H. G. WELLS: EARLY VICTORIAN POLITICIAN.

THE

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHAT the Public wants and what the Public needs are, or may be, two entirely different questions. Again, what the Public will stand and what the Public will not stand in matters relating to its own interest are areas difficult as contiguous Empires to delimit. Both, however, must be taken into account by a Chancellor who professes Statesmanship. Anybody can talk of extracting taxes, and we agree that extracting taxes is necessary; but the operation must be as painless as painless dentistry, and as demonstrably beneficent. It should not be impossible to show in the long run that such and such taxes are positively good for a nation: and if the nation has any sense, that is, is not decadent, it will accept the same with no more than an acquiescent grumble. But such barbarian dentistry as certain of our fellow Socialists profess themselves anxious to practise we neither commend as Socialists nor admire as examples of political instinct. Hence, we repeat that on the whole we should not have expected a much better Budget from a Socialist Chancellor in his first (which was not to be also his last) year of office.

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On Monday began the series of resolutions required to enable Mr. Lloyd George to bring in his Finance Bill. We see that several unsophisticated writers assumed that the Budget itself was under discussion. Half the House of Commons, we imagine, were under the same illusion. On the subjects of Beer and Land, for example, all the experts, omniscient and nescient, turned up as if the fate of planets were to be settled. On the subject of Beer no Socialist who is not a little entêté has much to say. True, as a symbol, it is of enormous significance, and on its use or abuse by the State the stability of a State will depend. But there is no immediate need for spiritual distress. Beer, in spite of everything, is doing very well at present; and brewers, we are sure, who are making from 10s. to 14s. a barrel profit, will not seriously object to an additional duty of 3d. on every 40 gallons. We see that the Brewers' Society entered into a solemn league and covenant to put up the price of beer if the increased licences were passed. They might as well try to put up the price of beer because their wives want new dresses. The price of beer does not depend upon brewers alone. Nor can they dictate to their customers with impunity. Any public house where the price is increased will find itself boycotted. In fact, your beer need not cost you more.

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Several speakers, including Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, having won tin spurs as Chancellor years ago, now pricks his steed into the fray as by right, endeavoured to make a separate question of high licences on liquor manufacturers. We should be inclined to agree with them. A duty and a licence are not one and the same thing; and no common principle binds them. A duty, as its name implies, contains as a rule a moral element. It represents the State divided in mind whether to regard a tax as robbery or as punishment. A licence is on another latitude: it is frankly cash for cash. Nothing, in short, is more approximate to justice than the demand of the State for high licences in return for solid monopolies. In the case of drink, the value of the monopolies undoubtedly increases with every reduction of the number of public houses. In the twenty years ending 1908, the number of public houses in the United Kingdom dropped from 96,700 to 89,493; a fall of something like 3 to 2 per 1,000 of the population. This could only have resulted in increasing the value of the remaining public houses, since the aggregate value of the drink drunk continued at the same time to increase likewise. The monopolies, granted by the State in return for a small licence which has remained undisturbed since 1880, are therefore not only valuable but increasingly valuable. One can imagine the future single public house lording it over a whole district, and finally sending its fortunate owner to the House of Beers. We repeat that high licences are not politics but business. A Government that failed to impose them would deserve to be superseded by a Northcliffe Cabinet.

The discussion of Land Values did not at any time touch terra firma. Mr. Dundas White, Mr. Wedgewood, and Mr. Keir Hardie, on the one side, and Mr. Harold Cox, almost alone on the other side, muddied the waters in laudable endeavour to convince themselves. For this confusion we have to thank not, of course, the gentlemen named, who, after all, cannot be expected to be more lucid than the intelligent public, but such incorrigible fanatics on the one hand as the absurd Single-taxers and Land Nationalisers, and, on the other hand, professors of economics who for the most part have left the subject in its native obscurity. Mr. J. A. Hobson, we are glad to see, has, in his new and valuable work, "The Industrial System," repaired the defects of existing economics by a contribution of the first importance to the question of land and its taxation; and there will hereafter be no excuse for the stupidity of the intelligent on the subject. The fact is that in our zeal for reform we have not, as a rule, troubled to understand to their roots the nature of the factors in our reform. It has been roughly assumed that all rent is robbery and all interest extortion: and there is sufficient truth in these assumptions to justify legislators in going a long way. But obviously the principle involved is far from clear; and before proceeding to the hinterland of Socialist practice, we shall be wise to understand the best views on the subject.

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However, there is no danger of finding ourselves touching the quick of legitimate industry by a tax of a halfpenny in the £1 on the capital value of land. True, it is a tax on property as such, and not upon income. Hence it may be regarded as in part a revenue tax, but also in part a kind of spur to idle or avaricious landlords: and it is this latter service that, we imagine, "land reformers" have most in mind. They desire to drive the idle acres to market like sheep; and we by no means object, on condition that municipalities or the State are prepared to buy. If, however, the marketed acres are left to be purchased by private persons or corporations, getting butter out of a dog's mouth will be nothing to the task of the future Socialist Government in resuming possession of the lost acres. Of the ten million acres of commons filched by private individuals during less than a century, not one acre has been returned. It would be a sad consequence of the first step in Land Values if the hold of a few wealthy persons on the soil of England were strengthened instead of weakened: and this may very well happen unless Socialist legislation accompanies Socialist finance.

* * *

The 20 per cent. tax on future Increment is of a different character from the tax on Land Values. It is properly a deferred Income tax: and is based on the recently familiar doctrine that Society as a whole is one of the factors in the production of value. This doctrine, strangely enough, is almost as new to the average Socialist as it is to the average Conservative. In consequence, acute opponents are apt to find themselves cocks of the walk in Socialist circles of discussion. So long as labour is regarded as the sole factor in the creation of wealth, so long will the issues remain obscure; and we commend the remark to the blue blood Marxists. Two difficulties arise, however, in regard to the new doctrine. If Society produces the increment of value in land, does not Society also produce the increment of value in lots of other things? Again, if the State, on behalf of Society, is justified in taking a share of the increased value, is not the State morally bound to share in the decreased value or unearned decrement also The first question illustrates the difficulty of separating land from capital in general: a difficulty which no Socialist feels, since he has long ago declared the distinction impossible. It undoubtedly remains, however, for Liberal economists who still endeavour to support capitalism while destroying land monopoly. The truth is that Mr. Balfour is quite right on abstract grounds in resenting the tax on unearned increment on land: to be quite just, a similar tax should be imposed on all surplus values, whether of land capital or even labour. The only defence for Mr. Lloyd George is expediency: public opinion will allow him to tax the increment on land, but not yet the increment on capital. As to whether the State should not share decrement as well as increment, "Times" correspondents have been voluble. Really, however, they have no grievance. Society in the one case merely takes its share of a value it has produced. In the case of decrement, Society has produced nothing, and consequently takes nothing: though something may be said for establishing a sliding scale for the mean value over a period of years. We are still, of opinion, by the way, that 20 per cent. is too little. At least 50 per cent. of unearned increment should have been allotted to the State in the present Budget.

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Having somewhat recovered their breath, the plutocrats and privileged generally are now beginning to band together for the defeat of the Budget. We imagine that the "Times" leader, written after two days' reflection, and stating that Mr. Lloyd George had "laid broad and deep the basis of future taxation," will prove a thorn in the side even of the bankers whose singularly modest effusion appeared in the "Times" on Saturday. After all, there is no denying that, despite the optimistic forebodings of the Tariff Reformers, Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded not only in covering his deficit, but in providing such a series of prospective surpluses as may well make Social Reformers' mouths water. That he has done so without inducing an immediate stampede of capital to that island of faery whither all capital from all countries threatens continually to emigrate is something; but that he has done so to the first fine careless approval of the "Times" is extraordinary. The bankers, we imagine, have nothing solid to complain of. We wish they had more.

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All the same, they can make a considerable fuss; and it behoves everybody who realises the value of a Budget of thin wedge-ends to become articulate and emphatic in its defence. We are still at a loss to understand the attitude of certain Socialist politicians. Surely, if a Liberal Chancellor is willing to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for us, we need not complain. Two things are clear: First, that Mr. Lloyd George has adopted several of our Socialist taxing suggestions, and, secondly, that he will probably have substantial surpluses in succeeding years for social reform. Is it not our double business, therefore, firstly, to press home the taxation already begun for us, and, secondly, to prepare our plans for spending the coming surpluses?

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The House declared by a majority of 150 in favour of the principle of Payment of Members, the Government leaving its supporters full discretion. This they were very well able to do, since such resolutions, though they be unanimous (and two years ago a similar motion was unanimously carried), they are no more than pious opinions. In most countries of the world the principle has long been in practice: and in this country it is not the cost, a mere fleabite, that stands in the way. Mr. Belloc put his finger on the real objection, namely, that the payment of members would restore the private member his independence of the Government. As it is, every ambitious member becomes a party hack for the sake of the loaves and fishes at the disposal of the Government. If he should prove rebellious, only ample private means can save his seat. A poor member of Parliament must be loyal. Mr. Henderson supported the resolution: and we are sorry that Mr. Lloyd George has not taken our hint to do the same. We again warn him that most of his best supporters will prove too poor when not too honest to ground-bait a constituency, to pay their own election expenses, and to serve in Parliament for nothing.

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We sincerely hope that Mr. Thorne will follow up his question to the President of the Board of Agriculture

on the subject of the abominable traffic in dying horses carried on between England and Antwerp. Sir E. Strachey must either have been shamefully ignorant or cynically careless in his reply, since practically he denied that there was any cruelty, or could be, in the presence of officials here and officials there. The facts, of course, are well known to anybody who likes to take a trip on one of the passenger and horse boats. We remember ourselves seeing at least three horses lying nearly dead with kicks and starvation amongst a dozen or so others in the stern of a passenger vessel: and this was long after the Exportation of Horses Order was supposed to be in operation. The sickening spectacles still to be witnessed convict the English of being as shabby in their treatment of old and faithful horses as of old and faithful labourers. No nation whose soul was not for the most part in its belly, when it was not in its pocket, would be guilty of such mean treachery. At it again, Mr. Thorne in their side, and again and again.

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The Committee for the formation of the National Theatre have, as our readers know, already issued an appeal for an endowment fund sufficient to place the Theatre, when formed, beyond the need to sacrifice art to profits. A powerful letter from Mr. G. Bernard Shaw in support of the appeal appeared in the "Times" of May 10. We make the following extract:

When I contemplate the really ghastly waste of private and public money by millionaires, and even thousandaires, who, in the name of charity and education, pauperise their country by thoughtless almsgiving and demoralise it by indiscriminate book distribution, I ask myself what crimes these people have committed that they confine their conscience money so timidly to institutions that are recommended by the clergy. Why will they build an uncommercial cathedral to accommodate 50 churchgoers, when 500,000 playgoers are left without an uncommercial theatre? The theatre is literally making the minds of our urban populations to-day. It is a huge factory of sentiment, of character, of points of honour, of conceptions of conduct, of everything that finally determines the destiny of a nation. And yet it is openly said that the theatre is only a place of amusement. It is nothing of the kind; a theatre is a place of culture, a place where people learn how to think, act, and feel; more important than all the schools in Christendom. A healthy Englishman amuses himself in the field and in the society of his friends; the theatre can offer nothing in the way of amusement to compete with these except vice; and at that it can easily be beaten by places that are not theatres. Would any sane man call the National Gallery or the British Museum a place of amusement? It is true that these institutions are commercial failures, just as Westminster Abbey is a commercial failure. And I sincerely hope that the National Theatre will be an equally conspicuous and equally priceless commercial failure. It is with that view, in fact, that we are asking for an endowment of half a million for it. Who speaks first?

The French Strikes.

By W. L. George.

(Author of "France in the Twentieth Century.")

WHEN this article comes before the readers of THE NEW AGE, the strike will probably be over, if we accept the fact that it seriously began. Should it be still in progress, it cannot be expected to endure, and this for a number of reasons.

In the first place, French trade unionism is a weak instrument. I do not suggest that the rebellious spirit of Socialism is born in the committee rooms of trade unions; far from it. It is true, on the other hand, that important strikes cannot nowadays be carried through any medium other than the trade unions. Socialism can supply enthusiasm, but it cannot give strike pay. The French trade unions number about 950,000 members, of whom 300,000 reside in or near Paris; the industrial towns of northern and central France account for about as many. Thus, the French trade unions, corrected to population, are unimportant by the side of the British organisations, with their 2,000,000 members and large cash reserves. The post office strikers cannot, therefore, hope for the support of other trades. Not only are these trades ill-organised, but it is not at all certain that they would strike at the word of command. The unions have no local influence, so that all they could do would be to interfere with everyday life in the large towns.

The post office strikers must face the State unaided. Out of the 6,000 persons employed in Paris, no more than 1,000 seem to have struck. That is a fiasco. It is certain that, if the strike were general, the Government would surrender, for it only commands a railway regiment (say 2,000 men) and four companies of telegraphists (500 men). As regards the engineers, in connection with whom I served a term in the French army, I can vouch for the fact that they are almost useless for telegraph work. The employees, however, have not responded to the appeal of the Confédération Générale du Travail, and it behoves us to inquire the reason why the strike has failed and why it was ordered.

The strike has failed and was ordered for psychological reasons. It has failed because the post office employees are divided among themselves. By far the greater number are merely agitating for the removal of M. Simyan. The secretary has apparently made himself obnoxious, but his removal is a very unimportant matter; his successor is not likely to be appreciably better or worse. Thus a number of the French strikers have been carried away by personal animosity.

The other section has been existent for some years, and is imbued with far higher aims. It numbers all those who take broad views, and who consider that the time has come to decide whether Government employees may or may not combine. A case has been made against this right just as a case was made against the trade unions for free labourers; in a few years, when the State servants will have attained their object, the question will not be worth discussing. At present, however, M. Clémenceau and his ministry are coping with the strikes by dismissals: at least 300 employees have already been discharged.

The morale of the men is, therefore, affected by two causes: divergence of aims and dismissals. The latter is the more serious, for it must not be forgotten that, with his billet, the Government servant forfeits his pension; such portions of it as may have been constituted by deductions from his salary will probably be irrecoverable at law. As the French Government can rely upon a minimum majority on this question of about 400 in a house of 591, it is not likely to yield. Its position is absolutely secure, unless there be bloodshed.

It was quite obvious from the beginning that the strike must fail. Are we to conclude that the Confédération Générale du Travail had not the wit to see it, or are we to look for an indication of a policy? The first suggestion is ridiculous, when we consider what qualities of organisation and statesmanship M. Pataud and his committee have displayed. They know better than M. Clémenceau himself that the unions are poor and badly disciplined, the civil servants unorganised and timid. They have, however, made up their minds that the strike is not only a weapon intended to redress specific wrongs: they consider that it is a fighting machine, which the workers must be taught to use. As soon as we grasp this fact, we understand the situation. The Frenchman is, as a man, quick, impulsive, easily influenced, but individualistic and disinclined to combine; his inferiority in games requiring mutual support (such as football, rowing, etc.) is evidence of this. Thus, he must learn discipline, obedience, and solidarity. He can only acquire these characteristics if his imagination is stirred, his feelings touched. The strike, as a means of propaganda, has in it the histrionic element that it necessary to move him.

It therefore comes to this: the strikes are an experiment, a test of strength. M. Pataud and his friends are content to be beaten exactly in the same spirit as a Liberal or a Socialist when he attacks a Tory seat. When they have attained their primary object, and when trade after trade has been taught to throw down its tools at the word of command, the Confédération will be able to proclaim the general strike by means of which they hope to achieve the social revolution.

H. G. Wells—Early Victorian Politician.

THERE was, I understand, a wise man who said that the end of all knowledge was careful classification. Once we have got everything comfortably sorted out into its proper cupboard, or bookshelf, or asylum, then there will be nothing to do except sit down and wait. So that after Mr. Wells's letter to a contemporary last week, the Socialist movement in England is not far from completion, for he has classified English Socialists, once and for all. The letter in question is the most romantic account of the Socialist movement that has yet reached the stable condition of printer's ink. Except two of the leaders referred to, I probably know the men he writes about six times as intimately as Mr. Wells knows them; and I call his account romantic because he writes of them exactly as I think of them when I've had a happy evening and have gone to bed with vine leaves round my head and all kind of phantoms of the imagination have sung me to sleep. And at the supreme moment of my supremest dream, on such a night as that, the leaders of English Socialism appear to me, point for point, as they appear to Mr. Wells when he sits down to construct them out of his daylight imagination.

The first part of this momentous letter of imaginative research has a quaint, ecclesiastical touch. There is something of the solemnity of a stately Credo. "For my own part, I have no hesitation in saying that my confidence is wholly with Keir Hardie, Snowden, and Ramsay MacDonald. There are no men fit to replace them in the party. They and their associates stand for all that is sane and practicable and hopeful in Socialist politics." There is a beautiful simplicity that reminds one of the early Christians in the sweet truthfulness of a faith like that. No beating about the bush by giving reasons for the glowing in your heart; just a firm, steadfast, "I believe." How I envy the man who can place his hand on his leader's coat tails and be led quietly to Utopia as H. G. Wells goes to his land of Promise. It's not the attitude one would have expected from a man of critical science, but it is so very restful and clears things up.

For let me explain. Mr. Wells in this letter wishes to put the Socialist movement on a basis of clear classification. Up to now, we've been floating about, for example, as strings of promiscuous seaweed; loitering about in all kinds of by-pools where respectable seaweeds have really no right to be. Now Mr. Wells has chipped and analysed all the rocks, and sorted out the seaweed, and, henceforth and for ever, the Socialists of England are all allotted to their proper places and gummed to their own little rocks. As we have seen, there's the big rock in the middle, to which all "the sane and practicable and hopeful" elements have already attached themselves with limpet-like affection. That is the Credo part of the classification.

Then beyond, in varied degrees of ridiculous and superficial error and disbelief, are all the utterly damned. There is something pontifical in the thunders of H. G. W.'s damnations. "I don't believe in Grayson . . . . Blatchford has never been one of my idols . . . Hyndman and Quelch, too, I don't believe in . . . . Shaw, again, is in matters political as in matters educational, a perverse eccentric." In short, half of those whom we have been vainly imagining to be the leaders of our Socialism are consigned to fire and brimstone in the twinkling of the eye. There are few more reasons given for Mr. Wells' curses than for his psalms. He certainly does say that he objects to Grayson because he has "all the levity of youth added to an instability that will last a life-time." But, after all, youth is not in itself a permanent vice. Mr. Wells adds he "wouldn't lend him a horse." I can assure Mr. Wells that Grayson wouldn't think of accepting an offer of a horse out of such a political training stable as his. It would probably lie down and roll on its rider; or else it would bolt to the dear Liberal enemy whose praise H. G. W. is never tired of singing.

Now what is the real meaning of this extraordinary bubbling of criticism on the part of Mr. H. G. Wells. What manner of right has he thus to classify the whole Socialist movement into the sheep he believes in, and the goats he regards as altogether loathsome animals? Since he claims the right of saying, quite freely, what he thinks of other people, he will be the last to object to others saying rather precisely what they think of him. And the first thing anyone of judgment will say of Mr. Wells is that he is certainly a person of importance in the Socialist movement. His "Tono-Bungay" is sufficient proof that his delicate touch can pack more subtle Socialist germs, ready for future infection, into his romances than any other first-class literary man of to-day. He is, in other words, a great force in Socialist propaganda. He is converting the middle classes to Socialism more quickly than any other of our agents.

But, I am sure, he will be the first to agree that every man must keep to his own province. And there is one part of Socialism of which Wells knows nothing whatever; about as little as he knows of the political Socialist leaders of whom he writes with such glib confidence. He lives in a land of abstract thought, where they grow Utopias and other equally useful Socialistical floral displays; and plant them out in rows, and sit round in meditative shade to admire the carpet bedding. In the realms of philosophical Socialism H. G. Wells is a landscape gardener of the greatest genius. When he ventures into the rough and tumble world of political strife he is the veriest child; continually in danger of being run over by the first callous motor man who comes hooting along the road.

Wells still thinks that the Socialist political movement is where it was somewhere about 1832 and the great Reform Bill. He ignores with a sweep of annihilating arm-wave of utter contempt, all that has been accomplished by Marx, Lassalle, Bebel, Jaurès, Vandervelde, and Hyndman. He is preposterously unconscious that these men have cut Socialism free of the trammels of the old Tory and Radical parties, and have set it on its feet as an independent creed with a free political life of its own. Before, it had lived a kind of nibbling existence on the scraps and leavings of the other great parties; Socialist reform was just the fragments that could be picked up after the feast. The Socialist politician was the man who slunk along the gutter on the look out for the thrown away cigar ends.

Mr. H. G. Wells still believes in the methods of political beggary concealed by the somewhat artful term "permeation." He is a permeator as against the men of independence. As a novelist he firmly believes that there is plenty of warm love of humanity in the heart of the most abandoned capitalist politician. He is probably quite right. He thinks his friend Mr. Winston Churchill is a slave to his desire to do away with poverty. I also believe in the eternal springs of goodness in all hearts. I suspect the Huns of raiding Europe on a philanthropic mission. I am convinced that this present Liberal Government has equally kindly objects in view. Nevertheless, in the practical world I find it necessary to place a limit to this philosophical toleration. When I find myself in a dark lane with a highwayman thoughtfully investigating the private recesses of my skull with a leaded stick, much though I love his eternal elements of good, I insist on doing my utmost to be the man on top; and the only method of permeation which will meet the case, is to get a knife between his ribs as hastily as possible.

With Socialism in the midst of a life and death struggle for existence against the forces of despotic capitalism, whether Liberal or Tory, H. G. Wells still believes that gentle philosophical language is all that is necessary to pull us through. He thinks that Hardie and Snowden and MacDonald stand for this method, so he throws himself at their feet, in universal adoration.

"I speak for all common-place, sensible men when I declare that the alternative in Socialist politics to loyalty to the old I.L.P. group is simply no Socialist politics at all." Which would, perhaps, be unanswerable, if it did not ignore the whole history of Socialist polities. But, apparently Mr. Wells has not given that history a moment's thought. It contradicts every political belief to which he clings. G. R. S. TAYLOR.

Lord Curzon on University Reform.*

THERE are four estates of the Realm :—

(1) The upper classes proper, comprising Lord Curzon ;

(2) "The so-called upper classes," or "wealthy pass men," comprising "the future country squire or nobleman, or banker, or member of Parliament, or even the Guardsman."

(3) "The respectable professional middle classes," comprising "the tradesman, the farmer, the teacher in primary and secondary schools, the poor clergyman, . . . the solicitor, lawyer, land agent, doctor, etc."

(4) "The industrial or wage-earning or artisan class, popularly known as the working man."

It would ill become us to make further allusion to the relation of the first of these estates towards University Reform, and concerning the second we shall be brief. Lord Curzon regards the Universities as performing a great public service, inasmuch as they keep the sons of this idle rich class out of mischief. "They are better situated under a relatively strict discipline at Oxford than if they were let loose upon the world. Indeed, we have only to look to foreign countries, where the sons of the richer classes are in too many cases leading lives of irresponsible frivolity or dissipation, but where many an envious eye is cast upon the system that is here so frequently assailed, to realise that we have a mechanism for training the well-to-do to a sense of responsibility and a capacity for public affairs which it would be the height of folly to throw away." Agreeing that these rich young men who have been to these Universities are ever afterwards models of propriety and virtue, so unlike the naughty little Germans and Americans, we are not a little taken aback by this definite claim for the preservation of our Universities as Universities for the sons of the idle rich class, whither they are to be sent to prevent them falling into worse mischief. Passing over the danger of the weakening of the sense of parental responsibility that such a course must entail, we are arrested by the view that the old Universities possess a mechanism for training these rich youths for public affairs. Here is, perhaps, a cause of our woes. A mechanism : something unchanging which persists in regarding public affairs as quite especially their own affair. An University is, then, primarily an Institute where the idle rich young men are mechanically grounded to regard the welfare of the nation and their continued control of the nation's destinies as inseparably linked.

Clearly it next becomes the business of the Universities to fodder the requisite milch cows whence these young patricians may draw their sustenance ; chiefly, Lord Curzon reminds us, "the pupil who comes to Oxford from the superior secondary schools and grammar schools, *organised on public school lines*" (italics ours). As he says, "it is important that we should retain our hold upon them." . . . . "A worse disaster could hardly befall English education than that the seven new Provincial Universities should become the exclusive resort of the poor and unpolished man, and that Oxford and Cambridge should be reserved for the rich and cultured." We do so like Lord Curzon's associations—poor and unpolished ; rich and cultured.

However, we scarcely share Lord Curzon's apprehensions that anything will drive away "the respectable middle classes" from the old Universities so long as these remain the haunt of the "rich and cultured" or "so-called upper classes," and so we may pass over his schemes for enticing the best brains of the "respectable middle classes" to the Universities ; schemes designed to avoid the disaster to English education that would ensue were these brains placed at the disposal of the English people, and not sold to the "so-called upper classes," who are, of course, the highest bidders.

It is with more interest that we approach Lord Curzon's dealings with the needs of the working classes.

"Of all the criticisms passed upon modern Oxford, none can compare in the earnestness, amounting often to vehemence, with which it is urged, or in the interest which it excites, than the complaint that neither the education, the endowments, nor the social advantages of the University are sufficiently open to the man of humble means," says Lord Curzon. He is quite convinced that Oxford must show her readiness to do something for the working classes, because these are commencing to show their teeth, or, as he euphemistically puts it : "It is clear that for the first time since their appearance as a political force, and largely in consequence of it, many of the working classes of this country are looking with eager eyes to Oxford to assist them in the task of preparation for their new and arduous responsibilities." That is very pretty, but on the whole we prefer the straightforward language of the resolutions passed again and again at Trades Union Congresses :—

> A national system of education under full popular control, free and secular, from the primary school to the university.
>
> The cost of education shall be met by grants from the Imperial Exchequer and *by the restoration of misappropriated educational endowments.*

"The cry to disestablish and disendow is not loudly heard," says Lord Curzon. We must inform him that the demand we have put in italics received 1,239,000 votes at the Trades Union Congress of 1908.

Lord Curzon should know that the working classes will not be staved off by the absolutely useless and rather dangerous baits which he advises the University to offer to the working classes. Doubtless he expects the working classes will forget the real nature of their legitimate requirements in their concentration upon the few bare bones which are to be thrown at them. But we do not think them quite so easily fooled.

How comes it that Lord Curzon passes over the demands of the working classes as expressed through their official representatives? How is it that he ignores altogether the insistence by the working classes upon a Public Enquiry (not an University one) into the question of the University funds, their endowments, and their administration? Simply because Lord Curzon finds it convenient to take it for granted that the recent Joint Report of representatives of the University and some working men is an official document. This report, we need not remind our readers, has never been put before the Trade Unionists of this country ; the Workers Educational Association, which promoted the report, is a purely private body, eked out by subscriptions from such Trade Unionists as Lord Londonderry. Naturally Lord Curzon finds the report "singularly able and attractive." Lord Curzon discovers from this report that "Their (the artisans') feeling towards the older Universities is no longer one of hostility, though of some suspicion, which it is fortunately in our power to disperse." Of a truth Lord Curzon believes that the University may not only dispel this suspicion, but some others also from the minds of the working men—their suspicion of their employers, for instance. "It is well that when the problems of labour and capital are being debated, or when a future Parliament is presented with a Socialist program, some at least of the working men's representatives should speak with the advantage of a University training." Finding the Report of the Joint Committee so entirely to his taste, Lord Curzon naturally endorses it heartily. He favours "the extension and further endowment of University Extension work, special diplomas, and the erection of a working-men's, or Poor Men's College, under the control of the University." Lord Curzon makes an extraordinarily bold endeavour to have these colleges free of caste : "all would not be drawn from the same class, and the tradesman's, the business man's, and even the poor gentleman's son, would mingle with the artisan." Poor gentleman ; that "even" rends our hearts.

Lord Curzon does not favour Working Men's Colleges outside the University, for these may be "dominated by the narrow views of political or economic schools." In other words, Socialism might be there taught, whilst under the University control we shall take care that if taught at all it shall be so done as to lose all its sting.

*"Principles and Methods of University Reform." By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

In sum, Lord Curzon suggests, and the University is prepared to concede, nothing at all. A College for adult working men, and more lectures of the University Extension type, cannot be recognised as alternatives to a University under full popular control which shall be free to all. These so-called concessions shall not abate the demand for an extra-University enquiry into the University and other educational endowments. That is the irreducible minimum, and till that be granted we shall enter our protest against all proposals of University Reform from the inside, since they are nothing but devices for staving off that public inquiry.

The New Socialist Party in Greece.

TOWARDS the end of last year a new Socialist Party was formed in Greece. Several attempts had been made before, but all had failed. It has made a most modest beginning, about one hundred members, with headquarters at Athens and branches at Piraeus, Patras and Volo, the chief industrial centres; and it runs a halfpenny weekly paper, "Mellon" (the Future), with a circulation of about 500. It has not started as a popular movement, most of its leaders being "intellectuals" who have studied Economics in Germany and France and have come into contact with the Socialists there. Two deputies, who formerly sat as Independents, have joined the party, the members for Kardlutja, in Thessaly (where there is an acute agrarian problem, absentee landlordism and the like) and for Cephalonia (imagine a new idea finding its way so quickly into Parliament in England). They have held encouraging meetings amongst the workmen of the Piraeus, and last March the tobacco-employees at Volo struck work and paraded in the streets with "Long live Socialism" as the cry. Such are the beginnings.

But the difficulties in the way of any Socialist movement in Greece are very great. In the first place, much of the negative work is always being done by others. Denunciation (even sensible denunciation) of every party and every Government is common in nearly all the newspapers, much Socialist oratory being thereby rendered useless. The "Mellon" does not, and cannot, strike a note very different from that of its contemporaries in its attitude towards the everyday politics of Greece. In the second place, there is a large amount of necessary constructive work which would have to be taken in hand by any party seriously intent on reform long before any radically Socialist measure could be passed: such reforms as the abolition of the spoils system, the making of roads and railways, a change in the judiciary system. On these points also everyone is agreed. The Socialists, therefore, have to take their stand by a series of reforms to be carried out only after a large number of other reforms have been accomplished, reforms which, in the present state of Greek politics, themselves seem little less than Utopian. Add to all this the difficulty which the party finds in securing a continuous hearing, owing to the almost complete lack of organisation among the working classes, the Syntéchniës, or Trade Guilds, being run almost wholly by the masters in their own interests.

There are, however, two points (apart from the general aims of Socialism), two points specifically Greek, where the Socialist attitude would at once ensure them success in any less unreasonable world than ours. The first has to do with the domestic affairs of Greece: the Socialist Party is the only party with any pretension to a body of principles to which it adheres, the only party that derives its name from those principles, and not from the leader of the moment. All other parties are named from their leaders; at the present moment there are three—the followers of Theotókis, the Premier, of Rállis, and of Mavromichaélis. The second point deals with external politics. The Socialist leaders are well acquainted with Europe, so that they have a sense of proportion and an idea of the position Greece occupies in the world, as well as a close connection with all the forward movements taking place in other countries. But in every way more important is the fact that they are not anti-Bulgar in their sentiments, they favour a pan-Balkan policy to form a united opposition to encroachments from Austria or Russia, and to secure peace within the peninsula itself. Their freedom from the ordinary Greek prejudice against anything and everything done by Bulgaria will not, perhaps, endear them to their newspaper-reading countrymen; but it is in this that they stand out so different from, and so far more sane than, any other party. A strong Socialist Party in Greece, in close understanding with the Socialists of Bulgaria and Servia, and with the Young Turks on the one hand and with the Austrian Socialists on the other, might do far more to promote a permanent peace in the Balkans than any Conference of the Powers has yet done. This is merely a suggestion of possibilities, it is true, but combined action of this kind has as yet hardly started.

It may be added that many of the Greek Socialists are nearly connected with the movement in favour of the popular as against the official language (though controversy within their ranks on this point is now taking place): those who know Greece will recognise in this a strong testimony to their sanity.

The Nationalisation of Education.

By Professor Ananda K. Coomaraswamy.

PERHAPS no country in the world is so denationalised as England. It is even now to a large extent true that "falsehood in a Ciceronian dialect has no opposers: truth in patois no listeners." It is generally admitted that no subject is worse taught in England than English itself. The constant complaint is that after a long and expensive education, so few men are able to express their thoughts easily in clear and fluent English. The Hellenic Society, observe, possesses about a thousand members: the Early English Text Society about three hundred. A man would be thought much more pedantic who should in a public speech quote Icelandic, Anglo-Saxon, or even Chaucer, than one who quoted Latin or Greek. Many people still look upon Pope as an adequate translation of Homer. Until quite recently it was supposed that England, alone amongst European nations, had no national music. English architecture is still in the main based upon the pretence that England possesses a Mediterranean climate. The one essentially English writer of the nineteenth century, William Morris, is the least read of all English poets. English dress is borrowed from Paris. The average menu—written, by an extreme development of snobbishness, in French—is evidence that a pretence at least is made that English food is French.

England is inseparably bound by past association and present ties to the people of Ireland, Wales and Scotland: yet Englishmen know any literature—Latin, Greek, French, German—before they know Celtic. They do not even know the great Scandinavian literature that is the inheritance of all North Europe. English education since the Renaissance is essentially the education of a people who want to seem to be other than they are, who do not love their own culture, who only wish at all costs to be "correct" and to observe "good form." England, you see, is not a little England: she is the mistress of an Empire, and for this she must pay the price, however heavy. Mistress of the whole world, or as much of it as possible, she has lost her own true self.

Perhaps the most noteworthy tendency of the nineteenth century is that world-wide movement called Nationalism, the true significance of which we are just beginning to understand. It is because England herself has been more denationalised than any other country, that she has set herself so resolutely to crush out the individuality of other peoples—notably in India, Ireland, and Egypt.

And yet, not even England herself, for all her would-be cosmopolitan ideals, has escaped the influences that have preserved for generations yet unborn the characteristic culture of those temporarily less powerful peoples who have become in recent years more conscious of their national *dharma*, more alive each one to their own precious heritage of literature, of song and

dance, of art and manners. The first workings of these tendencies in England appeared in the Romantic Revival of the Early Nineteenth Century, and reached their highest level of individual development in Ruskin and Morris.

Now, moreover, the time has come when from individual teaching, the idea has spread throughout the country, and in historical pageants, the revival of mediæval drama, of folk-song and dance, on the greater stress laid on English by educationists, and in some slightly wider appreciation of Northern literature, Celtic and Scandinavian, in fact, in the living interest now taken in all that belongs to national education, we find the promise of a burly English England.

We in the East, and all the people of those many lands that are struggling to save their souls alive, look with eager interest upon this new development, this strong undercurrent of intention which may in time to come leaven and spiritualise the English character. For Internationalism is the natural complement of Nationalism : and when England becomes truly a nation, when the British people learn, not to govern others, but themselves, when England means to the world all that an ideal England might mean, then we know that her longing for the political and spiritual domination of other peoples will have passed away for ever ; and that friendship, which is impossible between a master and a slave, may grow up between the people of England and those who are now isolated from them by the bonds of Empire.

Colombo, April, 1909.

Some 'Buts' and an 'If' or Two.

By J. C. X. McKenna.

THE more I read THE NEW AGE, the more I want to be a Socialist ; but the more I read of Socialism, the more it bewilders and dismays me. I think it must be the brain level of THE NEW AGE that attracts me. It is a literary Olympus, where all the great Olympians of to-day foregather and talk with a natural, effortless brilliancy about the thing they love best, their faith—Socialism. Surely, then, Socialism must be right. All the leaders of thought—the people really entitled to think—sit up on their great cumulus cloud praising the Nationalisation of the Means of Production, and even G. K. Chesterton, astride a detached and narrow strip of cirrus, seems to be part of the same system, though he disagree with great Jove as to the exact shape and size the Olympian cloud ought to be.

But, stop! Because a thing attracts the brains of a nation—particularly the artist brains of a nation—is that any reason why it should be right? The answer must be no, because artists, the curse of the world, have always been attracted by a subject that "lends itself," and have thus perpetuated some of the worst tyrannies and scandals of history by cloaking them with beauty. An artist has an intoxicating effect like drink. An Australian poet says :

> Drink makes, when he's not too far gone,
> A Navvy a Napoleon!

But directly he gets sober he will become a navvy again. Now I am writing this article on a Wednesday. It is a week since I have seen a copy of THE NEW AGE, and I am, therefore, at this particular moment as Socialistically sober as I am ever likely to be.

It is my matured conviction that truth is only obtainable from a man devoid of all imagination ; whereas perfect Socialism, having never existed, is purely a subject for a man with an imagination. The few actual facts, the handful of real truths that we do definitely know of, were discovered centuries ago by men who never thought at all. I don't believe that a man ever evolved a fact from his brain. All facts are felt. Therefore, I dismay of Socialism, because it is preached by men of imagination, who think, who reason, and who evolve. I shall only be prepared to embrace it when Hodge, Tommy Atkins, and Texas Jack tell me that they feel it is right.

I hope I have made it clear that I object to Socialism because it is supported by intellectual and brainy men in the columns of an intellectual and brainy paper. Under the circumstances, I might as well at once abolish all hope of ever believing in Socialism, and I would, only for the fact that another set of intellectual and brainy men are constantly abusing it, and I am, therefore, "no forrader."

But what I particularly want to know are the goals to which Socialism is struggling—which are the Virtues it is going to accept, why they are Virtues at all, and what is Virtue? Don't tell me that you are going to make everybody comfortable without first proving that comfort is a virtue. Don't tell me anything about "the people," unless you tell me which people. And don't tell me that a system of government or a code of morals which fits the world all round by the 52nd degree of North latitude will also fit it if you go round by the meridian of Greenwich. Are you going to have a White Socialism, a Black Socialism, a Brown Socialism, and a Yellow Socialism, or are you going to have one big, universal grey Socialism? Are you going to reorganise the world, or only the English land laws? And, finally, have you got a world-wide, all-embracing scheme or only a local grievance?

I have discussed Socialism with various enemies of mine, and few have been able to satisfy me that its goal is a good or reliable one. The most interesting and fascinating goal I have yet heard of is the Goal of Beauty, so I accept it. I think Mankind could be immensely beautified ; but you will only beautify Man on the same principle that you beautify dogs—by drowning all the mongrels and surplus pups. But Socialism doesn't believe in drowning anybody. Even alcohol, which would kill off thousands of weak-willed people, is handicapped in its work by repressive legislation, and I verily believe that Socialists would (if they could) mitigate the rigours of this fine old British winter, which has done more to beautify the race by judicious slaughter than even Socialists can counteract by injudicious free bread and hospitals. Apparently, therefore, the Socialists' goal is not physical beauty.

As for mental beauty—the beauty of the soul—that comes under the heading of Virtues, and, as I said before, I want to know what they are, and which ones Socialists propose to stand by. Remember, that in a perfect State, where Fear and Want were unknown, things we prize as Virtues to-day, such as Courage and Mothers' Love, would then be classed as selfish vices.

But it is on the question of area that Socialism dismays me most of all. This is where you must be definite, because the outlines of the Continents and the boundaries of States are just about as definite as they can well be. Where are you going to fix the boundaries of Socialistic control? Are you going to have one sort of Socialism for England and another sort for India? And if you propose to stock assorted varieties to suit all purses, will a cheap line be provided for West Ham and something of richer quality for St. George's, Hanover Square? Such a scheme might be workable ; but one set, established system for all people is ridiculous. You may start off with the best set of Temperate Zone theories ever discovered, but directly you step over the Tropic of Cancer you will see them all melt and frizzle, and finally go off "bang" in one big bubble. Too little notice is taken of Cancer and Capricorn. They are barbed wire fences that divide races of different temperaments. You feel, and think, and believe, all according to which side of the fence you live.

But perhaps, after all, you Socialists are only people with a local grievance—one set of Englishmen quarrelling with another set of Englishmen! If so, I don't wish to interfere. Both sets of you never fail to unite when a stranger comes down the alley, and your unanimity is never more striking than when you think the stranger ought to have a religion, a drink, or a punch in the eye. In fact, you have made a wonderful business of it, and now you send out religions, and drinks, and punches in the eye, to all the races of the World—but don't, don't send out Socialism! You stick to Bibles and Rum and Guns!

Genius or Superman?

[Translated from the German of Karl Heckel by J. M. Kennedy, with the special permission of Mr. Maximilian Harden, in whose paper, "Die Zukunft," this article first appeared.]

> You accept the mediocre
> Reason of this English joker
> For "philosophy"? And thus
> Set him next to Goethe? Lèse
> Majesty such purpose is—
> *Majesty of Genius!*
> —Nietzsche on Darwin; translated by John Gray.

THE popularising of all things carries in itself the danger of vulgarising all things. This vulgarising may easily come to hinder the continuous development and natural crystallisation of an idea, without offering counter-benefits through its dissemination and enlargement. And of what use is it for a characteristic word like "superman" to be found in every mouth if it thereby loses its spiritual value?

If the manufacturer conceives of the superman as possessing brutal energies which, free from every restraint of conscience, rise above the level of ordinary commercial morality; if the man of letters, or historian, imagines him to be a combination of Goethe and Napoleon, then the essential meaning of Nietzsche's teaching is as little understood as it is in the scientific conception of the superman as the representative of a future higher race in the Darwinian sense. But, whilst we are fighting against such arbitrary superficialities, because we have penetrated more deeply than others into the intellect of the lonely philosopher, a definite answer is still lacking to the question: What did Nietzsche mean by "superman?"

Nietzsche's sister and biographer writes: "The word superman appears to me to be only a comprehensive expression standing for the highest and strongest man; a word standing for a being that justifies our existence." A superlative expression, then; an explanation that does not draw the line very clearly between man and superman. Peter Gast regards "superman" as a symbol which admits of different interpretations by different men; for Oscar Ewald he is an "emanation." But Ewald, too, comes to a puzzling decision, although he thinks he has discovered the meaning of "superman" in the historical man who connects past and future: "Nietzsche himself does not look upon the superman as a unit; but a variegated miscellany, not standing out in clear relief, but versicoloured and polyphonous. The east-Elben squire, the Frenchman of the 'ancien régime,' Napoleon, Goethe, Cesare Borgia, the Hellenic philosopher and the Roman Cæsar contend for the same rights." Perhaps the fault of this "variegated miscellany" is less Nietzsche's than his interpreters.

In order to trace the origin of the superman, we must not only confine ourselves to Nietzsche's direct declarations regarding him, but we should also follow the course of his thought by which he gradually came to perceive the necessity for a definition that was not included in the general vocabulary, and which led him to the superman. If we thus acquire an idea which cannot be expressed by any other word, we may then (but only then) regard our task as completed.

The origin of the idea begins in an ethical conception. Christian valuations became associated with the name of humanity, and humanitarianism came to be in sharp contrast to nature. Early in life Nietzsche took up a stand against this. His Greek studies had shown him that man, in his highest and noblest qualities, was Nature herself, and that he embodied her restless, two-fold character. Even at Basel he lectured on man to the effect that "his fearful, and what people look upon to-day as his almost inhuman qualities are perhaps even the fruitful soil out of which alone all humanity can grow up into movement, deeds, and actions." At that time he was content to distinguish between ancient and modern humanity. He called the Greeks the most human people of antiquity, despite their traits of tigerish cruelty and conquest, and he saw that these traits must inevitably shock us if we consider them from the effeminate standpoint of modern humanity. His object was to overpower this modern humanity, which cannot be brought to understand that there can be no really beautiful plateau without a deep precipice, by a German renaissance of the ancient world. Nietzsche perceived that the genius was the chosen leader in this war of change which was to put an artistic conception of life in the place of morals. Away with the dull opposition of the world to those who are leading it into the paths of culture, that German genius may no longer be shunned and degraded in its own country! Such, generally speaking, was his argument at that time.

Nietzsche's vivacious and fiery enthusiasm and propaganda for Wagner and Schopenhauer sprang from the high value that he set upon genius and its task. He influenced Wagner; not Wagner him. He expected wonders from Bayreuth at this time. It was here, through the renaissance of tragedy, that the revival of German culture was to begin. But things did not turn out in this way. On Bayreuth hill he saw an audience assembled that revelled in the realisation of the high theatrical expectations it had formed; but which did not go there to get rid of the weakly lying of modern civilisation, and to receive morning communion for the coming great battle. Nietzsche was disappointed, and to his grief and horror Wagner did not share this disappointment. That settled it; and led to Nietzsche's parting from Bayreuth and from Wagner. From this time onwards we see him taking a strongly hostile stand against everything that makes its peace with existing conditions. This necessarily included art. He then fought against the art of the theatre, which was formed by and appealed only to the masses.

In the foreground of Nietzsche's picture of the future, the genius had hitherto stood out prominently above all men as the ideal to be attained; but this highest of all values now experienced a sudden downfall. What the world called genius appeared to Nietzsche to be merely caricature. But he felt the discord in the existence of the greatest ones even more acutely than the mental and physical lameness of the world in general. "Cripples" was his name for those who had too much of one thing and too little of another. He says: "I saw an ear as big as a man! True, the big ear was attached to a slender little stem: and that stem was a man!" Even in the greatest and most earnest ones he finds everything "human, all-too-human," and he saw that it was not a case of reforming but of overcoming. If he formerly, as a follower of Wagner, believed in the absolute power of passion, the praise of Apollo now succeeded to the high value that was set upon the Dionysian, and its glorification of the gloomy depths in the spirit of man. With this there begins a new epoch in Nietzsche's view of life. Upon the "Dawn of Day," sparkling with its unspoken thoughts, follows "The Gay Science," shining on all things with the radiance of noon, and forcing us to believe in the faultless beauty of art.

"We children of the future," he cried at that time, "how can *we* feel at home to-day! We are no humanitarians! We do not speak of our love for our neighbours!" The lying self-conceit of races, which lowers all ideals, particularly German ones, is an abomination

to him, and he confronts it with the phrase: "We good Europeans!"—a mark of honour for us, the obliged heirs of all the centuries; but not a final goal. For even "Europe" means a collection of old and dominating valuations which possess us body and soul, and militate against the progress of any higher development. Thus Nietzsche distinguishes also between these cosmopolitan Europeans in an uplifting and venerating sense: the homeless ones, the second stage, as it were, of his theory of ascension. He looks upon the homeless ones as those persons of education who are not only beyond good and evil, but who, in addition, consciously turn away from a desire for a humane, gentle, and just epoch, because they perceive in such a desire the expression of a profound debility and failing strength. These homeless ones, if they rightly understand their life's task, must not only feel themselves to be rich and free spirits, but conquerors also. For only they whose desire is for "the strengthening and exaltation of the type *man*" have a right to regard themselves as homeless ones, and no longer as inhabitants of the humanitarian world.

Who answers to this ideal of these inopportune and homeless non-humanitarians? The genius? His well-known discord makes us say no. The scientist? Nietzsche's sudden glorification of science would seem to lead us to this latter supposition. But no: for the scientists, too, have played to the gallery, which serves the purposes of superstition and not of truth. Or may it be that the homeless ones fight only for unbelief, for every kind of unbelief? "That is something which you know better, my friend," replies Nietzsche, "the hidden Yea in you is stronger than all the Nays and Perhapses of which your age has made you sick; and when you must put out to sea, you emigrants, you are forced to do so also by a kind of faith." These words were uttered at the time when Nietzsche had not yet found the particular word to represent his high and distant aim, and was at a loss how to express it. On the other hand, the way to this new ideal is clearly pointed out to us: the removal of everything that counteracts the natural development of human capabilities, and the elision of pure hazard by the concentration of all one's powers upon this new end. The feminine ideal of modern humanitarianism and passionate morality is quite opposed to this great development of conscious power, this joyously positive and manly ideal. The aim of humanitarianism is not a higher development, for such a development can be attained only by a few select individuals. No: the aim of humanitarianism rather serves to help the mass of the people in their striving after universal happiness, which always presupposes a negative outlook. The aspirations of art, with its theatrical sham-passion, incline to eccentricity; philosophy demands self-abandonment. The path of modern humanitarianism, then, does not lead to a goal where man grows into a higher development; but to a resigned and adaptable kind of "last man," who is peaceful and temperate out of pure cunning, and lives long and slowly: that is to say, an end without honour.

To combat this descent, Nietzsche calls upon man to turn his thoughts in a higher direction, to think less about obtaining and preserving, but to sow the seeds of his highest hope, urged on by the knowledge: Man is something to be surpassed. Nietzsche saw in all things not a "will-to-live" (Schopenhauer), but a will to enhance life; not a "struggle for existence" (Darwin), but a struggle for a higher and stronger existence; not an "impulse towards self-preservation" (Spinoza), but an impulse towards self-augmentation. And he raised even Empedocles' principle of "love and hate" into a struggle for victory and power. All this separates him widely from rash fanatics, from the "hustlers"; on the contray, the *tempo* of the Greeks appeared to him to be more worthy of admiration, for it was without haste. He was already acquainted with Darwinism when Rütimeyer came forward against Haeckel; but he used to explain, so as to preclude the possibility of any misunderstanding: "My predecessors were Heraclitus, Empedocles, Spinoza, and Goethe."

(*To be concluded.*)

M. Debussy's Musical Impressions.

Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich.

Opera Comique—Titania—Drama in three acts by Louis Gallet and M. Andre Corneau—Music by M. Georges Hue. (From "Gil Blas," January 26, 1903.)

THESE last foggy days have made me think of London. I do not wish to convey the idea that I consider this a wonderful effort of imagination. But the name of Titania necessarily evokes that of Shakespeare and his lovely "Midsummer Night's Dream," of which the right and more poetical title should be, "A Dream of St. John's Night," the shortest night of the year. Warm, genial night, luminous with myriad stars, whose brief enchanted spell is cast midway between a twilight unwilling to die and a dawn impatient of birth. Dream-night, whose span is the length of a dream. Then there is Oberon, King of Elves, whose active solicitude for managing nocturnal fêtes did not prevent him from being elegantly jealous. For did he not find in them an opportunity for testing Titania's somewhat frail virtue with the assistance of his accomplice Puck or Robin Goodfellow? By calling him "Hobgoblin and gentle Puck," this merry midnight reveller, this artful and charming trickster, could be induced to render good service. We will meet these same personages again later on, slightly dulled by centuries of progress and civilisation.

But I am chiefly mindful of a man who is almost forgotten—at least at the opera. I see him, with features sharpened by ill-health, dragging his worn-out body through the London streets. His brow has that radiant appearance peculiar to those foreheads behind which beautiful thoughts have dwelt. He went about, his strength upheld by a feverish longing not to die until he had heard a performance of that testamentary work, written in pain and suffering in the last days of his ebbing life. By what kind of supreme effort did he still manage to give it the wild rhythm and vehement impetuosity of those romantic escalades which had brought his youthful genius so sudden a renown? It will never be known. This work contains the particular kind of pensive melancholy characteristic of that epoch; it is never weighted with that crude German bathos or moonshine in which nearly all his contemporaries were immersed. This man had been, perhaps, one of the first to perceive the relation that must exist between the illimitable soul of Nature and a human soul. And most assuredly did he originate the idea of utilising legend, thus foreseeing how easily it would amalgamate with music. For, in truth, music alone of all the arts has the power of evoking at will imaginary situations, and of summoning up all that undefinable, unsubstantial other-world whose secret forces conspire to produce the mysterious poetry of night, and all those nameless sounds made by the leaves in contact with the caressing light of the moon.

Every possible means of conceiving the fantastic were conceived in this man's brain. Even our epoch, celebrated for its rich orchestration, has not greatly surpassed him. There may be good grounds to reproach him with having had too much liking for embellishments and ornate vocal arias, but at the same time it must be borne in mind that he married a singer; and probably adored her! This may be a sentimental consideration, but it is none the less forcible! Moreover, his propensity for fastening bows of ribbon with knots of elegant semiquavers did not hinder him from finding many occasions for composing beautiful, sensitive, simple themes, devoid of useless ornamentations.

This man (you have all recognised him!) was Carl Maria von Weber. The opera, last effort of his genius, was entitled "Oberon"; its first representation was given in London. (You see what excellent reasons I had for evoking memories of that city.) A few years previously Weber had directed performances of "Freischütz" in Berlin; "Euryanthe" followed later. It is by all these works that he earned the title of Father of that "Romantic School" to which we are indebted for our Berlioz, so great a lover of romantic colouring as to lose sight occasionally of its accompanying music; Wagner, grand managing director of symbols, and, more recently, Richard Strauss, with an imagination so carefully equipped for romanticism. Weber may well be proud of such a progeny, and console himself with the fame and renown of his offspring for the fact that seldom are performances given of anything but the overtures of the above-mentioned works. It would add distinction to M. A. Carré's artistic management of the Opera Comique were he to revive, at least, the beauty of "Freischütz"; he alone is capable of staging it effectively and of realising its legendary atmosphere. Unfortunately, Weber is dead—the dead are discreet, they never advertise themselves! M. Georges Hüe, fortunately, is alive. (I will not say anything about Louis Gallet; he is dead . . . . and has not left any particular claim to be called "father of anything" in the domain of art formulas.) Thanks to M. Georges Hüe and M. André Corneau, we have been able once again to breathe a little of that enchanted atmosphere which is so essentially necessary for all those who have refused to "grow up," and who find the world of illusion more enticing than the history of contemporary events. Do what you will, Titania's adventures will always be of greater interest than those of "Casque d'or." And though the love affairs of a fairy queen may have precisely the same conclusion as those of a ballet-girl, it must be owned their scene of action is prettier and better lighted. I think Weber, to whom M. Georges Hüe is perforce indebted, would not have been altogether satisfied with the way certain characters have been revived in the story of Titania, notably that of Oberon, who is not particularly dignified. In a grand duet of denunciatory comments on her conduct with Titania, he expresses his displeasure in a noisy manner more suited to emphasise the tantrums of a Wotan than to delineate the disdain of an Elfking for the efforts of a poor rhymester, who, after all, was only guilty of pursuing a chimera. Neither you nor I would have had the heart to punish such a respectable desire. Had Oberon no other means of chastising this poor dreamer for his folly than by striking him dead, together with his poor little earthly friend? The human character of this last personage was comic, and the action of the drama was needlessly hindered by her meek complaints. It is probable, also, that Weber would have insisted on the fairy nature of the play, and he would not have failed to have made the character of Titania more delicately fanciful; in M. Georges Hüe's drama she is almost too human, or, at any rate, her accents belie her words. The most winning personage in the piece is an old shepherd, one of the secondary characters, who in the first act gives the key to the plot, besides furnishing its conclusion in a tenderly pathetic melopeia, accompanied by the gentle and monotonous sound of falling snow. The impression is given of a lifeless landscape, so desolate and cold that the ready jest of looking for one's overcoat becomes almost a reality. This old shepherd should have been the one really human character in the piece, while all the rest might have continued to remain in Fairyland without seeking too closely for reasons to justify the title of music-drama.

M. Georges Hüe understands all the required formulas for summing up a proficient musician; he knows how to handle the chemistry of an orchestra. Why, therefore, and particularly when he is dealing with light and airy subjects, does he assume the somewhat tired and weary air of a host at an entertainment, where all is bright and joyful, who, thinking the merriment ill-timed, withdraws with an aggrieved look from what he had at the outset organised on his own initiative with infinite care and trouble? Perhaps it is the fault of Life which has not yet given M. Georges Hüe an opportunity to reveal his true self. He has a very accurate perception of the sadness and even of the tragic side of daily life; this can be easily proved by quoting the striking way in which he has given expression to his hero's despairing appeal: "Death is the supreme hope for him who has been unable to live his dream." This appeal contains a declaration of suffering so true and deep as to define in a few bars M. Georges Hüe's favourite attitude of mind. It is not everyone who can suit his actions to the tune of the "Marche Lorraine." There are mornings in the life of an artist when the prospect of having to do some art work is not precisely viewed with glee.

I do not consider that I have any right to draw a moral from all these reflections. I prefer, in all sincerity, to express to M. Georges Hüe the hope that in course of time he will become what his work seems to prognosticate, an admirable musical exponent of sorrow.

I humbly make my excuses for not having told the story of the play; it is a grave shortcoming for a feuilletoniste worthy the name. I will try seriously to make good the deficit by submitting myself to a severe training.

In a previous hurried report, I alluded to the perfection of the artists who contributed to the success of "Titania," intending to say here how everything, as usual, redounded to the praise of M. Albert Carré. The certain and unfailing excellence of his management is now beyond discussion. M. Jusseaume's scenic effects have been called Shakesperian. I will not contradict this, only do you not think that poor Shakespeare would have instantly lost his reason had he seen the finger-post which served in the theatre of his youth to carry the simple inscription, "a forest," planted in one of those forests which have covered the name of M. Jusseaume with glory?

I must not forget M. Luigini, the faultless conductor, whose supple beat ensures such a perfect and necessary rhythmic unity between the scenic action and the orchestra.

* * *

There are six Sunday concert societies in Paris, all of which have acquired the right to play on the same day. This may be logical, but it is extremely impracticable for those who possess but one pair of ears to listen to them, and only one pair of legs to get to them. The choice of deciding which to attend was so difficult that I ended by staying away from them all. You may be quite certain that this did not prevent M. Chevillard from conducting the symphonie avec choeur par coeur . . . (forgive me); though this may appear easy to you I do not advise you to try to do it.

At the concert Colonne a first performance was given of a concertstück for harp and orchestra by Gabriel Pierné. This experiment ought certainly to please the charming and fastidious taste of M. Gabriel Pierné. I venture to hope the concertstück will be repeated next Sunday. I wish for you, at any rate, this favour. At the Zoological Gardens les Vallons (Gounod), the aria of Guido and Gianevea (Halévy) the trio from Guilliaume Tell (Rossini) were sung. I hope these young composers, already so well known, obtained the success they merited by these new and little-known works! Of all the places where concerts are given this is one of the most delightful, because it leaves you the opportunity, if you are disgusted with the music, of getting away to look at some charming beasts who are not at all proficient musicians.

Shelley and Francis Thompson.*

THIS essay, we are told, was written in 1889, and offered at the suggestion of Cardinal Vaughan to the "Dublin Review," but the editor refused it. After Thompson's death it was again offered to the "Dublin Review," and this time published. It is now reprinted, with some slight alterations.

As a piece of literature, as an example of prose, it is remarkable, and in many respects admirable; but it is more a rhapsody on Shelley than a criticism. If Thompson had had Alfieri's habit of writing out his poems first in prose, and then versifying them, this might be the prose form of a poem on Shelley. Much of it could be versified with very little trouble. So we find a good deal of the nebulous imprecision of poetry; the plain, hard statements lie far apart; we have to catch breathlessly at jutting points as we are whirled along by this torrent of language amidst gorgeous scenery. Put it beside Matthew Arnold's essay on Shelley, for instance, and it will seem almost turbid. With Arnold, at all events, we know where we are. Shelley hadn't the public school notion of honour or the Oxford manner. His life was of a kind to shock people in South Kensington. He was content to live with unpleasant people, with people as different as possible from Newman and Copleston and Keble. He could stand Lord Byron, he could stand Godwin and Godwin's surroundings. His poetry, taken as a whole, was pretty and flimsy. He was rather agreeable to look at, and he had a picturesque death. Altogether, then, he was "a beautiful and ineffectual angel," etc. That is Arnold's view of Shelley, and he gives you no chance to make any mistake about his view. Thompson, so far as we can gather, although he reproves Shelley's atheism, anarchism, and free-love principles, would have disagreed with it from end to end.

Of course, to compare the neat, ironic, witty essay of Arnold, full of common sense, with the fulgurant, passionate writing of Francis Thompson, in which every word throbs, in which every paragraph is lyrical, is like comparing Ruysdael with Turner. Thompson has no irony and, we should think, no wit. When he attempts wit, as on p. 72, where, discussing Shelley's Free Love theory, he says that from "facilitation of divorce can only result the era when the young lady in reduced circumstances will no longer turn governess, but will be open to engagement as wife at a reasonable stipend"—well, that seems to us pretty heavy fooling. It also seems to us antiquated without being old; it has the ghastly sprightliness of the forgotten novels of 1850. Antiquated, too, is the only other fault in this prose of Thompson's, which we can say plumply is a fault without some corresponding merit to balance it—we mean his tendency to periphrase, his unwillingness or inability to say a plain thing in a plain way when an ornate way occurs to him, as it usually does. Browning, we are told, for instance, "stooped and picked up a fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears." That means in plain language that Browning married Miss Barrett, who was unhappy at home.

Ornateness, however, is a characteristic of the seventeenth century, the century to which Thompson really belonged. Now, the danger of an ornate and florid diction is that a panoply of words may be employed to cover nonsense. It is easy enough to write a gaudy style by way of concealing a lack of ideas; it would not be hard to make a pastiche of "A Cypress Grove" or "Urn Burial" which would be like a tale told by an idiot. But Thompson's style is not pastiche: it is the real thing. He was a man who had strayed from the Seventeenth Century into the Nineteenth, as Edmond About, say, had strayed from the Eighteenth. He is unhandy in dealing with our modern subjects; he turns away from them wearily. His mode of thought was Seventeenth Century, and so was his mode of expression. There is no affectation in his figures drawn from the charnel-house, and his preoccupation with the physical horror of the grave; there is no pastiche in his long, sonorous sentences. He but remembered better than most of us what he had heard in a previous existence. He remembered the cadences of the prose of Donne and Jeremy Taylor, and his own prose reminds us turn by turn of them. The passages in this volume which treat of Shelley's life at school, of Clarence Mangan, of Keats, and the last four pages are worthy to stand beside the greatest passages of those masters, and are as high as this kind of writing can go. Throughout, he seldom falls below his mark, but in one place, at least, he goes beyond it—not happily, we think, or legitimately. The paragraph dealing with "The Cloud" (pp. 45-46) seems to us to be no longer prose. It is gold thread which has not yet been spun into verse.

For Thompson first of all is a poet—not a man who writes poetry and prose alternately and differently, but a man who, when he turns to prose, brings into that most of the merits of his poetry, and also its defects. He is not only a genuine poet, he is a great poet. We think it excessive to call him the greatest poet of his generation; he lacks too much. We prefer Dowson in some respects, though his range, both mental and metrical, is narrower than Thompson's; but, then, Thompson never wrote anything which comes home to one as Dowson's "Cynara" and "Vanitas" do. And in other respects we prefer Mr. Watson and Mr. Symons; we even think we prefer Wilde. Thompson is not a poet you can take kindly to any more than you take kindly to a meteor: he will not assist your moods. This is perhaps owing to the absence of simplicity; he seems to deviate into that by mistake, against his will. Figure after figure comes rolling up in the tumult of words like tattered masses of cloud on a stormy day. We seem sometimes to hear him roar with the fury and intoxication of his words. Sometimes even all sense gets lost amid words: we long for the masterly clearness of Tennyson, we sigh for even the cloudy lucidity of Rossetti. There is no deliberate resolve to write a poem with Thompson. The inspiration comes on him implacable, ungovernable, making of him a mere unresisting machine, till the last word gets itself uttered. The reaction, of course, must be terrible when the inspiration suddenly ceases, leaving the poor instrument, the body, empty and broken. It is as though a man walked for miles under the impulse of a drug, and suddenly in the middle of the road the drug evaporated, casting him on his proper forces. Even in the most urbane surroundings, with every distraction at command, this reaction would be shattering; in circumstances of squalor and want, where all the hideous grey reality leers at and tears the already lacerated soul of the poet, he must seek by terrible ways the moment of self-forgetfulness. "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

It is easy enough for those seated comfortably, the possessors of the private house and the regular income, to comminate the unruly existence of the poet who is poor. But what can such people understand of the feelings of the high-strung, sensitive creature who has, perhaps, passed his night in the streets amid the roughest off-scouring of the town, and for whom the morning has broken white and hopeless? It is the common belief that the misery of certain poets has been their own fault. Well, we deny it. The poet, since he is a poet, is unable to cope with the world; he is, therefore, at the mercy of others in his material affairs. If he has luck, and falls into honest and competent hands, he will live with dignity and decorum. But, alas! it is the hard fate of many poets to fall at the outset between hands perfidious and cruel, which, finding them an easy prey, pillage them and fling them without mercy into a seething underworld of violence and brutality, where they linger a little and then often die of mere disgust and heartbreak. So one can fancy a king, deprived of his kingdom by wily men, and

* "Shelley." By Francis Thompson. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. George Wyndham. (Burns and Oates.)

driven forth from his palace gates, go wandering through the world with his inevitable purple dignity still thick upon him, mocked and reviled, recognised nowhere, his kingly gestures misunderstood and scoffed at, and at last laying his weary, discrowned head to rest in a ditch. We have thought well to make these remarks since there is not seldom felt by quite estimable people some contempt for poets because they are not, as a rule, successful in life, and some notion that they would be if their lives were more in conformity with the lives of prosperous grocers and bankers. Seeing what the world is, no man, if he had a choice, would choose to be a poet. As one man is born a deaf-mute, another is born a poet—almost always to his misfortune; and the poet's miseries arise from the discrepancy between his enchanted imagination of things and persons and the commonplace and ugliness which too often encompass his life. Yes; and when all is said, how often do we see artists—poets, painters, musicians—figuring discreditably in the newspapers, and how often do we see solicitors, army officers, financiers, the people of the private house and the assured income?

The introduction to this volume by Mr. Wyndham turns out to be a letter, remodelled, which he wrote to Mr. Wilfrid Ward. It seems to us useless: it tells nothing interesting or new about Thompson or Shelley. It is written in a pompous, frothy, academical style—the worst kind of style, which says the simplest things in the most pretentious and roundabout way. If Mr. Wyndham has so heavy a hand with all his correspondents, they must tremble when they see his writing on an envelope. He might profitably spend some time in studying the style of his political leader, Mr. Balfour—that spare, flexible, expressive style, by far the best English style which is being written at present.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

Poems.

By Beatrice Tina.

THE TWO HERMITS.

I.

I have gone up with swift, disdainful foot,
  Leaving the city streets to lesser men;
  And on the mountain-side and in the glen
Have grasped, through dewy herb, for Nature's root.
  I know the form of bud and leaf and tree,
  I know the subtle changes of the sea,
  I know the crest against the shimm'ring sky,
  I know each winging bird and butterfly.
I thank thee, Lord, that such is my delight—
  To count in morning webs each jewelled drop,
  To watch the cloud enwreathe the mountain top—
And not, as others find, in dreadful night.
I thank thee that the stranger at my door
May hence depart knowing thy servant pure.

II.

From this bare attic where so long my soul
  Hath hidden wrapped in learning and in pride,
  I go, with eyes on earth and hand stretched wide,
To him who needs my crust, the half or whole.
  Remember not, O Justice, till this day
  Have turned for me the favourable scale,
  How I have thrust the weary from my way
  With short excuse and deaf, offended ear;
  Or, drained his sorrow, listened and passed by
  With shallow sympathy and insincere.
Tarry! for this day's sunlight must not fail
Before my hand hath stilled another's cry.
Into the highway and the hedge I flee
A sinner. Lord have mercy upon me!

MISERICORDIA.

Captive in prison cell, my starved ear
Clamours for note of music—one sweet song—
No song has reached me all this sad, mute year.

  In dreams I play in phantom orchestra,
  And long to execute th' imagined chords,
  Until my fingers span o'er the bare boards.

Ah me! If some kind minstrel, wandering,
Should touch his gay guitar or banjo string
And play awhile outside the prison door.

THE DEVOTEE.

My soul is passing out from mortal ways.
Against my groping hands the purple veil
Of the unknown its iron frame betrays.
Ah, that the waves would cease their murm'rous tale,
Ah, that the singing earth would hush her glee,
So my soul's ardent question might prevail!

Venus! in death my spirit asks for thee.
Art thou? Thou must be. Aye, in some disguise
Harmonious, thou hast delighted me.
Ere I was woman, thou didst make me wise,
With heart all wax above, all gold below,
With voice of cushat dove and serpent's eyes—
And I have served . . . . See, the dread veil aglow!
Venus accepts her dying one. . . .

MIND PICTURES.

A brown-skinned boy asleep beneath a clump
Of red-spiked aloe, red the flower;
  A mighty stream, moon-flooded, meeting ocean
  Between two crags which box the encounter
  Of the majestic waters.
What other have I seen in instant flashes?
A woman fleeing, shaking off the shame
Of the hounding dorp, trusting to alien aid,
Fleeing the pointing of the district finger;
  A beggar, catching shell-fish from a rock,
  With nought for all the world to covet,
Nor kith nor kin nor ox nor ass nor anything.

THE CHILD'S BURIAL.

She passed a day devoid of all save time;
  For she had clasped the tiny infant form
  And yearned the smiling beauty of her babe,
  And strained the hope: Haply this be not death!
  Of mourning mortals, almost to belief;
  Until the starry light of the freed soul
  Soared past reflection and the face grew strained—
  The dust of earth appealing for its dust—
  And some aversive instinct in her breast
  Had taught her that she held was not her child.
And then, a second time, her woman's woe
Knew for the child, and she delivered it
Down at Death's gateway, with rewardless throes,
Returning empty-bosomed, desolate.

VOX HUMANA.

Deprived of the sight of my eyes, I were happy still.
Because, were I blind, my ears might the keener be
  To hear the cadence fall from thy golden voice—
  Yea, blind I might still rejoice
And at the sound of thy reed-like melody thrill.

In all the Arcadian realm sings no musician
His delicate tune intenser to ecstasy—
  Liker to like—to hymn of sea and shower,
  Sun, earth and swaying flower;
The unison perpetual, Elysian.

SHE LOVED HER LOVE.

She loved her love but ill: and her cold, white hands
Might beat on his burning heart, might steal from his starting tears,
And be warm and forget their chill.

She loved her love too well: and his presence lured
As the baleful wisp on a moor. She left her beshrouding door,
She signalled at last with her veil.

She loved her love but ill: and her eye was his star,
And her face earth's single flower; her hair was a silken net,
Her spoken word was a gift, and the gift of her kiss—too great.

She loved her love too well: and he cast her aside
As the sea casts by its weed. She waits as the weed awaits
The returning tide.

Whited Sepulchres.

By Beatrice Tina.

"Bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to speak of them than of ideas; and they are much more pressing with some."—CARLYLE.

"What bars Woman's progress now is not so much Man as the Other Woman."—NEW AGE.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE afternoon eight years later, Mrs. Tom Heck was "at home." Grief and outraged delicacy seemed not to have diminished the young wife's interest in smart garments. She wore a "glove-fitting" blue silk dress, tea-gowns being taboo in Heckish society, which marks some subtle point of morality in favour of a display of corsetted hips and bust in a dress as against the disguise of these physical details in a tea-gown. One of the writer's Heckite acquaintances explained that she couldn't face her tradesmen in a gown; they would think there was something "funny" about her. Mrs. Tom Heck never answered her own door-bell; all the same, she maintained dress against tea-gown.

So as she stood up to receive, her guests were allowed a mildly startling survey of her exact proportions inside that pale blue glacé. She had aged beneath the golden coiffure. Her features were sharper, the cheek-bones being now remarkably prominent, and the full, red lips of Nan Pearson were folded away in a repressed line. Her eyes, though blue as ever, were no longer dreamy, but watchful; they even glared slightly, as though for ever needing to repel some intrusion or impertinence.

Tea was over; but there was still a crowd of ladies in the drawing-room. Mrs. Heck moved from one to another, deftly avoiding her better-known friends with intimate smilings and making much of the newer additions to her circle. Towards her mother, who was present in black silk and lace, she was, however, specially attentive, and the ladies around Mrs. Pearson drew in their heads to express approval and admiration of the dutiful and beautiful daughter.

"Pity she has no children! She would make an ideal Madonna with that lovely hair and disposition."

"There is still time," responded Nan's mother, cheerfully. "Though I long to be working baby socks."

The old ladies paired off into duets again, and more than one glance of inner enquiry was directed at Mrs. Tom. "It is strange." murmured Mamma Jones. "Very queer, dear!" murmured Mamma Snatt, rising. "I hope she doesn't mean to disappoint us altogether."

Mrs. Heck stood greeting a sprightly young lady as the dowagers approached to take their leave. Mrs. Pearson moved with them. "Must you go, Mamma? Do stay a little longer." But Mamma Pearson was not to be beguiled. There had come a mysterious and disconcerting change in her standing with her daughter. More polite, more considerate in company than ever in her maiden life, Mrs. Tom Heck was incredibly less dutiful.

Mrs. Pearson made a tender excuse for her early departure, and slowly hurried out. Nan paused a moment beside two or three of the younger women, whispering: "You'll stay, dear?" to each. And presently she was alone with Mrs. Joy, Mrs. Ronaldson, the sprightly young lady, who was Marion Rogers, the bridesmaid, and a Mrs. Fisher, whose company was not desired, but who would not be out-sat by anyone less determined than St. Stylites.

She turned out to be the joke of the camarilla of "at-homers." She was a little spare creature, with tow-coloured hair and greedy red eyes, cousin to Mrs. Joy, and the mother of a mean little youth, whom she employed as a spy upon each new servant. She began the freer conversation.

"Bertha," she addressed her cousin. "I've found out what Susan does with the milk. She actually had some hidden in an egg-cup at the very top of the kitchen dresser. I told her she was nothing better than a thief. That girl! I gave her a great thick pancake to-day for dinner, and when I asked her if she'd like any more, she had the impudence to say yes; and I had to give her another."

"Very improper of her," purred Mrs. Joy. "But, still, one can't do anything with a cold pancake—that must be your consolation, Mabel."

"She could have had it for her supper."

"Mabel is a famous housewife," said her cousin to the company.

"Well, I've saved nearly a hundred pounds in three years out of my housekeeping money. I have, truly."

"What shall you do with it?" asked Mrs. Ronaldson.

"Invest it, of course. I believe in a wife having an independent income."

All the ladies laughed at this naïve impudence. Mrs. Joy said, "Oh, presently we're all to be independent; when the suffragettes get the vote."

"Don't mention those creatures," exclaimed Mrs. Fisher, indignantly. "I hate them."

"But don't you think we should be rewarded for all the trouble of marriage?" said Mrs. Joy.

"Yes, but you can get a lot more out of a man other ways than bullying. I know John won't stand being bullied, and I'm not such a fool as to try it on. There are lots of other ways—he, he! Oh, do you know that Christina Smith—Mrs. Bob Smith, you know, Mrs. Heck—is expecting again? I do think it's mean of her. She promised to let me know before she decided to have another. She says it's an accident, but I believe she did it on purpose. She thinks she is more important than ever now, and I've just got a new dress, and I must wear it. My! the conceit of that woman the last time. The world wasn't good enough for her. Poor Mr. Smith told John he hoped he'd never see her like it again. He had to go to Regent Street every other day to get the most expensive fruit. Really, the Queen couldn't have been more tiresome. And if anything went wrong in the house she used to fly into a wicked temper; and, of course, everybody had to give in to her. And she has an awfully easy time of it. Simply nothing, my dears! Now I was hours and hours. I am a martyr, if ever a mother was; and the doctor told John I was normal. I won't have *him* again. I'm nothing of the sort. Look at me, a little weak thing like me. I'm not fit, really, to go through it at all, but you know men will have children. They soon tire of you if you don't break the monotony."

All the ladies laughed again; and Mrs. Joy said: "It doesn't seem fair that we should have all the trouble, though. The men ought to have something."

"It's a shame they can't look the frights," tittered Miss Rogers.

"Oh, how could they go to business?" asked Mrs. Fisher, amid the shrieks of the group.

"No, I mean it. Of course, it's a shame that we should suffer and the men get off free, but God arranged it like that, and we have to put up with it. Men couldn't very well manage Parliament and that, and have babies, could they? I know one thing, though, I shall take a leaf out of Chrissie Smith's book next time. I didn't make half enough of myself when I had Sydney."

Mrs. Ronaldson took up the theme. "I'm sure I hope there will be no next time for me. Four is past a joke, as I told William. I love children, but you know I had my four in five years, and I never had a moment to myself."

"Your little Betty made the darlingest flower-girl at Cicely Jardine's wedding," said Nan. The Reverend Wales said he'd never seen anything so quaint."

"Yes, that's the worst of a boy," interrupted Mrs. Fisher. "You can't make them look pretty, like little girls. I must have a girl. Besides John doesn't think it's right for a child to be brought up alone. They get selfish, and you've got to be always after them. What do you think, Mrs. Heck? When are you going to do your duty—he, he?"

Mrs. Heck gazed placidly at the giggling mother-woman. She was not in the least to be taken by surprise at this question. She had parried it scores of times already.

"All in time, I suppose," she replied. "I am quite contented at present."

"Ah, but then you're so clever, dear Mrs. Heck. Now, I can't paint, or play, or read poetry. I should be simply lost without my darling little boy."

"Have you done any new paintings, Nan?" enquired Miss Rogers.

"I'm hard at work for the Bazaar."

"Of course. So we all are. But I'm afraid your stall will cut ours out. Nan, darling, do—do recite us the 'Blessed Damozel'; just for old time's sake."

"Yes, do, "said Mrs. Fisher, rising. "I'm afraid I must run away now. It is such a shame! You never begin these intellectual things until I'm just on the point of going. Next time, I shall remember to ask you sooner. *Good*-bye, dear Mrs. Heck. Good-bye, Bertha! So pleased to have seen you all."

The ladies waited until the front door was safely shut, and then they all burst out laughing.

"Isn't she the funniest creature?" asked Mrs. Joy.

"A scream!" said Miss Rogers.

"And she thinks no one ever suffered like herself," exclaimed Mrs. Ronaldson. "Why, she'd have died if she had gone through what I have."

"Is it very terrible, Mrs. Ronaldson?" asked Miss Rogers.

"I hope it will not be for you, my dear. Women differ very much. Some hardly suffer at all, and others, of course, nearly die, or do die. My poor cousin Kate went raving mad, and nearly died, with a still-born child, and her husband was so disappointed, because if the boy had lived he would have inherited ten thousand pounds. If Kate does not get well enough to have another the money will go into Chancery."

Miss Rogers interposed. "Surely, it would be better to lose the ten thousand pounds."

"Oh, well, it's according how you look at it. After all, I have had just as much to bear as Kate, only I'm braver-minded. Kate always walked about like a Dresden china angel, and she went in for higher thought, you know, and poetry. Not that I object to poetry if one has a real talent, as you have, Nan. But Kate! Perfectly absurd conceit on her part. She had some verses accepted once by the "Spectator," and we think it turned her head. Besides, she wasn't religious, and sometimes I believe God punished her. I do, indeed! When she was raving she kept praying: 'O God, O God!' But I shall never believe she meant it. She never goes to church, even now, and I *have* heard that she"—here the speaker dropped her voice—"doesn't obey her husband—you understand?"

A curious general embarrassment, which made itself felt among the gossips, announced that the outside limit of propriety had been reached. The rules of the Heckite are ineffable. Mrs. Heck nodded her head gravely and sympathetically sighed: "It's all very strange," and then rising, she brought over a new curio for inspection. Then the subject of the causerie turned towards Society. Society, it must be understood, is a whirlpool of vice and intrigue. The Heckites, thanks to the Corellian narratives of high-bred riot and adultery, know all about Society, and name the exalted personages, so "thinly disguised" in those famous six shilling taradiddles. In Society everybody ends in death and wormwood; except one angelic Spirit, who is really not Society at all, but an innocent, intellectual, and Protestant maiden drawn from the middle classes, and destined to reclaim some titled and fabulously rich scoundrel.

When at last the three friends of Mrs. Heck arose to leave, they had divorced two countesses, threatened a lively duchess, and even warned a princess of the Royal blood as to the inevitable talk which was going about. They went off in a mist of scent and affection.

Mrs. Heck summoned her maid to re-arrange the drawing-room, and herself went upstairs to change her attire for dinner and her husband. She put on a grey dress, with grey ribbon collar and a black belt, smoothed her hair free of frivolous curls, and set her face into a chill severity. She looked not at all improved by these artifices, and not in the least likely to enflame the admiration of worldly Tom Heck.

He took no notice of her arrival in the dining-room, but immediately seized his chair and sat down.

"I've sold 'The Willows,'" he vouchsafed presently.

"You haven't had the house very long, have you?"

"Exactly two weeks. Some rich chap has bought it. Rum thing! He's a bachelor. Wants it for his mother."

"Is he a young man, then?"

"'Bout thirty-eight, I should say. Looks as if he'd seen life, though. A bit of a rake I thought at first, only he asked about the church and the minister. Raymond Cattle is his name."

"Not very distinguished," said Mrs. Heck. "The Raymond carries it off a little."

"Pooh! What's in a name? He paid two thousand down for the house. His name might be Satan after that, for all I care."

"Please don't be so profane."

"I'm going out at seven, so I want my evening suit ready."

Mrs. Heck was accustomed to being left to her own company. Indeed, she would not have done or said a word to alter her condition of neglected wife. She deliberately encouraged her husband to spend his evenings abroad. His presence only was odious to her. She kept off his detested embraces by unbending coldness, and since a few first brutalities in which he had indulged to vent his spleen on a wife whose obstinate pride he had altogether failed to break, and whose chill temper usually cooled his shallow, but exacting, passion, Mrs. Heck had not suffered more indignities than any ill-wedded wife might expect from a disappointed and grossly animal partner of her bed and board. She not only experienced no lack of her maiden luxuries, but was enabled to indulge her artistic tastes in every direction, for Tom Heck had grand ideas, and would have his house, his hired carriage, and his wife at least one degree better equipped than any other business man in the district. Nan had plenty of money, owing to her husband's love for his position; and to her divination of the extraordinary sacrifices he was ready to make in the upholding of that position, she owed, also, her comparative freedom from insult. She exercised a tacit blackmail over this man. In encouraging him to pass his evenings where he listed, she was encouraging a state of things which the whole congregation of St. Paul's would only have denounced had the arrangement resulted in a scandal. And even so, Nan well knew that the impeccable, charitable, refined Mrs. Heck would not be blamed. Her servants regarded her as an ill-used, but saint-like creature, only too weak and lenient with the master, for Tom Heck bullied the servants as well as everybody else whom he considered not worth while flattering.

The position of these two people was one in which truth was rendered impracticable. Separation meant scandal. Scandal meant a worse sort of misery than the present. There seemed nothing to be done, since Nan Heck detested her husband, but to provoke him to find consolation elsewhere, and to use her knowledge as a check upon his vindictive marital approaches.

(To be continued.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I HAVE heard of a project for starting a new evening paper in London. The notion is that the "Westminster Gazette" has ceased to satisfy the intelligent public to which it once appealed so strongly, and that that intelligent public now finds itself without an organ. The project is not conceived to the end of financial gain—as indeed it could not be. But I doubt if it would succeed even morally. More than good intentions are needed in order to get momentum into a high-class evening paper. The power to create a tradition is required, experience is required, youth is required, and enormous courage is required. Scorpions are also required to whip the intelligent public out of the intelligent apathy in which it sleeps away eternity. For mere apathy will prevent even an intelligent public from abandoning a source of dissatisfaction. I know several journalists in London who could successfully run a new intelligent evening paper. But there is no chance, I fear, of the necessary money going this way. It is the simple ignorance of plutocrats that stops them from using their coin in a manner not fatuous.

* * *

Instead of launching a rival to the "Westminster," I should prefer to reason with the "Westminster," and try to lead it back to the ancient paths of grace. There can be no doubt whatever that it has gravely erred from those paths since it exchanged one proprietor for ten. On every side one hears lamentations about the declension of the "Westminster." Some of them are, perhaps, exaggerated lamentations. Fairness and moderation are, after hypocrisy and conceit, the two greatest vices of the English race; nevertheless, I would like to be fair in my indictment of the "Westminster."

* * *

There are three things in the "Westminster" that are good. First, easily first, is the political cartoon. You have just *got* to buy the paper for the cartoon, anyway. F. C. G.'s average level remains high. Second comes the political leader. The leaders are passably well written; they observe the courtesies and even the decencies of debate; they are persuasive, and they are full of solid commonsense. No other leaders in London dailies are to be named with them, and possibly they are unmatched anywhere save in the "Manchester Guardian." Third comes the dramatic criticism of Mr. E. F. Spence, now incomparably the best in London.

* * *

All else in the paper is either mediocre or inferior. The "Occasional Notes," of late months, have had a "tail" of terrible banality—six inches or so of mere amiable platitudes, concerning naught in particular. And the occasional verse is generally very poor—much inferior, for example, to that of the "Pall Mall Gazette." (Though, bad as it has become, the "Westminster" is still miles above the "Pall Mall.") The "London Letter" is, as a rule, deplorable; thrown together in journalese, and containing nothing exclusive. A London correspondent of a provincial daily who furnished such a letter to his journal would soon be requested to emigrate. One can never be sure, in glancing through the "London Letter" of the "Westminster," that one will not encounter some ridiculous laudation, couched in the worst clichés, of an actor-manager or a new political knight. What is the matter with the "London Letter" of the "Westminster" is that

it does not cost enough money. Too much of it is concocted in the office by persons who are skilled to reel off paragraphs about anybody instantly—be it Hall Caine or the Holy Ghost. The "Here, There and Everywhere" column is better than the "London Letter." But fancy an intellectual paper having a column entitled "Here There and Everywhere"! It might be "Pearson's Weekly."

* * *

To continue: The musical criticism has no interest for people who know anything about music. It is journeyman stuff, uninformed by expert knowledge or enthusiasm, and often it scarcely avoids the worst ineptitudes of the "Telegraph" or the "Daily Express." It is nearly as bad as the musical criticism of the "Athenæum." The art criticism is better; at any rate, it is better informed: what it lacks is force and individuality. The Parliamentary sketch is humdrum; enormously inferior to that of the "Manchester Guardian." And the literary criticism is also humdrum. It is honest; it is "careful." Oh! that awful "carefulness"—of a man on a tightrope in fear of falling! The literary criticism of the "Westminster" always seems to me as if it had been written by a band of persons who were employed during the day in affairs that they considered more serious, and who relaxed themselves on books in the calm domestic evening. I may be wrong. Anyhow, it is usually fifth-rate, and never better than second-rate. The people who do it don't know enough—and that's all there is to be said about that! Compare it to the "Times Literary Supplement." The weekly column of Literary Gossip is appalling in its perfunctoriness.

* * *

So much for the intellectual and artistic features of the paper. As far as I can judge, the topics of bridge, golf, motoring, cricket, and other sports are treated with about the same degree of competence. Possibly the motoring articles are pretty good. The City Intelligence is understood to be ample and exact. But I am not aware that the function of the "Westminster" is to specialise in sport and finance. Other papers can manage sport and finance better than the "Westminster," and they do. Sport and finance are not its line. Its line is the political, intellectual, and artistic line. Its line is to be indispensable to the intelligent reader of no matter what politics. Its line is to be mainly an organ of opinion, and not mainly an organ of news. To increase its size and its news was a mistake. The news in it is now badly arranged, and invariably comprises items bereft of any importance. Much of the news is merely in the way. Naturally, when some topic, such as an A1 divorce or libel case, looms up suddenly and fills the firmament, an intellectual evening paper must be ready to give it a whole page, or even two. But on such days the grateful and eager reader is willing to sacrifice all minor stuff.

* * *

Personally, I think that an important cause of the "Westminster's" declension is the spirit of the special Saturday edition which, with its detestable brightness, geniality, and "wide appeal," has crept into the issues of every day of the week. I loathe the Saturday edition; I can seldom find anything in it that I want to read. And that is the fault of the other issues. In the average issue there is too much commonplace, innocuous, negligible writing, and not enough hard stuff to bite the teeth on. If the too frequent sentimental domestic sketches could be suppressed and something really brilliant, really first-class, substituted, we readers would offer thanksgiving. But, in addition, all the strings of the instrument want tightening. Slackness reigns.

* * *

This criticism is severe; it is possibly too severe. But it is based on a just and friendly appreciation of the matter. The editor and the ten proprietors ought to be grateful for it, for it expresses a widespread feeling. Indeed, I have been urged a dozen times to write this article. It would be no answer to my criticism to say that the "Westminster" has now a larger

circulation, than ever before. I don't care twopence for that. The business of the "Westminster" is to please the most cultivated public in England. If it can please a wider public at the same time, good! But it must not alienate the cultivated public in order to appeal to the excellent, honest mass of the comfortable semi-thoughtful classes. And this is just what it now is doing. Upon my soul, there are some nights nowadays when I hesitate for a fraction of a second whether I shall buy the "Westminster" or the "Evening Standard"! Will this solemn fact give pause to those ten proprietors and that worthy editor?

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Progressive Creation.*

In "Progressive Creation" you have an elaborate exposition of the aim of the New Metaphysics which the wave of evolutionary idealism has brought to view. The author takes the place of the Deity, and interprets the material universe in terms of the latter's activities—the only logical metaphysical way. This explanation embodies a scheme for realising the spiritual potency of the race. The scheme is based on three assumptions. The first is that there is a need of a constructive ideal with a moral impulse, having its aim in a Utopia of philosophical thought; the second, that man has a divine origin, has fallen by his own act, and is now turning towards Redemption; the third, that in this evolutionary process Reincarnation is an essential factor. The first assumption is not improbable; it is, to some extent, borne out by facts. The second assumption is only probable on the metaphysical side. It rests on the argument of experience that the Deity, seeking to express himself in terms of human experience, reached a point in the Ascent of Man where one form of experience (spiritual) united with another form (material). Hence arose wrong human desire setting up a long line of wrong human experience (Descent of Man). Then came a point of union with right desire. Hence arises experience in a new form to expand in the direction of the divine Source or Essence. In other words, the assumption made by the author is that the process of Creation is a gradual one, and that the steps from the Origin of Man to his Fall, thence to his present, and beyond this to the realisation of his spiritual inheritance, are all traceable without a break.

To many readers this assumption will appear fanciful. The author's belief that the fundamental purpose in Divine Creation is the evolution of Supermen has no foundation in fact; his theory of matter evolving from spirit back to spirit (5) is but a theory; his conception of a golden past, peopled by God-men, as a realisable ideal of the future is Utopian; his symbolical interpretation of the Fall in terms of Eugenics (85) is startling and disputable. The view that the Fall of Man from a state of primordial perfection was due to unnatural sexual intercourse, "to lawless, incestuous intermarriage" (71), violating what the author calls "the law of Sexual Segregation of the Species," is doubtful. It is based on the generalisation that there are natural laws which ought to prevent a dominant race from allowing its heroes or gods to have intercourse with women of an inferior race. The punishment for evading this law is corruption, degeneration, sin, and death. But the author's view that formerly men deified the sexual instinct as the holiest thing in their nature has some historical foundation; and his belief that the Descent of Man is the outcome of sexual depravity is not easily discredited. It does not require the testimony of scientific investigators like Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Forel, and Bloch to tell us that we live in an age of moral and sexual insanity. His idea that Redemption must come through the Church, the function of which is the production of the Divine or Eugenic man and woman, is one that is bound to manifest itself. The Eugenic idea of Virginity, the ideal of pure breed, was bound to get into the Church sooner or later. Of the author's conception of Reincarnation—with which the second volume is concerned—we have but little space to speak. We will merely point to the fact that to him Reincarnation is the unbroken chain that unites the whole series of organic beings, the succession of life in all its stages, involving a system of unbroken planetary intercommunication (42). Thus, life ever circles from a divine origin to a supreme culmination. All this is, of course, well-worn theosophical thought. It is, indeed, a dish of Eastern mysticism, but, in the present case, flavoured with Western biology. Thus, though Christ is used as an illustration of the highest form of incarnation, the key to the chapter on Dual Heredity may be found in Bateson's Genetics.

In his preface the author anticipates a mixed reception for his work. On the whole, we are inclined to share his fear. "Progressive Creation" may be read in various ways, and each time with a totally different experience. Much of its real meaning and significance is needlessly obscured by the author's deliberate attempt to substitute crude theological language for Theosophical terms, and this for the sake of the ordinary average reader. We have read it both on the scientific and metaphysical side. With its science—mostly an ingenious attempt to reconcile Darwinism with Religion—we have but little agreement. With its metaphysics we are in full sympathy. In this connection we consider "Progressive Creation" is a work of the greatest value, both as an endeavour to turn the human mind from an utterly mischievous literal interpretation of the Bible to its true aspect as a book of poetry and symbols; as an endeavour to bring about a loftier spiritual conception of the future of the world, and to supply humanity with a new and poetic impulse, a new religious aspiration. We await the promised volumes on Redemption with great interest.

HUNTLY CARTER.

* "Progressive Creation." By H. E. Sampson. (Rebman. 2 Vols. 21s.)

REVIEWS.

When the Dawn is Come. By Thomas MacDonagh. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

Sisyphus. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

A Christmas Morality Play. By Edith Lyttelton. (Elkin Matthews. 1s. net.)

Dear Mother Earth. By A. G. Sayers. (Glaisher. 6d. net.)

Mr. MacDonagh has discovered a situation which may very well present itself to a revolutionary England of the future—one, indeed, which every great leader of men has perhaps to face, in revolution or out of it. Ireland is in full insurrection (may the luck be with her!) Thurlough MacKieran, a poet, has been chosen General, for a week, of the Irish forces; and, being a subtle man, he plots and lays snares for the English; he alone is able to carry on and bring to a head all these underhand machinations; another mind or a meddler would ruin everything. But Réamonn O'Sullivan, a fellow-counsellor, your honest, blunt, law-and-rule-at-all-cost patriot, suspects him, thwarts him, refuses him credence, confronts him with the spies whom Thurlough is playing one against the other, and, in general, makes a thorough block-headed hash of things. Thurlough can only clear himself by a complete victory over the English, in which he gets his death and the tardy esteem and acclamation of his honest but foolish comrades. The situation is well-placed and well-balanced; but the dialogue is unvaried and monotonous, with a tendency to declamation, which could easily be printed as very arid blank verse.

Mr. R. C. Trevelyan has also created a situation and a devilishly amusing character in Sisyphus, who, rogue, tyrant, and downright villain, cheats himself, first, of decent burial, in order to cheat Aïdoneus, next, of his soul and his wife, afterwards, of the relief of widowhood and the comfort she was seeking in the arms of the

. . . . mighty Eudamidas, son of Eublastidas, monarch of Argolis, Tiryns, Mycenæ.

But Sisyphus only obtained his reprieve from Hades

in order to punish his wife, which done,, Thanatos, the God of Death, was to come and claim him. So he plots with his grandfather, Hermes, to capture Thanatos, and, with Hermes' help and by a clever ruse, he succeeds in boxing Death in a coffin made specially by Hephaestus, whose bolts, once shut, cannot again be opened by physical means. Sisyphus then proclaims to the earth that Death is no more, sets up Utopia forthwith, and, regardless of the deputations of undertakers, hired mourners, pyre-constructors, coffin-makers, grave-diggers, conveyancers, doctors, expectant heirs, soldiers, and priests, he sends Hermes up to Zeus to ask that god what he intends to do about it all. Zeus appoints a committee of two--Hephaestus and Heracles —to confer with Sisyphus on the lordship of the Earth. Rut Sisyphus will have none of a boorish ruffian like Heracles, and calls for Aphrodite, who comes, to the great indignation of Hephaestus, her husband. Now the whole measure of Sisyphus's cunning is apparent. He demands co-equality with the gods, the hand of Aphrodite, and the lordship of the earth, in return for which he will devise a means to release Death and save the world from eternal senility, and, furthermore, create the Superman. How he will do this, and how he is outwitted by Hermes, who has tired of his arrogance, we will not discover. The whole "operatic fable -- is written in various metres with much skill and verve and a good deal of boisterous humour and welter of words.

We have once again to reproach Mrs. Lyttelton with lack of grasp of present-day realities. To the class of people for whom she has written this "morality -- it may be very comforting to see hunger, misery, and wa.nt provided for so miraculously ; and they will doubtless go away from her play with the idea that the poor have only to be kind one to another for manna to be bestowed on them. Much as one may dislike the didactic in art, a Morality must be judged by its philosophy ; and Mrs. Lyttelton's philosophy is hardly more than a tinkering one, or perhaps only. a means of making dramatic capital. We have pointed out before that she is not a revolutionary ; but, philosophy apart, this little "morality -- is well written--another repetition.

"Dear Mother Earth -- is a pretty little pastoral for children, quite good, with dance and quaint story.

A Summer Tour in Touraine. **By Frederick Lees. (Methuen. 10s.** 6d. net.)

One summer day a stranger arrived in Touraine to study the antiquities of the district. Archaeology was his passion. He made long excursions in search of ancient buildings, such as the chateaux of the Loire. He meditated over the architectural beauties of each chateau, to which Petit's architectural studies and the works of Viollet le Duc doubtless afforded him a key ; he went into ecstasies over the treasures they contained, which he was moved to examine with all the love of a born antiquary (not antiquarian, p. *252),* and of which he drew up long decriptions answering to those found in the sociological documents of that discoverer of Paris, Balzac, and the mad-house documents of that erudite discoverer of Lombroso, Max Nordau. In this way, and by means of very wide and very careful reading, he composed a fascinating picture of the country of Pope Martin IV, Charles VIII, Descartes, Rabelais, Balzac, and Alfred de Vigny, before which we may spend a profitable hour or two studying the life-history of those old Renaissance Chateaux, and learn from the old masterpieces, tapestries, and documents the everyday life of those jolly old swashbucklering fellows who swaggered about Touraine in the Middle Ages, to know how they dressed, what sort, of castles they lived in, and their customs, comforts, 2nd manners. Thus he has done a great deal to get at and record the architectural, historical, and literary facts in his desire to -- contribute to the intellectual equipment -- of the traveller. He has done all this so exceedingly well—as his admirable monograph shows--that we are inclined to forgive a general fault in dealing with the **Chateaux as** separate

"personalities," and overlooking their collective "soul." That the Chateaux are only one side of the real spirit of Touraine he has left the artist to demonstrate. In Mr. Armfield's charming, delicate, adequate wash-drawings we see the Garden of France, and seem to hear the sweetness of its song-like speech, the most melodious in Europe.

These Little Ones. By E. Nesbit. (George Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

E. Nesbit is a critic of the child mind to whom we may turn for a sympathetic, penetrating light on this fascinating subject. This book of hers is a series of studies which enable us to see this mind in its true perspective. Foolish people are so apt to talk of the mysterious primrose path, and of the delightful simplicity of childhood that we tend to overlook the truth, that the child is, as the author would have us believe, a very serious person, one who reads Scott, who is very critical, capable, indeed, of scientific analysis, one to whom life is, in fact, anything but a gay awakening. The real child is the adolescent of 17 or 18, the sickly sentimental girl or youth who turns as readily to myth or romance as the proverbial duck takes to water. In a word, it is not the child of tender years who keeps our Peter Pan entertainments flourishing, but the grown-up. These clever ingenious stories, then, make their appeal on behalf of the child mind. They ask of us a more sympathetic, tolerant, intelligent understanding of it. Taken as a whole, they are harrowing, but artistic, true and moving. Note the logical sequence of the Dog Dream ; the Motherhood plea of the Three Mothers ; the strong imagination of the Two-Handed Sword. Mr. Spencer Pryse's illustrations fail to express adequately the ideas of the stories. They are, too, of unequal merit. "John of the Island" is excellent, but "The Pitiful Dumb Child" is a very clumsy composition. A book to read, and every wise child will insist upon its circle of grown-ups reading it.

A Holiday in Connemara. By Stephen Gwynn. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

An archæologist, a traveller, a fisherman, an observer, a lover of nature, a politician on the right side, and a humanitarian, the author of "A Holiday in Connemara" commands far more respect than many topographers. He invites you to take part in a moving and unstudied pageant. He allows you to see Ireland, or as much of it as Connemara comprises, as you will. So it passes before you either in its topographical aspect as a beautiful "wilderness of rock," or in its archæological aspect as the victim of robbery and confiscation, or in its social aspect as a combination of wretched homesteads, lovely atmospheres, and dreamy, poetical, superstitious peasants (71), or in its economic aspect as a rich, untilled land, with an emigrating population and total lack of industrial employment, or in its literary aspect, seeking to get back speech, or in its poetical aspect as "manifestations of beauty, endlessly varied and endlessly renewed." Thus he brings you into closer touch with the Ireland of Connemara, awakens your sympathy, and increases your knowledge. His book is enriched with many photos of types and poetical scenery, and it should find a place in the library of every student of Ireland.

Valuation: Its Nature and Laws. By Wilbur Marshall Urban, Ph.D. (Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d. net.)

We dissent from the author's estimate of his own book : it is not dull. On the contrary, we have found it intensely interesting, and in respect of the major thesis, conclusive. For we trust we are right in supposing that Dr. Urban will be quite satisfied to have established the primacy of Valuing. The problem he set himself to solve is in some ways the most difficult in the whole region of psycho-metaphysics. Nietzsche undoubtedly gave an impulse to the study of Values with his watchword, Revaluation of All Values ; but he never lived to construct his new faith on a logical foundation. That existence and truth may be themselves as concepts and perhaps also as realities, only products of an aboriginal affective-volitional Valuing, Nietzsche saw ; it has been left to Dr. Urban to state the proposition with all the fulness of scientific psychology.

Obviously, there is nothing at once more remote and more near than whatever is first in the order of consciousness. For this reason language, even when most lucid, is apt to appear either over simple or over complex. Dr. Urban does not err on the side of simplicity ; some of his sentences are terrors for a wandering brain. But the book is worth all the effort required to read it.

Makers of Our Clothes. By Mrs. Carl Meyer and Clementina Black. (Duckworth. 5s.)

Owing to the great interest now attaching to the movement in favour of a legal minimum wage, this book, which contains a full report of a recent investigation "into the conditions of woman's work in London, in the tailoring, dressmaking, and underclothing trades," should be widely welcomed. The information which it gives is of the usual depressing character, showing the iniquity of sweating in all the branches of clothes-making. The facts concerning both in-worker and home-worker are mostly appalling. It seems incredible that we live in a country where women are still employed making 739 shirts for 11s. 1½d. A survey of the three trades, we are told, reveals "chaos . . . . absence of uniformity. In no two factories is there an identity of conditions. In very few is there parity of payments. Over by far the greater part of the field there is no standard wage, and hardly even a current wage. Individualism run wild, a lack of co-ordination, a welter of persons all striving separately, this is the spectacle presented." In this way the book makes out an able case for the creation in this country of Trade Boards. Such Boards have succeeded in New Zealand and Victoria. They should be tried here, and the sooner the better. An interesting introduction, which reads like a chapter from "Booth's Survey," and appendices of tables and legislation, add value to this indispensable book.

The Riddle. By Michael Wood. (Rebman. 1s.)

This study of a peculiar form of religious mania should interest the biologist and psychologist. Lord Barry comes of a mad stock. He has inherited suicidal tendencies, which, if frustrated, lead to a paralysis of the motor centres, ending in death, sometimes preceded by insanity. This sort of thing has been going on in the family for three hundred years. In due course his father arrives at the point of insanity and death, when Barry conceives the idea of offering himself as a sacrifice to the "fiend" who, he believes, possesses his father. His expiation sets his father free, and he dies. The scenes between Barry and Power are strong, and grip. But Barry's story of the casting out of the devil rightly belongs to the dark ages.

The Philosophy of Long Life. By Jean Finot. Translated by Harry Roberts. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

We are told by the translator that the present work met with a warm welcome in France and ran into fourteen editions in a few years. That is a sad sign of French decadence. For neither in philosophy nor in doctrine is the work of the smallest value or of anything more than superficial interest. The fact is that in materialism there is no real hope, and no ingenuity can extract a living emotion from a dead creed. If the

individual perishes absolutely with the death of his body there is nothing more to be said in favour of idealism. Longevity, which M. Finot foolishly imagines to be desired by all men, is no consolation in comparison with the "long time dead" to which he imagines we are destined. And the thought that Nature will make use of our bones and sinews, not one of which will be wasted in her economy, is even less inspiring. France, to tell the truth, has no philosophy at present worth translating: her oracles are dumb.

Nutrition and Evolution. By Hermann Reinheimer. (Watkins. 6s.)

The faculty for discussing in a sound, clear, and convincing way new scientific ideas is a rare one. Unhappily, Mr. Reinheimer does not possess it. The result is, we have a work which for incoherency it would be difficult to beat. As contributing to this result, you notice curious headlines, such as "Appropriation over environment yields position of equilibrium" (81); a juxtaposition of strange headlines, such as "Evolution Concerned with bringing a Clean Thing out of an Unclean," followed by "Extinction of the Irish Elk" (113); and terms which are calculated to throw even the scientist off the line, as, for instance, "diseased" (257) used in the sense of abnormal. The author has chosen to deal with a great and vital subject, Nutrition, the central function of life, in its relation to the "shaping of individual and racial destinies." He has laid under contribution Le Bon, Geddes, and Thomson, and that eminent gynecologist, Dr. (not Professor) Bland Sutton. But, as he is careful to inform us, his "powers of demonstration do not equal those of observation." So, alas! many may attempt to read his book, but no one will ever understand it.

La Pensee de Maurice Barres. Par Henri Massis. (Mercure de France. 75c.)

This is a book for Bernard Shavians. Those who have heard of Maurice Barrés will doubtless have noticed that he has been honoured with the portentous appellation of the French Bernard Shaw. Whether he deserves this distinction is open to doubt, and this in spite of the one or two striking points which he has in common with Mr. Shaw. For instance, a distinct Shavian characteristic may be noted in Barrés' tendency to express but one thing, namely, himself (23). With this and a little beyond, the comparison ends. The Barrèsienne philosophy, we are told, is a philosophy of action (14). It is profoundly anti-intellectual (44). Barrès does not believe in logic (44). He is a patriot, who feels Alsace and Lorraine may be regained with a little blood and some grandeur of soul (16). He is a Nationalist, typical of the soul of France. He is above all an artist, one who has a sense of the beautiful, for which he is ever seeking the key—it may be to find it in a woman's face, or in the bend of the sky, or in the drift of a leaf—and always suffers when he feels he has not realised his object. He is a fine stylist. His thoughts and ideas have profoundly influenced his generation. "It is necessary to go back to Rousseau to find a writer who has such a hold on his contemporaries" (18). In a word, Barrès represents whatever is beautiful in modern French thought.

Malaria and Greek History. By W. H. Jones, M.A. (University Press, Manchester. 5s. net.)

The introduction of the mosquito into Greece destroyed Grek civilisation and introduced English ideals of marriage. "The older comic poets ridiculed family life." But "the family relations, as illustrated by these later poets, are far more pleasant." What had happened? The husbands had got malarial fever, and wanted nursing, and "the task of the wife must have become much heavier." According to Mr. Jones, "happier relations were established between her and her husband, who possibly learnt, when prostrated year after year by a lingering disease, to appreciate these virtues which belong in a peculiar way to woman, and especially to a mother and a wife." Of course, it does not matter what happened to the women who got sick. But we should like to know if they appreciated these "happier relations" due to the man's desire and weakness. It seems a roundabout way to achieve virtues, we must confess, but Mr. Jones writes: "It will probably never be known how much the human race owes to disease for the development of the kindlier virtues of mercy, sympathy, and tenderness." To the deuce with the kindlier virtues if their cost price is malaria and the like.

However, readers of Mr. Jones's essay may omit Appendix I; after all, it isn't Mr. Jones's fault that he is an English Briton. The rest of the essay is interesting. It is a development of the theory first promulgated by Major Ronald Ross, that malaria was rather suddenly brought into Greece about the fifth century B.C., and that the ravages of this disease sapped the vitality of the people. "Even those who were sound must have been the worse for coming into daily contact with persons of unhealthy mind. . . . The greatness of the Greek character depended in no slight degree upon the constant intercourse of a comparatively small number of men, who met to discuss and transact the business of the city state."

The evidence for the sudden spread of malaria in Greece is not conclusive, but evidence never is. But we think that Major Ross and Mr. Jones must be reckoned with when treating of the decay of Greek civilisation.

Chapters of my Life. By Samuel Waddington. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)

We are not sure that this autobiography is altogether excusable, even though it is the record "relating chiefly to the history of one who has met" a great number of eminent Victorians, and who is, moreover, widely travelled. For there is much in it that need not be told, however pleasant the manner of telling it. Why torture us with the vanity of Mr. Hall Caine (218), or with his view that Shelley was mad (220), or with his criticism of other writers' "nauseous stuff" (233), which might aptly be applied to his own work. We like to hear about Swinburne's and Matthew Arnold's poetry, but we certainly do not want to be told that the former swam and the latter fished. These are faults which,

together with others like the classing of Mr. Le Gallienne and Sir Oliver Lodge, and the strange juxtaposition of Pusey and Mr. Plowden, a judicious editing might have removed. But there are many things in this book of real interest. Mr. Waddington is a cultivated writer, whose life appears to have been one long adventure among masterpieces and remarkable souls. Himself a sonneteer, he has edited an anthology which has been the means of bringing him into personal contact with many notable poets. His book is an interesting document, with a fine literary and poetic flavour.

Heerestragodie und Volkerversohnung. Von Ch. Ruths. (H. L. Schlapp. Darmstadt. 3m.)

This historical novel deals freshly and interestingly with the psychology of Alexander the Great's refusal to carry on the Macedonian tradition of mere conquest. In place of this policy, he accepted the earlier principle of federation, leaving the conquered nations their princes, customs, and religions. While we are hypnotised by a policy of brute force such as Balfour sought to extend to South Africa, and refuse to let the Indian Princes federate, holding them at the sword's point, the problem of Alexander will remain tolerably fresh. The novel is in dramatic form, it flows with colour, and it deserves to be widely read.

On the Nature of Lyric. By Gerald Gould. Quain Essay. (Fifield. 2s. net.)

This essay should never have got beyond its college boundaries. Mr. Gould is a lyrical poet of considerable power, but his essay demonstrates him ignorant of the meaning of his art. All he has to say is to be found in such authors as E. K. Chambers, Sidney Lee, and Professor Raleigh, and that is not much. Apparently he has never heard the name of Gummere, who is not an Oxford man, and does not write dully about a subject he does not understand. Mr. Gould quotes Bernard Shaw's aphorism: He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches," and opines that Mr. Shaw evidently has "no suspicion of how profound is his remark." The retort is too obvious.

The Meaning of Happiness. By Laurence Alma Tadema. (Elkin Matthews. 2s. 6d.)

Happiness would appear to be as hard to define as most metaphysical terms. To Montaigne it is "the happy living"; to Antisthenes it is "the happy dying"; to another philosopher it resides in Truth (whatever Truth may be); to Epicurus it is of a negative nature; while to Rochefoucauld it consists in having what we like and not what others consider likeable. To Empedocles happiness is contained in discord; to Sir Alma Tadema it resides in harmony. Who is right? A firm belief in the supremacy of the will and the language of poetic fervour go to the making of this excellent little book, whose interest not even an inordinate love of capitals can destroy.

DRAMA.

"THE Chorus Lady" (Vaudeville) was originally a music-hall sketch, I am told. Mr. James Forbes must have been very clever with it, for there is comparatively little of that coarse underlining of points which seems a necessary asset to a sketch. There are whimsical irresponsible touches in the dialogue which make one happy. The author has certainly appreciated the genius of his exponent, Miss Rose Stahl; he sets out her stage and properties lavishly with a sure hand.

Patricia, or Pat O'Brien, the elder daughter of a respectable horse trainer, has left home for the stage. Though never really successful, she has managed to support herself respectably and so gained the reverence with which poor fathers and mothers endue their self-supporting daughters. She has also gained the envy of her pretty younger sister; Nora wants to go on the stage, too, and the worthy parents, nothing loth at the idea of a second daughter off their hands, encourage her. Pat says "No"—Nora will not be strong enough to come successfully through the terrible temptations which would lurk in her way as a chorus lady. Finally, however, the elder sister takes Nora with her, promising their mother to act in the capacity of guardian angel. Nora gets into danger, and to save her reputation Pat ruins her own, though happily not in the eyes of the outside world, only in those of her mother and fiancée—therefore, it is not difficult to bring about a happy and oblivious ending when the true story is divulged. The family return to their rural haunts, Pat to marry and Nora to help in the house, watched over by five guardian angels. It is fortunate the curtain comes down at this point; I am afraid I distrust the effect of those five on Nora's morals.

The plot, you see, is not a very enthralling one—it is too well-worn for that. But author and actress each in their own way demonstrate to us how little a plot may matter when charm is let loose. And what a ramping, raging, laughter-provoking, tear-drawing charm it is, that Miss Stahl hurls at her audience. Her comedy is uplifting in its lilt and breadth, and there are sudden twists in half tones that make even gross sentimentality seem wise. Her intercourse with the family, with the chorus girls and stage manager, with the villain of her little sister's danger trip—all is carried through with a swinging grace and goodwill. Her end of the balance between actors and audience is gaily maintained. She never seems stupid or cleverer than they—yet always this sense of power, the power of charm; and so prodigal is she with this charm of hers that it would indeed be a hard-hearted man, maid or mother who could grudge the smiles and tears her art demands.

Miss Stahl is, I think, a Jewess. Indeed, there are, scattered over the whole performance, hints of racial characteristics. Her wonderful voice has in it something of the balance and music which seem integral atoms of the soul of the Jews; her occasional anxious over-emphasis of things which should be a matter of course; most of all, perhaps, her unconvincing manner and pose in receiving her mother's blessing—"God love you." This strong, just people have buried deep in them a touch of the amused contempt for a God of love, filtered down from their graceless ancestors of the New Testament. Being a critic one must criticise, but there is a breath-taking quality about Miss Stahl's personality which makes the task seem rather a finicking unnecessary one.

Miss Eva Dennison, as the poor spirited minx, filled the part satisfactorily, and Miss Alice Leigh's quiet natural tones and comfortable locomotion as the mother were a joy to ear and eye. For the men their parts were uninteresting. Mr. Giles Shine as O'Brien was chiefly remarkable for his charming smile. Mr. Wilfred Lucas played the fiancée.

May we see Miss Stahl often, and in many rôles.

* * *

I am weary of the attacks I have read and listened to on musical comedies. Plays without purposes can be delightful, and I fail to see why men should not go to a theatre solely to see pretty shoulders and ankles; if their appreciation of these gifts of the gods is coarse,

it certainly will be equally so of serious art; for choice, I would prefer the coarseness were lavished on such material things than on more spiritual efforts of creation. Then the possibilities in musical comedy are so magnificent. At present, certainly, the finer conceptions do seem rather dim. I dreamt once that I attended a production—music, Bach; words and lyrics, Hudibras Butler, and Herrick; scenery, Constable. We shall never have anything so glorious, for that was the pick of ages, as a dream may be. Something rare and beautiful, however, we shall get in future time; but I feel convinced that this musical comedy must become thoroughly damned, then make a new beginning, before it takes its own and rises before us a many-hued, many-toned beauty.

Meanwhile, attempts to tinker and patch, to graft the simplicity of the Greek dress on to corset-bound figures, are ugly. "The Arcadians" (Shaftesbury) is this sort of attempt—the pretensions of it make one rather sick. It made us uncomfortable, and we longed for something we could understand, and responded gladly at Dan Rolyat's "I don't care if it snows," in answer to the simple Arcadians' "Oh hail!" We were happy to see our chorus girls in directoire dresses. I hope and believe that if the presentment of simplicity had been beautiful, we should have risen to the occasion, but there was nothing to rise to. The way these girls stumbled on their unaccustomed bare feet worried one, but they tripped daintily in high-heeled shoes. Their unsophisticated glances at the rejuvenated legs of Smith, by the way, were striking.

When the Arcadians became serious, one was strangely reminded of certain Socialist holiday communities. They seemed proud of wearing bare feet and curtailed garments; they talked enthusiastically of sleeping out and the fetters of town life; they were vegetarians, too, and preached to one another of brotherly love. But one must not be cantankerous. Rather let us look on cheerfully at the progressing damnation of musical comedy and enjoy Dan Rolyat's legs, Lester's melancholy quips, and, above all, Miss Smithson's singing voice, while we may. Miss Smithson, I may mention, was more childlike than any child yet born. "The Arcadians" is quite a jolly musical comedy—scenery charming, music bright, and dresses as expensive as the upper boxes could wish. I have little doubt that the piece will make a record run before the great period of regeneration comes.

N. C.

Recent Music.

Max Reger.

OF all the inscrutable personalities of the concert platform there is none at the present moment so inscrutable (or so obvious) as Herr Max Reger. There are two ways of regarding the music of Reger: either as being particularly obvious, or particularly obscure. For there are two very different kinds of musical people in every concert-going crowd. There is the kind that will admit that the Tragic Overture of Brahms is somewhat obscure, and therefore most interesting indeed; and there is the kind that will tell you it is most obvious, and therefore, indeed, somewhat dull. Likewise there are two sorts of people to-day making remarks about Reger's music. There is the sort that says he is a progressive, a modern, an anarchist, and therefore admirable; and there is the sort that says he is like Brahms, he is dull, he is affected, he is a Lutheran.

* * *

Without in any way pretending to effect a righteous comparison between these two extreme attitudes, I cannot, however, resist taking up a middle position. I plead, to begin with, that I am generally bored with his music. But, do not misunderstand me, I say generally. I can recollect several occasions within the last few years when for the time being I could only think the most devotional things, notably once in the drawing-room of a prima donna, when for quite thirty-five minutes I confess to the most complete enchantment (I will not admit that the time and the place were extenuating circumstances). But the occasions upon which I can remember any particular felicity are rare. I can more easily remember the occasions of dolorous captivity. And, as far as I can recollect, my unhappy moments were due to the absent composer's indecent desire to be misunderstood. I ought to have got up in my seat and yelled "All right; we misunderstand you perfectly," and that would have been the end of Herr Reger's pose (and, maybe, the beginning of a vast popularity); but instead of being so spontaneously unprofessional, I sat there like so many other dumb animals, and groaned to myself, and swore to my friends afterwards.

* * *

This kind of transcendental experience on a listener's part neither makes nor unmakes a creative artist in this country or any other. The experience may be ordinary, but it is none the less significant. Here am I, an average intelligent musician, listening to some music, already famous in Germany and France, being performed in this country for the first time, and I say, in common with some more critical friends, that I will not admit it amongst my treasures. There must be something queer about Reger's music if it can achieve even a temporary reputation in this musically-insensitive country in spite of its nationalistic antipathetic qualities. In England Reger's music cannot for many generations have any hold, and I do not regret it. It is of the kind we call "brainy." I will not dare to say it is uninspired; the musical brain may conceivably work out little problems that are not to us specially emotional or spirituelle, and yet may have a permanent hold, after many years, upon some more intellectually-experienced generation of people. Music, it appears is always a hundred years ahead in the brains of a few people. M. Debussy, for instance, is at least that much ahead of us in all his feelings of tonality, and Strauss' notions of form will not be considered stodgy for at least twenty years.

* * *

All of which means that I am simply driving at the fact that the Reger "Trio," which I heard at the Bechstein the other day (played by William Ackroyd, Max Reger, and Percy Inch) was a wonderful hodge-podge of imitation Beethoven, imitation Brahms, romantic methods, anarchistic methods, modern manners, unmeaning tours de force, melodramatic nuances, an extraordinary genius for harmonic surprises, a considerable feeling for form, and a particualrly perverse sense of beauty. There is no special use in my saying that my opinion is shared by other people whose trade it is to have opinions. All the same, I would remind you that other people do feel as I do about the music of Max Reger, and feel it is so far short of what we to-day recognise as inspiration that, notwithstanding the advance Press notices of interested agents and backers, there is little to substantiate any particular public interest in this musical adventurer. I only wish the daily Press had more courage to state really honest opinions. (Then we might have another gentle controversy.) The art of music is, however, like a milch cow to the newspapers; and (talking of cows) I remember a charming North of Ireland story, which is admirably appropriate and moral. I only wish I could print it.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.*

THE CASE OF POSSESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Quirk is merely quibbling. Will you allow a plain man to restate the Socialist position? Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc tell us there is implanted in the nature of man a desire to own property, especially land, for the satisfaction of a "sense of possession," and apart from any ulterior motives of gain.

The points at issue, therefore, are:—

(1) What conditions of tenure will men accept in satisfaction of the desire to own; and

(2) Is there anything in Socialism inconsistent with those conditions?

Mr. Quirk tells us that "Chesterbellocians" know that in the middle ages men held land subject to superior legal claims, and to occasional exactions by the community; he thinks, moreover, that in spite of these conditions men still felt a sense of possession.

Now, in what essential particulars would the holding of land under a system of Socialism differ from that which obtained under the best mediæval conditions? There is nothing in Socialism, as defined by either the Fabian Society or the Church Socialist League (the only definitions I have by me) which denies the notion that a man may, without injury to the community, hold such productive property as he may himself manage.

Socialists declare against the private ownership of the great means of production; now, clearly land may, or may not, be used as a means of capitalistic production, and there is no more reason why a man should not own certain small portions of land than there is in, say, a handicraftsman owning the tools by which he plies his trade (an eventuality which will probably appear on a large scale when Socialists have supplied him at his own house with a cheap and abundant supply of electric power).

In the reconstructed Society at which Socialists aim, a scheme would, of necessity, have to be devised which, while safeguarding the community (with a jealous eye on economic rent), would allow men so to hold land.

As regards those other forms of industrial capital, property in which is manifest only by bonds and share scrip, it cannot be held by a sane man that its ownership is desired for any such satisfaction of the desire to own. What is more, our opponents of the moment have never attempted to make out a case for it; and I confess I am tired of the way in which, unchallenged, they flaunt their contempt for our intelligence in this matter. F. E YARKER.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Can you find space for a protest against the arrogant attitude assumed by so very many "working class" members of the I.L.P. towards those of their fellow Socialists who (through no fault of their own) belong to the "middle classes"? I consider that the bearing of these extremely "class-conscious" "comrades" is a positive danger to the Socialist cause. They seem to think they own Socialism! Just study your "comrade" selling "literature" at any "great demonstration." Maybe you are with a few more middle class Socialists (who do not consider the wearing of mystic letters of necessity part of their duty to Socialism). Our badge-bedizened literature vendor spots us; he glares, and "Who are the Blood-Suckers—one penny," he roars. These "comrades," with their impudent postulate that they, "the workers," have a monopoly of Socialism, can do untold harm. "Are these the nation's saviours?" ask one's friends, after some enthusiast has bellowed "This is the trac' for Liberals an' Tories! This is wot troubles 'em. One penny!" What right have these "comrades" to assume we are out to disagree with them because we wear the uniform of our class? Consistency is not theirs in this matter even, for nowadays your "comrade" is himself somewhat of a dog, sartorially. WILLIAM KEMPLAY.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am glad to see that THE NEW AGE has opened its columns to a discussion of an aristocratic and middle class Socialist Party. Mr. Chesterton has argued that Socialism will be captured by the aristocrats. Personally, I should think we had got a long step forward if Socialism captured the aristocrats.

The present chaotic state of the Socialist societies should give an opportunity to the educated section of Socialists to weld themselves together, so that another General Election shall not pass by without resulting in a Parliamentary group of educated Socialists of family and character who will not be dominated by the airy politeness and good feeling of the Liberal and Tory Parties. Socialism would be enormously strengthened by the sending to Parliament of some educated revolutionaries of integrity and independence, whether they be millionaires, aristocrats, diplomats, professional men, litterateurs, or artists. "KRIEGSPIEL."

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will you kindly ask all readers of THE NEW AGE (whether barristers, solicitors, or law clerks) who wish to join a Law Socialist or Social Reform Society to send their names and addresses, and their suggestions for the formation of such a society to me as soon as possible? SPENCER BAKER.

Newcastle, Staffs.

NIETZSCHE V. SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have observed that the name and doctrines of Nietzsche are held in high honour by contributors to your journal, and by other avowed Socialists; and my attention having been (not, certainly, for the first time) directed to the writings of that philosopher, I was puzzled at finding that he regarded Socialists and Socialism with fanatical hatred. This sentiment is shared by his most prominent exponents in England at the present day.

On going further into the matter, I was amazed to find that the apparent inconsistency lay not with his Socialist admirers, but with Nietzsche himself; that the Socialists are more Nietzschian than Nietzsche, and that the official exponents aforesaid are wriggling on a crooked stick.

According to our philosopher, I take it, the primary duty and business of man is to get on with evolution and to develop into the superman. Now, it is obvious that with every individual developed to his utmost possible extent, you increase the chances of producing the superman; and this is certainly what all Socialists wish to do. For we know that any inferiority which may be apparent at present between the children of the working class and of that aristocracy so much extolled by Nietzsche's English disciples, is not inherent, but, as Sir Victor Horsley has shown us, due to accidental and remediable causes. Every child whose development is arrested under the present régime might have been the parent of the superman. Why, therefore, did Nietzsche, in his enthusiasm for aristocracy, attack Socialism?

It is equally difficult to understand his objections to the development of woman. That sex, he tells us, ought to be regarded as property, and kept in a servile condition. Now, a woman must be the mother of the superman, and the transmission of qualities from mother to son is surely a phenomenon for which we must be prepared.

That, Sir, is, briefly, the glaring inconsistency in the teachings of Nietzsche, as I understand them; and I write this in the hope that the gentlemen busily occupied in expounding his gospel and denouncing "the low Socialists," "the tub-thumpers," etc., etc., may be able to explain this contradiction of their professed aims with their prejudices.

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.

* * *

THE CONGO REFORM ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your issue of May 6th I notice a statement on page 27 that "the Congo agitation is engineered by politicians who are exploiting the over-taxation of the Congo natives for ulterior motives."

I have been closely connected with this agitation in England and in Belgium for some years, and I believe that there is no foundation whatever for the above statement. I enclose the official organ of the Congo Reform Association for April. You will find in it a list of the officers, of the members of the finance committee, and of the members of the executive (page 2). On page 171 you will find a list of the founders of the Association. On pages 181 to 188 you will find the names of hundreds of subscribers. I challenge you to name anyone in these lists who has "ulterior motives."

The Congo Reform movement is not engineered for ulterior motives. It is a self-sacrificing crusade against an awful wrong, and the movement counts among its supporters many of the foremost philanthropists of our time. A Socialist newspaper should be the first to support an agitation of this kind instead of doing its best to hinder it.

P. M. STURGE.

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THE IDEALS OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In last week's NEW AGE, G. R. S. Taylor says, à propos of Women's Suffrage: "Women are entitled, on grounds of commonsense and elementary justice, to an equal share with men in the governing of the country. But that is a question which is no longer discussed in intelligent circles; for exactly the same reason that the accuracy of the multiplication table is not a subject for debating clubs."

On the surface that statement seems to be merely facetious, but judging from the rest of the article, the writer wishes to be taken seriously. If so, he ought first to prove that the two subjects instanced are anywhere on the same plane.

I have noticed before that he assumes, just as the suffragettes do, that they have reason on their side. I wonder if that is because intelligent people never talk to them? But that is by the way. What I want to know is this: If the suffragettes do admit the Mary Wollstonecraft ideal, does that mean, as I gather from Mr. Taylor's article, that the secret and inspiring ambition which underlies their so-called political campaign is to be able to have as many illegitimate offspring as they choose, all to be supported by the State, and without any unpleasant consequences to themselves? One might have some respect for them and their party if they would for once make a straightforward businesslike statement of what they do mean.

L. ALINE PARKER.

* * *

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Brains.

EMIL DAVIES.

THE LIMITATIONS OF ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

While keenly appreciating Mr. Eden Phillpotts's article, "Sympathy and Understanding," nevertheless I happen to have lady relatives in my household who, while being sound free thinkers and Socialists, still have, I am afraid, a Philistinic taint in matters of art. That is to say, they regard expressions sometimes heard in tap rooms and smoking rooms as offensive to good taste.

Granted that it be true that the lower orders use such expressions, is an author justified in repeating them? May I present Mr. Phillpotts with a slight dilemma, or rather two? Firstly: Would he himself use such expressions in a mixed drawing room gathering of his own relatives and friends? If not, why inflict them on us as literature? Secondly: If Mr. Phillpotts justifies the use of some swear words of the masses for artistic effect, it is well known that the masses (and also classes) have an extended vocabulary of stronger language still—references to physiological functions, and so on. Why not use some of these and thus reach the super-artistic? What is the precise degree of coarseness that can be regarded as good or bad art?

D. A.

* * *

MR. WELLS ON THE I.L.P.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Position of the I.L.P., according to the very truly "Christian Commonwealth," and H. G. Wells.

WELLS,

THE MOVEMENT.

Blatchford, Shaw, Hyndman, Quelch, Taylor, Guest, in the soup—or is it soapsuds?

G. OWEN.

* * *

THE MAGDELEINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is difficult to understand Mr. Titterton's admiration for the Magdeleine. If her dancing were the expression of primitive emotion it might appeal to the purely animal instinct. But there is nothing primitive about her. Corsets have destroyed any natural beauty which the lines of her body may have once possessed. Her shrieks are hysterical, like those of a person under the influence of an anæsthetic. It is a nightmare—not a work of art.

Her manner of singing proves conclusively how impenetrable she is to any subtle shades of emotional beauty. This is a branch of art in which it is not sufficient to be merely a "medium." You must also be a sensitive instrument on which your own and other's emotions may play with a certain amount of beauty. Otherwise the whole thing descends to the level of the ordinary spiritualistic séance. And this performance claims to be something more.

ANNA W. STURGE.

* * *

WOMEN'S ECONOMIC FREEDOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I ask whether the new league for the Economic Freedom of Women is to be open for men? Dependence and ignorance seem closely allied terms, and after reading Beatrice Tina's article this week, I have no doubt that other men besides myself would prefer to do a little active work rather than wait until the various Socialist squabbles have been settled.

TH. GUGENHEIM.

THE "NEW AGE" VOTING PAPER.

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