RING-A-RING-A-ROSEBERY.

THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CLAUSE I of the Budget was carried on Wednesday by a majority of 184. At the present rate of progress the whole Budget will be passed in forty years. But its tortoise pace will be accelerated as the sun grows hotter; opposition will be found to decline with the rise of the thermometer. In America, where 100 degrees of heat have been registered for days together, legislation was almost at a standstill. Mr. Lloyd George should pray for a heat-wave.

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All three clauses together only involve about half a million sterling. But it's not the money that produces the weary discussions in Parliament, but what is called the principle of the thing. In England we strain at a gnat of principle and swallow a camel of practice. Laid on by Mr. Austen Chamberlain the land-taxes of Mr. Lloyd George would seem holy in the sight of the Conservatives; but preceded as they were by the metaphor of the hen-roost, and issuing from suspicious quarters, they have very nearly frightened the land-owning classes out of their remaining wits.

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The worst of it is that the land-owning class really have no need to be frightened. We wish they had: at the risk of hurting Mr. Balfour's feelings, we wish they had. If the logical extensions of the present Budget were at all likely to be made, we should have some hope of at last unseating from their monopoly not only land-owners but the owners of all monopolies. But who or what party is likely to be logical? Mr. Harold Cox, for instance, argues, and quite rightly, that if the Government are entitled to 20 per cent. of the unearned increment they are entitled to 100 per cent. So they are, but will they take it? Mr. Balfour argues that if unearned increment of land is taxed unearned increment on all forms of property should be taxed. So it should, but will this Government or the next do it? The Government *after* the next may, since by that time, according to our horoscope, a Socialist Party will be sitting in Westminster; and Socialism is logical whatever else it may not be.

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With hands reeking from his latest attempt to suppress the Suffragettes, Mr. Asquith, on Friday, addressed the assembled Liberals of the realm at Southport on the blessed subject of "sovereign liberty." Sovereign liberty indeed! Under Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the "sovereign" has come down to about the value of a copper piece. But let us have the whole of the fustian: "'Why have we succeeded in South Africa?' Because we have applied there that which is the saving of the sovereign liberty of British rule—the union of freedom with responsibility. . . . . This is more than a doctrine, it is a rule of action with us British Liberals." Of this kind of thing we can only say that it reminds us of John P. Robinson. Mr. Asquith's sovereign liberty has a most restricted sway: it does not touch India, it abdicates in the New Hebrides, in South Africa it has the colour prejudice, it slobbers on the neck of the Tsar, and keeps a heel on Ireland. Above all, it is for men only, like the dullest of Father Vaughan's sermons. Mr. Asquith's remarks about our sovereign amount to lèse-majesté.

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On the Budget Mr. Asquith, of course, was better. There he could indulge his fancy for technicalities without being expected to supply his hearers with purple patches of piffle. He was quite lucid on the subject of the land taxes, and made excellent use of Professor Pigou's letter in the "Times" on Windfalls.

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This letter, which appeared on Friday, is really an extraordinary contribution to the discussion of taxation. In effect it differs very little from the Socialist conception: and it is capable of extended application. Without committing himself to the proposed taxes, Professor Pigou observes that in essence all unearned increment is of the nature of a windfall. Nobody can calculate in advance the changes which in turn affect values. Consequently there is nothing wrong in principle and nothing detrimental in practice in the proposal to tax unearned increment, once it is admitted that windfalls may legitimately be taxed.

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Obviously nobody is discouraged from production by having part of an always hypothetical windfall taxed; it is taxing one of the instruments of production that is alone detrimental to a community. Once having awarded each instrument of production such a share of the product as to enable and induce the instrument to repeat the operation, the surplus produce may be taxed to extinction without affecting production. We must nationalise windfalls.

In so far as the present Budget begins this it deserves the description given to it by Jaurès: "that great revolutionary measure." But what is lacking is the will to push the sword in up to the hilt. Mr. Asquith, for example, contemplated as one effect of the Budget the selling of land by existing landlords. Yet he had not the Socialist wit to seize the occasion to declare that in that case the State should always be the buyer. On the supposition that the Budget drives land to market, the Government will be criminal if it does not purchase as fast as the acres come in. England will recover her soul only with her soil.

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Mr. Ramsay Macdonald rubbed in this text on Wednesday to such effect that Mr. Balfour found it politic to flatter him publicly. Mr. Macdonald's case was that the English landowners in the past had never hesitated to filch land from the people without a farthing of compensation: here, by means of the Budget, the resumption was in progress and in such considerate fashion that 80 per cent. of the land value would remain untouched by the State to whom it properly all belonged. Mr. Balfour replied—which was itself significant. He was, he said, "sorry to hear that speech," as he "happened to have an admiration for the Parliamentary style of the hon. gentleman." Fortunately Mr. Macdonald is too old to have his head turned. Otherwise his fate might be that of another Labour member who has never recovered from the effect of being told by a lord that his first speech in the House was an intellectual treat and a statesmanlike utterance. Since then he has used no other.

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But Socialists are receiving compliments all round now. At a meeting of the Anti-Socialist Union on Tuesday, attended by one duke, 22 lords, and a job lot of commoners, Mr. Long terrified his listeners with a story à la H. G. Wells, of the fabulous ability and clear-headedness of the Gobble'uns who would most certainly get'em if they didn't look out. The Budget was merely the beginning. Having already chewed up a square inch in every acre of land, we should proceed like a sort of gnomic locust to devour all forms of property. True, that is the intention, but we have to deplore our inability to carry it out. Perhaps in the Parliament after next——.

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Meanwhile we note that private landowning tends more and more to be recognised as what it is, a crime against society. Mr. Lambton, in the House on Thursday, plucked up the courage, obviously with an effort, to admit that he owned land. It was with the same air that he would have confessed in the smoke-room to robbing a railway company: partly brag, partly guilty conscience.

* * *

The visit of the Russian statesmen has, of course, the purpose of preparing the Press for the reception of the Tsar. We can only suppose that grave and urgent State reasons exist for the Tsar's visit: though what they are we cannot divine. There is far too much secrecy and clique-ism in our foreign policy. Outside small charmed circles nothing is known, and within, so far as we can infer from the issues, there is nothing really worth knowing. What is clear is that, left to themselves the people of this country hate and loathe the Tsar and all his works; and would as soon be allied with Beelzebub. The Press cannot publish day after day columns of Tsarist atrocities and then suddenly at a nod from Sir Edward Grey, obliterate their effect with a bucket of whitewash. Public memory is short, but it often lasts quite a week.

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We shall leave to our contemporary "Justice" and to the Labour Party which has issued a manifesto, the task with the honour of leading the revolt of Englishmen against the Tsar's visit. We confine ourselves on Mr. Asquith's advice to the humble duty of argument. What, we ask, has England to gain, what have our "ideals by which we set so much store" (Sir Edward Grey's phrase) to gain by fraternising with a monarch who should long since have abdicated from the terrible and self-imposed task of maintaining a nation in slavery? We know of nothing to be gained; nor, we venture to say, can anybody tell us. What we shall lose, however, is considerable and inevitable. It is not only our prestige and the prestige of our ideals in the world, but our national self-respect. The flag of our traditions will henceforth fly at half-mast.

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We have observed before that these criminal lapses are invariably bred in a remote part of the Empire. Mr. Stead unwittingly proves this when he contends in the "Daily Mail" that an Emperor whose Government deports nine Indians without trial is already base enough to meet on terms of equality an Emperor whose Government deports 74,000 of its citizens. That is true, and we commend to Lord Morley the illustration of the fecundity of his example. Russia, after all, is only Denshawai and India on a large scale. All the same, we protested against Denshawai and we shall continue to protest against the deportation of innocent Indians. Hence our right is unchallengeable to protest against the visit of the Tsar. Jaurès, we observe, is of the same mind in the French Chamber as our own Social Democrats and Labour Party. In short, on this issue the Socialist movement is unanimous.

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Mr. Stead does not protest against the Tsar for the same reason that he does not protest against the deportation of Indians: he has never had the true sense of liberty at all. Mr. Stead's idea of liberty in his wildest days was no more than an anarchist licence tempered by the fear of a conventical god. Wilful and irresponsible in those days, he is the same to-day as yesterday, only the area of his ravages is now defined by the opinions of the readers of the "Daily Mail." What sort of assistance do the friends of liberty receive from Mr. Stead in their defence of liberty in India at this moment? As little as the friends of Russian freedom. Yet we are bound to say that the outlook of liberty in India is proportionately blacker than the outlook of liberty in Russia as England is on the whole fairer. Read, for example, the final article of the "Times" special correspondent on "Britain's Future in India." The conclusion there is that "we must do nothing to impair the stability of our rule;" a programme of reforms is dangerous; all reforms must be postponed as long as possible; we must gradually limit the aims of our work in India, and confine ourselves strictly to simply sticking to what we have got.

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Anything more characteristic of decadence we have never read in the annals of political history. We are to abandon even the pretence of a mission in India; the ultimate advantage of the myriads of Indians is to be sacrificed even in dream to the task of maintaining our legs just where they are—on her neck. "We should never survive the loss of India." No, nor shall we survive the attempt to retain India on these disgraceful terms.

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The "Times" correspondent has some further reflections. The present lull in native agitation is due, he says, not to the reforms and the promise of reforms made by Lord Morley and Lord Minto. Oh, dear no, it is due solely to the enforcement of the 1818 Regulations: coercion, in fact, has done the trick. What obscurantism and what folly! Again, "our rule is disliked not because it is bad, but because it is alien; if we were a race of administrative archangels the situation would be very much the same." Ergo, there is no need to improve administration; good or bad, it makes no difference; our young Oxford barbarians may play there to their heart's content; it is all the same; out with Morley, in with Lord George Hamilton; down with reason, up with the knuckle duster! The "Times" correspondent should be transferred to the other "Daily Mail."

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Not a single journal nor a single reported speech that we have seen has ventured to defend the assassin of Sir Curzon Wyllie. Even Krishnavarma is silent in

Paris. We shall not disturb the unanimity that prevails by deprecating the superficiality of the conclusions drawn from the outrage. They are invariably to the effect that such deeds hinder the progress of reforms. Well, we do not happen to think so. Terrible and tragical as it is, we nevertheless must face the fact that even justice can prevail only by means of injustice. After all, who has constituted society after such fashion that "reason and the will of God" stand a mighty poor chance unless they wear a sword? The devotees of the sword, the prison, the strong arm, and the impenetrable skull; in other words, the established authorities of civilisation. Is it not invariably to the insensate Cæsar of force that society makes appeal in its war against individual liberty? Answer, ye prisons thronged with society's victims; answer, gallows, mockery of the Cross! It needs must be that liberty should come, but woe unto him by whom it cometh. Thus spake Society.

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"In the India Office there is a bureau for collecting details concerning the Indian students in London. This has been brought up to its present efficient state only recently."

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We do not suppose the Misses Colenso, who advanced out of their own pocket most of the cost of the defence of Dinizulu against the Natal Government, will be surprised at the refusal of the British Government to reimburse them. Colonel Seeley promised on behalf of the Government that the defence should not break down from lack of funds. It didn't; the funds were supplied by the Colensos. But does not the fact that the defence was actually on the point of breaking down demonstrate that the Government was prepared to let it rather than pay? Colonel Seeley denied that the Government had failed to fulfil its promise; but he also admitted that Miss Colenso's money "had assisted greatly in the defence." This means that the Government were prepared at best to just keep the defence technically alive. The spirit of the promise was left to private persons, jealous of England's honour, to fulfil.

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In a few weeks we shall be in the thick of the Conference on Imperial defence, when for the twentieth time since Mr. Asquith's fatal blunder in alarming the country on the introduction of the Naval Estimates, every Tom, Dick, and Harry will be talking of soldiers, ships, and sealing-wax. Several of the big guns have already discharged themselves from sheer inability to hold their fire any longer; guns, it seems, more proper to the Russian navy than to the English. Lord Esher solemnly assured the last sitting of the Press Conference that the British Empire floated on the Fleet. Men, we conclude, do not matter. The four vice-regents of the British universe were Seeley (Professor, not the Colonel), Rosebery, Chamberlain, and Rhodes. What a deific square! Mr. Balfour opined that Armageddon would be fought not in the Pacific, not in the Indian Ocean, not on Lake this or that, but here, that is, in the North Sea or the English Channel. Not so, Mr. Balfour. The battle of Armageddon will be settled in our slums, is already being settled there.

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Why not "organise in peace all the resources, financial and personal, of a people" for a grand Disarmageddon?

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Lord Charles Beresford, of course, could not contain himself. Having endeared himself to the newspaper public by his histrionic stupidity, he now proceeds, in semi-retirement, to dictate his requirements for a Navy. "Our statesmen," he said, "knew that we were not prepared." That was the secret of their anxiety. Yet, with bluff inconsistency, he went on to brag about the Navy. "Never had we better officers or better men . . our magnificent ships were in perfect order." What is wrong, then? Only that Lord Charles Beresford is not Sir John Fisher.

We wonder where and when this silly business is going to stop. England is rapidly going to the sea-dogs. Is there anybody left except the Socialists who still believe in England? Is England played out, done for? Are the undertakers in? Shame on the cowardly patriots! England is only just beginning. We suggest that the "Daily Telegraph" should open its columns this summer to the topic: "Is England played out?" THE NEW AGE will undertake to write the chapter: "The Everlasting No."

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For attempting to interview Mr. Asquith on the question of Women's Suffrage, Mrs. Pankhurst and 114 others were arrested on Tuesday evening within a stone's-throw of the Father of Parliaments. There is some doubt, we are glad to see, even in the minds of officials, whether the deputation was not strictly legal and its obstruction by the police illegal. Mr. Keir Hardie made several gallant attempts in Parliament to get the question raised; but the imperturbable Mr. Herbert P. C. Gladstone, whose appetite for "responsibility" neither vivisection nor hanging, flogging nor harrying Suffragettes seems to satisfy completely, replied that he "would take the entire responsibility for the action of the police outside the House in giving effect to the Sessional Order of the House." When Mr. Gladstone "takes the responsibility" in this way, no dog, of course, may bark. All the same, we shall take the liberty of remarking that wisdom will not perish with Mr. Gladstone.

THE BANDSMAN'S GRANDCHILD.

SHE trimmed his tomb with lilies cool,
And gazed at home—to venture in,
Afraid, for she had done at school
Some childish sin.

Her eyes, like flowers dark with dew,
Ope'd, blue-black irised. Here and there
Among the curls a redder hue
Threaded her hair.

For berries to adorn her kilt,
Her small hands paled the deenie bush;
And plaited for her waist a belt
Of water rush.

She dropped upon a sandy ridge,
Spell-bound, for where her flowers had lain,
Sat bowed upon the granite edge,
A pale, sad man.

"I died while playing to the field
The Seventy-fourth of Highlanders,
Killed by a spear from a black shield,
When wars were wars!

"The column lay at arms that night,
Orders ran: 'Silence and no flame,'
When the great March I'd lived to write
From heaven came.

"It came from glory—once—twice—thrice—
'No flame!'—it died with me at dawn,
It troubles me in Paradise,
It mars my crown.

"That's why I muster by this tomb:
I call the line to the attack:
I feel the spear: then angels come
And take me back."

He beat a phrase which compassed far
As the far sky; deep as deep wave:
The march of day to evening star,
Stave upon stave.

He beat shrill hope with victory fed;
The ringing roll-call, horror-stern;
And ghostly bass of soldiers' tread
Who ne'er return.

A sound like summer thunderings
Advancing, swelled that muffled chime;
The rhythm of archangel's wings,
Measuring time.

Out from the holy ground she stole,
Home to her covert bed, unheard,
And hid the vision in her soul,
Nor told no word.

BEATRICE TINA.

Insurance against Unemployment.

WITH the subject of insurance as a remedy for unemployment coming within the range of practical politics it may not be superfluous to debate briefly some of the points which have been raised since I was first privileged to suggest compulsory insurance against hunger in the event of unavoidable idleness.

It is evident that the Government, while favourably disposed towards the idea of insurance against unemployment, are experiencing some difficulty in deciding how such an idea can be carried into practical effect. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Burns, Mr. Gladstone, and other members of the Cabinet are giving earnest consideration to the matter; Mr. Lloyd George has been to Germany to inquire into the working of the accident, invalidity, and old-age insurance schemes of that country, and his private secretary, Mr. Harold Spender, has asked a series of questions through the pages of the "Contemporary Review" and other journals as to the difficulties to be met with in the adoption of a special scheme of insurance for the unemployed. In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law there are also several interesting suggestions made, and some pertinent questions addressed, upon the merits and demerits of unemployment insurance. Obviously, it is impossible to go over the whole ground within the limits of a short article, but, in view of the fears which are evidently entertained in high quarters concerning the practical working of a compulsory and universal scheme such as I have outlined elsewhere, and in view of the apparent danger that the Government, in their timidity, will establish a mere tentative, or half-hearted, scheme which will only embrace a favoured few of our working classes, I feel constrained to offer one or two remarks on some of the issues involved.

My suggestion, briefly, is that every bona fide wage-earner be compulsorily insured against all kinds of unemployment—unemployment due to sickness, accident, and old-age as well as industrial depression—in one huge, comprehensive, but simple scheme; that this scheme be conducted by the State, through the Post Office and in connection with the forthcoming Labour Exchanges (which ought to be controlled jointly by employers and workmen); that each unemployed workman be entitled to an allowance varying from 6s. to 10s. per week in proportion to number of dependents; that the fund be raised by premiums averaging 1s. per week per member, to be contributed jointly by the workman and his employer, the State making good any deficit there might be, and continuing to bear the whole cost of seventy-year old-age pensions. This scheme would cost, including the State non-contributory old-age pensions already established, about £40,000,000 a year, and the cost would fall in three pretty nearly equal parts upon the workman, the employer, and the State. In the case of trade unionists paying for and receiving out-of-work benefit on voluntary lines, some modification might be advisable, while in case of the Workmen's Compensation Law already in existence, I suggest that, if this scheme of unemployment insurance becomes operative, an injured workman should receive a quarter instead of a half of his wages in respect of his injury, and the unemployed aliment in addition.

The Poor Law Commissioners lay stress upon the supposed advantages of a trade, or group, system of insurance over a general scheme, urging that the group system would be a better safeguard against malingering. It is also suggested by Mr. Spender and others that it would be advisable to establish separate funds for separate industries, or groups of industries. I fear that this would lead to confusion, and am certain that the disadvantages would out-weigh the advantages. With labour exchanges controlled jointly by practical workmen and employers, it would not be difficult to weed out the "loafers" who hang on the fund, so that this particular objection need not stand in the way of a general and universal scheme. On the other hand, very substantial objections may be raised against the idea of the group system. It is urged, of course, that we already have a practical example of the group system provided by the trade unions; but this contention hardly holds good. Generally speaking, a trade union man never works at any trade but his own, and has little need to, but in the ranks of unorganised and unskilled labour men are frequently employed in three or four different branches of industry within a year, and if we set up separate occupations it will be necessary for some men to join half a dozen different funds, or else remain tied to one particular section of the labour market. We must have one all-embracing and simple scheme.

Another important suggestion which has emanated from high quarters, is that the premiums be fixed according to the risks of unemployment, that is to say, that the painter, builder, or docker, must pay a higher premium than the miner or railway worker less liable to be idle. I consider that this suggestion is neither just nor practicable. If carried into effect it means that we are to penalise the most unfortunate workers. Our unemployed scheme ought to aim at assisting, rather than penalising, the worker who is most frequently condemned to poverty. This group system would let off the well-paid miner with a premium of, perhaps, 2d. a week, while levying a toll of 2s. upon the docker. I would not consent to a scheme of this kind even if it were confined to industrial depression unemployment alone, while if our insurance scheme is to extend, as it ought to extend, to all kinds of unemployment—sickness, accident, old age, etc.—whatever force there may be in the contention that premiums should be fixed according to risks would be considerably lessened. For example, if the docker is specially liable to trade unemployment, the man engaged in a more favourable occupation is more liable to live to a good old age and come upon the fund later on.

No; the group system, with its low tax on the favoured and its high tax on the unfortunate will not do. Besides, it would be quite contrary to civilised customs and laws. If this principle were adopted we should have to levy a heavy Poor Rate upon the agricultural labourer because he is specially liable to become chargeable to the parish, while letting the rich landowner off scot free, because he is not likely to become a pauper.

Most people who have questioned the practicability of my scheme as originally laid down contend that 6d. per week is too much to levy upon badly-paid workers. To meet this objection I would suggest that both the employer's and the workman's share of the 1s. a week premium be fixed on a sliding-scale principle. For example, with the week's wage anywhere between 20s. and 25s., the premium might be equally shared—6d. by the employer and 6d. by the workman; with the wage at 30s. let the employer off with 3d., and take 9d. from the workman; if the wage fell below 20s. let the workman off with 3d. and take 9d. from the employer, and so on. Another objection to insurance is that large numbers of badly-paid and casually employed workers would not be able to keep up their contributions long enough to qualify for the benefits. Under the scheme I suggest, however, this difficulty would not arise, for every workman covered by the scheme would be in full "benefit" from the first day. There would not be any probationary period at all. The man who happened to be unemployed when the scheme was inaugurated would, at the end of the first week, receive his out-of-work pay, less contribution to the fund. Every man would be included in this scheme until he was expelled for misbehaviour, and every man, whether working or not, and whether well or badly paid, could pay the contribution demanded of him. When working, his share of the premium would be deducted from his wages by his employer, and when unemployed his contribution would be deducted from his weekly aliment. The scheme would be quite simple. At any rate, I have seen no objection raised or difficulty foreshadowed yet which cannot be successfully met. Obviously, there are many details which it would be advisable to refer to a committee. A committee, or commission, of employers, union and non-union workmen, friendly society officials, and insurance experts ought to be appointed immediately, and charged with the duty of formulating a scheme.

T. GOOD.

Ring-a-Ring-a-Rosebery.

By Francis Grierson.

IN the Parliamentary world there are but two kinds of power—the material and the intellectual. The material fascinates all who are moved by an eagle eye, a bull-dog chin, a gramaphone voice, and machine-made rhetoric. There are politicians who control the people not by grasping but by gazing. They have top-knots but no beaks, gimlet eyes but no talons. Power is exerted by looks instead of deeds, symbols instead of sentiments. Others combine looks with words, the gymnastics of gesture with the shibboleths of political hygiene, and there are the bulls who toss patriotism on their horns like a red flag, and gore capital with ever-increasing gusto.

Of those who depended on frontal influence, the influence of the image on the imagination, the late Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Salisbury, and the late Duke of Devonshire were striking examples. Theirs was the power of the idol. The people saw and supplicated, politicians salaamed and surrendered. The pervading aura emanated not from the spirit but from the carcass. And their mandates had the rumbling of the thunder-cloud, minus the lightning. They were the whales of the political ocean, avoiding the harpoon while avaling the gudgeon. The whales have disappeared and left the seven Parliamentary seas in possession of the only political eel, Mr. Arthur Balfour. He darts, wriggles, glides, and bolts where the Mammals did nothing but spout and flounder.

He has been taken twice by the net, three times by the tail, but not once by the hook. Slim and slippery, he ignores the flounders, darts past the sharks, and skims the surface of the social sea faster than any flying-fish.

No one knows the mysterious breeding place of the eel, and no one has ever delved into the intellectual broodings of Arthur Balfour. Too light of weight to possess what the vulgar call personality, he stands forth a mere shadow thrown across the balked bodies of beery knights and bloated barons, a sore menace to the worshippers of bulk and the idolators of blood and muscle. He has none of the outward and visible signs of Mammon ; no bulbous nose, no flaming cheeks, no dome, no rotundity, no beefy charlatanism, no quack-nostrum-panacea-look ; he is no patent political syringe-spray-disinfectant-medicine-man, but the proper companion of artists and aristocratic determinists, as distant from diabolian debaters as Jupiter from hot-headed Mars.

He is protean at a time when some of the Liberals are making vain protestations of omnipotence. He understands the Gladstonian limitations of certain members and plays with their schemes in the nonchalant way a skilled dowager plays with the stakes of an unsophisticated Miss, who imagines herself in the fashionable swim when she is only having her pores and her pocket-book opened at a hot game of bridge. Arthur Balfour is one of the few long-headed statesmen since Chatham. For he, and he alone, has applied a sort of "practical mysticism" to the beef-and-potato policy of the cooks at Westminster. He is a metaphysician who considers the earth, who has timed the pulse of his opponents, looked at their tongues, whacked their knee-joints, meditated too long not to know the day and the hour of their locomotor-ataxy-finale. He has watched Lord Rosebery play Apollo to the young dukes at banquets and Apollyon to the old duchesses at the Derby, watched him attempt the rôle of Puck in the midsummer madness by trying to put a girdle round the earth with the belt of an Earl, watched him bamboozle the Lords by fine phrases and champagne rhetoric. For the real difference between Balfour and Rosebery is to be seen in the management of their public performances.

The noble Earl never keeps his eye off the social function and the social effect. Society takes first place in his scheme of razzle-dazzle. Politics come into the banquet much as a roast bird of paradise with an ostrich plume stuck in its tail. Anything to be original. He is our only statuesque statesman. After riding into the hearts of his countrymen on the back of a thoroughbred, he poised like Mercury for a brief moment on the globe of Empire, with one toe touching the ball at the top of the social staircase ; both feet on the floor would have been a desecration of divinity. For at one time Lord Rosebery was a transcendental democrat, who beat the religious air with mercurial wings, deftly sounding the harp of Nonconformity with vague æolian numbers without once playing a tune anyone could remember. In these days he is seldom seen or heard ; he comes forth at the hour of political hunger, like old Mother Hubbard, and points a lean finger at the remnants left by the Scotch terriers, Irish bulls, and English half-breeds, for something has happened during his absence—the artful Arthur has found the bones and picked them bare. For he, and not Rosebery, is the watchdog of castle and close ; he it is who makes the silent rounds while the others are snoring under their parti-coloured quilts, he it is who sniffs the proletarian pole-cats from afar, catches the sound of footpads beyond the garden gate, and who knows the difference between a brindled cat and a black nondescript in a London fog. Our only Arthur is not playing a game of aristocratic seclusion.

Lord Rosebery times his speech-making to the psychological social moment, but Mr. Balfour times nothing, for he is on hand, equipped like a doctor with a large practice and small medicine case full of specifics for all forms of national malaria, parochial quinsy, religious tic-doloureux, paradoxical neurasthenia, and Imperial hysterics. Besides this, he is a musician of parts as well as of parties, for he knows all the Celtic tunes, with the English airs thrown in, and that is saying more than one could say of Lord Rosebery, or Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Burns, who dare not venture further than "Rule Britannia" or "Polly put the kettle on." No need for Arthur Balfour to harp on one string, for England is his organ, Scotland his bagpipes, and Parliament his fiddle, and although he is gravedigger in the House of Commons (as the noble Earl is Hamlet in the House of Lords) he plays a jig and a lament at every fresh burial of the Liberal Party. Without Mr. Balfour the Commons would fall below concert pitch, excepting when the Irish have the floor or when the Labour leaders are rehearsing for the millennium under the baton of Mr. Keir Hardie.

The real detachment has not been displayed by Lord Rosebery but by Mr. Balfour, who can smile with dignity and be sociable with sang froid, for if you give a statesman the reputation of a fashionable clubman he becomes like Ceylon tea that has been drawn once and brewed again. Chronic after-dinner speech-making is a dangerous indulgence, for there is no occasion where disillusionment can come with a stroke so sudden. A man who does it once with the felicity that unites a god-like grip with the golden mean of wit and humour has run the gauntlet of bayonets in a pitched battle, escaped the bullets, and missed the bombs. He may well apply for a medal, not for having lost a limb, but for having emerged from so deadly an affair without a scratch. Before he begins to speak the toast-responder has to recruit and skirmish for facts, then marshal his words

and drill his sentences. In the middle of the speech the rhetorical manœuvres begin, and here, on the Champ de Mars of his own imagination, he assaults the passions of the feasters, storms their emotions, scales the Spion Kop of their patriotism, and takes his seat on the summit. Four things go to the making of such an accomplishment—art, intuition, opportunity, and power. Since Disraeli, no statesman in the British Parliament has been in possession of such a gift. To be master of such an art a politician must know the real meaning of detachment, and a statesman cannot appear to order at all times and seasons and pass for a recluse in a castle whose walls defy the maddest Romeos in search of the most illusive Juliets.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the only one who could eat, drink, and make merry in the midst of City Fathers and bloated Aldermen, and remain the gimlet-boring, screw-driving Joe Chamberlain of old. He would not lose caste, having long since taken his degree as a half-caste in politics. He could rise at a dinner and quaff a glass of port to the health of the portly barons, and be paradoxical in wishing them a better mien on a still more gouty diet. He could revise their tariff, sub-divide their lands, supervise their food, and subsidise the Navy, lower their prophets, patronise the only Earl, lead Asquith by the ear, and crumple poor Winston under the flint-flashes of his pig-iron logic. If Mr. Balfour is the eel among politicians, Joseph Chamberlain is the weasel in the hay-rick of the Cobdenites, the ferret in the rabbit warren of the long-eared financiers. He does not hunt like the fox and hide with the hare like the wily Winston. He does no hunting, yet his pack are hounding the moss-backs out of their lairs and out of their wits. He follows no man's horn but that of his own proboscis, asks for nothing but the power to stand up in Parliament and obliterate the Cobdenites in their seats by a flash of those steely eyes, and change the tenour of the tune:

> Oh gout where is thy sting,
> Oh Joe where is thy victory!

Depend upon it, if there is truth in Havelock Ellis's dictum, that gout is a disease peculiar to genius, our only Joe may yet go to Westminster in a sedan-chair to give Cobdenism its Sedan and old-fogeyism a political Waterloo.

Mr. Lloyd George is cock of the bantam walk in little Wales, but the bantams can strut as much as they please on the big cock-walk of the Terrace of the House, the bipeds with goose quills fully grown pay no attention. It looks as if the brilliant Lloyd and his clan will have to turn themselves into Highlanders, or Irishmen from Stephen's Green, become game cocks, before their voices are heard and their spurs felt. At present they are as mustard in a sham-sandwich, watercress on a stream filled with Scotch salmon and Tipperary trout, a dash of lemon juice in a Cosmopolitan toddy. What the Welsh sorely need is a Cymric edition of Tim Healy, who is our only Tim, for he compels his enemies to show their Tim—idity every time they open their mouths. At the beautiful Parliamentary banquets he is pepper, salt, vinegar, champagne, and the carving-knife. His slices are thin, but no one has been known to ask for a second helping. A Scotsman for second sight, an Irishman for withering wit. Our only Tim holds some members in their seats by a mere glance, and for a very good reason. His words are prussic-acid applied to political gilt. They burn through to the brass bottom. The vitriol hisses and the House becomes like a place undergoing disinfection; dead men have been carried out stricken by a microbe which is not down in the medical books. He makes people laugh; but there are people who would laugh even in a room given over to vivisection. Everything goes on the floor of the House, that dear old floor, whose cracks are wide enough to let the fumes of Hades rise and choke many an honourable and virtuous member with the vapours of envy, jealousy, and social rivalry. Evidently the House exists for three purposes; as a figure-head of aristocracy, as a figure-head of commerce, and as a figure-head of democracy.

Just at present Mr. Balfour stands for the first, Mr. Lloyd George for the second, Mr. Keir Hardie for the third. The Irish are there, and will remain there; they are there to wake the dead, determined to give each corpse a decent burial; they constitute a fourth estate. But there is a fifth estate, formed by the wandering Willies like Winston Churchill; moths whose wings have been scorched by those fatal candles at St. Stephens, that burn at both ends, one tallow, that flickers and smokes in the Lower House, the servants' hall, the other wax, that burns serenely in the Upper House, the gentlemen's club—the place where pipe-clay becomes marble, the place where every good politician would like to go when he shuffles off the mortal coil of non-conforming, demagoguing, two-a-penny existence. But what a crowd of moths are attracted by the glare of the tallow dip! Rosebery himself, that beautiful spotted moth, flies out of the upper window, not content with the halo of the aurora borealis, the House of the silver spoons, and flits about the tallow candle of the Lower House.

There is but one party that can afford the luxury of doing what they please; that party counts among its members Keir Hardie and Victor Grayson. They can wear dickies, collars or no collars, put their back hair in nets or their front hair in curls, play skittles with modes and manners, thump tables, and call names. The only way to succeed in Parliament to-day is to begin by being rude. To win the respect of the "hupper succles," take them on the level of the mood you happen to be in. Tell them you have no objection when the social upheaval comes for them to cultivate a cabbage patch a la Wiggs at Government expense. This will take their breath away, and the social whales will not attempt to swallow the prophetic Jonah. A politician may change his policy, but pure politics means get on and keep on! Nevertheless, as Emerson said: "An aristocrat is one who is doing his best to become a democrat."

The philosophical democrat is always the true blue aristocrat. That is why we have an Upper House. But the Upper House is top heavy with men who cannot tell the difference between a tallow dip and a wax candle. It has long been the dumping ground for the decrepit who were once intrepid, for shambling figure-heads minus the culture of the real aristocrat and lacking the ordinary business capacity of a successful greengrocer. The majority of the Lords are porous-plasters on the national body, not drawing out the fever but the vitality of the nation; they are leeches on the old war-horse of glorious memories, pot-boilers of other men's carrots and onions. From this time forth we may expect a series of the most astounding games ever played on a Parliamentary chess-board. In a moment of absent-minded detachment the noble Earl took the rag off the bush, and the divertissement called "ring round the Rosebery" has begun for the season.

Socialism and Liberty.

By Cecil Chesterton.

I POINTED out the other week that there is no connection between the economic doctrine which we call Socialism and the kind of legislation which may roughly be described as "Puritan," that is to say, legislation involving the elaborate inspection and regulation of the private lives of citizens. The point is perhaps worth elaborating, because many promising recruits are, I fancy, kept out of the Socialist movement, and some excellent Socialists leave it, from a fear that it will enable "the State" to interfere in their personal concerns to an even greater extent than it does now. It may therefore be worth while to point out that Socialism, so far from involving any further restraint upon personal liberty, is our only way of escape from the restraints already imposed.

Socialism involves the national ownership of the means of production and distribution—just that and nothing else. It follows that no kind of legislation can properly be called "Socialistic" except such legislation as tends to transfer the means of production and distribution from private to public ownership. There are roughly four kinds of legislation which have this tendency:

(1) Laws limiting the property of the landlord in his land or of the capitalist in his factory, by insisting that their administration shall be in accordance with the declared will of the community. To this class belong Factory Acts, Housing Acts, Public Health Acts, Adulteration Acts, and the like.

(2) Laws recognising the responsibility of the State for the support of its citizens. Old Age Pensions, the feeding of school children, the provision of work for the unemployed, belong to this category.

(3) The re-adjustment of Taxation based on Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of "Ransom," that is on the recognition that the community has a right to a part or the whole of the unearned incomes derived from rent and interest. Graduated death duties, a graduated income tax, discrimination between earned and unearned incomes, the taxation of land values, are measures of this character.

(4) The direct Transfer of industries to the State or the organisation of new industries by the State.

Now what we call "Puritan" legislation does none of these things. Not one penny piece will pass from the pockets of the private capitalist into the coffers of the nation in consequence of the "Children's Act" or any of the other silly measures which the rich pass for the oppresson of the poor. The rich will be no poorer nor the poor any richer for the earlier closing of public houses or the introduction of police-spies into workmen's clubs. I say this without reference to my own opinion as to the merits of such legislation. It is, to my mind, silly to pass a law to prevent small boys from smoking cigarettes; it is sensible to pass a law to prevent them from drinking arsenic. But I should no more think of calling the second measure "Socialistic" than the first. Neither has anything to do with economics, and therefore neither has anything to do with Socialism.

It is certainly true we have already a great deal too much Puritan legislation. Already the simple and natural act of drinking fermented liquor is surrounded by a network of preposterous and oppressive regulations. We have just seen a law passed to enable policemen to search little boys for cigarette-ends, and now some idiots are proposing to enforce on all children a compulsory bed-time! I can quite believe that, if the English people continue quiescent, we may see a general revival of the curfew! But what has all this to do with Socialism? Directly, there is no connection. Indirectly, there is this connection—that Socialism is our only refuge from this kind of oligarchical tyranny. But of that I shall speak later.

Let me illustrate my meaning by taking the case of beer. There are two operations of primary importance in connection with beer—the making of it and the drinking of it. The making of beer is essentially a social operation. Since every man cannot brew his own beer, the convenient, economic, just, and reasonable arrangement is that the Commonwealth should set aside certain men to brew beer according to its requirements, and should pay them a fair reward for doing so. On the other hand, the drinking of beer is necessarily an individual process. With that, society as such has nothing to do. Now we, under the present system, reverse the obvious common-sense of the situation. We leave the making of beer to "private enterprise," which means that a number of rich men have got complete control of the brewing trade, have captured nearly all the public houses, can make practically anything they like and sell it as beer, and are enabled to raise huge fortunes at the expense of the consumer. On the other hand, in regard to the purely personal matter of the drinking of beer, we have innumerable monstrous and oppressive regulations, defining how, when, and where it may be drunk. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done—and there is no health in us!

Is there any connection between these two mistakes of ours? I think there is, and I will endeavour to explain it.

It has often been pointed out that Puritan legislation is almost always directed against the pleasures of the poor. The obvious explanation of this is that the government of England is oligarchical. This explanation, true so far as it goes, does not quite cover the facts. It does not, for instance, explain why poor men, when they get into Parliament, men like Messrs. Henderson, Shackleton, and Crooks, men quite obviously honest according to their lights, are even more vehement in support of this kind of tyranny than the oligarchs themselves. The true explanation of their conduct seems to be that they know the condition of the poor, and know that Capitalism among its other crimes has turned the blessing of fermented drink into a curse. This is due partly to the evil social conditions which drive men to drink to forget their sorrows, and partly to the abominable quality of the drink often supplied to them. Socialism would at one stroke abolish poverty and guarantee a pure and wholesome drink supply. This done, the whole case for Prohibition and Puritan Coercion would go.

This is true not only of the Puritan restriction of which I disapprove, but of the host of restrictions of industry, whether imposed by the State or by Trades Unions, of which, under existing circumstances, I am bound to approve. Many employers will tell you that Trades Union regulations are tyrannical—exactly as Martial Law is tyrannical. Indeed they are Martial Law; they are the necessary riding orders of the poor man's army in the Class War. But when the Class War has ended in the re-capture by the workers of the control of industry, such regulations will be quite unnecessary. The Nation will, of course, ask from every citizen just such labour as it requires, and, if he will not give this, he must starve. But, outside the comparatively short working day, his life will be as free as air. He will be able to work or amuse himself, eat, drink, or gamble as he likes.

I conclude, then, as follows: Some sort of control everybody but an Anarchist admits the State must have. The only question is whether the control shall be exercised at the beginning or at the end. If it is exercised at the beginning, the daily life of the individual may be left entirely free. If it is exercised at the end, he must find himself hemmed in on every side by inspections, restrictions, and inquisitions. By giving to the Nation the things that are the Nation's, we shall secure to the individual the things that are the individual's. If it is true, then, that men will only fight for "Liberty," I conclude that they ought to fight for Socialism.

A Visit from Killermont.

KILLERMONT came amongst us not more than thrice a year. Tall, shapely, fit, bright, taciturn and mirthful, he was made very welcome by Quarles, who enjoyed his silence and honest brevity.

"I haven't seen you at lunch for an age," said Rammerscales; "you are a sight for sore eyes."

"Times too hard; no business doing; not enough money for half-crown lunches," replied Killermont. "I run home by rail; fourpence return."

"I can see you have been living a virtuous life; you never looked better," said Quarles.

"Thanks," remarked Killermont, tapping the heel of his boot with a worn briar pipe. "No, I've broken none of the Commandments lately."

"You speak like a Pharisee," said Rothes.

"Oh, no," answered Killermont, "I cannot afford to break the expensive Commandments, and the others aren't worth breaking."

"You speak as one who has never been convicted of sin," continued Rothes.

"Someone explain sin," said Killermont.

"'s a state of being in which man fails to find harmony and rest," replied Quarles. "Should he find harmony even for a brief space, then the soul evidences itself and sin is no more. This is the other side of the saying that the soul which sins shall die. There is in virtue a gladsome power which cannot come to him who is not true to his own knowledge, who bears the disease of ambition, who burdens himself with labels and designations. Harmony makes each moment rich, and keeping in harmony with the essentialities is true compatibility with a clear and graceful personal melody in the form of individual character."

"Rather like the sound of that," said Killermont. "What about virtue?"

"Virtue is the highest innocence," added Quarles, "in which blossom courage, the flower of the heart; truth, the flower of the mind; and honour, the flower of the soul. It is not the innocence of youth *as* youth which is absolute and terrible, but the innocence which showers forgiveness with all the open frank equality of those who sin and suffer. And such forgiveness is necessary, because we do not become surer of the right path as years roll. Though experience teaches, it only gives knowledge of a kind: we cannot sleep through the night and be fully familiar with the moods of the world during its daily round of twenty-four hours. The mien of innocence, when seen in its beauty among boys and girls, stimulates the beholder. Innocent youth is a hint of the superman. Christ was youthful and innocent-like to the children, in general temper mild, but terrible in wrath. Facts and dates and theories and fine phrases and subtle inventions and intellectual processes are as nothing compared to the sweet health and bright peace of innocence. Its mere presence publishes its quality, and just as poets are born and not made, and just as genius cannot be acquired, so quality comes from the womb."

"Nietzsche teaches the superman," said Rammerscales, "and the beyond-good-and-evil."

"Did Nietzsche profess to teach the superman!" remarked Quarles with a look of incredulity. "He may have been a superman himself, but he could not impart supermanism. As well profess to teach plain people genius or quality. Beyond good and evil! That is getting rid of contrast, the illusion of opposites. Good and evil are the same thing, as love and hate are the same thing; there is only a difference in movement and direction."

"Lots of illusions knocking around," said Killermont. "I lost one by drawing a cheque on my bank account yesterday."

"Why bring us to earth with a bump?" queried Rothes. But Killermont only smiled.

"We need not fear being brought to earth," said Quarles. "What we fear is the insistence of the commonplaces of a social order which sacrifices life for inessentials. The earth! Did I not tell you more than a decade ago that the earth was not solid but fluid fluxible and flexible as thought itself? I notice the scientists have got down to the electron by way of the atom: it is merely a process of divisibility which draws them nearer the divine breath. They are trying to chase the Great Original into a net of arithmetic."

"Exciting pastime," remarked Killermont.

"It is the pursuit of knowledge," said Rammerscales.

"Nonsense," jerked out Killermont. "Every man knows everything from the beginning; his life is but an opening and closing of eyes."

"You haven't changed a bit," said Rothes, leaning heavily on his staff and gazing seriously at Killermont.

"Why should I change?" asked Killermont. "I am changeless. Growth and decay are only expansion and contraction of personality."

"He is right," said Quarles; "character changes not. Behold the trees—the willow, the ash, the elm, the oak. A small willow is a willow, a large willow is a willow, a stunted willow is a willow, a thriving willow is a willow, a leafy willow is a willow, a bare willow is a willow, a sapling willow is a willow, a dead willow is a willow. The world is composed of one thing, and differences are not in element but in density and design."

"The world may be a single grain whisky, but my observation of nature leads me to look upon it sometimes as a very unsuccessful attempt to blend warring and incompatible spirits," remarked Rothes.

"Superficial," said Killermont.

"Nature is a unity composed of opposites, and character is the nature of man," added Quarles. "When good and evil are fortunately related in a man his character may be as pellucid as the water he drinks, which is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. Even bodily health is a character of the blood formed by the happy relation of opposing red and white corpuscles."

"I thought the world was to go on making progress until evil was banished entirely, and that mankind was to improve until there would be no need for parsons? Isn't that the great doctrine of evolution? And evolution is logically invulnerable," said Rammerscales.

"Evolution! What is it? Men speak of evolution as if each animal or plant becomes better and better as time goes on, as if nations become greater and greater. I can see change, I cannot see continued progress," replied Quarles. "That man evolved from elementary forms through the ape to his present state is not worth a moment's controversy any more than the theory that man devolved from the angel to his present frailty. Man contains within him amoeba and cherubim."

"Darwin observed a small section of the earth in a brief space of time. His survival of the fittest is merely the survival of the survivals. Haeckel has made every cell an intelligent individual, and leaves the puzzle unsolved," said Killermont. "He can't find out God."

"Take it the other way," added Quarles. "If the cells in our blood are epitomes of ourselves are not the starry systems merely corpuscles in the circulation of the great life? The riddle remains unread."

"You speak as if there is no difference between mind and matter," said Rothes; "whereas it appears to me that there is an insurmountable barrier between them."

"Another illusion as great in error as the error made by Professor Drummond when he spoke of the chasm between animate and inanimate," replied Quarles. "To imagine such a gulf is to imagine a lost world, a divided world, a capricious God, and a Grand Competitor. Everything in the world is sentient and capable of the transmission of thought. In a word, there is nothing inanimate, dead in the sense of being ever after useless, finished, and unadaptable. The last discovered element is more than an atom: it is the world."

"I am thankful there is still thirst and liquor in the world," said Killermont irrelevantly, "and the love of woman. Here's to the sex!"

"There is no sex," remarked Quarles, smiling. "Male and female are terms in relation to reproduction representing two types of beings functioned for race continuation. Between the most male male and the most female female there are millions of intermediary stages which would complete the circle so perfectly that it would be as impossible to tell where maleness ended and femaleness began as to tell when light ends and darkness begins. Sex is the most stable of illusions."

DAVID LOWE.

On Certain Impertinences.

FAR and away the most valuable of the taxation proposals now under consideration by the German Reichstag is one to tax illuminated street advertisements. But why only illuminated advertisements? And why only those paraded in the street? Perhaps a consideration of the arguments brought forward in the present article will lead the Financial Secretary to broaden the basis and increase the height of his tax.

The other day at Dover a Frenchman got into trouble by refusing to get out of the train. As the result of continued moral and physical suasion he was at length withdrawn from his compartment. But he remained quite unconvinced of the justice of the proceedings, and, en route to the entrance, kept pointing with frantic gesture to a large enamelled plate which decorated the platform wall.

"Douvres! Douvres!" he screamed wildly, tearing at the grip on his collar.

"That's auroight, ol' deah," said a porter, who, like all modern Englishmen, was a Cockney. "This 'ere his Dauver. Wot man d'ye want?"

But the name on the large enamelled plate was not Dover.

The same thing has probably happened to you. You have been in train between your home and your holiday, and, with the zest of the unspoiled traveller for finding out where he is, you have looked out of window as you whizzed through the stations. And you saw "Gumps's Mustard," "Tims's Tea," in huge, insolent letters sprawling athwart the wall. And in the green meadow that you ramped by was a signboard to the honour of Somebody's Pills, and on the ivied tower that hung over you as you dived into the chalk was a brutal placard, puffing—I have not the heart to tell you what.

Some years ago a number of charming and wrong-headed people who had suffered these things began to preach a crusade against "The Ugly Advertisement." It was the ugliness, they said, which offended one. Make the advertisement beautiful and all would be well. The crusade was not without success, especially on the Continent; and even in England one often sees to-day advertisements with some pretence to artistry. Go now on your railway journey and ask yourself whether things are a penny the better. Ask our Frenchman whether he would have been happier in the grip of his tormentors had his enamelled inscription been executed in harmonious colours with a decorated border. The solemn, ridiculous fact would remain that the most glaring name about the station was not the name of the station but of a brand of soap.

A perfect work of art like an ivied tower or a green meadow needs no title, but a railway station is not a perfect work of art, and must have a title to describe it. And the purpose of a title is that it should be seen. "Clearly," thought the Frenchman, "this splendidly conspicuous sign can be none other than the badge, the label, of the place." But it wasn't.

It is the same with our street advertisements. What have they to do with the life that roars beneath them? "Keep to the left" and the name plates of the streets are naught distressful, but I cannot stomach this "Safe Cure for Diabetes." And the signboard of an inn, of a shop, has never seemed to me repulsive, and I have always loved the magic bottles of the chemist and the barber with his sloping spear. For these are not advertisements but indications. Let only a wheel of electric lights revolve behind your coloured bottles and a ribbon of flame play along your barber's pole, and they become hateful. What right have these peddling tradesmen to draw away my eyes from the incomparable majesty of the street? If the revolving lights are beautiful so much the worse, when they do but lure me to the contemplation of Jones's Kornkure and Simes's ammoniated quinine.

"But soft," you say. "This is not the true beauty; wait till we have harmonised our posters!" My friend, we cannot have harmony without reticence; and did you ever hear of a reticent advertisement?

And these are minor impertinences. There is some poor show of reason in a chemist's shop vaunting its wares, even at the expense of a just street perspective. But what shall be said of the beplastering of innocent houses devoted internally to the domestic and rhetorical arts, of strenuous motor-'buses, of stately tramcars, of exultant bridges, with flamboyant summonses to Buy! Buy! Buy?

And the hoardings! How we defile our hoardings! A hoarding is a terrible thing. It says to you, "Hush, draw not near—peer not! Behind me is something thou mayst not see." And we deck this symbol of silence and seclusion with all the ribaldries of Trade. In a chaotic pictorial way I have often found advertisement hoardings magnificent, but they always offend my soul. The street is a whirl of hideous devil faces, poking impudent tongues at me with clamorous calls to try this special brand of sulphur. . . . A beautiful woman invites me with lifted cup. Hail, Hebe! radiant immortal. . . . Alas! Beef Extract is her nectar. Hercules strangles the snakes. . . . Over his shoulder a slimy shopwalker hisses an anthem to his pre-digested corn. All ancient symbols are here degraded; all beauty, the utmost skill of the artist, the glory of colour and line, all serve for the stalking horse to this impertinent trafficking. Impertinent, I say, for mark you it is not Corn that is praised but "Japes's Corn"; it is not Beef, but "Briggs's Beef" that is exalted. And who is Japes and who is Briggs that we should obey them?

But that is not the worst. The iron has entered even more deeply into our soul. Take up almost any one of our daily, weekly newspapers, any review or magazine, and ask yourself what first strikes your eye. Go to the editors (if the porters will let you) and ask them what it is that makes their papers pay. Ask them to swear by all or any one of their gods that they do not live by advertisements and die for the lack of them. Ask them to declare on their honour as English tradesmen that their papers are not merely excuses for advertisements.

And is it possible that England is becoming merely an excuse for advertisements? Is it possible that but for those flaming placards she would not pay? Is it possible that the name of the railway station and the literary contents of the journal are inconspicuous because they are unimportant? Is it possible that the name of the station was really. . . .?

Some time ago an enterprising pill-merchant wanted to flash the style and quality of his goods on to the Nelson Monument, and with a howl of patriotic indignation we forbade him. But the journals and the houses and the railway stations and the streets and the fields are our monument, and these we let defile. And we sometimes sigh over the ugliness, but rarely over the impertinence, and we do not see that the impertinence is the challenge of a herald, the sign-manual of a would-be tyrant, the badge of an approaching slavery. It is not safe to let the lords of soap and sawdust possess our streets, they end by possessing our souls. It is not safe to let the banner of an alien king wave over your castle, you end by bowing to it. Ludgate Circus no longer belongs to the people of London, but to the owners of those flashlight advertisements which startle its night shades.

I tremble to think that perhaps when our Frenchman revisits the scene of his torments the impertinent advertisement of Dover Railway Station may be no longer an impertinence.

W. R. TITTERTON.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE spring publishing season is now over, and I am informed that it has been very mediocre, and that no masterpiece has appeared. I am quite willing to believe that the season has been mediocre—it always is—but fifty years must elapse before I can finally agree that no masterpiece has been produced in it. I do not doubt that in the year 1859, fifty years ago, the mandarins of the epoch announced that they were fallen on evil days, and that no masterpiece had appeared—unless it might be Smiles's "Self-Help," the publication of which ridiculous work probably rendered 1859 memorable for the fifty-niners. Certainly, if one had pointed to a modest novel entitled "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," just out, and said: "There is a masterpiece," the mandarins would have smiled. Nor am I aware that "The Origin of Species," which also appeared in 1859, greatly excited the public which sits at the feet of mandarins. It may be taken as a truth established by experience that the chances are a thousand to one against a masterpiece being generally recognised on its first appearance. Therefore he who states that no masterpiece has appeared in 1909, bewailing the decadence of the age, is a ninny, and should be put in the stocks in Paternoster Row. Two novels, at any rate, have risen out of the ruck, and neither is the work of a well-known author: "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard," by Mr. H. N. Dickinson (Heinemann) and "The Infamous John Friend," by Mrs. Garnett (Duckworth). The latter is a first novel, and "everyone is reading" this first novel. It is agreeable to think that a book written with such severity of taste, and so deficient in any kind of literary vulgarity, should have impressed itself upon an age so atrocious as ours is said to be. Further, in regard to the mediocre season, I learn on good authority that a genuine poet has flowered in Dublin. His name is Steevens. Financially, I gather, the season has been satisfactory except in fiction, the state of which remains "parlous." Still, not a single publisher nor a single novelist has gone bankrupt.

* * *

Throughout the season, publishers, booksellers, and fashionable authors have been toying delicately with the question of cheap reprints of novels, and it stands just where it did at the beginning of the year—only more so. One of my most valued correspondents writes me: "I am afraid there is more than you think in the 'sevenpenny scare.'" But I think there is a very great deal in the sevenpenny scare. I quite appreciate the reality of the sevenpenny scare for people, like myself, who live by writing novels. What arouses my compassionate irony is the apparent hope of some publishers and many booksellers that the sevenpenny reprint of the modern novel can be killed by crying in a loud and mournful voice that it is too cheap, and that nothing under a shilling is right and proper. As a publicist, if not as a minion of Mudie's, I earnestly desire the success of the sevenpennies, and the success of threepennies would even deeplier content me. I clearly envisage the possibility of the seed of the righteous begging bread anon. Life is an adventure. Profound modifications in the economic and social equilibrium of a race invariably involve the perfectly unjust overthrow of certain righteous workers. Every change, said one of the wisest of all bourgeois writers—Walter Bagehot—every change, even a change for the better, is attended by great inconveniences. At any rate, he said something like that. The trifling change in the price of novels from a guinea and a half to six shillings (which had no connection with the present alarming spread of democratic culture) ruined a few highly virtuous novelists. Imagine their wrecked homes! A genuine tragedy there! But what would you?

Personally I propose to keep calm, unless the obstreperous frivolity of publishers pricks me to fury. These gentlemen (whom I love in detail, but deplore in the mass) have discovered that something is wrong in the novel-market. And naturally their first thought is that the fault is the authors'. The authors write carelessly, and they cut their novels too short. The standard has been lowered, the old conscientiousness has gone, etc. The public won't have short novels, etc. Why, the other day a publisher (exceedingly wealthy, by the way) gave the case of a library-subscriber who, having received a novel which was shorter than he thought a novel ought to be, sent it back and took an oath never to read another modern novel! . . . . There is only one word that effectively characterises this kind of hysterical drivel, which must surely be related to the painful ineptitudes of the aged Lord Roberts and to the grotesque excesses of Mr. Kipling's recent verse.

* * *

The average novel is no shorter and no more slipshod than it was fifteen years ago. Indeed, I should be inclined to say that the average length has increased. The public is not "put off" a novel because it is short. Look at "Ships that Pass in the Night," one of the really great successes of this generation! Offer "Ships that Pass in the Night" to any publisher victimised by the present panic, and he would inevitably say: "This book is at least fifteen thousand words too short. The public wouldn't look at it." These cast-iron rules that publishers invent to explain bad trade are truly wonderful. One does not forget their rule against volumes of short stories, a rule to which they tenderly cling, despite the fact that the reputation of about half the successful novelists of the day is based on volumes of short stories. For example, Kipling, Barrie, "Q," Conan Doyle, S. R. Crockett, and I don't know how many more. One of the successes of this season—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Studies in Wives"—is a collection of short stories. I know nothing about it, but I will lay a guinea to a box of pills that her publisher wore mourning on the day he signed the contract, and informed her that he was only publishing the book to oblige her, and that really he ought not to undertake such a fearful risk.

* * *

And now Dr. Barry, himself a novelist, has set about to belabour novelists and to enliven the end of a dull season, in a highly explosive article concerning "the plague of unclean books, and especially of dangerous fiction." He says: "I never leave my house to journey in any direction, but I am forced to see, and solicited to buy, works flamingly advertised of which the gospel is adultery and the apocalypse the right of suicide." (No! I am not parodying Dr. Barry. I am quoting from his article, which may be read in the "Bookman." It ought to have appeared in "Punch.") One naturally asks one's self: "What is the geographical situation of this house of Dr. Barry's hemmed in by flaming and immoral advertisements and by soliciting sellers of naughtiness? Dr. Barry probably expects to be taken seriously. But he will never be taken seriously until he descends from purple generalities to the particular naming of names. If he has the courage of his opinions, if he genuinely is concerned for the future of this unfortunate island, he might name a dozen or so of the "myriad volumes which deride self-control, scoff at the God-like in man, deny the judgment, and by most potent illustration declare that death ends all." For myself, I am unacquainted with them, and nobody has ever solicited me to buy them. At least he might state *where* one is solicited to buy these shockers. I would go thither at once, just to see. In the course of his article, Dr. Barry lets slip a phrase about "half-empty churches." Of course, these half-empty churches must be laid on the back of somebody, and the novelist's back is always convenient. Hence, no doubt, the article. Dr. Barry seeks for information. He asks: "Will Christian fathers and mothers go on tolerating . . . , etc., etc." I can oblige him. The answer is, "Yes. They will."

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Remy de Gourmont.*

REMY DE GOURMONT? . . . . "A writer who has ideas, true ideas, who proves it in everything he writes —I write to clarify my ideas, he has said—who is almost alone in knowing all those things one no longer knows, whose work is nevertheless clear, easy, supple, written as if to amuse himself—such a writer bewilders our literary judges, and for fear of making a mistake as much as because they are at a loss to know where to begin, they remain silent. By no means disdain. They know the work. Simply timidity and embarrassment." If the editors of "Poètes d'Aujourd' hui" can say that of Remy de Gourmont in France, one cannot reproach our English critics. The "North American Review" has published an article by Mr. James Huneker, but England seems to have been silent. Yet the work of Remy de Gourmont is astonishing in its diversity and complexity, in beauty and profundity, in the keen cleftage of old associated ideas and subtle evocation of new. M. Paul Delior says: "He has published novels, tales, poems; he is a grammarian and better, a philologist; he is also a moralist, taking pleasure in the criticism of manners and men; and lastly one finds a philosopher and a great erudite; the criticism of ideas, of works, and of doctrines forms not the least important part of his production. . . . He has an infinity of souls, as the sky passes, from the pale dawn to the violences of sunset, through all the shades in which the day discomposes its light. He has by turns a face of idyll, of drama, of faëry. He has in him the bucolic poem, the song of love, pathetic drama, and the sublime pride which the evening drapes with its purple. . . . M. de Gourmont is a liberator. One is no longer the slave of anything when one has understood his work, and if one can support its audacity."

A liberator? . . . . Yes. In the preface to the second volume of "Le Livre des Masques," he writes: "We have no longer any principles, and there are no more models; a writer creates his æsthetic in creating his work; we are reduced to making an appeal to sensation rather to the judgment. In literature, as in everything, must cease the reign of abstract words." These two books of Masks—short notices of the growing school of writers called Symbolist—make an admirable introduction to his work. They are veritable ambrosia and nectar, and reading them the dry blood of the mind becomes ichor, and one trembles with the penetrating intoxication of novelty. All the more suitable to begin with are they because they explain a movement in which Remy de Gourmont is a chief. With these two books, followed by "Esthétique de la Langue Française," "La Culture des Idées," "Le Chemin de Velours," "Le Problème du Style," and "Promenades Littéraires," and one's literary freedom is complete. "Liberty is an interior joy." It is impossible to pass through these books without feeling that new eyes and a new understanding are being given to one; old images and metaphors are broken up and made useless; associations that have grown mouldy are crumbled; and fresh with the dew of a new morning the earth again awaits the re-born artist.

M. de Gourmont turned on life the same clear vision, and the wonderful series of Epilogues, "Réflexions sur la Vie," was the result. Those who have followed them, fortnightly, in the "Mercure de France" know the joy of watching M. de Gourmont turn over the cube of life and show the sixth side, which he alone till then had seen. His conclusion (although he cannot be said ever to conclude) seems to be that truth is an illusion and illusion is truth. Be instinctive, be happy according to your nature, but not anti-social. King Pausole, of Pierre Loüys's novel, reduced his code to two laws:

I. Do no harm to your neighbour.

II. Understand this well, then do as you like.

The whole law of life is there, and M. de Gourmont, who is frankly pagan, would probably subscribe to it. Although he looks on men with the eyes of irony, any natural gesture delights him. Only the perversions and acidities of moral-howling monkeys, pedants and schoolmasters arouse his bitterest sarcasms, different in this from Anatole France, and more masculine; in many ways, M. de Gourmont is a finer writer than Anatole France. It is in the "Physique de l'Amour, essai sur l'instinct sexuel," that is to be found the pivot of his philosophy. He sees life, essentially, as the necessity to procreation, try to disguise it how we may; and art is one of the forms of the sexual instinct. This book is a combination of his readings and reflexions from his own observations over the whole animal kingdom of beasts, birds, insects and fishes. It is the work of an artist and poet, looking through the cool eyes of a scientist. Modern science enters largely into M. de Gourmont's mental equipment. "I think," he says, "that one must never hesitate to introduce science into literature or literature into science; the time of the fine ignorances has passed; one should collect in one's mind all the notions it can contain, and remember that the intellectual domain is an unbounded landscape, and not a series of little gardens enclosed by walls of mistrust and disdain." There is not a notion that is inaccessible to M. de Gourmont's mind.

Side by side with all this work of erudition: literary, in "Le Matin Mystique" (an important, illuminating book on the Christian poets of the Middle Ages, who wrote in a Latin called decadent by the schoolmasters, but really a vivid creation of a new language from a dead one);—artistic, in "L'Ymagier," a collection of reproductions of old engravings, woodcuts, pages from old books, the popular colour prints of Epinal, and of modern work;—philological and grammatical, in his books on style and the æsthetic of the French language; scientific, in "Le physique de l'Amour";—critical, of manners, in all his books, but supremely in the Epilogues; and of books, in his "Promenades Littéraires" and his prefaces; side by side with all this work and more not mentioned, he has written drama: "Lilith," spirituel and fantastic, "Théodat," "Le Vieux Roi";—poems of a strange musicality, like the clashing of gems: "Hiéroglyphes," "Litanies de la Rose," "Les Saintes du Paradis," "Oraisons Mauvaises," and "Simone";—short stories: "Phocas," "la Révolte de la Plèbe," "la Ville des Sphinx," "la Métamorphose de Diane," which M. Delior says are equal to the finest stories of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and many others;—and novels: "Sixtine," "Les Chevaux de Diomède," "Le Songe d'une Femme," "a novel so delicious that one hesitates to recount it," and those two masterpieces which sum up both sides of Remy de Gourmont's genius: "Une Nuit au Luxembourg," and "Un Coeur Virginal."

Both sides? . . M. de Gourmont is analytical and synthetic: creative scepticism. If scepticism is the ferment of analysis, the acid which permits the boldest dissociations, it is, on the other hand, opposed to all synthesis. To be capable of synthesis, one must have a sensitiveness always offered with joy to the vibrations of the world. It is not the least of M. de Gourmont's peculiarities that he is a master in both these contradictory manifestations." It is impossible here to do more than affirm the exquisite grace with which, in "A Night in the Luxembourg," our notions of life are pulled to pieces, and the moral of Epicurus-Gourmont put in their place: there is no other philosophy, there is no other method. Virtue is to be happy. . . . . Epicurus was too wise to disdain any sort of pleasure. And some of the greatest pleasures are sensual. Why has this word a sense of opprobrium? Perhaps because you have looked beyond the stars, and all pleasure has come to seem illicit, and work—really a sad necessity—the supreme idol. One day you will see that the gods are only men—God is old and morose in retirement on Jupiter—and you will live your lives. It is worth the trouble. A fresh sensuality comes from the pages of "Un Coeur Virginal," like the wind, burdened with perfumes and sex, which blew from the flowers of the garden in which its scene is laid; and this book, free of all aridity and as sappy and despoiled of "literature"

* Remy de Gourmont et son Œuvre. Par Paul Delior, avec un portrait et un autographe. (Mercure de France. 0.75.)

as a young rose-tree in June, was written after all the fantastic and precious work of his early days and after the criticism of his maturity. M. de Gourmont, who walked first of all in the heavy, stately robe, embroidered with gold and jewels, of a high priest of the Word, has now put on the simple chiton, and he moves freely. M. de Gourmont, in growing old, grows young. M. de Gourmont is a liberator. He has liberated himself.

F. S. FLINT.

REVIEWS.

The Russian Bastille, or The Schluesselburg Fortress. By J. P. Youvatsheff. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

"Being of a serious disposition, and finding no pleasure in the ordinary occupations of his colleagues, such as card-playing, drinking, and flirting, he worked very assiduously and read a great deal on political and scientific subjects." In England any young officer of such inclinations would be merely voted bad form and sent to Coventry by his brother officers, or at the worst dismissed the Army on some trumped-up charge. In Russia, however, Lieutenant Youvatsheff was condemned to death—a sentence commuted to solitary confinement in Schluesselburg Fortress for some years, with subsequent penal servitude in the Sakhalin mines. Youvatsheff had taken no part in politics, revolutionary or otherwise, he knew no revolutionists, but he and a few friends of scientific tastes met occasionally for discussion—a mutual improvement society. That was his offence. Dr. Rappoport, the translator of this book, reminds us: "And meanwhile the work of destruction continues its course. The fathomless abyss is swallowing up the best and most talented before they have time to exercise their power. 'Is the nation free from blame?'" he asks. We shall not answer the question, but we know that our nation is not free from blame. Sir Edward Grey and his Ministry have aided the Russian Tsar in torturing, imprisoning, and murdering thousands of Youvatsheffs. The Tsar has borrowed money in this country to spend on his spies and torturers. The Tsar is our good friend and ally. He is coming to these shores on a visit of friendship to ourselves. There has scarce been the feeblest protest; as Mr. Shaw said a few days ago, we have lost all sense of liberty in these latter days. We care only for the good dividends Russia may give us and the big profits we may make, we are concerned only with seeking the aid of the Tsar's soldiers. Even from the shop-keeping point of view, this is not necessarily good business. The Russian people will not be for ever shackled; free Russia will remember that to England under Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey it owed many a year of continued suffering; free Russia will remember that the English Liberal Party threw the weight of its influence and its money-bags into the upholding of a Tsar who had himself been a direct party to the massacre of men, women, and little children.

We need not remind our readers that solitary confinement is an integral part of our English prison system. What a hellish system it is will be gathered from the efforts made by the strong-willed author of this book to throw off its worst influences. "Although I was in close confinement, yet I was never left to myself. I was all the time in the company of an unknown gendarme, whose watchful eye was constantly tormenting and haunting me. . . . I resolved, therefore to follow out a programme of conduct which was novel to me—to act in such a manner that I should have no occasion to blush for my transgressions before anyone." He would hold no communication with the other prisoners by tapping, he asked nothing of the Governor and spoke not a word to the jailors. "Some prisoners chose a different line of conduct. They set themselves in determined opposition to them, contradicted them, demanded and insisted upon things. . . . It is possible that, by behaving in this way, the prisoners helped to break the monotony of their lives; it enabled them to play a part in a small drama, and thus gave them a

sense of still fighting—i.e., of still living and not being morally dead." If this is the case with these political prisoners, nearly all of whom were highly educated men, think what solitary confinement must be to our own prison denizens—the onslaughts upon warders and the emeutes can be readily understood. Fearful of losing his reason, "I endeavoured to control my intellect by a strict discipline, by not allowing it for any length of time to remain idle. I used, therefore, mentally to deliver lectures to imaginary audiences on my favourite subjects." So as not to lose the power of speech, he started talking aloud until his jailer forbade it; to give himself exercise he would rush all round the tiny cell, or "I waved my arms and legs, bent and twisted my body, sat down." Despite all his efforts he grew very feeble, and then: "How, indeed, was it possible to keep a healthier colour, considering that one was constantly living inside a lavatory?" His muscles grew flaccid and weak, the jaw bones were almost paralysed from long disuse in speech, and in like manner his hearing had also suffered. Mr. Youvatsheff says: "The isolation of some people from society may be a necessity, but why torture them?" We commend the question to the Home Secretary.

Adventures in London. By James Douglas. (Cassell. 6s. net.)

Mr. Douglas is the typical journalist. Fortunately few journalists come up to type, and, more fortunately still, the few who do have just wit enough to escape book publishing. These "Adventures in London" are more properly described as adventures in an office. Mr. Douglas has no gift of observation, he understands nothing of life, knows nothing save what he has been told or has read of. Romance, passion, temper, love, childhood, old age, starvation, charity, men and women mean to him nothing—save, perchance, the writing of an article. He has of his own neither eyes, ears, nose, and he is utterly devoid of taste, which saves some of his kind. "I used to go to see Duse solely for the pleasure of watching her beautiful hands," he writes, and you don't believe him—probably someone, his wife, told him people said Duse had wonderful hands. When he tells you in successive Douglasian epigrams: "To be deliberate is to be lost. You must look before you leap," you are aware that here is the original of the bang went saxpence joke, who has become aware of the point but who would hesitate for half an hour whether to take the penny 'bus or the twopenny tube. If Mr. Douglas is not as insincere as the impression he conveys, he must learn to write English; from his style we should opine that his favourite reading is the "Family Herald Supplement," whence those well-known figures: "The cowed opposition visibly shrivels away as he plunges a phrase like a dagger into its heart. . . . . The terrible swordsman is playing with his victims now, and as he flicks their flesh daintily, an acid smile hovers on his lips and a chill gleam of derision lights his wary eye." This, by the way, is a picture of Mr. Asquith, who in true "Family Herald" style is here called "A Man of Ice." Mr. Douglas's first article opens: "I love fog: I hate the Smoke Abatement Society. They want to rob a poor poet of his visions and the poor painter of his dreams." We should mind less could we believe that Mr. Douglas could love anything—were it but a fog. Crude sentiment sandwiched between colossal ignorance is not wanted. A procession of unemployed women serves him for the following: "No savages are more horribly defeatured and defaced than some of these English women, stealthily mutilated by economic laws that are crueller than any steel." This ignorant superstition that poverty is due to economic laws, immutable as the sea, belongs to the mid-Victorian and not to the present age. Mr. Douglas loves Humanity, with a capital H, so devotedly that the merely human leaves him cold. To-day we are several stages ahead, and it is the individual, the real human being himself, with whom we are in touch. The literary poseur was never much of a figure, even when he had wit and charm; the pose of a fifth-rater is nauseous to a degree. After Mr. Douglas's affectations we feel a need for fresh air and clean water.

Socialism in Theory and Practice. By Morris Hilquit. (The Macmillan Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hilquit has done a valuable service to the Socialist movement. He has put within the compass of a little more than 350 pages a really well-stated, philosophical, scientific, and calm account of Socialism as a theory and as a practical policy. He has not overlooked any side of the subject: he has considered it in the abstract as it is distinguished from Individualism, and he has described it at work in the municipalities of, for example, Roubaix and Lille. The book is of special value in England at this moment, at a time when the leaders of the English Labour Party are blundering badly in their attempt to show the difference between the real reform of Socialism and the sham reforms of Liberalism and Tory Democracy. Mr. Hilquit sums up these sham reformers with a firm touch: "These kind-hearted but short-sighted gentlemen are thoroughly convinced of the soundness of our social system as a whole. They notice occasionally certain social evils and abuses. . . . They happen to encounter an appalling condition of poverty, and they seek to allay it by alms. They notice the spread of disease among the poor, and they build hospitals and sanatoriums. . . . They find their elected representatives in public offices incompetent and corrupt, and they unite to turn them out of office and to elect more efficient and honest men. They treat each social abuse and evil as an isolated and casual phenomenon. They fail to see the connection between them all. For them, as for the late German-American statesman, Carl Schurz, there is no social problem, but there are many social problems." Not that Mr. Hilquit fails to appreciate the value of transition reforms; but he never loses balance in his valuations. There are a few misleading statements in the book; for example, it is not fair to call the English

income tax "progressive" merely on account of the rebate system on incomes below £700. Neither have we, practically, male suffrage.

The Condition of England. By C. F. G. Masterman. (Methuen. 6s.)

The condition of England is indeed a matter for anxious concern when a member of his Majesty's Government (for Mr. Masterman is Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board) can produce the book which lies before us. Perhaps we have no right to criticise it, for we candidly confess that we have read only a part of it. We ask our readers to try the experiment themselves before they call this action unfair. When each page, with almost unfailing regularity, yields a sentimental platitude which would scarcely pass muster in a Sunday School; when vague and unproved generalities are offered in the place of close reasoning; when we look for practical plans and find that our statesman prefers idle musings and amateur evasions—then it is small wonder that the reviewer quickly concludes that he has nothing to hope for here. It is a sad fact to contemplate that this book may be a fair estimate of the intellectual calibre of the men who govern England. Little wonder that England is not governed—but merely survives as best it can.

The Menace of Socialism. By W. Lawler Wilson. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

It is not for a Socialist Review to deny the intelligence of a writer who declares that the greatest factor in the politics of to-morrow is the "menace of Socialism." An anti-Socialist who addresses his friends thus, "Your social system is more vulnerable and its enemies are more dangerous than you know. And the hour of trial is at hand"—need not expect that we will try to drown his voice of warning. The Fabians may be distressed that at last Socialism is discovered; but all the rest of us are convinced that discovery is our greatest triumph. The people will never follow the unknown. But Mr. Lawler Wilson does not stop at criticism; he has an alternative policy. Of course it is only of the policy of throwing scraps to the pursuers with a prayer that they will be foolishly satisfied with the scraps when they can take all. But we admit that Mr. Wilson is able to write down his innumerable fallacies and misstatements in an entertaining manner. "It must always stand to the credit of Mr. Keir Hardie that he first successfully proved that a Socialist shilling and a Trade Union pound make a good Labour guinea," is distinctly pretty. So, with due care not to take all Mr. Wilson's statements for gospel (for example, it is either ignorance or wilful misrepresentation which allows him to impute dishonourable motives to Lassalle's fatal duel) we recommend this book as a useful summary of the shallow arguments which will form the ammunition of the Anti-Socialist League. It is always kind of the enemy to give away his methods and policy. The chapters on Anti-Socialist Economics are delightfully amusing in an Alice-in-Wonderland kind of way. "The position of the rich man in the community is widely misunderstood. It is not that of a great consumer of wealth, but of a great collector and distributor of wealth." So that if the rich man keeps a steam yacht it is only as a method of performing his duty as a distributor. Mr. Lawler Wilson is undoubtedly a humourist.

The Case for Women's Suffrage. Edited by Brougham Villiers. (Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

This is a cheaper edition of what is probably the very best summary of the Women's Movement. It consists of a series of essays by the leaders, chosen from all branches of their organisations. Mrs. Pankhurst expresses one side, Miss Palliser another, Mrs. Fawcett another, and so on. Miss Christabel Pankhurst contributes a masterly little sketch of the disabilities of her sex, and Miss Eva Gore-Booth has an overwhelmingly convincing article on the Trade Unionists' side of the question. To Mrs. Despard is allotted the right to forecast the future. The two witty speeches by Mr. Israel Zangwill with which the book ends are perfectly delightful reading. There are some words in Mrs.

Rosalind Nash's essay which should be carefully weighed: "If the vigorous life of the new movement had at first been poured from all quarters into the wide channel of adult suffrage, there would have been no need for troublesome grubbing to make way for wandering streams. . . . It would be a mistake to treat the objections to limited Bills as an invention of the enemy."

The Englishwoman. Studies in her Psychic Evolution. By David Staars. (Smith Elder, 9s. net.)

This work may have a certain interest for French readers; but there was not the slightest reason to issue an English translation of this dull, superficial, and yet pretentious book. An introductory chapter of 43 pages is full of nonsense about evolution and psychic ties and all the jargon of the amateur in science. There are sketchy accounts of English women during the Renaissance, with a chapter on Shakespeare's women; English women in the 18th century, with a rather more interesting chapter on Mary Wollstonecraft. Then follow three chapters dealing with Barnet, Martineau, George Eliot, Frances Power Cobbe, and a slight account of the woman movement. Here is something delightful in "Educational Reform": "The Court of William IV was not very moral. . . . The tone of the Court changed as soon as Queen Victoria came to the throne. She was virtuous, she had a deep sense of duty; she loved her husband sincerely, and she was a woman. When licence is removed then serious questions emerge from surrounding commonplaces. Such was the beneficial influence of the reign of this beloved Queen." We suppose the greater activity of the Women's Movement under King Edward is because the Court has become virtuouser and virtuouser. We especially like the discovery that Queen Victoria was a woman. Almost any number of the *Votes for Women* will give a more solid account of the movement than this book, with its misleading sub-title; there is no attempt to get at the make up of the English woman. The translation is not into English, and is occasionally somewhat perilous. Describing a woman's college at Oxford the author is made to say that: "Relations between the men and women students are few and transient." We are sure Mr. David Staars never meant anything so improper as this.

Botticelli. By Mary L. Bonnor. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is another worthy addition to that capital series, "Little Books on Art." The author has wisely arranged her careful study of Botticelli on the basis of his biographical evolution; for the study of the historical development is usually the only manner in which a rational conception of a great intellect can be gained. We thus can most easily trace effect to cause. On these sound lines Miss Bonnor has given a very clear idea of the place which Botticelli occupies in the history of Art. The thirty-three illustrations, arranged in their chronological order, give great assistance in following the argument of the text. It is a pity this series could not have been slightly larger in size of page, for the more crowded pictures necessarily somewhat lose their details; but one cannot have everything for half-a-crown.

A Three-Foot Stool. By Peter Wright. (Smith Elder. 6s. net.)

There are two ways of combining literature and Nature; the one, that adopted by a novelist who lately started to walk through Africa. His photo revealed him standing encased in ironclad fittings, a gun in each hand and a rifle in the other, wearing a necklace of revolvers, with bowie knives stuck in his hair, and surrounded by pyramids of cartridges and flea-powder. The other, that of a Balliol man with poetic tendencies adapting himself to the free life of North Canada, and discussing its philosophy and sociology in literary language and cowpuncherese. The result as shown in the book before us is a stimulating blend of poetic, literary, and ranching experiences. But the author's Oxford manner of making love—to a cowpuncheress—is the sort of thing to make honest lovers squirm.

Varieties.

Odette Valery (Coliseum).

WHAT strange times we live in! Surely it was never more easy to capture the public—or has a woman of massive flanks and ample bust always been able to bring a mob to her feet by generous display of these charms? Odette Valery is a bad, heavy dancer. For the moment she has chosen the personality of Dalilah as a cover for her brazenness. There are just two ideas in her dancing. One is to bend backwards so that her body sticks out and round like the half of a monstrous pumpkin, and the other is to slither across the stage, a horrid, creeping thing. One fully expected to see the sticky trail that a slug leaves behind it.

Last year this incomparable "artiste" announced in a long circular that she saw no reason why she should not dance to Beethoven's music. When I saw her name billed once more the paralysing suspicion occurred to me that she might have carried out this suggested menace. Apparently, however, the gods interfered.

Maud Allan has much to answer for besides her personal performances. Her descent upon us was the signal for a whole species of females to appear, greedy for the gold of deluded man. Here was a chance to rake in the shekels for precious little work—no technique or tricks required! Foolish and blinded man, I would tell you that Maud Allan is the pickled spinster type, that Odette Valery is like nothing more than a hippopotamus out at grass, and that the "Divine" one who lately graced one of our palaces of amusement is an indecorous little b—— (I speak of stage personalities, these are doubtless admirable young women in private life). However, it is useless casting pearls in this poor world. But what will you do in the next? The Peris assuredly will not be to your taste.

Maurice Farkoa at Home (Grafton Galleries).

How delightful it would be if Mr. Farkoa would start a Cabaret Artistique in London like the attractive haunts that one finds scattered over Paris. He gave us an idea of what he might do in that way on Wednesday night, a suggestion of the intimacy and rapport which should exist between artist and audience. Mr. Farkoa sang one or two songs with more than his usual charm of lightness and suavity. Mlle. Scaltiel, an extremely clever diseuse, gave us some happy minutes, borrowing from Catulle Mendes among others. Later the pair of them played a little Revue Imprévue, which made us long more than ever for Paris. In fact, Mr. Farkoa *must* open a cabaret. He has all the finesse and geniality to carry through such an undertaking—and he need have no apprehensions about finding a public. It is true we are somewhat stodgy over here, but if he can impress on us that such a show is Artistic, and that his songs may sometimes have a bluish tinge, we shall come, never fear! The combination is irresistible!

St. George's Hall, etc.

After glancing through the advertisement columns in search of food for criticism, I finally surrendered myself at the doors of Maskelyne and Devant. Having always made it a practice to avoid conjurors and jugglers, when I do let myself in for either there seems to be a childlike joy in the entertainment. This practice is one I would recommend to others.

The evening was crammed with things inexplicable and delightful. Devant lifted solid masses of water and left them lying about in unexpected quarters, presided over a spelling lesson for gold fish, and made ladies disappear into thin air or glass trunks with his usual adaptability. There was moral fare, too. A pleasing old saint exposed the seamy side of a gambler's trade with positively vicious enthusiasm.

Altogether I suggest that playgoers in search of bizarre performances will find this show an enormous rest. I speak of the yearly increasing mob which roves in search of shocks. It would be a change to look for them at St. George's Hall, as well as the productions of such societies as the Playactors. They had a good old rouser at the Court Theatre last Sunday evening. We know that "Kit's Woman" is a problem play, but there must have been many exciting thrills in it for the gently-cultured members.

Everyone surely knows the story of "Kit's Woman."

In a Cornish fisher-village lives a couple whose marriage was ideally happy. By an accident the husband loses the use of his limbs; he is a cripple for life. Henceforth the marriage can only be purely spiritual. They bear their lot with fortitude, but the husband, from his chair of bondage, observes that youth and the desire of motherhood unsettle the wife. He understands, he—liberal-minded far beyond his station—is ready to countenance untoward possibilities; he even hopes that someone will bring the solace and the appeasement to his wife which fate forbids him to vouchsafe to her. The inevitable happens. She yields to the entreaties and the male force of a ship's mate; she hates him in the aftermath, but fearing the consequences, and to clear her conscience, she decides to confess to her husband—

as a contemporary puts it. I always look for decorous methods of expressing delicate subjects in our journals of to-day. They possess the gift to a nicety.

All through the play there was a hushed listening for references and suggestions to facts not usually spoken of in public. It would seem spiteful to blame a play which honestly seeks to put a problem fairly for the prurience of its audience, but this play is revolting, not in its essentials, but in the accidentals with which Mrs. Ellis has chosen to embellish her work. Authors and dramatists should be no more exempt from the ordinary rules of expectation that attend man's work than any other artists. If you give out poor materials to a tailor and you are reasonable, you will not demand a very splendid result, but if you put at his disposal stuffs of the very best quality you will label him a bad workman if he gives you a stupidly-cut, ill-balanced garment.

Mrs. Ellis has taken for her play some of the most valuable and beautiful materials an artist may have to work on—crude human passions, the struggle between love and sensuality, with the maternity feeling thrown in, the pathos of a lover who cannot give his love the

desire of her heart, a child, and the rest of the assets, for instance, the comedy to be extracted from the coarse talk of village gossips.

All these ideas belong to the world. They are not new conceptions by Mrs. Ellis ; she has borrowed them from the treasury of the world's standard ideas, and she should justify her presumption. Now this play is thin and poor. To begin with, the difficulty of making rough, uncultured people express their feelings naturally is not solved. They talk like a book, like Mrs. Ellis's book, in fact, and like nothing else in the world. Most of the conversation of Loveday and the other village women has absolutely no bearing on the development of the drama. The whole thing is stained with ugly patches. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that I wish to label Mrs. Ellis as a bad dramatist.

Miss Beryl Faber gave rather a beautiful performance of Janet—beautiful in that it was simple and sincere, though her method of intensifying emotion is melodramatic. Miss Clare Greet and Miss Mary Relph played the village gossips very cleverly. N. C.

Music.

The Orchestral Crisis in England.

WE are face to face with a crisis. Not since the days of Henry Purcell has there been so much activity in music as there is to-day in this country, and not since those days have we produced so many composers of the front rank. One cannot look without smiling upon the shuffling and elbowing going on among English composers and conductors, to say nothing of the extraordinary pitch to which they have developed the subtle art of intrigue. The prevalence of the latter in English musicians of to-day would suggest that artistically we are returning to the period of the Stuarts and Count Grammont. I say "to-day," for in turning over the pages of the cantatas and anthems which immediately precede modern English music it is too humorous to think that the composers of this harmless music ever contrived an intrigue.

When Elgar came along he created an impetus or revival, which brought a large number of composers, full of the modern spirit (albeit many of them reflections of Wagner, Elgar, and Strauss, etc.), whose number extends year after year, and who fight and struggle to keep or get "their feet in." By whom has this modern spirit chiefly been fostered?

Twenty years ago there were only two permanent orchestras in London, the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace orchestra, conducted by August Manns. He was the first conductor to encourage English orchestral music. As time went by, the Queen's Hall orchestra was founded, and Mr. Henry J. Wood took up the work begun by Manns: as the Crystal Palace orchestra and conductor faded out into the twilight of non-existing things, the fostering of modern English composers almost became Mr. Wood's sole privilege, and one which he used royally. Twelve years ago Mr. Granville Bantock became the conductor of a fine orchestra at the New Brighton Tower.

Some time later Mr. George Halford commenced the "Halford" orchestral concerts in Birmingham. In each case English composers were received with open arms, and special attention was given to their works. At New Brighton Mr. Bantock's enthusiasm led him to devote whole programmes to individual English composers ; and his work there only ceased on his removal to Birmingham to become the Principal of the Midland School of Music. Later he carried on his enterprising work at Liverpool, on being appointed conductor of the Liverpool Orchestral Society in succession to Mr. Rodewald. Ten years ago the Leeds Municipal Orchestra was founded (conductor Mr. H. A. Fricker), and here again special encouragement has been given to young English composers. Bantock, Vaughan Williams, Delius, Holbrooke, Coleridge-Taylor, Boughton, Bainton, O'Neill, W. H. Bell, Wallace, Frederic Austin, Foulds, Balfour Gardiner, Ernest Austin, Bryceson, Dale Bowen, A. Von H. Carse, Weston-Nicholls, Gustav von Holst, J. W. Hathaway are recent successful English orchestral writers.

It is right to point out under what enormous disadvantages the young English composer suffers as compared with his German contemporary. In Germany there are about 200 good orchestras and many first-class opera-houses ; the cost of hearing orchestra or opera is a mere trifle. When one reflects that Weimar, for example (which is the home where, a few years ago, gathered Liszt, Wagner, Cornelius, Berlioz, and others, who gave the impetus to the modern movement) contains a smaller number of inhabitants than the town of, say, Stoke-upon-Trent, it will readily be seen how intensely musical is Germany. In this country most of the first-class orchestras are in London, as well as the only decent Opera House we possess—Covent Garden Theatre. The German composer has the further stimulant of living in an atmosphere which has produced a line of great composers, commencing with Bach and culminating in Wagner and Strauss. We have not produced a Bach, a Wagner, or a Strauss, but we may do so. We have produced Elgar, Bantock, Holbrooke, and others, notwithstanding the enormous disadvantages which retard the development of the English composer. And if the work of the rank and file of the English School be placed by the side of that of its German contemporary, it will be seen that we are by no means inferior.

To return to the Orchestral Crisis. At the present time there are four permanent orchestras in London—Queen's Hall, London Symphony, New Symphony, and the Beecham Orchestras. I wonder how long they will exist ; they certainly cannot all be made to pay. The Queen's Hall Orchestra, which has three millionaires on its Board of Directors, gives as many concerts as any orchestra in Europe, and just manages to pay its way. The London Symphony Orchestra is worked on co-operative lines ; the New Symphony Orchestra, formerly conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham, is now conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald—since when Mr. Beecham has founded an orchestra bearing his own name. No doubt the law of the "survival of the fittest" will prevail, or it may be "they who have most money win."

In the provinces the outlook is black indeed. Mr. Halford, after spending many thousands of pounds to establish orchestral music in Birmingham, had to give in owing to lack of public support. The members of his orchestra have formed themselves into the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, which, I believe, is being run on co-operative lines. The Liverpool Orchestral Society ceased to exist about a couple of months ago owing to financial difficulties, and the Liverpool Symphony Orchestra—another co-operative institution—has decided to give fewer concerts next season owing to indifferent support. The City Council of Leeds passed a resolution early this year compelling the Municipal Orchestra to become self-supporting in the future. A few weeks ago the annual Birmingham Promenade Orchestral Concerts were resumed under that fine conductor, Mr. Landon Ronald. So far, the support has been so meagre that the present season has already come to be looked upon as the last of these concerts. The Hallé Orchestra is well established in Manchester, but the atmosphere there is intensely German, and carries an imaginary notice-board, "English composers need not apply." Dr. Hans Richter conducts, and draws a large salary: with the exception of Elgar's works, he does not help modern English music at all. In the case of Mr. Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," which has been done in Manchester for two consecutive seasons, on the first occasion of its performance at the Hallé concerts the composer was invited to conduct his own work—because Dr. Richter was tired and forced to "take the air" at Blackpool. There is also the Scottish Orchestra which performs in the North under Dr. Cowen.

To sum up and review the whole situation. Zeal seems to have outrun discretion, or we have produced the men before the nation is ready for them. We have three virtuosi conductors not excelled by any German or other foreign contemporary in Henry J. Wood,

Landon Ronald, and Thomas Beecham; and we have a few, only a very few, first-class orchestras. From the composers' point of view, it would appear, looking around upon the fine work being produced, that the harvest is now ripe, but from a financial point of view it would appear that English orchestral music was never so near bankruptcy. HAVERGAL BRIAN.

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.*

WHITED SEPULCHRES, AND SOME OTHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Although some years a reader, I have not hitherto been guilty of attempting to inflict any communication, but the admirable and instructive work of Beatrice Tina, taken in conjunction with a letter signed "Avonmore," suggests there are other readers who desire (1) a readier means of intercommunication leading up to (2) a wider discussion and better understanding of the above and similar highly important social questions.

It seems to me, sir, that the movement for which THE NEW AGE stands would be advanced by some association where teachers and students could meet and discuss fully, freely, and frankly things as they really are, and not as the teachers of sham conventions would have us believe them to be. Why not a NEW AGE club, offering facilities for social intercourse plus propaganda work? Failing this, why not a Correspondence Circle? I take it there must be many readers with a wide experience of, and in close contact with, the actualities of life, and it seems pretty obvious that an exchange of opinion beween them and the "intellectuals" would be of service to both, as well as benefit the movement generally.

Probably this or a similar idea has been already suggested. If so I am sorry I have missed it, and I shall be grateful to you, or any reader, for particulars of any club or centre where realities are discussed free from convention. Perhaps, too, the experiences of some who, like myself, have filled positions in Public Health work, and as such have seen through the walls of many a score of "homes," might be of service or interest to the others who have not had so close an acquaintance with Mrs. Heck in various places and in varying conditions of society. Apart from the want of knowledge displayed by Mrs. Tom Heck, and suspected or feared by "Avonmore" in respect to his daughters, there are other phases of this question, not to mention another hundred similar ones urgently needing the light of full and frank discussion preparatory to treatment by the sociologist. Included in this I should submit that of "prostitution," voluntary and involuntary. For Mrs. Heck, and those who, like her, can "suffer" in comparative comfort, there are others that have to suffer in misery and want, and who have to drain the very dregs to the bitter depths. Their tragedy does not end "all in accordance with the rules." No, it is theirs to struggle on, and to suffer everything, even to death itself, and often to be vilified after that.

I venture to submit, sir, that action on the above lines would be beneficial, and I believe your readers will welcome a Closer Association, when I feel sure you will not find them so afraid of plain speaking as you suggest in your note to "Avonmore's" letter.

Being a public official, I must perforce conform so far to conventions as to enclose my card and subscribe myself

DEUNOVARIAN.

* * *

BERGSON AND BAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Referring to Mr. Hulme's article on Bergson, will you give me space for a word of personal explanation?

One or two of my friends have remarked on a similarity in certain of the broad principles enunciated by Bergson in "L'Evolution Créatrice" and certain of the fundamental positions in my "Roots of Reality," reviewed by you in THE NEW AGE about a year ago.

If this is the case, I may say not only that I have not as yet read "L'Evolution Créatrice," an assertion which, of course, rests on my word alone, but I would also point out as regards any question of priority, that the whole of the main contentions advanced in the "Roots of Reality" are to be found in a cruder and abbreviated form in a little book (now out of print), entitled "The Problem of Reality," and published by Messrs. Sonnenschein in 1891 or 1892, I forget which, that is, before M. Bergson's name was known, and years before the publication of "L'Evolution Créatrice."

E. BELFORT BAX.

* * *

MOUNTED POLICE IN CROWDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In view of what happened in Westminster on the night of June 29th is it not obvious that the use of mounted police in such affairs is a serious mistake on the part of the authorities? The ordinary police strove admirably to maintain order; the mounted police succeeded still more admirably in creating disorder. Many good-humoured groups were made extremely angry by the ridings down which they experienced, and when certain mounted police—probably annoyed by the booing to which they were subjected—tried using their own feet as well as the hoofs of their horses, it was not to be wondered that the crowd lost its temper.

The striking and stabbing of horses is regrettable, but the responsibility rests with the authorities who employ these means to turn a crush into a riot.

I did not see the stabbing reported in the paper, but I saw a horse severely struck with a walking-stick, and several times saw people strike the horses with their clenched fists; but I also saw a mounted policeman strike his heavily shod boot against a woman's breast, and others riding on to the pavement at inoffensive ladies. Neither act was justifiable, but surely the blame rests with the authorities.

The police on foot could, and did, maintain order. Their tempers were excellent, and so was the attitude of the crowd towards them. The mounted police infuriated or frightened the crowd, and created disorder. HAROLD CHAPLIN.

* * *

THE NEW BIOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Having convinced himself that his own opinion is the right one, because it is right (vide his own articles of last year in this review, to which Dr. Eder again refers), the Doctor, as a conscientious Socialist is also an unperturbed Lamarckist, singing pæans of praise to good old Butler, whilst cudgelling craftily the professional Biologist who dares to differ from him.

One is used to this sort of cheap fisticuff victory Dr. Eder wins over his absent opponents. But I would remind him that instead of reviling science which happens not to be to his taste, it would be more appropriate for a man pretending to know better to give arguments and facts for his own contentions.

The question is by no means settled, least of all in the way Dr. Eder wishes us to assume it settled.

As for the suggestion that the advocates of Eugenics would stop all campaigning against consumption, insanitary dwellings, etc., etc., Dr. Eder does not believe it. Or, if incredibly he should, may I tell him I am not the only one who advocates Socialism and Eugenics combined?

Both are by no means opposing, but, on the contrary, complementary factors in the progress of civilisation.

(DR.) S. HERBERT.

* * *

"NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In his notice of the above in last week's NEW AGE your reviewer says: "But the author fails to point out that in one particular Canada is more sinned against than sinning. Its Government has insufficient capital to develop its vast territories, and is therefore unable to make the country an El Dorado for white settlers." May I point out that he has apparently missed the whole point of my book, which is to show that Canada is not the El Dorado which its Government try and make it out to be. The point is, not that the Government are unable to make Canada an El Dorado (Nature has long ago settled that question), but that they try to persuade all and sundry that it is such, without any assistance on their part.

To show that their laudation of Canada must be taken "cum grano salis"—like most advertisements—is one object of "No English Need Apply." B. STEWART.

* * *

EXPERIMENTS IN DEVILRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Can it be that a writer like Mr. Eden Phillpotts is so grossly ill-informed on the subject he whistles up the wind in your present issue as not to be aware that among the "old ladies" to whom he so contemptuously consigns it—as adapted to their (presumably) enfeebled intellects—have been and are, many of the greatest thinkers and writers of the day, including such widely divergent personalities as Victor Hugo, Carlyle, Martineau, Chief Justice Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning, and a host of others? I confess I shrink from attributing such a sadly humiliating admission to one of my favourite story-tellers. CHARLES L. MONEY.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It was scandalising to Mr. Eden Phillpotts to see vivisection referred to in THE NEW AGE as "experiments in devilry." He calls it an "old crusted phrase," and he is right, for it dates from 1876.

In that year a Royal Commission rummaged the torture-chambers of that dreadful inquisition, in which not Spanish torturers with their rude external appliances, but men of science, subtle torturers, were found to have done things—aided by the horrible drug curare—which I would rather not specify.

These men—and they comprised all physiologists of the time—had learnt De Cyon's maxim well, i.e., to put away mercy on entering your laboratory, to regard the living animal as a sculptor regards his modelling clay, and to become artists in vivisection.

We have forgotten the revelations of those days, and the cry of execration that went up in the Press, until it condensed in the poems of Browning and Tennyson. For vivisection was fettered—nay, the vivisectors were put to their trumps to retain any freedom for it at all. However, they did retain some; and cheered on by their Continental friends, they wrested away more than the Commissioners were inclined to concede to them.

Thus the existing law is full of rents, permits and dispenses, and is wholly inadequate to prevent experiments in devilry. Mr. Stephen Coleridge, of the "National Anti-Vivisection Society," has drafted a Bill, the main provisions of which are (1) that complete anæthesia should be compulsory in all cutting operations; (2) that the animal should be killed before regaining consciousness; and (3) that the use of curare—a drug that paralyses motion while leaving sensation intact—should be forbidden altogether.

On the other hand, the "Research Defence Society," of which Mr. Eden Phillpotts signs himself a vice-president, has banded itself together in the name of the vivisectors, and would idealise vivisection.

Now, what do these men really want? To loosen the Thing again to its own dreadful will? To nail down a thousand curarised dogs for the physiological, sociological, and industrial sins of the whole world? Surely a right, reasonable, humane, and old ladylike requisition!

* * * E. H. VISIAK.

ANGLO-AMERICAN SOLIDARITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A correspondent who signs his letter J. Chappell must have been dreaming when he read Mr. Francis Grierson's articles. Mr. Chappell displays his irresponsibility by misquotation at the very outset. Nowhere does Mr. Grierson speak of the "Russian Prime Minister." Misquotation is the last refuge of people who cannot argue. I am wondering if Mr. Chappell received his education at a Board school. He writes of the Panama Canal as if it were situated in Canada or South Africa and ought to belong to England instead of the U.S.A. If ever there is a war between England and America it will be brought about by the irresponsible talk of people who do not know the world, who have not travelled, who speak by rote like poor Poll. I for one should very much like to see Mr. Grierson's series of brilliant articles on Anglo-American Unity printed in pamphlet form at a cost within the reach of everyone interested in this vital question, and I am willing to put my name down for fifty copies; and further, I am willing to take the trouble of distributing them in quarters where they will do good. We have had gossip enough on questions of the gravest importance by people who love gossip for its own sake. L. W. LUNDE.

[The New Age Press will shortly publish the series in pamphlet form.—Ed. N.A.]

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THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In my letter I wrote that "the report of the Joint Committee which the W.E.A. fathers is adopted as the basis of Lord Curzon's suggestion," etc. This appeared as "adopts the basis of," etc. This printer's error, due entirely to my own bad handwriting, is the only correction Mr. Mansbridge has to make. The rest of his letter deals with opinions wherein he differs from mine, as was not unexpected. The noble lords mentioned all appear as supporters in one way or another of Mr. Mansbridge's association. He is welcome to rejoice at this support, and I am entitled to draw my own inferences therefrom. Mr. Mansbridge gives his reasons why his association does not adopt the educational demands of the working classes as expressed through their compeers. His reasons no doubt do him great credit. Working men who remember what has been the outcome in the past of these so-called working-class associations that profess their ability to obtain all that is wanted by non-political methods and play about with peers and archbishops will hesitate before supporting this latest venture.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

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