advocating freedom of the Press, means not only exile or imprisonment, it means death—death made horrible with torture, shameful with outrage. A young man visits his sister, carelessly leaves on her table a tract on Trades Unions—the fourteen-year-old child is hanged. A woman weeps to see a Jew burned alive: she is cut to pieces by the swords of Cossacks. Thousands of men and women are tortured and murdered, thousands of children butchered every year, by the government officials. And these infernal deeds are going on, now, while Sir Edward Grey is contemplating an alliance with the Power that complacently countenances them. It is for us to speak out, to let our voices be heard in indignation and protest. It is for each of us to say, and to see to it that the world hears us, that England shall not be allied with the Government of Russia.

And the moment for indignation, for protest, is *now*. There is no time for petitions—for the slow, heavy movement of political machinery. These alliances are not concluded by Parliament, but by the Cabinet. The country is not consulted. We shall not hear, officially, that this base thing is to be done, until it *is* done. Therefore, on the mere rumour that such a thing is deemed possible by Ministers we must speak out. And we must speak out on the instant, without fear as without delay. We are a free people. What have we to do with the Jew-baiters, murderers, torturers, who make up the bureaucracy of Russia? Are we to hold out the hand of friendship to hands dyed in the best blood of a noble people struggling for Liberty? Are we, from any possible commercial or political gain to associate the name of England with a Power that is the Power of Darkness? No man, surely, can answer these questions, and answer "Yes."

Answer "No," then, in the name of God and of common sense. For, be it noted, we have nothing to gain from the friendship of Russian despots. An alliance with them will cost us much, and will gain us naught save the abhorrence of the Russian people, and their just enmity in that day when the battle between Freedom and Tyranny shall be fought to a finish, and Freedom shall triumph, as, in the end, thank God, it must.

You who read this, you have read in your daily papers, week after week, year after year, the bloody record of Autocratic infamy—do you feel nothing? You, who would hide your eyes from memory all your days if once you had seen one little child snatched from its mother's breast and dashed to death on the stones at her feet? In Russia many mothers have seen their children die so. Perhaps, even as you read, a Russian mother is hearing her baby's last scream, mingled with the gay laughter of that baby's murderer. You have only to turn to the files of any newspaper to see that these things are quite common in Russia. No one minds, no one interferes. Russian officials of all classes practise on their victims tortures and outrages so horrible, so vile, that they cannot be spoken of in plain English in a public spirit. And no one is punished. No one is even reprimanded. These things go on.

You who read, could you take the hand of a man who had tortured a little child to death? I appeal to you, then, show that you, at least, do not rate lower than your own private honour the honour of England. This is what you can do. You can write a letter to the member who represents you in Parliament—a letter to the journal in whose pages you have read so often the tale of blood and cruelty. If each man who reads this writes two such letters we shall have, within two days, a body of expressed public opinion such as will compel our Ministers to pause, to reconsider, to retreat from a position that threatens, so unbearably, the honour of England. Write your letters, then—it will not take you long—and do your part in protesting against this proposed alliance with Russia, an alliance that would be no less a diplomatic imbecility than a black national shame.

E. NESBIT.

To Empire via Denshawai.

JUST about a year ago a party of British officers got mixed up in a village row at Denshawai, in Egypt. They had gone to amuse themselves by shooting pigeons, the domesticated pigeons of the villagers, and had apparently not been careful to get permission. By accident an Egyptian woman got wounded, the officers were mobbed and lost their heads, two of them ran for help while three were beaten by the crowd, and one of those who ran dropped dead. Now it does not need a very profound knowledge of the psychology of the British officer to recognise in this incident all his characteristic bravado and stupidity. The officers had not taken the trouble to either understand the language or the humanity of the villagers, who were treated as creatures of another species. Consequently at the first sign of the breakdown of the formal nexus of behaviour which enables the British officer to communicate with the Egyptian village, the officers were hopelessly bewildered, lost their heads and gave way to panic. Had there been anyone at headquarters to put the matter right by a stiff reprimand, matters would have been no more serious than a schoolboy's row with a gamekeeper. But apparently those at headquarters got even more panic-stricken than the officers, and without the excuse of the hubbub and turmoil of a riot, gave frantic orders for arrest and trial of the riotous villagers. As a result four men were hanged, and eight men were flogged and some imprisoned.

On the face of it, this story sounds incredible; one imagines there must be something more behind it. That something more, according to Lords Cromer and Grey, is an Egyptian National movement which has to be sternly suppressed. But even granting that there is an Egyptian Nationalist movement, is there any evidence at all that the mobbing of some stupid men at Denshawai had anything to do with it? In fact, there is no justification whatsoever for this belief, there are no reasons, only motives, and the motives are those of bewildered fear. Now, even if Denshawai were a separate incident, it would be a very serious matter to recognise that our administration in Egypt is so fatally wrong-headed. Whatever other conclusions we may draw it is at least certain that our administrators do not understand the temperament of the people they are governing. The question becomes, have they made any effort to understand? How many, for instance, of those officials who are thrown into contact with the people of the country can understand their language or are versed in the etiquette of their social life? In South Africa many Boers keep their hats on their heads when they enter a room and expectorate at leisure on the carpet. This conduct would be considered a little outré in London. Is it not perhaps possible our officials transgress in an equally serious manner? Is there, indeed, any adequate provision to prevent such possible offences? The shooting of domesticated pigeons does not sound as if there were.

The matter, however, is by no means confined to the

one incident. The Denshawai picnic is diagnostic of the most serious imperial disease—complacent failure to understand. One can parallel it almost detail for detail in the incidents which occurred before the late Natal campaign; the failure to understand, the refusal to try to understand, the sudden panic of minor officials spreading up into the central administration; the harsh measures of retribution, the imagination of a big nationalist "Ethiopian" movement. All these things were parts of the Richmond incident which precipitated the Natal campaign. If an administration will only go on irritating a people, whom it does not understand, long enough, if it will only go on telling them they are dangerous traitors nursing nationalist dreams, that people will come to believe and act upon the Government's suggestions. The question finally is one of the possibility of avoiding this kind of stupidity. Empire has no meaning for a Socialist unless it means the co-operation of autonomous units. Can we understand and co-operate with the Egyptian people and with the other alien races within our boundaries? If we are to do so it will need a very much greater effort to understand, and it will mean that our administrators shall be really compelled to study the language, habits, and customs of the people amongst whom they are going, at first hand. And this means in all probability the scrapping of a good deal of our upper-class public school-boy machinery in favour of a school-board polytechnic-educated human being. The time, indeed, may not be far distant when we shall be compelled to insist on the public-school coming up to a decent educational standard. From the national point of view that is, and not their class point of view. When one reads in the Blue-books that in the Denshawai hangings and floggings "all possible humanity was shown," and "the arrangements reflected great credit on all concerned," and then parallel this with a quotation from the Natal shooting correspondence, where a clergyman of the Church of England certifies that the men were shot "with the utmost humanity," it is clear that the disease is deep-seated. Unless our administrators can realise that other races and classes are human beings, and can understand them as human beings, there is no future for our Empire. Meanwhile there are some Denshawai natives still in prison. We have made them our enemies, that is the worst of stupidity, but there is no reason why they should be kept there any longer. We are glad to see that a petition signed by Egyptian notables was presented to the Khedive on June 28, the anniversary of the "hanging" incident; and we hope that the petition will be supported by questions in the House of Commons.

The Anglocentric Theory.

WHAT the idea of Imperialism needs more than anything else at this moment is a Galileo who will disabuse the mind of England of the Anglocentric Theory. From the very moment that a single British colony obtained self-government the Anglocentric theory was in reality obsolete and discredited; but with the usual persistence of dangerous absurdities the theory has continued its hold upon the majority of minds with the tenacity of a limpet. Nothing could better illustrate this than Lord Lansdowne's unfortunate speech at the Unionist demonstration last week. The assumption upon which he proceeded in his references to Ireland was the thoroughly and typically little-Englander assumption, the theory, namely, that England is the sun round which Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the various colonies must and should be content to revolve in satellite obsequience.

There is only one thing to be said of such an attitude. Anglocentricism is incompatible with Imperialism. It is quite conceivable that by force of arms a single country might maintain supremacy over another country or even over two or three other countries; but it is inconceivable and impossible that by force of arms or by any other force, England can maintain supremacy over two-fifths of the globe. What is more, nobody really proposes such a thing seriously, unless it be the Carmelites, whose notion of Empire is exactly comparable to that of the school-bully's. At the same time, quite a large body of Englishmen who are not Carmelites easily and unsuspectingly entertain what, in effect, is the same notion. They imagine that in some occult way it will be quite possible to maintain the supremacy of England and at the same time to create an Empire. For them, apparently, disillusionment will be slow, and, unfortunately, not at all sure.

What, however, we shall have to do is to make clear, in the first place, that England is not the Empire; in the second place, that loyalty to England is not necessarily loyalty to the Empire; and in the third place, that even disloyalty to England may be the highest loyalty to the Empire. All these propositions, while obvious enough to the intelligent Imperialists (of whom there may be several hundreds), are as yet far from being obvious to most people. Fortunately, we in England shall be considerably aided in our realisation of them by the assistance of the British dominions overseas, whose people for the most part indignantly repudiate loyalty to England just in proportion as they proclaim their loyalty to the Empire. The fact is that the Empire is at once a greater and a more imaginative entity than England; and it takes an Englishman a whole generation to realise anything greater than himself, and another generation if it happens to be imaginatively greater. Yet, as we have said, the thing must be done if the Empire is to become a fact. Either England must herself be loyal to the Empire, and abandon her silly claim on the Empire to be loyal to her; or England must be prepared for the disintegration of the whole system by the action of independent parts.

Let us take the propositions one by one. That England is not the Empire, and does not even stand for the Empire, becomes plain so soon as we reflect that England's interests are often in conflict with the interests, not only of other members of the Empire, but of the Empire as a whole. For example, it is to England's interest to maintain the best of her people in England itself, and to send the worst to the colonies. Yet by a strange eider-duck-like devotion, England neglects her own interests and really consults the interests of the colonies, sending them her best sons and keeping her worst for herself. That, we take it, is genuine Imperialism; none the worse for being blind and instinctive; and only a little the worse for being carried out under compulsion. Convert such a blind sacrifice into an intelligent co-operation, and we have the germ of a genuine devotion to an idea of Empire which would carry us far. The conclusion is that England is now Imperial only because she needs must be. By her very instincts, she is compelled to reject the theory that the Empire exists to aggrandize England.

That loyalty to England is not necessarily loyalty to the Empire needs scarcely to be demonstrated. An Australian who is loyal to England is generally a nuisance wherever he is. In England he is no Englishman; in Australia he is no Australian. Such amphibious creatures are bound, let us hope, to become extinct sooner or later. At the same time, it must be remembered that loyalty to Australia is just as silly as loyalty to England. After all, we are endeavouring to create a superior unity, of which Australia, Canada, and England are simply parts; and it is to that new spiritual unity that loyalty must be offered.

Finally, let us boldly face the fact that extreme disloyalty to England may be the noblest loyalty to the Empire. Whoever, for example, pricks a bubble of home-made complacency thereby incurs the charge of disloyalty but nevertheless brings profit to the Empire. The case in point is always Ireland. Of all our dominions, Ireland is the most disloyal to England; and of all the regions of the Empire, Ireland is the most profitable. It is exhilarating to remember how much the British Empire will owe to Ireland. One by one, Ireland pricks the Anglocentric bubbles blown by our insular conceit. If there is one country of the British Isles to which more than another the Empire owes what life it has, that country is Ireland. Scotland and Wales are almost as much English as England; but Ireland is Imperialist or nothing. Of course, we admit

that Ireland repudiates Imperialism, as what self-respecting country would not when that Imperialism is identified with loyalty to a single country, and that, not one's own? But once let England abandon the Anglocentric theory, and frankly make the Empire a Commonwealth, and there is everything to show that Ireland will be Imperialist of Imperialist. For, be it remembered, that Ireland is the country of practical imagination, of dreamers whose dreams come true. There, if anywhere, will grow the ideas and emotions on which the Empire must depend for its bonds of solidarity. Put the Empire as a shining sun in the sky, and Ireland will be the first to move about it in order and with sacrifice; but leave it bounded by Land's End and John o' Groats, and Ireland will be the first to scoff and to rebel. For her disloyalty to England is her loyalty and service to the Empire.

Married Women and the Vote.

ONE of the heaviest charges brought against the advocates of the immediate establishment of sex-equality is that the measure they have hitherto supported would not remove the disabilities of married women. In spite of the fact that the measure in question was drawn up by a skilled lawyer, and is based on the principle of equal voting rights, this charge may be quite true. If it is so, however, it will not be because of any fault in the Bill, but because of the inconsistency and unreason for which legislative enactments and judicial utterances dealing with women are remarkable. To women who are persons in one clause of an Act of Parliament and who are not persons in the next clause, the exclusion of married women by legal quirks and quibbles, after an Act which really enfranchised them had been passed, is quite conceivable. Because of this danger the Suffragists responsible for the drafting of the last enfranchising measure presented to the House of Commons decided to introduce into the phrase "whether married or single" . . . though this action was against the better judgment of many of their leaders. By these dissenters the phrase was regarded as unnecessary to secure the voting rights of married women, while its inclusion in the Bill was felt to be a dangerous precedent.

Once women have won the right to vote on the same terms as men, it will surely follow that the qualified married woman will be admitted to the use of the franchise as freely as the qualified married man. If marriage does not disqualify the men, it will not disqualify the women. The broad general statement of equal rights will cover the whole ground. This position is supported by the action taken in 1869 to exclude married women from the municipal register. In the Municipal Corporations Act of that year the exclusion of married women was secured by a specific clause. Evidently this action was required to keep married women off the register. It follows, therefore, that without an excluding clause married women would be equally entitled with their unmarried sisters to the rights conferred. This is as it should be. The position is obviously reasonable. But as the interpretations of the judicial mind of the past, with regard to equally obvious and reasonable claims made by women, have not been remarkable for consistency, it was decided last year to secure the rights of the married woman in the future by special mention of them in the general measure.

It is not at all certain that this action is wise. It is apparently based on the idea that the disabilities of marriage are not disabilities of sex. Yet this is absurd. If married men shared the legal subjection forced upon their wives it would be possible to talk of a "marriage disability." But a burden borne by the woman alone is purely a sex-disability, and as such, so far as it is political, it will be removed by the acceptance of the general principle of political sex-equality. The assumption that married women are a class apart from other women, and not entitled to the same fundamental human rights, is unreasonable and dangerous. In the past men have made this assumption without challenge, and have made and administered laws for women from the standpoint it created. But the tacit admission of the legal absurdity on the part of women by the introduction of special terms into the new enfranchising measure, will be an acceptance of the position, and will almost certainly be used in the future to exclude married women from benefit under charters of liberties which are couched in general terms. The result of the innovation would be that a second struggle would be necessary, whenever a liberty had been gained, to get it applied to married women. This would more than double the effort needed in the fight, and would produce the weakness of disunion in women's ranks. But perhaps its worst effect would be that it would preserve that condition of mind in men which the whole effort of women's revolt should be directed to destroy.

Man has regarded his wife as more his slave than his sister or mother for long ages. He has made laws and customs which have expressed this feeling. As in the world of inanimate things, man seized upon that which was the most valuable to all for his own private advantage, so his desire for property in human beings was strongest where the greatest personal advantage was to be reaped. Both from economic and sex considerations wives were desirable, and the only way known to primitive man of securing what he desired was by recourse to physical force. So woman, the worker and the wife, was won by enslavement. The rebellion against enslavement was recognised by the male victor as dangerous to his interests, and ruthlessly repressed. Kept under physical fear, the resentment of women has only been expressed by fits and starts, while in silence it has wrought havoc among the higher possibilities of human comradeship. Ages of such conditions have finally produced some justification for the masculine dread that free women would refuse wifehood and motherhood. It is this fear of loss — the loss of subject wives accepting all the conditions laid by men upon them — that actuates the opposition of many men to any freedom that reaches the married woman. Under cover of arguments which profess concern for racial progress, under cover of the chivalrous protection of the married woman from herself, and by frank appeals to the sentiment of ignorance, the "wife-owner" seeks to protect his ownership. It is not wifehood or motherhood that he seeks to protect, but the arbitrary conditions which are set up around it, and from which he derives benefit. As his desire for ownership centred around his wife, the gaining of liberties by women other than wives has not had to meet the full force of his opposition. The last relic of his over-lordship of women is endangered by the claim that married women are included in the general term women, and therefore must benefit by everything that women in general win. This clear and rational position would simply undermine the disabilities of married women. They would collapse like ruins from which the supports had been withdrawn.

The wisest course for Suffragists seems to be to keep the measure voicing their demands in general terms, assuming the very obvious fact that married women are women. If this fact be disputed, it will be time enough to act when the male lawyers have rendered themselves ridiculous by trying to prove it. Then the line to take will be one which does not accept the absurdity, but finally removes it from the statute book and rejects it.

I believe women, having once considered these arguments, will be convinced of the unwisdom of the course criticised. Moreover, they may find therein a new point of view from which to regard the efforts occasionally made to include married women in the new roll of voters simply because they are married. In spite of the superficial contradiction, these efforts are at the bottom calculated to continue the dominance of men. If the vote only comes to the majority of women upon marriage its value will be vitiated, sex-equality will not be established, and such voting power as women possess will remain very much under the control of men. Only the placing of the general principle of political sex-equality upon the statute book will establish for all women for all future time the certainty of equal human comradeship with men. TERESA BILLINGTON-GREIG.

Pomp and Pageantry.

THE present vogue of neo-mediævalism is a curious thing. One can dismiss it curtly enough by talking contemptuously of "the pageant craze," or one can babble of "unrivalled splendours" in the manner of a dramatic critic paying his midnight homage to Mr. Tree's latest production; it is all a question of point of view. One approaches the Oxford Pageant with a certain trepidation born of doubt as to what is the proper mood in which to enjoy it. The special trains from Paddington carry a heterogeneous mob of well-dressed people, many of them Americans. Americans have an instinctive passion for pageantry, for quaint ceremonial and costume; and one has a momentary vision of a possible announcement on the advertisement hoardings of New York or Chicago: "Mr. Charles Frohman presents the Oxford Pageant, as played in England, with the original scenery and effects. . . . . Enormous attraction!" But such frivolous imaginings are all dispelled as the pinnacles and spires of Oxford come into view, and the Oxford atmosphere envelopes us; the atmosphere which inspired the ancient University bidding-prayer ". . . . that in this and in all other places dedicated to God's honour and service, true pietie and sounde learnynge may for ever flourishe and abounde."

To-day the High Street is crowded, and almost impassable. A knight in chain armour is riding his bicycle to the Pageant-ground, and he takes off his helmet with a sweep as he passes a Georgian lady with powdered hair and patches. Two ancient Britons are seated in a motor-car outside the Mitre Hotel, and they are saluted gravely by a venerable prelate who dates from the Tudor period. A gentleman of Charles I's court occupies the front seat on the top of a tram, while he arranges his wig with care. Yet Oxford does not laugh. These are the commonplaces of pageantry.

The pity of it is that the whole affair is for the benefit of people who are already living too much in the past, who feed their minds overmuch upon tradition and ceremonial. It is interesting to observe the spectators as they flock in to the Pageant-ground. Decorous, comfortable people, all of them; some with a genuine interest in details of costume and historical accuracy, some with their minds open to larger and more general impressions, some merely in search of a new sensation, and "doing" the Pageant. There is no admittance for the people of the Oxford slums; they must be content to line the streets and watch the visitors arrive.

The show begins with stateliness and dignity; one scene follows another amid decorous applause. Monarch after monarch arrives in his royal barge. One perceives that in mediæval times the domestic affairs of royal personages were discussed in a publicity which is in these days only achieved through the medium of "Reynolds's Newspaper." The spectacular effect reaches its height in the scenes of the Stuart period. Oxford was loyal to Charles I throughout the Civil War, and one more than half suspects that she is loyal to him still. The Roundheads were rather vulgar people, perhaps. . . . .

Amid all the gorgeous magnificence of colour there are only one or two incidents of any dramatic value; one being the expulsion of the fellows of Magdalen by James II, and the other a part of the "Masque of Mediæval Learning," a morality play in which the mediæval undergraduate makes his choice between the pursuit of learning and surrender to the follies and vices of youth. But dramatic interest is hardly aimed at; we have pomp and circumstance, the pride of chivalry, the glitter of armour and the flutter of banners, a blaze of colour upon the spacious meadow with its background of trees; and as the grand finale is reached, and hundreds of massed figures in the costumes of all periods stretch far away into the distance, the power of history and tradition seems suddenly overwhelming.

It is a remarkable social phenomenon, this assemblage of a thousand performers and five thousand spectators to glorify the past and exult in its greatness. It has been for months past the principle topic of conversation and an absorbing interest for hundreds of people; and through this long summer afternoon we have watched the result of their efforts. Yet one has some misgivings about it all. As we approach Paddington on the return journey we come back to realities. There is a certain insistent clamour in the grime and squalor of the mean little houses whose backs are towards the railway-line; a certain demand for our immediate attention. "Let the dead past go," they seem to say; "what of the future"? The familiar question becomes more insistent than ever this evening. One begins to realise that in spite of all the glories of pageantry, it may be a very dangerous narcotic.

ASHLEY DUKES.

The Shrine of the Jester-Critic.

EVER since the time of Noah there has been a tendency in all of us to build little shrines of refuge for ourselves and our responsibilities. Some of the old shrines were sacred to the belief in the immortality of each human soul and the careful preservation in torment of all human imperfections. Other shrines were sacred to the belief that women might develop into angels if they could contrive to concentrate all their thoughts on one worthy or unworthy man. Another kind of shrine still very popular is sacred to the god called "Beggar my Neighbour"; it is very handsomely decorated. There are other little shrines looked upon with great suspicion by everyone but the builders; they are erected to Ambition, Egotism and Excellence; they are not popular or decorative, and the builder generally ends by sacrificing himself upon his own altar. Shrine-building is necessary to social life. Nature, with her rhythm of murder and rape, must be disguised, and we build a shrine to conceal our moments of concession to natural law from our hours of virtuous disapproval of Nature. We contrive codes of manners and eat too frequently in order that we may eat without indecent appetite. Civilisation is artfully contrived that we may forget the ignominy our body heaps upon the jesting critic in our heads.

I am writing in praise of social decency, and the upper part of the head is the symbolic sanctuary of social decency, for the nose and mouth certainly have not really aristocratic habits. The Jester Critic, who, after all, is our real redeemer from natural law, may be supposed to live somewhere in our skulls, whence he can look out and laugh at our struggles with superhuman forces. His laughter comes of what we call introspection, and introspection is a great bar to the progress of natural law. The Jester Critic really makes us doubt if there is such a thing as progress at all. His own development is curious. The older he is the smaller he gets. At first he laughed loudly at the deformities of all people who differed obviously from his own standards. Then he laughed at curiosities in morals and extravagance in manners. Finally, the awful day dawned when he saw his own deformity, his own immorality, and his own inconsistency. After the first pangs of his shattered pride he separated himself from these things and called them natural law, and he laughed at the tears which dishonoured his eyes and the rheum which disfigured his other features, and said: "I am all brain. I do not share these ignominious processes of life. I am the critic, the master of these slaves who make themselves ridiculous that I may laugh at them." This is the history of the Jester Critic when he gets as old as this. We each of us build a shrine to him in which we enjoy a solitary dream which may or may not give a radiance to our social intercourse. Our real god thereafter is this Jester Critic who shatters ideals as lightning rends the sky and who thunders peals of derisive laughter as we hide our failures from the daylight.

The deified critic sits in our skulls; each of us knows him too well for it to be necessary to try to prove his existence; and he laughs. He assures us it is more honest to admit our defeats than to pretend to be victorious; more heroic to struggle for experience than to

try and save our souls; more healthy to clear the air with storms than to live stagnant among the dead and dying. We believe him for ourselves. We know this inner voice is telling us the truth. We start the fight and we believe in ourselves. Suddenly our hand trembles and we slink away from the battlefield. We still believe in ourselves, in our own capacity to fight the illusions of social life and to shatter the old shrines which hold no heart of glory, but we do not believe in other people. That is the horrible truth. There is a kind of ecstasy in expression which forces us to shout a war cry. Then the reaction comes; we ourselves are prepared to know, dare, and be silent if we suffer; but we cannot bear the responsibility of taking others from conventional suffering and sympathy and plunging them into some kind of martyrdom they cannot endure. So the little dead shrines stand on centuries after they empty. We still pretend we are preparing for another life by avoiding the three great teachers, Experience, Solitude, and Meditation. We still think it right that women should be legally all sex and no brain. We still refuse to move on until we are beaten and tortured into activity. And why? Simply because we have no faith in each other.

We know home life is not happy, and we pretend that it is. We know going to church is not improving, we pretend that it is. We know going to bridge parties and theatres and dinners bores us, we pretend it does not. We do all these things because we think the rest of the world really want to do them. And, after all, nobody wants to do them; but each wants other people to do them in order that they may be kept out of mischief. Yet it is these very superstitions that drive us into mischief. If we were free of them our own Jester Critic would soon laugh us into good behaviour; for mischief that is not a reaction from overwhelming boredom is not amusing. The root of all evil is our belief that other people are not as clever as ourselves. We cannot bring ourselves to think it is possible for a moment. Our children supersede us generation after generation, yet we still think them silly and untrustworthy; we still try to protect them from the natural consequences of any mistakes they may make; we deprive them of all chances of learning by experience; and we consider we have done our duty by them when we die leaving them our property and our ineffectual blessings.

Human relationship is so subtle in its action and reaction that it seems almost impossible to hope that our mutual distrust can be overcome. A lover secretly abhors his beloved because he suffers from his desires. Parents are jealous of their children's friends; children are resentful of the restraints of home-life; teachers conceal more truth than they teach. A great artist wisely said: "The only people who really help us are our enemies; we can always learn something real from them." And another artist who was a pirate in the Greek Islands, said:—

"I am a servant of the Lord God of War, and I know the lovely art of the Muses."

Human enmity is more roughly stimulating than love, and it is especially stimulating to women whose limbs are lax with centuries of inactivity. They have been servants of Love so long that many of them are seriously considering the service of the "Lord God of War" as a desirable alternative. I do not mean that I see signs of the formation of an army corp of able-bodied women, but I do see that women are beginning to feel their ideas are worth fighting for. The other day someone proposed a sex-strike, and there is little doubt that if women cast off the kindly habits of civilisation and were as rarely to be ingratiated as most female animals, a great deal would be gained. But, after all, bad temper is no use; it will never accomplish its purpose.

The real ally women should pray for is the Jester Critic. Let them prepare their brains carefully for his reception, and there is little doubt that he will clear the way for them and—to invert the witty saying of one of our great actresses—when women have a sense of humour, they will laugh at men instead of loving them. Love and Hate have created indescribable confusions, for they cannot exist without each other, and social order is impossible under their double rule. But Laughter sweeps them both aside, and our indescribable follies slink away like lashed hounds at his outcry. He kills the solemn devil that makes the worse appear the better part. He is here with us, safe in our own brains criticising, reproaching, controlling. Let us welcome him gladly for he will save us from ourselves and make human relationship something nobler than a mere obsession of selfishness and humiliation.

FLORENCE FARR.

THE NEW AGE

JULY 4, 1907

The L.C.C. and Morals.

THE decision of the London County Council to prohibit the exhibition of living statuary was only to be expected. The queer rabble of fifty or so persons, representing every sort of negationism masquerading as religion, which petitioned the County Council against the exhibition might be backed to win, even if they had petitioned against the realistic details of Wellington's bronze horse. The fact that only nine of these persons had ventured to risk their highly inflammable temperaments by gazing on the sinister apparitions only enforces Mr. Dooley's dictum that "vice wears such a hijous mien, that the more we see of it the better we like it."

However, we are not concerned to defend this particular form of "vice." We have not been able to intoxicate ourselves in the Dionysian way with it, and unless vice does that it is always more trouble than it is worth. What we desire to point out is the utter folly of the method of prohibition. Really one would have thought that the world was old enough for even a Bishop or a Silvester Horne to have realised that prohibition does not prohibit. As it was in the days of Noah, so it is now, however; at the first breath of a rumour of a suspicion of something wrong, Bishops and Rabbis and all preternaturally timid persons cry aloud and shout for prohibition of the accursed thing. In the profoundest sense, of course, prohibition is the Nonconformist Conscience. The Nonconformist Conscience always says No, and never says anything else but No. It is the apotheosis of negation, the very Absolute Nothing. Was it not Mr. G. K. Chesterton who said: "Where there is nothing there is Dr. Clifford"? At least, it is true that where there is nothing there is the Nonconformist Conscience.

But let nobody imagine that the Nonconformist Conscience is confined to the petitioners of the L.C.C. Reliance upon prohibitions and repressions is one of the commonest forms of official weakness. Mr. Morley in India, Mr. Birrell in Ireland, the mining magnates in the Transvaal, the Tsar in Russia, Clemenceau in France, in fact, every constituted government under the sun, relies in the first or last resort (and generally the first) upon active prohibition. But since every intelligent person knows that prohibition is useless; since, in brief, Christianity in its essence was the great movement of the human spirit against prohibition; it follows that every constituted government has a good deal to learn both from intelligence and from Christianity. And what it has to learn is the simple demonstrable truth that prohibition does not prohibit. The L.C.C., for example, must learn that their prohibition of living statuary will have not the faintest ameliorative effect upon popular morals. If anything, their action will lend an additional glamour to the forbidden things; for in a people of any spirit, nothing is so attractive as the prohibited. So far from prohibition prohibiting, it does the very reverse. The Bishop of London, the Rabbi, Silvester Horne, and the rest have really added to the attraction of the Music Halls, and should be thanked (as no doubt they silently are) by the managers.

But would we then have no prohibition of anything? Obviously it is impossible to take so extreme a view. The tendency to prohibit is as human a tendency as any other, and must be humoured and utilised accordingly. On the other hand, it is safe to say, in England at any rate, that the contrary principle should be deliberately cultivated. If prohibition is what it is, namely, the forbidding of things one does not like; then the contrary principle is the performance of things one does like. If, for example, this precious embassy to the L.C.C. had petitioned not that living statuary should be prohibited, but that certain music, plays of an excellent sort, should be subsidised by the Council, they would have done something positive. The safe rule for a soul that is striving for release from a Nonconformist Conscience is to do what it likes every time it feels tempted to suppress what it does not like. Remembering that suppression is homage, the individual, Council, or Government that desires really to prohibit will do so by turning its best attention on the contrary idea.

Unfortunately, of course, the majority of the prohibitionists like nothing so much as prohibition. Their ardour for suppression is disinterested, and lives for its own sake. Nobody with any positive ideals would waste his time in negating other people's ideals. What he would do is to make his own ideals shine so that all men should look up to them. But who can tell what the ideals of the L.C.C. are, or what are its desires with regard, let us say, to theatres and music-halls? We have yet to see a single theatre or a single play subsidised or encouraged by the Council. We do not even believe that the best theatre in the world could keep afloat on a population of Bishops and Rabbis. The fact is that these people do not want a good theatre or a good music-hall. At bottom, they want nothing, except the pleasure of "putting the kibosh" on other people's wants. This affords them the luxury that is called Morality; and we are sorry that the L.C.C. should have fallen into their hands.

REVIEWS.

"The Licensed Trades." An Independent Survey. By Edwin A. Pratt. (Murray. 1907. 5s. net.)

Unless Mr. Edwin Pratt is a syndicate, he is one of the most remarkable men of the time. Whatever social topic is to the fore, Mr. Pratt is ready with a volume full of information. He is, as he tells us, a journalist, but he can generally use words with fair accuracy. In this volume Mr. Pratt displays even higher characteristics. He calls it "an independent survey," but this is a slip of the pen. It "represents," he says (and here the journalist breaks out; he means it *is*) "an attempt to deal with the Licensing Problem from the point of view of the actual traders"; in other words, it is a somewhat sober account of what an intelligent publican would say of his temperance critics. Mr. Pratt has the makings of a first-rate dramatist. He has got inside the actual trader; he understands his intense conservatism, his inability to see beyond the threshold of his shop door, and in this volume he satirises him with inimitable gravity. Take, for instance, the chapter on temperance beverages. It is admirable reading. The well-informed publican gets hold of certain American trade catalogues and papers; lets us into the secret of all the horrid chemicals used in making "long" drinks; tells us how trade critics warn their customers not to leave too many wasps and flies in the syrup jars; and finally gives us statistics showing how many non-alcoholic drinks are far stronger in alcohol than "four ale." That is the sort of thing which raises loud applause in the bar-parlour debate, and after all proves nothing at all.

As for clubs, mine host has no patience with them. The amount of drunkenness they promote is really shocking. They can keep open at all hours; their membership is often bogus; they do not pay license fees; or suffer from police interference. Such unfair competition with honest tradesmen is a scandal in a free country. The tectotallers with their exaggérations are an easy game. Prohibition States abound in arrests for drunkenness: the stories of how whisky is supplied as "Cholera Mixture" in one place, and is called "Kill-'em-quick" in another are entertaining, and no doubt accurate.

In his character as trader Mr. Pratt has specially studied the mystery of brewing, about which he has much of interest to tell, and he describes the tied-house system from the inside standpoint, whence he makes out a fair case in its defence. When he comes to the question of political reforms, his trader's point of view is less valuable, because it is both ignorant and prejudiced. The trader, of course, has not a moment's thought for the interests of the community, except in so far as they can be made to coincide with his own. Any taking away of licenses, notwithstanding the admitted law, even after long notice, is pure confiscation. Any interference with the trade will ruin the country. And perhaps the most comic part of the book is the list of some 500 trades, such as asbestos-packed-cock-manufacturers, bankers, bricklayers, electric-accumulator-acid manufacturers, and so on, who will come to more or less destruction if the teetotallers prevail. But one omission puzzles us. Why is the famous trade of bottle-washer overlooked?

Few publicans could possess the ability to get together so large a mass of facts on this question; fewer still could have remained so unconscious of the widely circulated volumes on the liquor problem which have appeared of recent years. In these respects Mr. Pratt fails in his attempt to depict the typical traders' mental equipment, but otherwise his success is admirable, and he has made a thoroughly useful addition to the Library of the Licensing Problem.

"Memoirs of Miles Byrne." Edited by his Widow. A new edition with an Introduction by Stephen Gwynn. (2 vols. Maunsel and Co. 15s.)

Englishmen never have understood, and it is probable that they never will understand, Ireland and the Irish temperament. It is a case where ignorance is not bliss for either party. One way of gaining such an understanding, which rulers should possess of the ruled, is by the reading of Irish history told from the inside—told as it is in the biography of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in the letters of O'Connell, in the memoirs of Wolfe Tone, and in these memoirs of Miles Byrne. History narrated by those who have helped to make it is naturally partisan, however judicial the writers may strive to be, and should be edited and annotated by those who possess cool hearts and full heads; thrown upon the world haphazard it will be either misleading, or misunderstood, or both. It is to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Stephen Gwynn deliberately reduced his task as editor "to seeing the pages through the press, correcting the spelling of proper names, suppressing actual repetitions," etc.; even this limited duty being poorly performed, repetitions abounding. He tells us, further, that this publication is an experiment to see whether there be a public "ready to buy reprints of books which have a high value in the study of Irish history." We fancy that there is such a public—in Ireland itself, and in America, but it is not likely to be caught by such an undigested reprint as this. Mr. Stephen Gwynn would have done well to cut down these verbose memoirs to one handy volume, confining it to those portions which deal with what Byrne calls his "notes, which commence with the memorable epoch of 1798 in the county of Wexford and finish in Ireland at Dublin, 1803," with the abortive plot of Robert Emmet and the writer's escape to France. Thus strictly confined to a brief résumé of the history of the period, with explanatory notes and a good map, the book would have stood good chance of success—would, indeed, have deserved it; as it stands—two fat, chaotic volumes—we fear it will fall still-born. The more's the pity, for Mr. John Dillon is not far wrong at any rate in speaking of it "as the best of all books dealing with Ireland."

Miles Byrne was born at Monaseed, county Wexford, in March, 1780, and died in Paris early in the year 1862. When only eighteen he was a United Irishman, and actively engaged fighting the English, whom he hated inveterately and intensely. Englishmen wonder why the Irish hate them; let them read such books as these, let them realise that the memory of horrible injuries and injustices lingers long—and then they will partially appreciate the position they hold in the minds and memories of the Irish. Byrne was an Irishman to the last drop of his blood; Irish in his intense love and admiration of his friends and in his equally intense hatred, yet chivalric attitude, toward his foes; Irish in his enthusiasm and his unquenchable hopefulness; Irish in his habit of exaggerating everything of importance to himself: he exaggerates the good qualities of his friends and the bad ones of his foes, the bravery of those with whom, and the cowardice of those against whom, he fought; to him every skirmish was a battle, every crowd an army, and every large sum of money was vast. He was an active and brave soldier, fighting well throughout the pitiable campaign in Wexford; holding out staunchly in the guerilla warfare in the Wicklow Hills, and later working nobly and strenuously with Robert Emmet. His narrative up to this point is as exciting and as dramatic as any adventure story, full of derring-do and hairbreadth escapes by field and flood. The rest of the memoirs of his service in France, in Greece, and elsewhere, and of the life of the Irish exiles on the Continent are scarcely more than notes, of intense interest to the student and of utility to the historian. Repetitions abound, and occasionally the narrative—even in the earlier portions—is difficult to follow.

But whatever be the faults, there stand out in these pages two things: an intimate portrait of a fine fellow, a whole-hearted man, who fought fairly and fearlessly, and a truthful picture of one of the saddest periods, if not the most sad, in all the sad history of English rule in Ireland. The long note of this man's life was fierce resentment against the conquering race that had trampled upon and ruined his own, and whatever may be our political opinions, it is pitiable to think that such men as the Emmets, Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, and Miles Byrne should have

felt that they had no choice but to take up arms against England; such men—to put it mildly—cannot have been altogether in the wrong. Some of us believe they were altogether in the right.

"A Literary History of India." By R. W. Frazer. New Edition. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is fortunate in some ways that Englishmen generally know nothing of India. A moment's realisation of the almost demiurgic task of governing nearly three hundred million people would either persuade them that they were gods or reduce them to a humorous despair. Unfortunately, however, the case is really worse than that of knowing nothing about India. What has actually happened is that the English have acquired a considerable stock of positive misinformation, on the basis of which public opinion in this country builds its fool's paradise. Nothing, of course, can alter this but a persistent supply of accurate information; and we are therefore glad to welcome a new edition of Mr. R. W. Frazer's invaluable work. A "Literary History of India," it may be remarked, is more than a "History of Indian Literature," and Mr. Frazer, therefore, sets himself the enormous task of reconstructing the series of events in India from the earliest times out of the literary and oral traditions of the Aryan race. How enormous that task is may be dimly conceived when we remember that the beginnings of Indian history lie in the very clouds of historic conjecture. To the student of India the bare chronology of events is a perpetual problem, every suggested key to which proves on trial to be useless. Whether, for example, the Rig Veda, undoubtedly the oldest Indian document, is four or forty thousand years old is still a matter of some dispute. About its date "those behind cry Forward, and those before cry Back"; and it is probable that the problem will have to be attacked in another way or remain for ever unsolved.

What is clear, however, is the fact that so far from Macaulay's contemptuous sentence of 1835 being right, even he was never more wrong. "A single shelf," he said, "of a good European library is worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia." That may have been true for somebody, but it was not true for Europe. Still less was it true for India itself. As a matter of fact, India has suffered more from Macaulay than from any other of her English educationalists. At the present moment, indeed, there is plenty of evidence to prove that what is needed, and is already being created, in Europe is an atmosphere of such discussion as pervades, let us say, the Bhagavad Gita, a little book of incomparable illumination, the wholesale distribution of which in England would be an admirable undertaking for a millionaire with Indian sympathies. Also, it is plain that India herself will profit more by Shankara and Kapila than by Spencer; for, after all, the English cannot hope to dragoon the genius out of a whole race; and the attempt merely produces abortions.

Mr. Frazer has some admirable chapters on Indian philosophy, which undoubtedly was the metier of the Indian mind as beauty was of the Greek mind and law of the Roman mind. His luminous account of the rise and development of the unique caste-system of India should also be studied carefully by English readers. It is significant that the only free person under the caste system was the sophist, the philosopher. "It is permitted that the sophist only be from any caste; for the life of the sophist is not an easy one, but the hardest of all."

"The Town Child." By Reginald A. Bray, L.C.C. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

A robin redbreast in a cage puts all heaven in a rage. What, we wonder, does heaven think of some hundreds of thousands of children in a city like London? Environment for environment there is no doubt that the human environment of a city is less beautiful than the natural surroundings of a country village; and the L.C.C., we are glad to observe, is following the example of Charlottenburg, and transporting some of the city children to the country for summer-school. We only wish it were possible to transport the whole of them thither during the whole of the year. If the wealthiest nation in the world were not also the meanest and the stupidest, we should, of course, do something of the sort. But as this solution is about as likely to be adopted as Plato's proposal for the establishment of his Republic by the segregation of children from their corrupt parents, we may as well make the best of a bad business, and accept Mr. Bray's sane advice. Mr. Bray belongs to the growing category of writers who deal in what may be called the best Fabian spirit with some aspect of the social problem. From beginning to end of his three hundred or so pages there are abundant evidences of painstaking study, first-hand experience, and solid practical sense. With most of his conclusions we are in hearty agreement; and on the economic aspect of education, and on the need for a profounder sense of State parentage, no Socialist could put the case better, or need now attempt to do so. Such difficult and complex problems as apprenticeship Mr. Bray handles with considerable skill; and we hope that his influence will tell on the coming proposals for partial State apprenticeship.

But it is impossible for us to agree with Mr. Bray's suggestions regarding the educational curriculum itself. So long as he confines himself to administrative questions he is an admirable guide, but we should be sorry to see teachers adopt more than they do already his arid and doctrinaire advice in the training of character. The fact is, of course, that the phrase, training of character, is a pure obsession of the theoretical educationalist. Neither Mr. Bray nor, of course, elementary teachers in general know anything whatever about the constitution of character, nor what will or will not train character. Every moralist, no doubt, is convinced that he knows all about character; but fortunately he is unable to use anything stronger than persuasion in order to have his nostrums tried on adults. He therefore turns to the most defenceless persons in society, namely, children, and there by means of corporal punishment and school discipline he tries his quack remedies; with what detestable results every decent teacher knows. Mr. Bray does not belong to the extreme type of child-vivisector; but we feel that he has the germs of the evil in him. In an otherwise excellent and valuable book, the chapter on "The Child and the School" is a regrettable incident.

"The Roots of Reality." By E. Belfort Bax. (E. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

While others are combatting individualism in the sphere of economics, Mr. Belfort Bax is directing the attention of philosophers to the failure of individualism in metaphysics. The present work may indeed be regarded as the Socialist metaphysic; and we should not be at all afraid of taking our stand upon it. Mr. Bax's views are characterised by profound insight as well as by wide reading, and his treatment of the main problems of metaphysics is nothing short of masterly. We remember nothing better in metaphysics than his crushing onslaught upon the orthodox Hegelians, whose Pallogism Mr. Bax properly regards as anathema. Perhaps his anti-pallogistic zeal carries him too far when he states that Plato, for example, was tarred with the abhorred brush. Surely the "Philebus" is as alogical as Mr. Bax could wish. Besides, as Professor Lutoslawski has now demonstrated, the Platonic

theory of Ideas, which was essentially pallogistic, was practically abandoned by Plato in his later dialogues.

But "The Roots of Reality" contains more than a criticism of modern metaphysical individualism. Mr. Bax has definite conclusions to present, and, for our part, we cordially endorse his modest contention that if they do not actually form the basis of future metaphysics, every future metaphysic will be compelled to take them into account. Socialists with a mind for metaphysics could not possibly do better than entrench themselves within Mr. Bax's citadel.

"The Woman Socialist." By Ethel Snowden. (Labour Ideal Series. George Allen. 1s. net.)

"Towards Woman's Liberty." By Teresa Billington-Greig. (Garden City Press. Letchworth. 4d. net.)

This is the kind of book Sarah Grand might almost have produced in those fiercest moments of hers when Man the Abominable was the protagonist in every volume; only Mrs. Grand had always humour and Mrs. Snowden is, at best, only an unconscious cause of amusement, as when she gravely affirms: "a moment's reflection will probably bring to the mind of the reader an occasion in his own life when he found pleasure in a cruel act. A helpless baby thrashed, an innocent dog beaten, a cat tormented, a horse maimed—we know them all." But to a Socialist there is more cause for indignation that a book purporting to represent the policy of the Independent Labour Party should be informed with so unrelenting an individualistic spirit, and should prefer to devote itself to somewhat old-fashioned diatribes against man instead of making any serious attempt to envisage the conditions of woman's life and labour when wage-slavery is abolished. It is scarcely to be thought that Mrs. Snowden really believes the fact of woman's subjection to man stands alone in the cosmic series of injustices, but the outlook of her book is so restricted as to distort every problem and to rob even unquestionably Socialist proposals—as that the mother's independence must be secured—of half their value by reason of the almost angrily-individualist language in which they are couched: "the mother will be paid so much per child so long as it lives and thrives," for instance. One is at once tempted to ask what happens to the unfortunate mother if her perverse offspring insists on developing tuberculosis? But, indeed, the extravagant tone throughout prompts to gibes. It is better to recognise that wherever the book deals with Woman under Socialism it is hasty and perfunctory: only in that matter which Mrs. Snowden has passionately at heart—the present status of Woman—is it genuinely arresting, passionately convinced.

Mrs. Billington-Greig's book, on the other hand, is just what it professes to be, a statement of the case (admirably put) for the Women's Social and Political Union. She sketches the "awakening of women," in especial during the last fifty years, with much fairness, and has a particularly good paragraph showing how "the trend of legislation into the home has increased a hundredfold the need for women's suffrage."

After trenchantly demolishing the stock arguments against what Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was reduced to calling an "irrefutable case," she gives a telling record of the history in Parliament of the women's suffrage movement; after which (though she is not fair to the adult suffragists) one is only astonished at the moderation of the women who waited so long before making the protest from the House of Commons gallery.

The bitterest opponent of the suffrage movement, or of the methods of the W.S.P.U., could not but feel respect and sympathy for the woman who writes the finely-controlled chapters, "To Prison for the Vote," and "The Woman with the Whip," but at the same time we cannot but feel that she confuses political with economic issues and looks to political changes to effect that industrial and social revolution which Socialists have seen in every country, and which for either sex, could only result from economic changes.

"The Death of Madonna Laura." By Francesco Petrarch. Rendered into English by Agnes Tobin. (William Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.)

Petrarch lived and loved in the first half of the fourteenth century, and the wonder of his love songs has been a tradition for five centuries. Now, for the first time, in Miss Tobin's free translation, we English can catch glimpses of this immortal beauty born of unfulfilled desire. One example will serve to show with what sympathy and ingenuity her work has been done: Sonnet lxxvi:—

The most transparent face, the loveliest eyes
That ever were, and that most glorious hair
To rival which the great sun did not dare;
The laugh and voice that silver-fountain-wise
Took all that heard them by a bright surprise;
The little moon-white feet as soft as air,
And all the body that with tender care
Was once conceived and made in Paradise—
Are the desire of the King of Kings:
And all his winged warriors breathless stand
(A thousand times ten thousand mighty cars
Brought to a sudden standstill, rings on rings)
To see him take a little human hand,
And leave slack-reined His awful steeds, the stars.

"From One Man's Hand to Another." G. H. Breda. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

There are grades of imaginative rank among all writers, and while the "mysteries" of one rank are unintelligible to another, it is possible for any grade to become competent in craftsmanship. G. H. Breda is in touch with the "mysteries" of high imaginative rank, but has not condescended to the meaner arts of observation and translation of everyday happenings into events of artistic importance. There is too much description and paraphrasing of a certain emotional timbre of mind. Nevertheless, the book is good because of its "rank"; meaner arts can be acquired. One chapter describes a passage in the lives of a man and woman by emphasising, in a series of separate and superficially disconnected paragraphs certain typical emotional experiences. The effect is like that of large brush work in a picture; it is very successful, and if G. H. Breda will only accept ordinary life as the medium of expression, "things" will happen.

The Dimensional Idea as an Aid to Religion. By W. F. Tyler. (Fifield. 1s. net.)

Someone has said that "What a wise man thinks about religion, a wise man keeps to himself," and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Tyler would have been wiser to refrain from writing this little book. The application of the idea of a fourth dimension to justify certain religious beliefs is not new; and when it is attempted by a gentleman whose only qualifications for entering the field of metaphysics are an honest intelligence and the best of intentions, the result is not satisfactory, either to the believer or to the sceptic. (Thus to Mr. Tyler the doctrine of "Free Will" is inconceivable, but he advises us to believe in it, nevertheless, because such belief is probably necessary to race survival!) However, the book is attractively written, and will, no doubt, find favour with that section of the public which craves the moral support of definite metaphysical dogma, but cannot swallow it unless it is wrapped up in "scientific" phraseology.

"Every Woman's Own Lawyer." By Gordon C. Whadcoat, Solicitor. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 4d. net.)

At the first glance there seemed little advantage in selecting a few departments of law, and treating them apart on the ground that they have special reference to women. But, on consideration, we think that Mr. Whadcoat has written a book which will help many women to understand their legal position in this male-ridden world. The law on domestic servants, shopping, children, and concerning all the varied troubles of the married state is clearly and usefully described. It is also advisable that a woman should know the ordinary

steps which must be taken in bringing or defending an action in the smaller affairs which are settled in a County Court. Such knowledge may help in many cases towards her assertion of a rightful independence. We regret that the author should have thought fit, in his prejudice, to mention the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill as specially proving the need of women possessing a Parliamentary vote. We prefer to think that there is no subject of Parliamentary discussion on which women have not the fullest right, as citizens, to vote aye or nay.

BOOK NOTES.

Mr. Unwin announces for immediate publication a book on "Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages," by Professor Joseph F. Tunison. In this volume an attempt is made to collect some of the scattered traces of dramatic representations from the triumph of Christianity to the Renaissance. There are chapters on the war between Church and Theatre, on dramatic impulses in religion, on Eastern traditions and Western development, and on the traditions which came by way of ancient and mediæval Italy. The same publisher also announces a novel by William Hay, entitled "Herridge of Reality Swamp," a story of adventure in Australia in the old convict days.

* * *

"Women's Franchise" is the title of a new penny weekly paper devoted to the women's cause which is to be published by Mr. John Edward Francis, of 13, Bream's Buildings, E.C. The important thing about this publication is the fact that it will be the medium for the expression of the views of all the various societies working towards the enfranchisement of women. The promoters of the venture are to be congratulated on having succeeded in securing the enthusiastic co-operation of the various suffrage societies, whose tactics differ, but whose aims lead to the same gaol. We wish the venture every success.

* * *

The members of the Fabian Society who are responsible for the idea of a Fabian Summer School, are to be congratulated on the success of their organisation. The list of lectures provided for the first session, beginning July 27, looks most promising. Of these there are four courses: 1. Great Socialists and their Lives. 2. Present Problems of Social Reconstruction. 3. Elementary Economic History. 4. Miscellaneous. And among the lecturers are such well-known and able people as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sidney Webb, Hubert Bland, Aylmer Maude, B. L. Hutchins, F. Lawson Dodd, and Haden Guest. The school will be held at Pen-yr-allt, Llanbedr, Merioneth, N. Wales, from July 27 to September 14, and is open to members of the Fabian Society and of other Socialist organisations. For terms and particulars write to Mr. J. W. Shaw, Fabian Offices, 3, Clements Inn, Strand, W.C.

* * *

The pamphlet by Mr. H. Croft Hiller, advertised in our columns, should have a good sale. Readers of his volumes on "Heresies" will remember Mr. Hiller for his positively flashing and brilliant pen. The "Saturday Review," we remember, was particularly enamoured, and was in danger for some time of announcing Mr. Hiller as the liveliest living writer.

* * *

A new magazine, "The Colonial Office Journal," has just appeared; and it is to be hoped that a copy will be placed in every library in England. The first number contains digests of the latest official reports, and summaries of Colonial commercial information. Nothing could be better calculated to educate the British public in the real meaning of Imperialism; and we extend our heartiest greetings to the venture, and commend it to our readers.

* * *

Admirers of the works of Bernard Shaw will be glad to know that they will have an opportunity in the autumn of witnessing a stage performance of his "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Special arrangements have just been concluded between Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Vedrenne which will enable the Managers of the Court Theatre to give this fine play at the Savoy Theatre, with Mr. Forbes Robertson in his original part of Cæsar and Miss Gertrude Elliott as Cleopatra, and it is hoped that the company will include several of the artists who were in Mr. Forbes Robertson's original production of the play in America. But, owing to the engagements which Mr. Forbes Robertson has for his provincial tour, it will not be possible to open the Savoy Theatre with this production; it will therefore be given for a limited number of weeks in the latter half of November next. The opening performances at the Savoy as far as the evening bill is concerned will be "You Never Can Tell. As for the Vedrenne-Barker Matinees they will be as hitherto on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, commencing on September 24 next, although the rotation in which the new plays will be given has not been definitely settled yet.

* * *

Mr. Werner Laurie will shortly publish "Sunshine and Sport in Florida and the West Indies," by Mr. F. G. Aflalo. Mr. Aflalo in his new book breaks new ground, forsaking his favourite fishes and birds and turning his attention to his own species. Primarily, of course, the author's interest throughout his trip in Florida, the West Indies, and along the Spanish Main centred in the fish. Yet his lively narrative is not by any means all of fish and fishing, for he takes the reader through the streets of New York; to the White House at Washington, with a brief but interesting audience of the President, in whom he found a kindred spirit; into well-wooded heights in Carolina; from the gay streets of Havana through the heart of Cuba; into cattle stations in Jamaica; and under the personal conduct of the acting Chief Engineer, over the so far completed portion of the Panama Canal. His book is fully illustrated.

* * *

Mr. A. C. Fifield has just issued a pocket edition of Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" at threepence. This amazingly cheap reprint should have a large sale among Ruskin readers, and it will serve as a companion volume to the same publisher's threepenny edition of "Unto This Last."

DRAMA.

The Incubus.

Whatever else Brieux's play may indicate, it does undoubtedly show the enormous superiority of realism over romantic rubbish, from the professional actor's point of view. The chief woman's part, that of the "Incubus," Charlotte, is very unpleasant, so that one appreciates all the more Miss Mabel Hackney's acting that makes us like Charlotte just for the sake of her rather crude humanity. Also it does not matter one bit that the situation in the play is the very stalest of dramatic stuff, because it is so treated as to be interesting by virtue of substituting observation for convention and humanity for melodrama. Nothing, I believe, is less interesting than the relations between a man, a woman, and her lover. That the situation is complicated by the man and woman not being married and by the lover being very deeply in love, of the passionate-romantic type, only adds to the trivialities. This situation is one essentially involving all the littlenesses of men and women, that is if it remains a situation; if it does not, then it is solved in some way or another quite too severe for sentimental dramatic treatment. The real crudity of the sex-relation dramatists have failed to tackle; always excepting Euripides "Hippolytus," which it is possible, however, only ancient philosophers and post-Darwinian, post-Lamarckian scientists can understand. But Brieux gets to work on these very unpleasant trivialities, and makes them so real that one's attention and admiration are alike compelled.

Pierre, the man, has taken unto himself a mistress, Charlotte, in order to escape the responsibilities of marriage. Charlotte has accepted the position in order to escape the probability of starvation. There is only the one bond between them, and they lead a cat and dog life together. Charlotte is stupid, jealous, exacting, exasperating, disturbing, and generally intolerable; Pierre is dull, irritable, inconsiderate, and selfish—in a word, they are a rather usual couple. And out of this most unpromising material Brieux makes a sympathetically human play. The three acts drag one through a really terrible exhibition of objectionable human traits, and yet at the end one finds oneself liking both Charlotte and Pierre, as one would in ordinary life. In the last act Pierre has cut adrift from Charlotte, and she, in

more or less simulated despair, has made a nearly successful effort at drowning; she is rescued, and tries to return. It is here that the delight of Brieux becomes manifest. Left alone, Pierre would probably have sent Charlotte to the devil. But the rescued Charlotte has enlisted all the weight of social sympathy on her side by virtue of her show of feeling, and this weight of emotion crushes all resistance out of Pierre. The final scene after the half-drowned incubus has been brought in, and when the neighbours are all standing round to see what reward the "rescuer" will get is a masterpiece of irony. Pierre, first of all, and with great reluctance, tips the man 20 francs. Both the neighbours and the man denounce the parsimony bitterly. At length Pierre produces notes for 200 francs, saved with great difficulty for a holiday, and sentiment and convention are satisfied. All leave the wretched man who has again sold himself into slavery, and the scene closes by Charlotte giving her automatic aggravating reproof of his unconscious habit, and saying, "Don't sit on the table, dear." The old life has begun again.

I am not sure that I do not rejoice rather unduly in the irony; if so, it is the fault of the other kind of French drama. But I rejoice really because, however unpleasant the characters of both Pierre and Charlotte may be, there can be no doubt of their being quite ordinary people, living in a quite ordinary way. I entirely reject the scrupulously English idea that Brieux wishes to point a special moral by making Pierre and Charlotte not married. The only difference their relationship makes is to accentuate the enslavement of the man and the economic dependence of the woman. That these are unpleasant things I know; that there are more attractive themes for drama I am frequently told, but we've got to have realism before we get reality. Pleasurable romantic sentiment such as is found in the "Scarlet Pimpernel" is, of course, more roseate and prettier than the drab of Brieux. But, Brieux diet is interesting and stimulating, while the "Scarlet Pimpernel" is cloying and satiating. There is no reason why the reality of man should not be as beautiful as the background of mountains and clouds and seas and lakes provided by man. But we still only get it by understanding the realism of Brieux, not by building sugar candy castles à la "Scarlet Pimpernel." It is not Brieux who makes things ugly, but cowardice and sugar candy emotion that prevent things being beautiful. And yet it is astonishing how beautiful even ugly realities can be, seen in the perspective of big relationships. When Charlotte is jealous and exacting, one dislikes her; when she baldly announces she was in need of a purse to buy bread before she took Pierre, one gets her in a big picture. A good deal, of course, depends on the acting; but the actors depend enormously on the dramatist, for unless he creates human beings, human actors cannot understand and interpret them. Mr. Charles V. France as Pierre was so very good that I hesitate to seem captious, but in the last act Pierre ought surely to be a little more wavering. Of the other actors there is less to say. Mr. Charles Garry as Brochot, the lover, was good, and produced the difficult conception very effectively. Brochot is full of high falutin' romantic love for Charlotte. In this Brieux atmosphere he appears, of course, quite absurd. His final dismissal is superb. The other important character is the gentleman from the flat below, who is situated in the same way as Pierre. The scene in which he comes to protest, and, as it dawns on him that Pierre is a victim like himself, stays to sympathise was a great piece of humour excellently acted by Mr. Playfair. Perhaps, on reflection, the play is a little savage, but then we need some savagery to clean all the sugar-candy stuff out of our way.

L. HADEN GUEST.

Music for the People.

Scene: Hyde Park, around the bandstand on a fine evening. The military band has just concluded a selection from Tannhäuser. Loud applause from the crowd in the enclosure; less strenuous applause from those outside the ring. Three men are sauntering round; Dodson, an ardent Radical of the Polytechnic (Regent Street) brand; Smith, a staunch Tory of the "don't you make any mistake" type; Latimer, a non-party man, regarded by his friends as a man of hazy, indeterminate views, and by himself as a man with a singularly fair and open mind.

Dodson: Do you hear that applause? And yet, Smith, you pretend that the people don't care about music. Why, look at the crowd—

Smith: Crowd, of course there's a crowd. Who wouldn't be glad to get away from the noise and dust of the streets into a park as 'ud do credit to any nation? And when there's a tune going on—

Dodson (indignantly): Tune, have you no better word for Wagner than that?

Smith: Yes, I have for most of his stuff—only you'd like it still less.

Dodson: At any rate, you admit they're attracted by the band?

Smith: Oh, they like a good noise—but I do not think they care a hang about what's being played as long as they've plenty of brass and drum. Above all, they like a place where they can come with their wives, sweethearts, and pals—and slack a bit.

Dodson (impressively): I tell you they're beginning to realise the refining effect of good music. You can't pooh pooh away that applause. These bands are exercising a splendid educational effect on the people, and if they only kept to the better class music—what do you say, Latimer?

Latimer: I don't know that I'm enamoured of your "educational" label. But in so far as they make for clean, honest, sane relaxation, as they do, I'm for them.

Dodson: Now, look at that party in front of us sitting down. Quiet, intelligent, respectable-looking young women. Did you see how they enjoyed Tannhäuser?

Smith: They enjoyed the bang and the blare as quiet-looking girls usually do. You watch 'em when the "Blue Moon" is played. They like that just as well—and probably better—because it's livelier.

Dodson: Very well, we'll watch them.

Latimer: But why on earth shouldn't they like the "Blue Moon" as well? Is it a crime to like light music?

Smith: Dodson thinks it's a sign of moral degeneracy.

Dodson: It's impossible to dissociate those things from the vulgar story and imbecile lyrics.

Smith: That's the worst of you Radicals. You profess to be so fond of the People, and you show it by preaching at 'em everlastingly to keep 'em in an unnatural state of moral tip-toe. A good musical comedy does no one any harm, and is a capital remedy for worry after a heavy day in the City.

Dodson: Do you mean to say that the Gaiety and the other places where this twaddle is performed exert an educational influence?

Smith: Oh, confound your mutual improvings—I say there's no harm in a good, honest laugh.

Dodson: I can't laugh at those things.

Smith: No, you're always morbidly hankering after Extension lectures—and something instructive.

Dodson: I certainly hold that even an amusement shall have some educational effect.

Smith: I suppose you never take jam without putting a powder in it?

Dodson (ignoring interruption): Some educational effect, I say. It either elevates or degrades.

Smith: Elevates! Always talking about elevating! Pity you weren't born a steam crane!

Latimer (diplomatically): That's Handel's "Largo," isn't it, they're playing?

Dodson: Yes, a lovely thing. And see that young servant girl and her sweetheart on our left. They seem

quite wrapt up in it. Not talking a word. Depend upon it, Handel is speaking to them, though they mightn't be able to express his message in so many words.

The Sweetheart (aggrieved): 'Ello, Lizer. Got the 'ump. Yer've been as quiet as a mouse for the last five minutes!

Liza: Hev I? Sorry (places a comparatively small foot on his stalwart number nines as a mark of confidence). It's that old tooth of mine a-nagging.

Sweetheart (relieved): Oh, that's all, is it! I was afraid you was worrying over that row with the missus. But this 'ere tune is enough to give a cat fits. (Consults programme.) Handel's *Lager*—just thought it was precious mild, eh? P'haps 'is bottled stuff has more fizz and go in it. (Laughs loudly.)

Liza (vaguely, but admiringly): You are a one.

Dodson (angrily): And it's a good thing he is only one and not half a dozen. What right has he to spoil other people's pleasure with his inanities?

Smith (with a chuckle): Well, what did you expect from the lower classes?

Dodson (coldly): It's absurd to generalise from a lout like that. And I think that phrase "lower class" is most objectionable.

Smith (facetiously): "Smart set," then, if you prefer it.

A Severe-Looking Woman (to her husband): I wish you'd sit still, John, and not hum. I want Freddy to listen to this. You know he has just learned to play it on his violin!

Dodson (triumphantly): You see!

Latimer (under his breath): Yes, thank goodness we don't hear.

Smith (jocosely): It's absurd to generalise from a noodle like that.

(The piece concludes amidst great applause. The group of girls before referred to are particularly enthusiastic.)

Dodson: Well, Mr. Cynic, what about those girls—they appreciate it. Are they also noodles? Intelligent young women—I say!

Smith: I believe that another classic, "The Blue Moon," is down next on the programme. We'll stroll round near to them, and I'm sure their comments will be illuminating.

(They do so. "The Blue Moon" is received with the same cheerful indiscriminate enthusiasm. As it dies away, one of the young women referred to speaks to the others.)

One of the Intelligent Young Women: That's very light and pretty, isn't it—such a lot of change in it. I do like change. Of course (oracularly), Rubens isn't a Handel or a Wagner, but (with a certain guilty embarrassment) he—he keeps your feet going all the time.

Dodson (sententiously): Ah! how they hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt!

Another I.Y.W. (who has evidently enjoyed the selection immensely): Extremely catchy—(hypocritically)—but of course that superficial kind of music tries one very quickly.

A Third I.Y.W.: But wasn't Passmore lovely in that Crocodile song. I could have heard it all night.

Dodson (with pained expression): Come away. I'll never judge by looks again.

Smith (looking self-satisfied): What did I tell you? Now, old chap, I know you'll drop that educational bunkum.

Dodson: At any rate, they knew what they ought to like.

ARTHUR RICKETT.

ART.

The Younger Craftsmen.

At some time in the distant future, when the present plague of commercialism and ugliness is finally banished from life, we imagine that exhibitions will disappear also. At the best they are necesary evils. They are attempts at bridging over a gulf which has no right to exist. Unfortunately, however, they fail to effect the desired result. A candlestick, a picture, or a piece of

furniture can be placed in an exhibition, but a modelled plaster ceiling, a stained-glass window, or a wrought-iron screen may not. The consequence is that exhibitions are never representative of the art of the day. It is one of the peculiar things of modern art that most progress has been made just in those things which are not adapted for exhibition. The Junior Art Workers' Guild Exhibition, now being held in Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, shares this defect of all craft exhibitions; nevertheless it is a highly creditable performance; and Socialists who imagine that the Arts and Crafts has lost its vitality would do well to pay this exhibition a visit.

Considering the exhibition in detail, it is to be regretted that such representative craftsmen of the younger generation as Joseph Armitage, H. W. Palliser, and the brothers Silver are not represented. Of the crafts exhibited, the jewellers and silversmiths may fairly claim to take the first place. Their exhibits are all of first-class design and workmanship. Messrs. J. H. N. Bonner, W. S. Hadaway, H. B. Cunningham, J. A. Hodel, and E. Spencer deserve special mention. The last-named is also represented by several delightful candelabra, lamps, and other metal work, each piece of which is as good as anything that is produced at the present day. The bookbindings of Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe and of Alfred de Sauty are excellent alike in design and workmanship. Some fabrics by Alfred H. Dennis are very creditable. A semi-circular wash-stand by Ambrose Heal is an admirable example of the more utilitarian side of craftsmanship. A dressing-table by Geo. Ll. Morris is worthy of mention, though the colour is not exactly satisfactory. Photographs and drawings of buildings by Messrs. Milne, Fyfe, and Stanton are among other very pleasing items; special mention should be made of a very successful pair of cottages by Oswald P. Milne.

In the more pictorial part of the exhibition we find the painters fully justify their craft. The miniatures by Messrs. Dudley and Lionel Heath are excellent. Messrs. Leonard Walker, Stacey Aumonier, and Frank Carter show works in oil and water colour admirable and individual in treatment. "Night," by Dudley Heath, "Winchelsea," by Stacey Aumonier, "A Fantasy," by Frank Carter, "The Fan," by Leonard Walker, are all skilful and pleasing essays in colour, and decorate the wall to real purpose. The etchings by Luke Taylor uphold the finest traditions of the needle, and are amongst the best things in the exhibition. 'Pastoral' is a poetic theme, showing a fine sense of composition in light and shade. Laurence Davis' etchings of Italian subjects are also excellent. On the whole, perhaps, the sculpture is the weakest part of the exhibition, though exception should be made of "Valkyrie," an excellent bas-relief by Richard Garbe, and some beautiful statuettes in bronze by Mervyn Lawrence. Some designs for fountains and monuments are unsatisfactory from an architectural point of view. Why sculptors will persist in spoiling their best work by their amateur architecture is difficult to understand, especially in the exhibitions of a Society whose aim is a reunion of the crafts. The Guild is to be congratulated on the exhibition, which is very pleasingly arranged, and is not too large to bore the distracted visitor. A. J. PENTY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

METHODS OF CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Sirs,—Will you allow me to reply briefly to Mr. Wells's criticism of my controversial methods?

Mr. Wells's first complaint is that I "do not so much discuss this proposed new Socialist party as seek to ascribe wanton inconsistency" to him. This is a mere question of fact, which I can safely leave to readers of my article. I will only say that my article contained 226 lines, of which 43 (less than one-fifth) referred to the "wanton inconsistency" of which Mr. Wells writes. The next 46 lines are in answer to some of Mr. Wells's arguments against a Socialist Party. The remaining 137 lines (nearly two-thirds of the article) have no reference to Mr. Wells at all, but argue quite impersonally the case for a Socialist Party.

Mr. Wells further says that I have put together "clipped quotations" from his articles and tracts. Now, generous as I know the editors of THE NEW AGE to be, I do not think they would have permitted me to quote either the whole of Mr. Wells's article, which had appeared a week before, or the whole of "This Misery of Boots." But, if Mr. Wells means that I left out any qualification which would have put a different colour on his words I challenge him to prove it. The pretence that the difference between the two passages is one of tone is one that will not hold water for a moment. It is a direct contradiction of doctrine. In his tract, Mr. Wells tells the new converts to Socialism, not merely that they must call themselves Socialists, but that they "must refuse to be called Liberal or Conservative." In his article he says that they "deny very properly that Socialism supersedes" their Liberalism or Conservatism. If this is not a flat contradiction, what is?

I must apologise to Mr. Wells for having misunderstood "In the Days of the Comet." When I read it, I took it to be a sociological allegory, containing, not indeed Mr. Wells's programme for the next election, but his vision of how much nobler and happier the world might be if men would only manage their affairs sensibly and humanely. Mr. Wells nows tells me that it is a mere fairy tale without any sociological meaning or value; and, of course, I am bound to accept his statement. I regret a misunderstanding on my part, which yet was not, I think, unflattering to him.

Lastly, Mr. Wells tells us that, though he is against Socialists entering politics as a party, he is in favour of Socialist legislation. This can only mean that Socialism can be established by men who are not Socialists, the very position assailed in "This Misery of Boots." Does not this justify me in saying that Mr. Wells has gone over to the "permeators"?

CECIL CHESTERTON.

* * *

UNDERSHAFTISM.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Perhaps some of your readers do not share the enthusiasm of your reviewer over "John Bull's Other Island, etc." The discovery that poverty is an evil is one which the average human intelligence is capable of making unaided. But the insistence on the primary importance of accumulating a great deal of money is odd in the mouth of a Socialist who works for a state of society in which great accumulations in the hands of individuals will be impossible. We have learned from our teachers, Mr. Shaw among others, that human greed is responsible for most of our present evils; but here it is back again as a benignant influence.

Andrew Undershaft is, of course, the hero of Major Barbara. I thought when I saw the play that he was a creation from without; but it appears from the preface that Mr. Shaw has put his own opinions into his mouth. Now Undershaft does not differ from other millionaires, except in being more fruitful than they of precepts and theories. He is not at all apologetic about himself and would regard Socialist doctrines in general with good-humoured contempt. He is a very engaging person, and is now presented as a model for earnest young men. In these circumstances why work to abolish him?

WALTER HOGG.

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