AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE? by Fr. Grierson.

The NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

CONTENTS.

WHITTED SEPULCHRES—V. By Beatrice Tina .... 99
VERSE. By F. S. Flint .... .... .... 101
DRAMA: "Sampson." By N. C. .... .... 102
ART: "Methods of Pictures Shown." By G. R. Taylor .... 103
MUSIC: "A Summer Idyll." By Herbert Hughes .... 104
CORRESPONDENCE: G. R. S. Taylor, Beatrice Tisa, F. G. Howe, H. F. Rubinstein, St. John Ervine, A. E. R. Gill, etc., etc. .... .... .... 105

The EDITORIAL ADDRESS is 4, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.
ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Manager, 12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London.

ADVERTISEMENTS: The latest time for receiving advertisements is first post Monday for the same week's issue.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR ENGLAND and ABROAD:
Three months .... .... .... .... 12. 9d.
Six months .... .... .... .... 32. 3d.
Twelve months .... .... .... .... 60. 6d.
All remittances should be made payable to THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., and sent to 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At the conclusion of the discussion on Mr. Pickersgill's motion on unemployment, Mr. Shackleton, according to the "Times" report, borne out by Hansard, "would only say that the Government had no Labour night, and he was proud to have been present." Had anything very revolutionary been proposed? Nothing more than the organisation of Labour Exchanges, "a mere piece of social machinery," as Mr. Churchill described it, "that would not directly add to the volume of labour." No wonder that Mr. Bernard Shaw has described the Labour Party as "on its knees" in the House of Commons. Such fulsome gratitude as Mr. Shackleton displayed—which, by the way, he would only a neck ahead of Mr. Henderson—would be consistent with an even more prostitute posture than that of kneeling. Up, Labour men, you are not political lazzaroni, are you? Never be thankful for what you have won by force: the noblest form of political gratitude is to use what you get to get more.

We are not denying that the creation of Labour Exchanges is an excellent piece of administrative work. If the Minority Report is right in its judgment that "it is now administratively possible, if it is sincerely wished to do so, to remedy most of the evils of unemployment," then the establishment of Labour Exchanges all over the country is an indispensable preliminary. But beyond regularising a certain amount of casual labour and rendering the employed locomotive, Labour Exchanges alone will not do much. In the recommendations of the Minority Report, Labour Exchanges are to be accompanied not only by a system of Insurance against unemployment, but by positive economic measures such as the restriction of boy-labour, the reduction of railwaymen's and tramwaymen's hours, and the putting in hand of forty millions worth of national work. Save for the first of these, we do not see any signs of the accomplishment of these contemporary remedies. A scheme of Compulsory Insurance against unemployment has been promised; but no attempt has yet been made seriously to mitigate the evils of boy-labour. In over fifty years (from 1851) boy-labour between the ages of 10 and 15 has been reduced by no more than 15 per cent. The Government alone employs some 20,000 boys between the ages of 10 and 15, and of whom only 1 in 3 finds a permanent place in the Government service. We should like therefore to be certain that the Education Department would adopt the recommendation of Mr. Cyril Jackson's Report and raise the school age at once to 15, in five years to 15, in ten years to 17, and so on until nobody is expected to earn his living until he or she is 21. Human beings would then become, as they should become, more expensive than machines, and matters, therefore, of equal or superior care. As it is, a sewing machine is worth more than a sempstress, and is better cared for by its employer.

Nor do we see any burning zeal on anybody's part to reduce the hours of labour of railway and tramway men. Presumably the lives of the public are of less importance than the dividends of shareholders: and, curiously enough, in the public's own esteem. We would bet a Waterman to a goosequill that the "Daily Express," the second most unscrupulous daily paper published, could persuade its readers that the demand for the reduction of the hours of labour on rail and tram was no more than a device for workshies invented by Socialist agitators, to the deliberate damnation of public safety. At this moment, in fact, there are positively no Board of Trade regulations for the working hours of railwaymen or tramwaymen, who therefore may be, and sometimes are, called upon to work thirty hours in twenty-four. What is amazing and regrettable is that so few accidents occur. On the whole, however, if the public will not insist on good hours for its own sake, there is little hope of its insisting on good hours for the sake of miners, builders, and labourers. But for the boot-toe of Parliamentary unionism, these trades would still be working the clock nearly round. Of all the fatuous arrangements of civilisation the collocation of overwork and unemployment is the most scandalous to reason.

Of the putting in hand of a forty million scheme of national work in afforestation, canalisation, reclamation, and the like, we see only the ghost of a sign. The Development Fund which Mr. Lloyd George may constitute out of the snippings of departmental expenditure contains, as we have said before, a germ of hope; but without a lot of Socialist sun and storm, the germ will not fructify. That overcultured person, Professor J. H. B. Masterman, who has been lecturing on "Parliament and the People," in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, declared the other day "that it might be taken as a fixed principle of English life that people who would not wait hardly ever got what they wanted." But our reading of history, thank
commonsense, is different. "They as asks won't get, and them as don't ask don't want," is much nearer the fixed principle of not only English life but life universal; and the practical deduction is that one must take what one wants, without violence if possible, but with force if necessary. And it is pretty certain that the Minority Report's forty million scheme will have to be pushed, and pushed hard, if it is to get outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried.

Returning to the specific subject of Labour Exchanges and Mr. Churchill's sympathetic speech (Mr. Churchill or his ghost has admirably caught the Fabian twang in his official utterances), we note that he proposes to "illustrate the trinity" by dividing the Labour sections of the Board of Trade into three, dealing respectively with Wages, Statistics, and Labour Exchanges. It will be remembered that the Minority Report particularly recommended the creation of a Minister of Labour; and, certainly, if anything like business is meant, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour with a Department and an Office of his own is needed. We shall not believe that Mr. Lloyd George's "war on poverty" has been seriously begun until a General in Command has been appointed. The machinery of the proposed Labour Exchanges alone will be extremely complex, with its ten divisions and two or three hundred subdivisions. Add to this the existing machinery of Wage Regulation, the proposed machinery of three columns, and as many as they will need to be multiplied, by a dozen, and it is plain that the Board of Trade Issachar will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

We shall not believe that Mr. Lloyd George's "war on poverty" has been seriously begun until a General in Command has been appointed. The machinery of the proposed Labour Exchanges alone will be extremely complex, with its ten divisions and two or three hundred subdivisions. Add to this the existing machinery of Wage Regulation, the proposed machinery of three columns, and as many as they will need to be multiplied, by a dozen, and it is plain that the Board of Trade Issachar will either break down under the burden or, worse still, drop the burden altogether. The appointment of a Labour Minister, intent, as all Ministers are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.

The only redeeming feature of the most reactionary speech even Mr. Burns has ever delivered occurred towards the close of his remarkable address to the chance gathering at Carshalton on the 13th. "We have realised," he said, "almost too late, that the stream of Defence will either break down under the great argument, then let poverty outside the Blue-book where it now lies buried. We do not mean, and not window dressing, a Minister of Labour. We ters are, on magnifying his office, would be the best guarantee that substantial changes in the condition of the people would be made.
Morality in Public Schools.

The significance of the International Moral Congress has been generally recognised; but there is one point to which attention has not been drawn—the proportionate lack of representation from our chief educational centres, the public schools.

The problem of morality is, perhaps, keener at the public schools than at any other school, elementary or secondary. The pupils are largely drawn from the leisure classes; their home lives are comfortable, if not luxurious. Nowhere is the force of tradition more insistent or the tyranny of conventional ideas more irresistible; and nowhere is the problem of morality more definitely shelved.

That the present state of affairs is eminently undesirable is the conviction that prompts these remarks. Metchnikoff has some strong words to say on the disastrous consequences to the race and to the individual of the postponement of marriage. Hardly less disastrous, it might be said, is the complete segregation of the sexes during the greater part of early youth. Whatever may be the dangers and difficulties of co-education, it has this important merit: that it gives boys and young men the supreme advantage of female influence insistent or the tyranny of conventional ideas more or less resolute. The consequence is that it is often directly beneficial. But between boy and girl it is outrageous and invariably bad. To put it plainly: the growth of the boy in the passage of time is accompanied by the growth of the girl; and the two are wrenched apart. The whole question of the postponement of marriage is a problem of great importance; but the pupil who is to face it is at the age when he is physically and mentally receptive of the influence of the opposite sex, and the two influences are warped by the coldness and severity of his masters. The consequence is that there must be no discrimination to determine the limits of that difference, who shall blame him? Do we not all get our morality from the ideas with which we are brought into contact? and how can an ignorant schoolboy be expected to do better than his master? Perhaps he has had right ideas of a sort implanted in him by a schoolmaster. But do we take so kindly to ideas from China or Mexico? for the schoolmaster is, at present, as much of a foreigner as the Chinese or Mexican.

And that is the second cause. The average pedagogue, so far as he is trained at all, is trained to think that Time and the Greek Text are sufficient for salvation. At any rate, with the question of morality he has neither the training, courage, nor inclination to deal frankly with it. He quite frankly ignores it; except when the poor regenerate's confession brings a flagrant case under his notice, resolving itself quite simply into an expulsion or a flogging, his eyes are tight shut to the seamy patches that the greatest caution on the part of the criminals cannot always eliminate. It is depressing to hear the resignation of some young master who has not forgotten his own school days, and yet feels the hopelessness of attempting anything. Schoolmasters and boys in a class are blind to the evil; the boy who will not see it. The more it is seen, the more expulsions: the more expulsions the better certainly is the school; but because expulsion is anything but a helpless confession of impotence, but because it means that there are boys who know it, and let others know who act on the knowledge. They rarely see how much they are responsible for the boy expelled: they will not see that if they cannot and will not forestall the need for expulsion, they as a class need tenfold expulsion. Their cardinal virtues are hasty temper and lack of sympathy. With every allowance made for these failings—for what failings can you not find ample allowance?—the fact remains that they do render the schoolmaster's influence for good extraordinarily ineffectual, however implicit the obedience or strict the discipline they ensure.

The third cause, as has been set forth above, is the entire absence of intercourse with girls. Nothing will do so much to check the peculiar intensity of undesirable impulses, impulses which, owing to the subjection of women, ensnared Greek and Roman civilisation alike, as the sense of common manhood through contact with the opposite sex.

These three, then, are the factors in the situation: traditional obscurantism, unsympathetic masters, and the congregation of boys of all ages unmixed with girls. Briefly, on what lines will Socialism bring reform?

The first point will cease to trouble us when class respectability is dead, with its frantic dread of the actualities of life and its comfortable shelving of responsibility upon charitable institutions and musty pedagogues. When truth is a crystal and the search for truth no longer crystal-gazing, error will be robbed of its strongest ally.

Secondly, if there is one thing Socialism will not tolerate it is irresponsibility in the trainers of its youth.
"The New Age" in the Pulpit.

BEING a religious-minded man, I read THE NEW AGE regularly, and never go to church or chapel. This purity of abstention is some solace to me for the deadly sins of my week-days, when I trade as a cheap-jack, carrying from dealer to dealer a portfolio of engravings and other painful art productions I would not hang in my own house. Last Sunday, however, was wet, and my situation in a strange, hideous town of blinded passers-by as a remarkable man, but no one seemed to any other impression of him than that his trousers were ridiculously short. Putney used to make a great joke upon Mr. Swinburne, in Putney—and he could notice more clearly written in his eyes and mouth and forehead. The face of a man who had lived unchangingly with fine, austere, passionate thoughts of his own. By the heavens, it was a noble sight. I have not seen a noble...

So much—added the preacher—in the eye and mind of a keen observer of men, did the truth do for Swinburne, and so much might passion for the truth do for you and me?

Sir, when I heard these words of Mr. Jacob Tonson's— as when I read them—I was lifted out of my seat, I was exalted. And it occurs to me that that business in this thing. Could not you and your able contributor undertake to supply suggestions for sermons, illustrations, and the like, for liberal-minded preachers; and might not I, with my opportunities for travelling and interviewing, make myself useful to you in this matter, for a small commission?

HOLBEIN BAGMAN.
An Anglo-American Alliance.

By Francis Grierson.

Two things will force England and America into a coalition of material aims and interests—the menace of famine on one hand and the menace of the yellow races on the other. America can never hope to grapple with the yellow peril single handed, England can never hope to avoid starvation without a binding political agreement with the great Republic. All other dangers seem insignificant compared with the laissez faire policy now in vogue in regard to this all important question. Unless we come to a working understanding with the Government and the people of the United States, it would not be impossible for Germany to blockade our leading ports by means of air-ships, and that before very long. In the political balance France and Spain will always be problematical. In case of war France would soon be crippled by interior dissension and revolution. There has never been a political agreement based on material interests alone which has stood the test of a great crisis. Nothing founded on selfish interests will stand the onslaughts of change and the vicissitudes of national progress or disruption, and a commercial extente without a natural psychic attraction means nothing in the hour of political and social strain. France to-day would as soon join forces with Germany as bind her forces to any compact with Anglo-Saxon interests if the French people thought they were losing more, even a little more, than they were gaining. No one who has lived long in France can be deceived into believing that the deep animosity manifest by millions of the people against the old order of French patriotism may not be turned suddenly against all monarchical governments. Present-day events and portents point to a Socialist President in France within a short time. By what hocus-pocus of political art can we hope to cement the two peoples in a bond of uninterrupted harmony?

Has any diplomat in this country figured to himself the position the King would be placed in were England bound to the precepts of a revolutionary Government in France? In my opinion, France can no more escape being governed by militant rulers in the near future than she can help being sceptical, logical, ironical and Gallic. All political agreements with European nations are but props and crutches. Italy and Spain will follow the example of France as certainly as the sun will rise to-morrow, and even at this moment Rome is governed by a Mayor more militant than the most revolutionary Parisian.

There are moments when it seems as if this attitude of indifference seems predestined doom, and that nothing can make the slightest change in our progress towards overwhelming disorder. As I see it, one of the most disquieting signs of the times is the fixed idea so many people have that Germany and Austria will never make war on England while the Germans remain as they are now, friendly in outward appearance. In the first place, there will be no casus belli in the old meaning of the words.

The time is gone when the great nations will go to war like school boys in a passion. There will be no passion in Germany's next war. It will be a war of cool calculation and cold blood. Englishmen who have not lived in Berlin do not understand the Prussian. Bismarck divorced the Prussian mind from sentimentality. The next war will be no dress parade show, but a simple affair of calculated famine. The manoeuvres will be directed not against the head and the heart, but against the stomach.

Just after the Franco-Prussian war some French friends of mine described the conduct of the victorious Germans during the invasion. "The Prussians," said my friends, "fought with the coolness of human machines which nothing could stop. The French soldiers fought with a passion that soon cooled, the Germans with a cold-blooded will that was crushing; when they made raids on private families in search of wines and provisions they did so with perfect politeness, but with pitiless determination. But if the Prussian in 1870 was a fighting automaton with a will wound up like a clock, what would he be now after forty years of drill, and discipline far more reasoned, far more desperate, than any training ever conceived by the Spartans at their best or the Romans in their supremest triumphs?

The danger menacing England is not now a military but an aerial danger. The old Roman question of feeding the populace is revived once more. We are an exception to almost every case presented in history. We are an island, and in our beautiful dreams of eternal prosperity, dreams which have lasted ever since the destruction of the Spanish Armada, we have been hypnotised into a state of chronic lethargy, reduced to a condition of universal languor and semi-conscious indifference. We are like men clutching at phantoms, while avoiding realities. The phantom just now is Germany, and no one seems able to see that the gravest danger lies not in anything military near us, but in the danger created by a distance of full three thousand miles of water, the danger of not having enough to eat. How is John Bull going to maintain the prestige of his proverbial corpulency? The old opium dreams of ease and opulence have gone on for ages, until the habit has become a second nature. This was the sort of security felt by the French nobles at the breaking out of the French Revolution, when hunger began to gnaw at the vitals of the Parisian populace. But the nobles were not saved. Nonchalance and sang froid are effective in the senate, the drawing-room, on the Stock Exchange, and in Rotten Row. But a hungry mob pays no respect to what it considers a condition of universal indolence and semi-conscious indifference. Even virtue appears vapid in times of violence, and the wisest words from the wisest orators fall like so much rain on a people tottering on the verge of ruin.

At the first intimation of famine there would be a general rush for food. The farmer would soon cease to sell and begin to hide his provisions against the time of his own hunger; the people of the cities would rush for bread and flour; for the first time in England the proverb "bread is the staff of life," would suggest something hollow and sepulchral, for the very thought of being surrounded on all sides by hostile fleets or airships would of itself paralyse the moral faculties of half the population of these islands. The certain knowledge of the close proximity of battleships every bit as formidable as our own, looming over the western horizon, intercepting, destroying, or delaying the merchant steamers arriving from America, would appal the most courageous hearts. All would feel the crushing imminence of the new danger. Not a shopkeeper, not a butcher, or a baker, not a draper or a storekeeper, not a stockbroker or a banker, not a bishop in his palace or a lord in his castle, not a publican or a politician, but would be made to realise the paralysing effects of impending ruin. All bombard would cease. Pride and prejudice would sink like a rotten log in the
social quicksand. Nothing would remain as it was. The island known as England would appear like a ship parted from her moorings, gone from what seemed fixed and eternal. To draw an antithetical picture of what would happen to the highest and lowest social grades in such an emergency we have but to scan the doomsday pages of Jerusalem, Rome, Carthage, and, above all, to contemplate the "wonders and terrors" of the French Revolution. In every instance doom was achieved by hunger. Even in cases where the city had been protected for a long state of siege, hunger at last was the doom of all. It is the lack of imagination that renders so many people in London, Liverpool, and the great manufacturing centres content to live on year after year in a state of chronic apathy, they, the very people who would be the first to feel the slowly accumulating horrors of starvation. The two classes most steeped in apathy are the millionaires and titled rich on one hand and the irresponsible poor on the other. The rich live in mock security, thinking it an easy affair to escape in yachts, steamers, motors, etc. An attempt would be made to cross the water to put the people on short rations. Then all the available orators throughout the land would be set to work to talk to the people. The people! Alas, yes! For the people hate the pangs of hunger even more than the gouty member of Parliament, so often advised by his physician to starve himself for a week or two as a cure for his aches and disorders. The rich would find the first weeks of the blockade rather exciting and agreeable. But the man in the street would begin to growl on the very first day. Famine cast her grim shadow across his path. On him, the hungry man with a family of starving children, sermons, speeches, and reasoned editorials would produce no effect. The Government would be blamed, all political parties would be blamed, and the end of famine would be a pandemonium of drunkenness, frenzy, and destruction. The Paris Commune would be repeated with this difference—the ruin wrought in London would be incalculably greater. In France the Parisian mob caused the destruction which was principally confined to Paris, but in England all the great seaports and manufacturing centres would come under the fury of the populace, rendered insane from drink taken from the helpless publican around whose doors would swarm the sturdy vagrants and lazy hordes vomited from every portion of the land as if the lid had been lifted.

The Government, rendered mad by hunger, would be blamed, political parties would be blamed, and the end of famine would produce no effect. The Government would be blamed, all political parties would be blamed, and the end of famine would be a pandemonium of drunkenness, frenzy, and destruction. The Paris Commune would be repeated with this difference—the ruin wrought in London would be incalculably greater. In France the Parisian mob caused the destruction which was principally confined to Paris, but in England all the great seaports and manufacturing centres would come under the fury of the populace, rendered insane from drink taken from the helpless publican around whose doors would swarm the sturdy vagrants and lazy hordes vomited from every portion of the land as if the lid had been lifted from some long-hidden inferno under our very feet, suddenly, without noise or warning. In the universal fury and confusion one party would blame the other, rage and dismay would seize on all, a chorus of curses and vituperation would arise to drown authority and urge the remnant on to national annihilation.

Forty-eight hours of cumulative delirium and horror would wipe out a thousand years of accumulated civilisations.

M. Debussy's Musical Impressions.
Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich.

IV.

An Open Letter to M. le Chevalier C. W. Gluck.
(From "Gil Blas," February 23, 1903.)

Sir,—Shall I write to you, or shall I summon you to appear? My letter, very probably, would never reach you, and possibly you would decline to cuit the abode of happy shades to come and have a chat with me about the future of an art in which you excelled to a degree sufficient to make you desirous of being left out of the endless discussions which are contiguously disturbing it. I shall, therefore, make use alternately of writing and the art of evocation, and I shall endow you with an imaginary existence which will permit greater freedom of intercourse. I hope you will pardon my want of admiration for your work; I will not, however, forget the deference due to one so illustrious as yourself. After all, you were a court musician. Royal hands turned the pages of your manuscripts, while painted lips leaned over you and smiled their approval. You were worried a good deal by a certain Piccini, who wrote upwards of sixty operas. Your fortitude thus bore the brunt of customary laws which ordain that quantity comes before quality, and that Italians shall always obstruct the progress of music. So completely forgotten is the above-mentioned Piccini that he has had to change his name to Puccini in order to get his works performed at the Opéra Comique. Moreover, you could not have attached much importance to those endless controversies between elegantly erudite abbeys and dogmatic encyclopaedists; they talked of music with an incompetence which you would only find equalled in our present world. And though you might have liked to show your independence by conducting the first part of "Iphigenie in Aulide" without wig and in your nightcap, it was of greater importance and more to your advantage to please your King and your Queen. But, as it happens, your habitual intercourse with these high and mighty persons has given your music an air of almost uniform pomposity: if it has to express love it does so with majestic decency, and even grief has to execute preliminary curtsies. Whether it is more elegant to please King Louis XVI or the society of the Third Republic is a question which your "moribund state prevents me from answering in the affirmative. Your art was, therefore, essentially one of pomp and circumstance; it was not in close sympathy with the people. They watched others passing by (the fortunate . . . the satisfied). You represented for them a kind of wall behind which something was taking place.

We have changed all that, M. le Chevalier, we claim to be social, and we want to make our way to the hearts of the people. Things are not greatly improved thereby, neither have we any cause for greater pride! (You cannot imagine how many difficulties there are in the way of our founding a popular opera.) In spite of its "luxurious" side your art has had a great deal of influence on French music. One finds traces of it first of all in the work of Spontini, Lesueur, Méhul, etc. . . . it contains the seeds of the Wagnerian formulas, and this is insufferable (you will understand why presently). Between ourselves, you are ill acquainted with the laws of prosody, for you turn the French language into one of accentuation, whilst it is, on the contrary, one that conveys many shades of meaning (I know . . . you are a German).

Rameau, who helped to shape your genius, has given
examples in his works of refined and vigorous declamation, of which you might have availed yourself to some purpose. I do not want to appear ungracious, so I will not speak now of Rameau's powers as a musician. We are indebted also to you for making the dramatic action predominate over the music. Is this to be admired? On the whole, I prefer Mozart to you; he overlooks you altogether, the worthy man, and does not concern himself with anything but music. In order to exercise this predominance you chose Greek subjects, thus affording opportunities for all the consequential nonsense which has been talked about the so-called relation between your music and Greek art. Rameau was a great deal more of a Greek than you (do not lose your temper, I will soon take leave of you). And what is more, Rameau was lyrical, and that suited us in every particular; we ought to have remained lyrical and not waited for a whole century to elapse before becoming so again.

It was through making your acquaintance that the unexpected chance befell French music of falling into the arms of Wagner. It pleases me to imagine how, without you, not only this would not have happened, but French music would not have asked its way so often from those who were chiefly interested in sending it in the wrong direction.

To conclude, you have profited by the number and the falsity of the interpretations which have been given to the word "classic"; the invention of that dramatic ronron which ruins all good music is not sufficient to sanction this classifying of your name with the classics. It is only a title, and the title has more serious claims to the title.

For the sake of Madame Caron we should once again regret your death. She made your Iphigenia an infinitely purer classic figure than you had imagined. Not a gesture or an attitude but what could be described as perfect.

All the depth of feeling which you omitted to give this character was restored to it by her. Each one of her movements seemed composed of music. If you had been able to see the way she went up and sat close to the sacred tree before the sacrifice you would have wept, so much was there of supreme grief in that simple act. All the soul of the opera unites the loving Iphigenia to the faithful Pylades in the bonds of wedlock Madame Caron's countenance was illuminated by such a radiant look that one lost sight of the hallowed conventionality of the dénouement in order to admire the violet colour of her eyes, a favourite hue, as you know, of those who are always dreaming of Greek beauty. With the assistance of this woman your music dematerialises itself; one can no longer label it with a precise date, for, by a gift which makes one believe in the survival of the ancient gods, she possesses the histrionic power of drawing aside the dense veil which enshrouds the past and giving renewed life to those dead cities in which the worship of Beauty was harmoniously combined with that of art.

M. Cassira would have pleased you with the charm of his voice, and M. Dufranc by the convincing manner in which he bellowed Orestes' transports of rage. I did not care very much for the Scythian entertainment in the first act, which has something in it akin to the moujiks and to the sports of a brigade of stablemen. Permit me to inform you that your warlike diversifications are difficult to execute, and there are no definite indications to be found in either the music or its rhythm. Rest assured that to all the rest M. Carré gave the exact setting that was needed. Whereupon I have the honour to remain, Monsieur le Chevalier, Your very humble servant, CLAUDE DEBUSSY.
regarded as unrestrained; for the commander should have control over his powers. But neither is it to be thought yielding and compliant; for the creator of new values must not be influenced by humanitarian ideals. The master virtue, the breeding virtue, is that which can overcome even pity for the sake of the far-off goal.

Even when in this way we have united a few of Nietzsche's disconnected thoughts, it is clear that we have advanced within reach of a new manly ideal. We forget to enquire about "happiness," for we are quite satisfied with the conviction: a gigantic strength in man and in mankind desires to discharge itself. The quantity and powerfulness of this strength determines the value of a person. We must not think this strength homoephones; there are so many conflicting desires and impulses in man. We recognise that innumerable instincts are fighting against one another, and we call the man strong who rigorously suppresses them all. On the other hand, we look upon the highest man as the one who combines within himself the greatest versatility in the greatest relative strength of each quality. The man who achieves this synthesis is master of the world.

The superman is the genius who no longer suffers from any discord; the scientist who knows no self-abandonment; the seer who lapses into no fanaticism: a man, in other words, who, despite his keen intuition, despite his wide and high knowledge, despite his ethical goal, despite his intellectualism, remains a true, harmonised man: not heavy and dull; but light: for everything that is halcyonian is thought necessary for this greatness.

No mere humanitarian age can lead to such a splendid blossoming of manliness, which can be brought about only by a higher culture. Of course, the raising of type means first the raising of the level. But it thus follows that, above this level, there is still another degree of ascension: the production of a few isolated individuals under conditions of culture in which, so to speak, they may take root and grow up. Only when we can fully grasp the consequence of this ascension can we understand the sense in which Nietzsche proclaimed: "Behold, I teach you superman!"

If the genius stands in opposition to the non-culture of his time and its tendencies, we can on the other hand look up to the superman in all his harmonious synthesis, controlling his spontaneity and counter-actions, as the natural product of a coming higher culture. In the superman we find individual and communistic powers harmoniously combined: the communistic powers of a future ruling caste. That is what is new in Nietzsche's conception as compared with the cult of geniuses and heroes in former times. And here especially there is a point which students of Nietzsche take so little into consideration, viz., that their master did not remain an individualist.

The superman was for Nietzsche not only a "warning cry," not only the infinite possibility of a development, or a permanent postulate; but an ethical ideal—an ideal that hovers before us like a product of the imagination: no mere half-way house; yet nothing that makes the aim aimless, and, as it were, ideally objectifies the infinity of development; but, so to speak, a theoretical picture which, at a certain determinable stage of our culture, is thought to be practicable. Says Nietzsche explicitly: "the superman is our next step." Did this supreme type never exist before? Certainly, comparatively often, says Nietzsche, but it was an accident, an exception; not something wished for. He was looked upon as terrible; something portentous; and people turned to the creation of the opposite type: "the domestic animal, the herded animal, the sick animal man; the Christian." But Nietzsche was convinced early in life that by the application of suitable inventions and discoveries a higher type of great individuals could be raised, this 'superman' with no end in view, alone guided hitherto solely by chance. He was not unaware of the fact that the men of to-day possessed enormous strength of moral feeling; but his conviction became stronger and stronger that they had no end in view towards which all their strength might be directed.

Where does this goal lie? In contrast to the statement of Draper, the American writer who declared that there might never be—indeed, should never be—any more great men, Nietzsche remained faithful to his early conviction: "The goal of humanity lies in the highest specimens of man. He went even further, and asserted that the single aim of humanity should be the production of great men. "This and nothing else!" After this, can we doubt for a single moment that he did not picture the superman as a degree of excellence readily attainable by everyone; but rather as the highest possible summit of an imaginary picture of life? His command never runs: "Become a superman," but: "Contribute your share to the formation of a culture which will one day enable the superman to be gotten," "Act as if you wished the superman to be gotten out of yourself."

If we cannot conceive that this theory would have been propounded had not Darwin's victory over the mythological conception of the world previously taken place, this by no means shows that Nietzsche bears any relation to or was in any way influenced by Darwin; for, in addition to Darwin's theory of the origin of species, Copernicus and Kepler, Newton and Harvey, and the Kant-Laplace theory of the formation of the world, all took part in this victory over supernaturalism. It would have been Darwinism if Nietzsche had pointed out a higher stock in the expectation that this would take the place of man. This notion was utterly foreign to him. The problem that concerned him was not what kind of a being should succeed to man in the course of ages; he looked upon it as his life's task to answer in a new way the question: Which type of man shall be created? Which type of man will be more valuable, more amiable, more sure of himself? We find in all his writings the varied, ever-differently expressed answer to this question, and we find the exhortation to conquer weakness by strength, and to oppose a manly ideal to the effeminate morality of our age.

The transformation of the present order of things by means of a transvaluation of all values in respect to a higher ideal: this is Zarathustra's teaching. Zarathustra, this inmost wish of Nietzsche, may with some reason be considered as the incarnation of the superman. Nietzsche himself explained later on: here you see the man being superseded every moment: the conception of superman has become reality, everything that was once called man now lies at an immense distance beneath him.

Nietzsche advanced beyond his age in that he did not keep his gaze fixed on low ideals: "What you think great is not great enough." He wondered why Goethe should have conceived a European culture which should include the entire inheritance of all the humanism hitherto attained, and he deemed it his own task to raise this European ideal to a far higher level. His statement, "Man is an end," adequately testifies that he did not believe in the possibility of a new race in the Darwinian sense; but looked upon the creative process as completed. In spite of the efforts of Tille and others, therefore, no important conformity with Darwin will be found in Nietzsche; whilst, on the other hand, it can probably be shown that Nietzsche, as he owes the word superman to Goethe, carried Goethe's concept several stages further on as soon as he perceived psychological receptivity to be a preliminary to a higher breeding.

(The End.)
Stendhal and England.*

A number of Stendhal's admirers have for some years formed a kind of "Stendhal Club." While the members live principally in Paris, it must not be assumed that the society is peculiarly French, for the club is wrapped in mystery, which is the view held by many of Stendhal's English admirers, who look upon the club with a feeling of awe. If we correctly understand the spirit of the preface to the second volume of the Stendhal Club "Soirées," anyone who has for Stendhal "un goût vif, une sympathie compréhensive, une dièse ardente" is entitled to consider himself as belonging to it. Thanks, moreover, to the efforts of several French "members," principally Messieurs Striyensky, Paupe, Arbelet, and Bélougou, many of Stendhal's papers have been "exhumés" in the Grenoble museum and published, including three complete novels, a mass of correspondence, and various fragmentary pieces. The two "Soirées" include several papers hitherto unpublished. Miss Gunnell is an Englishwoman who wrote this French work on Stendhal and England as her thesis for the University of Paris doctorat. It pleased the authorities so well that they recommended her to publish it, a recommendation for which every admirer of Stendhal has reason to feel grateful.

Before we proceed to quote from these books, however, we must request some of our old-fashioned English critics to leave the room. You have your learning and abilities in certain departments we admit; but for you Stendhal is an insufferable egotist, a heartless eroticist, an immortal monster, and heaven knows what not. When the first of the great modern psychologists is mentioned, your ultra-puritanical skins tremble with a quiver of anguish: the great heart of England, especially as represented by the literary critics of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "British Weekly," must not be outraged. Lift your skirts, gentlemen, turn up your prim noses, shake your seraphic locks, and be off. As yet you have no clear conception of what psychology is. (Herold Godl! didn't he write a novel in a recent number of the "Academy" give his readers the impression that it was something the elements of which could be taught in a laboratory by the use of tuning-forks?) When Mr. Courtney writes about the Greek dramatists we are wise to follow him; but when he writes about men he does not understand, as he did about Nietzsche not so long ago, must he be restrained. Dr. Robertson Nicoll writes admirably when reviewing the works of young Scotchmen. What the "British Weekly" generally serves up as literary criticism, however, comes under another category. It is like cheap margarine sold as the real thing.

We have often wondered how his bridge-builders were: that curious balancing machine which results in his seesaw sentences: "But if . . . still," "Although . . . yet." Every pro is followed by a contra, just like a schoolboy's composition. These sentences always seem, to be fragments of another kind of balancing. In volunteer camps—our Territorial friends will understand the allusion—we have sometimes seen the human frame endeavouring (with some difficulty) to retain its equilibrium on a pole at the end of a field. When we read Dr. Nicoll we feel as though we were watching such a performer of a similar balancing trick. . . . We beg the good Doctor's pardon for the comparison. . . . Comparisons are indeed odorous, as Dogberry said long ago; and we trust this one will not pain any modern Dogberrys, who have time and again, in the literary columns of various papers, written themselves down as if Dogberry wanted himself to be written down as. If it does pain them, however, we recommend them to soothe their feelings by reading Dr. Nicoll's "Songs of Rest." We have an old-fashioned maiden aunt who finds them very congenial—yes, inspiring.

When we come to the murk of Stendhal's modern state of English culture, and note the standard of intelligence shown in the average English literary criticism, we need not be astonished that Stendhal is known here to only a few. On the Continent the circulation of every one of his books runs into scores of thousands, and the literature surrounding him steadily continues to grow. Nietzsche awards him splendid praise in the "Ecce Homo"; but does the average English reader understand what Nietzsche's praise means?

Miss Gunnell's book is all good: let us translate bits of it at random.

The English pedantry was his [Stendhal's] great aversion. Finding a meeting of the Academy very dull and irksome, he began the time by painting an imaginary picture of a similar ceremony at Edinburgh. "Instead of being lively, brilliant, tolerable," he wrote, "the meeting would be tiring, melancholy, Puritan. The Rev. Mr. Jarvis would begin by lecturing on the religion of savage tribes. He would be followed by an Oxford professor, who would speak for two hours about the length of a foot in a certain Greek verse. Then we should have to take up the subject of practical utility—and someone would treat us to a long discussion as to the best way of cultivating green peas. After this we should have a poem on an autumn fog that overspread the graveyard in which the composer had lived before the birth of his mother. The meeting would conclude with a heated discussion as to the respective advantages of railways and canals."

Miss Gunnell states Stendhal's views with lucidity and accuracy, as in the following instances—

The same causes that prevent the Englishman from being witty also prevent him from enjoying the fine arts. The first essential for their enjoyment is a passionate soul; but, in Englishmen, all passion is killed at one blow. If he has not felt the fire of passion, the man of the finest taste possible would never be able to see the fine arts except through a veil. Speaking of English painters:

[The English school of painting] can lay claim to some distinguished painters: West, Lawrence, Reynolds, Gainsborough. But if you ask me to say that any of them is a true genius. Indeed, [Constable] is the only painter that England has produced; Lawrence, "the wonderful Sir Thomas Lawrence," has the sole merit of being a very able and very beautiful painter, but as an artist he is inferior to Ingres. Constable is better. In spite of his negligence and his lack of an ideal, he charmed by the naiveté of his colouring and the truth of his painting. "I wish, however," says Stendhal, "that he would hold his mirror up to some splendid vista, and not to a curtail of hay foddering the sleepy waters of a canal." Here he at once lays his finger upon the weak spot in English taste. Both in literature and in painting it has often been reproached with its want of elevation. Why are the English such a sad nation? "Our sad religion, excessive work, and the climate. But Protestantism is the main reason. Their working classes have less melancholy to the same extent. Their working classes have less necessity of labour. Besides, Protestantism proscribes all passions as immoral—which simply means that an inclination for the fine arts is killed at one blow. If he has not felt the fire of passion, the man of the finest taste possible would never be able to see the fine arts except through a veil."

Why are the English such a sad nation? Our sad-nature, says Miss Gunnell, is a result of the protestant religion, excessive work, and the climate. But Protestantism is the main reason—

"The climate," says Stendhal, boldly, "is the same as the climate of Koenigsberg, of Berlin, of Warsaw; and the inhabitants of these cities are far from being melancholy to the same extent. Their working classes have less security than the English working classes, and drink just a little wine as they do. Nincly, their criticism we fancy we can see his passions as immoral—which simply means that an inclination for the fine arts is killed at one blow. If he has not felt the fire of passion, the man of the finest taste possible would never be able to see the fine arts except through a veil."

The amusements of young Edinburgh ladies are referred to with truly Stendhalian wit and humour; but it is time for us to put these volumes reluctantly away. Some day we may have a complete English translation of Stendhal; but at present our出版 public does not deserve it. And before he is translated we must have critics of sufficient mental grasp to avoid measuring Continental thought by English rule of thumb.

J. M. KENNEDY.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

The death of George Meredith removes, not the last of the Victorian novelists, but the first of the modern school. He was almost the first English novelist whose work reflected an intelligent interest in the art which he practised; and he was certainly the first since Scott who was really a literary man. Even Scott was more of an antiquary than a man of letters—apart from his work. Can one think of Dickens as a literary man? He was almost the first English novelist who was really a literary man. Even Scott was more of an antiquary than a man of letters—apart from his

fiction, the sublime decade of Balzac, Stendhal, and Victor Hugo. And his Paris sketchbook proves that he was the attitude of a grocer. These men wrote; they got through their writing as quickly as they could; and during the rest of the day they were clubmen, or hosts, or guests. Trollope, who dashed off his literary work with a watch in front of him before 8.30 of a morning, who hunted three days a week, dined out enormously, and gave his best hours to fighting Rowland Hill in the Post Office—Trollope merely carried to its logical conclusion the principle of his mightier rivals. What was the matter with all of them, after a cowardly fear of their publics, was simple brutish ignorance. George Eliot was not ignorant. Her mind was more distinguished than the minds of the great three. But she was too preoccupied by moral questions to be a first-class creative artist. And she was a woman. A woman, at that epoch, dared not write an entirely honest novel; nor a man either! Between Fielding and Meredith no entirely honest novel was written by anybody in England. The fear of the public, the lust of popularity, feminine prudery, sentimentality, Victorian niceness—one or other of these things prevented honesty. Mind, I do not wish to belittle the Victorians quite out of existence.

Meredith was an uncompromising Radical, and—what is singular—he remained so in his old age. He called Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's nose adventurous at a time when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's nose had the ineffable majesty of the Queen of Spain's leg. And the "Pall Mall" haughtily rebuked him. A spectacle for history! He said aloud in a ball-room that Gey de Maupassant was the greatest novelist that ever lived. To think so was not strange; but to say it aloud! No wonder this temperament had to wait for the recognition it merited. Meredith has never had proper recognition; and won't have yet. To be appreciated by a handful of writers, gushed over by a little crowd of "thoughtful young women," and kept on a shelf uncut by ten thousand persons determined to be in the movement—this is all those who cared for books, as one whose notions on the breadth, the constant intellectual distinction, the sheer brilliant power of novels such as these, one perceives that a Thackeray could only have succeeded in an age when all the arts were at their lowest ebb in England, and the most middling of the middle-class novels with the Bible in one hand and the Riot Act in the other.

** * * *

Meredith was an uncompromising Radical, and—what is singular—he remained so in his old age. He called Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's nose adventurous at a time when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's nose had the ineffable majesty of the Queen of Spain's leg. And the "Pall Mall" haughtily rebuked him. A spectacle for history! He said aloud in a ball-room that Gey de Maupassant was the greatest novelist that ever lived. To think so was not strange; but to say it aloud! No wonder this temperament had to wait for the recognition it merited. Meredith has never had proper recognition; and won't have yet. To be appreciated by a handful of writers, gushed over by a little crowd of "thoughtful young women," and kept on a shelf uncut by ten thousand persons determined to be in the movement—this is all those who cared for books, as one whose notions on the breadth, the constant intellectual distinction, the sheer brilliant power of novels such as these, one perceives that a Thackeray could only have succeeded in an age when all the arts were at their lowest ebb in England, and the most middling of the middle-class novels with the Bible in one hand and the Riot Act in the other.

** * * *

A member of the firm which has the honour of publishing Meredith's novels was interviewed by the "Daily Mail" on the day after his death. The gentleman interviewed gave vent to the usual insolence about our own times. "He belonged," said the gentleman, "to a very different age from the modern writer—an age before the literary agent; and with Mr. Meredith the feeling of intimacy as between author and publisher—the feeling that gave to publishing as it was its charm—always existed. Charles Rivington, the gentleman who interviewed to learn that no modern writer would dare to produce work at the rate at which Scott, Dickens, Trollope, and Thackeray produced it when their prices were at their highest. The rate of production has most decidedly declined, and upon the whole novels are written with more care now than ever they were. I should doubt if any novel was written at a greater speed than the greatest realist novel in the world, Richardson's "Clarissa," which is six times the length of an average novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward. "Mademoiselle de Maupin" was done in six weeks. Scott's careless dash is notorious. And both Dickens and Thackeray were in such a hurry that they would often begin to print before they had finished writing. Publishers who pride themselves on the old charming personal relations with great authors ought not to be so ignorant of literary history as the gentleman who unpicked his heart to a sympathetic "Daily Mail."
Whited Sepulchres.
By Beatrice Tina.

CHAPTER V.
A GRAND BAZAAR was being held in aid of St. Paul's. Mrs. Thomas Heck was released in a green velvet print-fore dress, with chemise of white silk chiffon, had charge of the art stall. Upon the stall was a collection of fans and plaza cards; and two gowns formed the background—the whole jobbery of amateur rubbish being the work of the lady who was selling it. The prices were absurdly high, but many people were only too flattered to be able to afford them. "Do something for me, dear, Mrs. Heck; her goods were going rapidly, and she chucked her money bag in a prettily commercial way. Bunt sight Mrs. Heck caught sight of a stranger in whose ways and means and person she had been interested for some weeks. He was a real "tall, dark, distinguished stranger." It was he who had bought "The Willows." She had not met him personally; but his mother, whom now he was leading towards a divan, had called in response to Nan's cards. He was followed up by the minister's wife, and in a moment or two Mrs. Heck saw that the lady intended to bring him to purchasing point. The two presently advanced together towards the Art stall. Mrs. Heck was minutely examining a fan with a broken handle.

"Dear Mrs. Heck, may I introduce Mr. Raymond Cattle, one of our latest acquisitions, you know? Mr. Cattle, Mrs. Heck is the prettiest woman in the whole bazaar." Now, will you let me have your hand?—I hope she will ruin you, positively ruin you!—"I hate them. Remind me of a day I spent out with a creature to visit her home.

"Come with me. No, no—I didn't mean that. Sit still. We'll look at you when you've got a really good woman, with spirit and that, to sit and judge at all.

"You'll forgive my outrageous speech, won't you—two lumps, please—I was absolutely charmed out of prudence by the extra pressure of her hand. "My mother is going to bring me call on you to-morrow. You must commence my reform at once. Au revoir—au revoir, Mrs. Heck—you are truly an angel."

She dressed in white the next afternoon. About four o'clock a vexatious thing happened. Unexpected visitors arrived; a little grandson and his nurse; and Mrs. Heck began to hope that Providence would detain the Cattles at home. She was conscious that Mr. Cattle might appear just a little unusual to Aunt Lizzie; however, at four-thirty sounded the ring of the front-door bell.

For his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

Mrs. Heck took off her white gown and tried to persuade herself that all was exactly as she wished. But Nan—the old romantic Nan—had been in the little gathering. She had encountered next under circumstances which for his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

Mrs. Heck took off her white gown and tried to persuade herself that all was exactly as she wished. But Nan—the old romantic Nan—had been in the little gathering. She had encountered next under circumstances which for his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

She dressed in white the next afternoon. About four o'clock a vexatious thing happened. Unexpected visitors arrived; a little grandson and his nurse; and Mrs. Heck began to hope that Providence would detain the Cattles at home. She was conscious that Mr. Cattle might appear just a little unusual to Aunt Lizzie; however, at four-thirty sounded the ring of the front-door bell.

For his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

Mrs. Heck took off her white gown and tried to persuade herself that all was exactly as she wished. But Nan—the old romantic Nan—had been in the little gathering. She had encountered next under circumstances which for his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

Mrs. Heck took off her white gown and tried to persuade herself that all was exactly as she wished. But Nan—the old romantic Nan—had been in the little gathering. She had encountered next under circumstances which for his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

She dressed in white the next afternoon. About four o'clock a vexatious thing happened. Unexpected visitors arrived; a little grandson and his nurse; and Mrs. Heck began to hope that Providence would detain the Cattles at home. She was conscious that Mr. Cattle might appear just a little unusual to Aunt Lizzie; however, at four-thirty sounded the ring of the front-door bell.

For his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.

Mrs. Heck took off her white gown and tried to persuade herself that all was exactly as she wished. But Nan—the old romantic Nan—had been in the little gathering. She had encountered next under circumstances which for his decorous behaviour during the whole succeeding hour Mr. Tom Heck gratefully thanked and applauded Raymond Cattle. Also, she recognized a trace of the gay gentleman of the bazaar peeped out; not even when, at a little precious moment of handling tea, her white figure obscured him from the rest of the group—never so much as looked at her eyes, and their pure, protective glance was wasted. He came and went like the most perfectly polite and uninterested stranger that ever might be.
Heck, did you think it necessary to be so chilling with me at that awful afternoon tea—and yesterday? Am I so dangerously wicked in your eyes?

Nan grasped the facts in a moment. He had been suffering from doubt of her sympathy!

"Oh, Mr. Cattle. I merely thought my aunt might not quite understand any appearance of friendship between you and myself. Still, I hope you will continue the new behaviour. It is a great surprise to find you can be serious."

"Oh, what a shocking insinuation! Mrs. Heck, I'm the most serious chap in the world. I was nearly driven to the arms of this Sexagenarian again because I thought you believed me below redemption. You don't, do you?"

"No, indeed. But, you see, people talk so."

"I suppose you think I'm insane? Then, when I see them at the tea? Now, when may I see you again, dear Mrs. Heck. I must see you. I've never met anyone in my life who ever made me feel a quarter so good as you do. 'Pon my honour! I dreamed of you last night. You came and stood with a lot of lilies in your hand and stars in your hair, like—er—who is it—Rossetti's angel?"

Nan swooned right back into her maiden romance. "You mean the 'Blessed Damozel',' she cried, ecstatically. "Oh, fancy. I never gave you credit for loving poetry."

"Oh, really, Mrs. Heck! I afraid you think very meanly of me, indeed."

"Never again," she vowed. "Oh, Mr. Cattle, don't you love art?"

"Oh, rather! As a matter of fact, I'm going abroad again, after all. The galleries of Italy call me irresistibly. You really must go to Italy some time, Mrs. Heck. You would find it like one of the pictures suddenly brought to life and walking about, still an angel but also human. Beautiful!"

"Then, of course, you mean to go?" asked Nan, not caring to cover her disappointment.

"Would you be sorry? Really? Then I won't go at all. Anyhow, you're none the less the less wake up in the bold and lovely, and these last few days have given me a glimpse of something purer, you know. Mrs. Heck, I say, won't you happen to be in the Royal Academy to-morrow morning after all? I didn't see the Ching Chong pictures are something tremendous. There's one takes up half a wall to itself. St. George and the Dragon, by some new chap. And he's awfully quick. And George has got a guardian-uniform on. It's ripping."

"Oh, Mr. Cattle, you mustn't ask me to do things like that. Why, half my visiting list might be there."

"You'll go, I suppose?"

"If Mrs. Wales will chaperone me."

"Small doubt of that. The artistic, saintly, pious Mrs. Heck!"

And with this sarcasm, said in the roughest and coarsest tone, Tom Heck flung himself out to his nocturnal amusements.

Mrs. Heck dreaded this mood of active hatred in her partner. From experience, she knew it to be the precursor of equally brutal displays of affection. She could scarcely bear life during the hours which elapsed before his midnight return. And then followed one of the private scenes which are like one wondered if he might be ill. Ill— and miserably, vainly longing for—his guardian angel! Strange to say, the possibility that he had been stricken down began to comfort her.

She was almost gracious to her husband when he came home to tea. But she was presently disinclined. Tom Heck casually mentioned that he had received a letter from Mr. Cattle from Paris.

Nan blurted out: "Has he gone for good?" She hurried on: "What a queer person he is. I'm afraid the church won't profit much by his rich endowment."

"He's coming back, all right. He wants a tennis lawn made. Some of our gay girls'll be snapping him up presently. Do him good to settle down, I should say."

Mr. Heck repeated the old platitud without a shadow of intentional humour; yet his own marriage might have been supposed to have cured him of belief in the efficacy of the contract.

"By the way, I shan't be at the ball to-morrow. I've got to go to Scotland."

"Oh."

"You'll go, I suppose."

"If Mrs. Wales will chaperone me."

"Small doubt of that. The artistic, saintly, pious Mrs. Heck!"

Next morning the Christian lady applied in vain to pour out coffee for her obnoxious husband; this preservation of decorum being, of course, one of the most ineffable of the rules. Soon after his departure she received a telegram conveying his intention to stay the week-end in Scotland. She breathed deep and ran about the house like a girl again. Even the absence of the sinister in gay Paris did not succeed in depressing her until the time came to dress for the ball. Then, indeed, her regret and disappointment misled her so far as to set her against her own. She could scarcely bear life during the hours which elapsed before his midnight return. And then followed one of the private scenes which are like one wondered if he might be ill. Ill— and miserably, vainly longing for—his guardian angel! Strange to say, the possibility that he had been stricken down began to comfort her.

He was the fact that Raymond absolutely adored art. He read much high things as the 'Blessed Damozel.' He had purchased her whole art stall. He frequented picture galleries—was actually going to Italy just to revel in the old masters. He was a strange mixture of good and bad.
Verse.

"Personae of Ezra Pound." By Elin Matthews. 2s. 6d. net.

"Make strong old dreams lest this our world lose heart."—

Epigraph to Personae.

Mr. Pound is a poet with a distinct personality. Essentially, he is a rebel against all conventions except sanity; there is something robustly impish and churlish about him. He writes with fresh beauty and vigour; and revolting against the crepuscular spirit in modern poetry, he is a Rembrandt among our masters.

I would shake off the lethargy of this our time, and give
For shadows—shadows of power,
For dreams—men.

"Is it better to dream than do?"

Aye! and, No! Aye! if we dream great deeds, strong men,
Hearts hoi, thoughts mighty.
No! if we dream pale flowers,
Slow moving pageantry
Of last week says: "... His the author's symbolic interpretation of the Fall in terms of Hesperus is startling... 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 symbol, as an endeavour to bring about a better conception of the future of the world, and to supply humanity with a new poetic impetus, a new religious aspiration."

Description Circular post free on request.

THE ROMANCE OF A NUN. 6s.

By ALIX KING, Author of "The Little Novice." and Impressions. "It is a genuine delight to read such fine and such rare verse in the English language. The reader's interest is held to the last... Admireable delineation and restraint."

"Cupid and Commonsense," dissects every issue of the question with great skill and insight. Mr. Bernard Shaw.

"There is a great deal of what Mr. Bernard Shaw, in an engaging preface to his play "Cupid and Commonsenseness, dissects every issue of the question with great skill and insight."

By ARNOLD BENNET, Crown 8vo, Canvas Gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

Everyone knows that the English theatrical world is in a parlous condition. Everyone knows that, according to the point of view, the actor, or the author or the manager or the public is to blame. Mr. Arnold Bennett is in a position to speak what is real. "The Descent of Man, the Sociology, and the leaders of political, social and industrial reform."

"This book is of the deepest interest to many classes of readers and thinkers, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most remarkable books published during the last half century. It appeals to so many sections of human society, being a serious contribution to published thought in a field that needs the help of serious writers."

The New Age, 1909. Order from all Booksellers.
And many a one hath sung his song
More craftily, more subtle-souled than I;
And many a one now doth sing in the
My wave-worn beauty with his wind of flowers,
Yet am I poet, and upon my tomb
Shall all men scatter rose leaves
Ere the night slay light
With her blue sword.

"It is not, Raama, that my song's ring highest
Or more sweet in tone than any, but that I
Am a poet, that doth drink of life
As lesser men drink wine."

As Omar did. One must read "Na Audart, Praise of Ysolt," a fine piece of work, "An Idyll for Glaucus," to appreciate Mr. Pound's quality. Perhaps he was him-
self among those whom he saw cursing and crying:--

"Tis the white stag, Fame, we're a-hunting,
Bid the world's burdens come to horn.

The wind swept round the earth to make that last
image
The matinal gusto Keats heard in Keane's

...as old as the heart of man
in them, though one might be re-written
keener, more essential, and
more stringent literary power would have made of this
masque something like a masterpiece. As it is, it is
most skilfully written; the interweft of motives being
exceedingly well managed. Briefly, the witch Nature in
the wood, with her children, the Green Dancers, who
tend the flame of Life, waits for an Earth-child to
wake them with the song of the Quest of the Town of
Winds, which she had before refused, and looking into
the pool that is supposed to hate. So turning to the sleeping Princesses, she
accepts the Gift of the Harp of the Witch Mother
and then the radiance of the Vision, which she is unable
to bear. So turning to the sleeping Princesses, she
accepts the same. But the Beggar Maid saddens at the sight, and
to the pool shall be found, and the Girl goes
wandering with her music to awaken men's sleeping
hearts, and the Mother still waits for the Earth-child, who is to see the Vision that shall end her task.

The dominant note in this masque is the Quest of
the Song, but there are deeper chords and suggestions.
Make what you like of it. But remember that two only of the Mother's children could be in the actions of
them and they thereby had become a kind of Bouvard and
Pécuchet. The dragon of inertia and stupidity which
holds the world in its power, as surely as Andromeda
of old, shall only be killed, maybe, by those, the girls
who, like Miss Peake and Mr. Pound, know the free joy
in the heart of the Beggar Maid. But Mr.: Pound has not yet given us that song. It is open to him.

F. S. FLINT.

DRAMA.

" Samson " at the Garrick.
I have not read M. Bernstein's play in the original,
but as presented in the English version it seems a
medley of worn-out and ignoble ideals. There is not a
single character in the play fit to be alive; one finds
are unutterable cads, though M. Bernstein tries to
persuade us that his hero and heroine are in truth
golden-hearted.

The Marquis and Marquise d'Andeline, finding them-
selves at low water financially, marry their daughter
to a "self-made" navvy, now King of the Bourse.
Anne Marie martyrizes herself to please her mother,
but tells Brachard that she does not love him, and
tells that he shall expect nothing in return for his
passion. When they have face of the Witch Mother
she takes a lover—or as nearly so as no matter.
Brachard discovers it through a disreputable supper-
party to which Le Gorain takes Marie, apparently in
order to compromise her. In revenge he ruins the man
by the manipulation of Egyptian Copper Stock—an
investment which he himself has advised. The accom-
plishment of this entails his own ruin. Anne Marie is
so overwhelmed by this proof of jealous passion that
she throws herself into her husband's arms in spite of
ruin and disgrace.

The woman is, I think, the most despicable of the
crew. We are told that she is proud, high-bred, and
that her fettered soul craves for freedom. Looking
into these supposed characteristics of hers, one finds
that they are perfectly meaningless. Marie Brachard
is nothing better than a slavish hussy, ready to knockle
down soon enough when her husband threatens to beat
her. She adores him then, and when he further sports
this great strength of his by ruining a few thousand
individuals in order to revenge an outrage on his love
she offers to stick to him, not because he is ruined, but
because she cannot bear herself away from the suc-
cussion of the man who has shown that he may at any
moment thrust her. Her high-bred self-control collap-
se, of course. She taunts her husband for his
dock-man origin, and betrays her mother to
a
Dock-man origin, and betrays her mother to
a

And then three Princesses come to claim the Gifts of the
Sword of Conquest, the Key of Treasure, and the Mirror
of Beauty; but with these gifts they can see only their
own faces in the Pool, and so the Spirit of Earth, Fire,
and Water that all men share conquer and shatter them.
But the Beggar Maid saddens at the sight, and
to make them she accepts the Gift of the Harp of the
Winds, which she had before refused, and looking into
the Pool that is supposed to hate. So turning to the sleeping Princesses, she
accepts the Gift of the Harp of the Witch Mother,
and then the radiance of the Vision, which she is unable
to bear. So turning to the sleeping Princesses, she
accepts the Gift of the Quest of the Town of
Heart's Delight, and they, seeing now in the Pool each
her vision of the place, go forth to build the Joyful City.
But the Beggar Girl and the Witch Mother know that
ever in this world shall it be found, and the Girl goes
wandering with her music to awaken men's sleeping
hearts, and the Mother still waits for the Earth-child,
who is to see the Vision that shall end her task.

The NEW AGE

May 27, 1909

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
He forgives his wife for compromising herself, or philandering, or whatever it was she did—but, then, he wanted her. The mean tricks he plays in order to discover her secret hardly bear out the golden-heartedness either—for instance, he takes advantage of having once helped a woman (Elise Vernette) out of a scrape to force her to betray his wife. And yet Bourchier makes him lovable, and even fine. But then, Mr. Bourchier is something of a genius—it takes as much to make Brachard tolerable. It is glorious to watch this actor, he does understand the effect on an audience of his acting. He knows the effect on an audience of his acting. He is a clear-sighted devil.

The cast was an excellent one, though the villain-lover, Mr. Charles Bryant, certainly was rather funny. The Adelphi can never have produced such. Miss Edyth Latimer gave a very clever performance as Elise, though now and again she spoilt herself by what must have been indecision as to whether her part was intended for the villain-maid—a match for Mr. Bryant's. For her navvy is not the man to count the price risen because of a little paltry resistance—he is a clear-sighted devil.

The great high-sounding sums handled, can feel itself adventuring tremendous enterprises with the comfortable consciousness at the back of its brain that nothing is really going to be lost. He manages his very effective smile so aptly that one could believe it to be a hundred smiles, though it is one smile—there is very little real variety of emotion and so much art. But then, Mr. Bourchier is something of a genius—it takes as much to make Brachard tolerable. It is glorious to watch this actor, he does understand the effect on an audience of his acting. He knows the effect on an audience of his acting. He is a clear-sighted devil.

The cast was an excellent one, though the villain-lover, Mr. Charles Bryant, certainly was rather funny. The Adelphi can never have produced such. Miss Edyth Latimer gave a very clever performance as Elise, though now and again she spoilt herself by what must have been indecision as to whether her part was intended for the villain-maid—a match for Mr. Bryant's. For her navvy is not the man to count the price risen because of a little paltry resistance—he is a clear-sighted devil.

The cast was an excellent one, though the villain-lover, Mr. Charles Bryant, certainly was rather funny. The Adelphi can never have produced such. Miss Edyth Latimer gave a very clever performance as Elise, though now and again she spoilt herself by what must have been indecision as to whether her part was intended for the villain-maid—a match for Mr. Bryant's. For her navvy is not the man to count the price risen because of a little paltry resistance—he is a clear-sighted devil.

The cast was an excellent one, though the villain-lover, Mr. Charles Bryant, certainly was rather funny. The Adelphi can never have produced such. Miss Edyth Latimer gave a very clever performance as Elise, though now and again she spoilt herself by what must have been indecision as to whether her part was intended for the villain-maid—a match for Mr. Bryant's. For her navvy is not the man to count the price risen because of a little paltry resistance—he is a clear-sighted devil.

The cast was an excellent one, though the villain-lover, Mr. Charles Bryant, certainly was rather funny. The Adelphi can never have produced such. Miss Edyth Latimer gave a very clever performance as Elise, though now and again she spoilt herself by what must have been indecision as to whether her part was intended for the villain-maid—a match for Mr. Bryant's. For her navvy is not the man to count the price risen because of a little paltry resistance—he is a clear-sighted devil.
he never attempts to put down two things at the same time; because he knows, as every great painter has known, that the first essential of a picture is that it shall gather all its power into the most intense display of one thought. The canvas has only one surface, and it can deal with but one idea, if the mind of the onlooker is not to be confused. And Mr. Bishop can make so much of a single idea, observe (in 12) the limitless interest he finds in the bare ground of an almost empty market-place in the blaze of the midday sun. I say it is empty; but, in fact, the artist has filled it with the one subject of eternal interest to the painter—the sunbeams. Out of bare ground and a bare wall, and just a few almost invisible human forms, Mr. Bishop has made a picture of unending suggestion, which lures the mind into pure sunlight, and all the emotions which follow thereon. Of the same simple perfection is the more sombre "Market Place, Winter Evening." There is a delightfully healthy note of unaffectedness and want of pose about all Mr. Bishop's art. He almost tricks one into the belief that he is merely out to expand the geography and the topography of Tangier. In short, he conceals the machinery of his art; he is subtle.

Perhaps the supreme advantage of a one-man show, and, still further, the fact that the one man kept within one particular subject, was driven home by the immediate transition to the New English Art Club Exhibition in Suffolk Street. I suppose it would be possible, if one were in the pink of training, to go round such a colossal work as this, with the rate of intellectual panting. There are such works of great excellence: but what a jumble they all make side by side on the same wall. It is not the special fault of the New English Art Club: it is common to all these annual exhibitions. It is not much more than simply to come to think of it, than listening to Bach and Wagner simultaneously at different ends of the same concert room. For it is impossible to properly detach one picture from all the others immediately around it. The argument that one does not like a picture at the same moment, does not amount to very much; for there are few minds so athletic that they can leap over the wide mental ditches and hedges of the ordinary exhibition wall. The result is overstrain; and no one is happy when he is going to the exhibitions. There is a delightfully healthy note of unaffectedness and want of pose about all Mr. Bishop's art. He almost tricks one into the belief that he is merely out to expand the geography and the topography of Tangier. In short, he conceals the machinery of his art; he is subtle.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

Recent Music.

A Summer Idyll.

I have been trying hard all the afternoon to review a couple of books on Musical Form. But I find it difficult; for my immediate environment consists of trees and grass and wild-flowers, and in the air there is the music of running streams, the scent of lilac and hawthorn, the internal cacophony of the birds, and a few million midges and flies. (There are also some tame horses hovering near me, and I keep thinking they are like my old college professors—the resemblance in two instances at least being quite subtle and strange.) How can I get myself into a mental enough to treat this subject seriously with all these flies and things buzzing about? Here I have two books—one by Miss Margaret H. Glyn* and the other by Mr. Clarence Lucas,† and both of them are talking about the same thing with the same monotonous tunes. One book on Musical Form is surely a symptom, a very grave symptom, of an insidious disease, and two an epidemic; and I have never quite seen the use of epidemics. It is difficult to see exactly what purpose these excellent books fulfil, because if they are intended for the young student they will not do; they are too general and are not written in an interesting enough way; and if they are intended for the grown-up musician, I'm afraid he would have too many excuses for not reading them. For my part, I believe in letting the young student who has any imaginative gifts at all run about wild with a little text book of half-a-dozen pages to play with. Ponderous comes like these are monstrous futilities, invented by people who, as a rule, were not by the gods bereft of imagination and humour. The moment they began to learn their Czerny exercises.

Musical art has reached that stage of development when its theorists have become self-conscious. To-day they are just aware of the ridicule that is poured on their works, and every writer who comes along with a new text book on the old subject ("filling a long-felt want") is more bland and unctuous and deprecating than his predecessor. He presents you with threadbare platitudes about evolution, about this form having been discarded for that form, about the "present transitional conditions of musical thought," in the firm belief that thereby he excuses himself for writing about the relation between the tâla of the East and the Irish jig. Now, the tâla of the East is a subject about which, naturally, very few Western musicians are interested. I know nothing of the subject myself; from time to time I have heard Eastern minstrels playing and singing, but my memory is of strangely beautiful melodies and unfamiliar rhythms—that is all. But of Irish folk-rhythms, as it happens, I have an intimate personal knowledge, and I have never yet come across a book which has dealt adequately or truthfully with the subject, or a part of the subject. For most musical theorists base their theories upon what other theorists have been writing for centuries; and so they cheerfully pass on the ancient lies from one unsuspecting generation to another.

I do not insinuate that Miss Glyn or Mr. Lucas in

* "Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form." By Margaret H. Glyn. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

† "The Story of Musical Form." By Clarence Lucas. (Walter Scott. 10½d. net.)
these two books are handing us on any specially wicked lies, but I feel that, for the most part, their erudition is what is called in my part of the country "book-knowledge.

There are many prose writers describing a work's phlogistic as "a maximum of face with a minimum of feature"; so might I truthfully describe these books as evincing a maximum of speech with a minimum of sense. Of the two books, however, the general reader, musically-inquisitive, will find Miss Glyn's the more interesting to have for reference, Mr. Clarence Lucas's being more of the kind used by schools, although, I suppose, not specially designed for that purpose. Both volumes deal with the history and development of musical form comprehensively enough, and for those who care to study that intoxicating subject, they will find ample stuff for reflection in them. Both authors will occasionally worry you with nice appropriate sentiments—as Miss Glyn when she says, "the educational need of the day is for a truthful intellectual presentation of the growth of musical form"; or with howlers—as Mr. Lucas, when he delivers himself of a dictum like this: "Likewise, the earliest musician, whose name and nation are unrecorded in the dark parts, heard nothing in the forest or the sea to suggest even the most primitive rhythmical forms to him." These incidental features will, however, add zest to your reading.

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.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Miss Aline Parker has found two stumbling blocks in my article on Mary Wollstonecraft. First, she cannot believe it possible that any intelligent person can consider that women's right to a Parliamentary vote is of the same stature as, artists, as politicians, as thinkers, stands on common ground with men, and must not be confused with their special function. Now, on what terms shall women be compelled to perform their social service of child-bearing? On terms of free love, or on terms of legal coercion?

There is one point on which I must ask Miss Parker to be more accurate in her terms. She says that I raised the question of the "Suffragettes." As a matter of fact, Mary Wollstonecraft's portrait appeared in the corner of a programme for a concert at the Albert Hall organised by the London Society for Women's Suffrage, at which Mrs. Philip Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., were the chief English speakers. From an article in last week's "Labour Leader," I take it that Mr. MacDonald (having been argued off the field on matters political) is anxious to turn the discussion to the marriage problem. May we take it that his first public pronouncement on that subject is to appear as the champion of Mary Wollstonecraft with her lofty ideals of free love? If he will lead the I.L.P. towards the higher morality he will have our warmest support. Anyhow, we rely on his having the courage to express his thoughts in a more valiant way than the vague generalities he has used so far.

HERBERT HUGHES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is only half the truth to say that some of the leading suffragists who have Mary Wollstonecraft as their model would cut that free-living woman dead if they could meet her to-day in a social gathering. The other half is that Mary

woman together a moment beyond their freest will. I believe, with Mary Wollstonecraft, in free chastity. Am I to understand that Miss Parker believes in legalised lust? But my own opinion, although unimportant, will be defined later on, perhaps. For the moment, the question is the view of the leaders of the suffrage movement, on this absolutely essential problem in the life of a sect whose main social function, in nine cases out of ten, is the bearing of children;—their individual development as human beings, as artists, as politicians, as thinkers, stands on common ground with men, and must not be confused with their special function. Now, on what terms shall women be compelled to perform their social service of child-bearing? On terms of free love, or on terms of legal coercion?

There is one point on which I must ask Miss Parker to be more accurate in her terms. She says that I raised the question of the "Suffragettes." As a matter of fact, Mary Wollstonecraft's portrait appeared in the corner of a programme for a concert at the Albert Hall organised by the London Society for Women's Suffrage, at which Mrs. Philip Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., were the chief English speakers. From an article in last week's "Labour Leader," I take it that Mr. MacDonald (having been argued off the field on matters political) is anxious to turn the discussion to the marriage problem. May we take it that his first public pronouncement on that subject is to appear as the champion of Mary Wollstonecraft with her lofty ideals of free love? If he will lead the I.L.P. towards the higher morality he will have our warmest support. Anyhow, we rely on his having the courage to express his thoughts in a more valiant way than the vague generalities he has used so far.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.
Wollstonecraft would cut them. We can imagine her horror at such “supporters,” and her denunciation of their venal motives in demanding the vote. There are some vampires and hucksters among us who are the pest of the movement, and especially the ambition of personally becoming women members of Parliament, drives them on, and they care nothing whether the Woman Spirit is trampled on or the Women’s Voice is shot down by their apishly Parliamentary oratory.

It is made to seem by these persons as if the women’s movement were all a grab after men’s money, and not a reaching for sex freedom. “A little more of your husband’s earnings,” the pamphlet reads. But we must get the vote for another century than get it on such terms.

Hypocrisy and lies can only give us the vote of men’s bitterness added to the contempt they now bear us for the passion we have shown. The early success of the movement was due to the belief of the majority that it was a movement towards sex freedom. Women and men alike could see the need of that. The bullying puritanism, with its eye on Parliament, which advises women to “force men to a purer life” (Dr. Alice Salomon), may force the vote, but Society would do well to turn the soldiers on us first.

Perhaps I may be pardoned a description of Mr. Wilson at this moment, when pen-portraits are in favour. I think of him as the revivalist of the Socialist and not a thing to be used for the purpose of a lien on the able.” His oratory is of the kind that hardened meeting-attenders and the chairman’s words, he had been given room in the programme to “spread himself out,” which he seemed quite to doubt.

The star of the evening was the man who appeals succeeds where quieter methods would fail. I praise him for yourself—a tall, youthful figure, very broad-shouldered and appealing, equally effective in loud and soft passages; his appeal succeeds where quieter methods would fail. I praise him for his appeal—“Have you got that one of the most eloquent and inspiring of the anti-suffrage orators. Perhaps he is saved from the worst excesses by a roughness of delivery which makes him now and then turn on himself with some degree of detachment. He has the baby’s method of delivery, and all the prophet’s rightful bitterness added to the contempt they now bear us for the passion we have shown. The bullying puritanism, with its eye on Parliament, which advises women to “force men to a purer life” (Dr. Alice Salomon), may force the vote, but Society would do well to turn the soldiers on us first.

Because women are already have the municipal vote and are eligible for membership of most of local authorities. Because women are not capable of full citizenship, for the simple reason that they are not citizens. The National and Imperial defence. No civilised nation would ever place its women in the firing line. Because the administrative and governing centre of a system—the Imperial electorate—would undoubtedly be to weaken the centre of power in the eyes of these dependent millions.

Therefore the acquisition of the Parliamentary vote would logically involve admission to Parliament itself and to all Governmental offices. It is scarcely possible to imagine a woman being Minister for War, and yet the principles of the Suffragettes involve that, and many similar absurdities.

The United Kingdom is not an isolated State, but the administrative and governing centre of a system of Crowns and also of Imperial defence. The effect of introducing a large female element into the Imperial electorate would undoubtedly be to weaken the centre of power in the eyes of these dependent millions.
Because anything that tends still further to divert the attention of women from the interests of the home and the care of the children would inflict the worst possible injury on the highest welfare of the nation.

(N.B.—Copies of this interesting leaflet are, of course, obtainable from the Anti-Suffrage League at the rate of 4s. per 1,000.)

Against the Proposed Railway.

Some Reasons.

Because there exist already railways from Stockton to Darlington, and from Liverpool to Manchester.

Because it is not capable of conveying people, for the simple reason that they are not available for purposes of the "Grand National," the "Derby," etc. No civilised nation would ever enter a steam engine for a horse race.

Because all movement rests ultimately on intelligence, in which engines, owing to physical, moral, and social reasons are strictly absolutely unimportant.

Because the practical difficulties in the way of steam locomotion are insuperable. Suppose a cow, attracted by the unusual noise, were to venture on the line, and that its hoofs were to get entangled therein, a train approaching at the rate of 60 miles an hour would in all probabilities knock it down, and it is doubtful whether the unfortunate beast would ever recover.

Because the establishment of a railway from London to Birmingham would logically lead to similar enterprises in all parts of the country. It is scarcely possible to imagine a railway from London to Edinburgh, and yet the principles of the railway advocates involve that, and many similar absurdities.

Because London is not an isolated town, but the administrative and governing centre of the whole country. The effect of introducing this monstrous revolution would undoubtedly be to degrade it in the eyes of every town, village, and hamlet in England.

Because part history shows that travelling has been accomplished in a most satisfactory manner by the stage coach.

Because anything that tends to utilise steam engines otherwise than as exhibits at Industrial exhibitions, where they are admired by country cousins, and are oiled twice a week, would inflict the worst possible injury on the highest welfare of the nation.

N.B.—Copies of this interesting leaflet are, unfortunately, out of print.

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

The Limitations of Art.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

"D. A." does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not use expressions in his work which are likely to upset Nice Persons, although those expressions are necessary to convey his meaning, he is not with life as it more properly is experienced.

"D. A." does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not define Good Taste. If the artist does not define Good Taste.

Hoisting of Flags Over Country Mansions of Great Nobility.

Because past history shows that travelling has been accomplished in a most satisfactory manner by the stage coach.

Because anything that tends to utilise steam engines otherwise than as exhibits at Industrial exhibitions, where they are admired by country cousins, and are oiled twice a week, would inflict the worst possible injury on the highest welfare of the nation.

St. John G. Ervieu.

Socialism for the Middle Classes.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Those of us who value The New Age as the only paper in the hands of persons of opposite views to our own, and things in general in an outspoken manner, have borne its political indiscretion (a mild word) with considerable patience. The present work resembles, we doubt, that on Wells, in last week's issue) is about the last straw.

He starts gaily off with a ridiculous non-sequitur, and ends up with a violence absurdly analogous.

Writing of what he calls the political beggary of a parliamentary election, he says that when he finds himself in a dark lane threatened by a highwayman, the only permutation he resorts to is that of getting a knife between the highwayman's ribs as hastily as possible. Now, has Mr. Taylor ever found himself in that position? No, of course he hasn't; and there is no analogy between that situation and anything in modern life. Casting amusing similes at the head of Mr. Wells is not argument, and is not convincing.

The position of those persons who believe in evolution, perspiration, and persecution (not necessarily the reverse of passionate) propaganda, on the ground of their belief in the good sense and humanity inherent in every person—Capitalist and Socialist alike—deserves less frivolous combating than your leading article gives it.

Socialism for Mr. Taylor should be written thus: (Socialism), wish for, Mr. Wells, Socialist . . . .

The day for Socialism in brackets is past and the I.L.P. knows it—so does Mr. Wells. The middle class, as voiced in The New Age, is being, as a class, new to the subject, doesn't know what it should do, so let it be some kind of a country cousin, or the lobby for a definitely Socialist party all their own very. Sir, things are not like that nowadays. We Socialists have long ago realised, for instance, that all wealth is Social wealth.

Can we not see that all knowledge, all power, all inspiration are Social also? And can we not see that in Parliament is essentially a matter of Labour representation and Labour politics, and is not a matter of the bombardment of our opponents with the Fabian, or any other Socialist, "basis"? If the middle class Socialist cannot see that he is a labourer equally with the navvy and the engine-driver, then the sooner he finds it out the better.

Ed N.A.

Large Room to let in Fabian's house. Board optional, vegetarian diet—39, Pondo Road, West Hampstead.

The Public Needs.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Facts.

A. D. MacPherson.


French Riviera—Boaters received for winter, sunny, comfortable house. Terms moderate—La Charente-Brignais Antibes. (Alp-Mar.)

Housing Question Solved—Why not enter your own house, and your own trade union, the Railway Clerks' Association. Established since 1861. Head Office and set in Fabian's house. Board optional: the reverse was printed "Pearson's Weekly."—C. H.

French Riviera—Boaters received for winter, sunny, comfortable house. Terms moderate—La Charente-Brignais Antibes. (Alp-Mar.).

Housing Question Solved—Why not enter your own house, and your own trade union, the Railway Clerks' Association. Established since 1861. Head Office and set in Fabian's house. Board optional: the reverse was printed "Pearson's Weekly."—C. H.

Large Room to let in Fabian's house. Board optional, vegetarian diet—39, Pondo Road, West Hampstead.

Pionika Librej Esparroy, 46b Hackford Road, Brixton, London, for Esperanto Literature. Student's Instruction Book.

Trade and the Flag.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

We must extend our deepest sympathy to our landed aristocracy on the vulgarisation of their distinctions by the nouveau riches. A startling instance of it has come to our notice. It is well known that the flying of the Royal Standard and the Union Jack over Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament are indications that the King and his loyal counsellors are engaged on their London duties.

The hoisting of flags over country mansions of great nobility—riches is a delicate excitation to the countryside, that the families are in residence. Visiting Surrey the other day, we observed a house with a flag flying in the breeze. On enquiring from our host, we learned that its occupant was Mr. C. A. Pearce! A closer inspection revealed that the flag bore the symbol of the Union Jack on one side, while on the reverse was printed "Pearson's Weekly."

Large Room to let in Fabian's house. Board optional, vegetarian diet—39, Pondo Road, West Hampstead.
PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE.

PARIS COMMUNE, A SHORT HISTORY OF THE. E. Bellot Bax.

CLOTH, 140 pages, 1/- net; Paper cover, 6d. net.

Patriotism and Government.

Leo Tolstoy.

An account of patriotism and government from the Christian standpoint. Patriotism would soon be outgrown by the race, says Tolstoy, if it were not fostered by the "ruling classes" to afford a justification for the existence of governments, based upon and wielding brute force.

PICTURES OF THE SOCIALISTIC FUTURE.

Eugene Richter.

This volume professes to be a description of the forthcoming Social Revolution and its results, as described in the diary of an ardent Socialist, who gradually becomes disillusioned, and finally falls a victim to a counter-revolution caused by internal anarchy and foreign invasion. It is the Bible of the Anti-Socialist.

POPULAR STORIES AND LEGENDS.

Leo Tolstoy.

Cloth, gilt top, 100 pages, 1/- net; Paper cover, 6d. net.

A collection of stories and parables. They are gems from a literary point of view, and are simple expressions of wisdom and religious feeling.

PRISONS, POLICE, AND PUNISHMENT.

Edward Carpenter.

Paper cover, with Portrait, 156 pages, 1/- net.

A study of the most urgently-needed reforms in prison management and criminal procedure.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE.

George Jacob Holyoake.

Paper cover, 270 pages, 1/- net.

A complete guide to the development of the power of speaking in public and in debate; full of wise and practical counsel, and rich with allusion and illustration. Invaluable to all speakers.

RED FLAG, The. Allen Clarke.

Paper cover, 106 pages, 6d. net.

A tale of the People's woe.


Paper cover, 43 pages, 3d.

A consideration of the principles of Socialism and Freethought in relation to Women, the Suffrage, Free Love, and Neo-Malthusianism, etc.

RELIGION AND MORALITY. Leo Tolstoy.

Paper cover, 40 pages 3d.

A study of the essence of all religion, and of the religion to relation of science, philosophy, and morality. Tolstony shows that everyone of these has a religious conception at its root.

RENT, INTEREST, AND WAGES.

Michael Flurscchein.

REPORT ON THE CONFERENCE ON UNEMPLOYMENT AT GUILDHALL, Dec., 1908.

Paper cover, 56 pages, 6d.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

L. G. Chiozza-Money, M.P.

Paper cover, 338 pages, 1/- net.

Presents in a diagrammatic form a true picture of the economic framework of society. After making concrete our ideas of the distribution of wealth, and defining the startling inequalities which at present exist, Mr. Money pleads that consideration of the facts he outlines is our first political duty, and that it is because the nature and consequences of the present distribution of wealth are imperfectly known and inadequately considered, that we fail to realise the true dimensions of the social problem and the true path of amelioration.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF POVERTY IN ENGLAND. The. W. G. Wilkins, J.P.

Paper cover, 82 pages, 3d.

A history of poverty from the Norman Conquest to Modern Times.

ROBERT OWEN. Joseph Clayton.

Cloth, gilt top, 70 pages, 1/- net; Paper cover, 6d. net.

Contains a comprehensive and interesting biographical chapter, followed by eight sections dealing with Owen's work for Education, Factory Legislation, beginnings of Trade Unionism and Co-operation, Socialistic Teachings, Communist Colonies, Relations of the Sexes, War and Crime, and Rational Religion. With a bibliography.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL. Leo Tolstoy.

Paper cover, 40 pages, 3d.

The immediate cause of social injustice and misery is land robbery and taxation. Behind that lies force, i.e., the army, etc. Behind the army lies a false Christianity with which everyone is inoculated in youth. This is "the root of the evil," and the true Christian teaching is the remedy.


Limp Cloth, 48 pages, 1/- net.

A manual of procedure for all who take part in public, society, and other meetings.

RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, The. Leo Tolstoy.

Paper cover, 88 pages, 6d.

An enquiry into the present crisis in Russia, and its relation to similar symptoms in other countries, showing the only remedy. Also a letter on the subject to a Chinese gentleman.

SIMPLE LIFE ON FOUR ACRES.

Fred. A. Morton.

Paper cover, 78 pages, 6d. net.

The author of this little book, a London clerk, bought four acres of derelict clay land in Essex four years ago, and describes here how he built himself a cabin and how he lives a healthy and enjoyable life, and earns nearly £1 a week by poultry, bees, and vegetables on a capital of £17.

SIX ACRES BY HAND LABOUR.

Harold Moore.

Mr. Moore, the well-known authority on small holdings, claims that a holding of six acres cultivated by hand labour can be made to pay as much as one of fifty under horse cultivation, with less capital, labour, and worry, and he here describes what capital is needed and how to go to work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)