

# THE NEW AGE

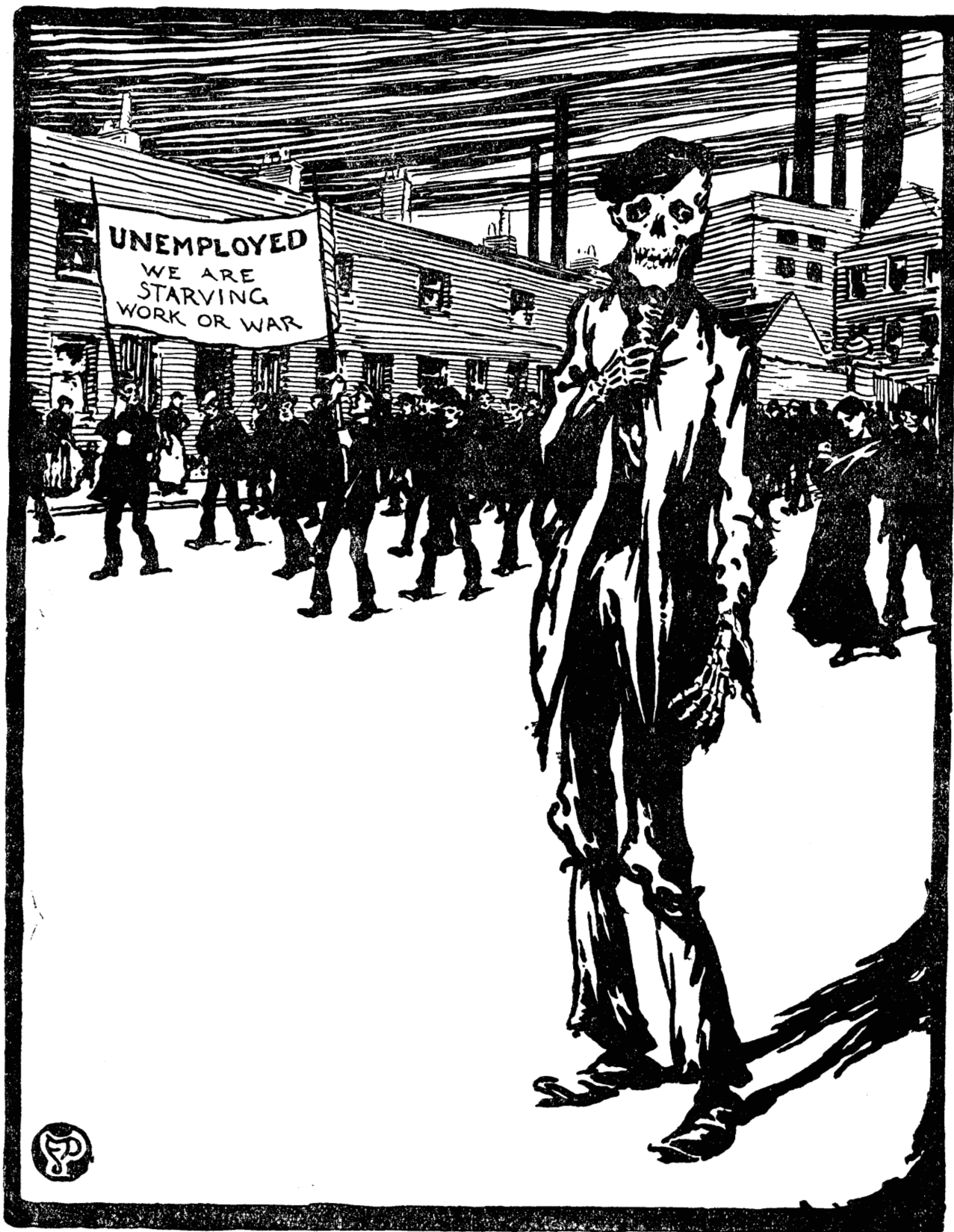
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

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THREEPENCE.



"ONCE YE HAVE SEEN MY FACE,  
YE DARE NOT MOCK."

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

EVERYBODY, it seems, has made up his mind that the Lords will reject the Budget. With incurable optimism we are still inclined to believe that everybody is wrong. Two sets of journals and two sets of persons are quite certain of the event, and from two entirely different motives, though from the same desire. The Tariff Reformers are naturally anxious that the Lords should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. What have they indeed to lose by risking the defeat of the Lords or to gain by allowing the Budget to pass? Moreover, Tariff Reform is not under practical discussion. If the Lords win, Tariff Reform will have done it; if the Lords lose, Tariff Reform remains the only remedy. Under these circumstances, Tariff Reformers may well be anxious to precipitate a crisis in which they can lose nothing, and may possibly win something.

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A good many Liberal journals and persons, on the other hand, are spoiling for a fight with the Lords on less creditable grounds. First, a constitutional disturbance would provide plenty of occupation for Radical politicians, who love nothing so much as pulling the machine to pieces not to examine, but to prevent, its working. Secondly, there are some nasty snags ahead in the political stream, not to mention such disagreeable circumstances such the question of Woman's Suffrage. Thirdly, they may well hope (and here we join them) that a mountain of labour may yield at least a mouse, and that if the whole veto of the Lords is not abolished, at least a part of it will go. Fourthly, it would not come amiss to them if Tariff Reformers were compelled hastily to produce a Budget and to carry it through with the small majority the Unionists might conceivably command after the General Election. Finally, certain sections of the Party, and even of the Cabinet, would be quite prepared to see some of their oldest cargo thrown overboard.

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Be all this as it may, we may safely affirm that reasons such as these will not weigh with the Lords. The Lords have had one theory after another of their function and duty thrust upon them, now by their professed friends, now by their professed enemies. Never was a deliberating body so encumbered with advice: and never was a deliberating body less likely to follow it. The "Times" has lost its influence with everybody but the extreme Tariff Reformers, and these it advises to do exactly what they are already doing. Its columns have lost even the pretence of impartiality and all their reputation for consistency. Six months, five months, four months, even four weeks ago, the "Times" was wisely deprecating a revolution for a halfpenny. This week, under the influence of its halfpenny dictator, it is advising the Lords to risk all for a copper on the land. And, if the Times has gone partisan, what can the Lords think of the rest of the Press? Our only word of advice to them is to take no notice of any interested advice, even their own.

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There is, however, one factor of the situation which has not been given the attention it deserves: we mean the King. Surely it is gross disloyalty to assume that the King no longer counts in constitutional crises. Observe that Lord Rosebery was silent after a visit to

Balmoral; nor do we think that the wildest of wild Tariff Reformers will induce him of all peers to move the rejection of the Budget. And there are others too. After all, the King cannot be supposed to be anxious to see the hereditary barrier between himself and democracy subjected to the pressure of a popular movement. We prophesy nothing because, like Artemus Ward, we do not know; but a Radical movement that began with the cry of Down with the Lords might conceivably end with the cry of Down with the Kingship. At any rate, while there is no confounding the Persons of our constitutional trinity, it is also true that no one of them can be affected without involving changes in the others.

\* \* \*

For this reason, we attach some importance to the State Banquet to be held at Windsor on Tuesday of this week. There will be assembled representatives of all the parties in more or less friendly concourse with the King as host. Are we wrong in anticipating that other things than the weather will be casually mentioned among the groups? Certainly nothing will be allowed officially and ostentatiously to transpire, since the fiction must be maintained that the King has no concern with politics. But we risk the conjecture that the bubble of the crisis will find itself strangely and mysteriously pricked on and from that evening. Little by little the imprisoned hot air that expanded it to the dimensions of 1688 will escape, and we shall find by November 22 or thereabouts that nothing is left of the monster save a little moisture in the eyes of Tariff Reformers.

\* \* \*

And all this we say in the interests of Truth alone: for, as is obvious, we democrats have nothing to lose by the struggle. On the contrary we have everything to gain by a renewed attack upon hereditary privilege. Our first object as democrats is to abolish all hereditary privileges that are not due to worth, native or acquired. Muddle-headed Darwinians accuse us of being anxious to protect individuals from the rigours of Natural Selection. But it is we who are the true Darwinians. By abolishing all the artificial privileges bestowed on a man's children unto the third and fourth generation we would compel a great man's posterity to come into the field on a fair footing and win the place his father won, if he can. Smacks it not something of the Darwinian policy? To abolish the hereditary privilege of a factitious aristocracy would be to open their ranks to a real and worthy aristocracy. How many of the present peers could win their title in a fair and equal combat of brains or intelligence? The staff of THE NEW AGE would challenge the lot of them (exception made of a round dozen) in any exercise requiring any faculty of service to the State. And that, to put it frankly, is what democrats are after: *carrière ouverte aux talents*! Down with the pseudo-lords, up with the real lords whoever they be and whatever they are, so they be only Lords of Service!

\* \* \*

It will be seen then that if we refrain from egging on the Peers to their possible doom it is not from any desire to save them. Rather it is because we are afraid of our friends. These Radicals love a lord and, above all, his title. What one of them would, as we would, abolish the whole House of Lords root and branch? What one of them would, as we would, make the House of Commons the final and the only authority in all the land? Not one of them, to our knowledge, is a Single Chamber man; not one of them but secretly thanks God that the House of Lords exists if only as

the last defence against the remote possibility of establishing a Socialist state in England. Let us be sure that if the Liberal party can help it, no great harm to the Lords will be done even if after rejection and election the Government is returned to power with an overwhelming majority. The Lords will die in any event but "a little death only." They are admired and envied too much to be killed outright. Consequently, we have no sympathy, or only an ounce, with our Liberal friends: since we are not moved by the spectacle of the Lords to either envy or admiration.

\* \* \*

One misconception, however, of the functions of the House of Lords ought certainly to be killed: it is that the Lords can act either as a Revisionary Chamber or, more grotesque still, as a Chamber for Safeguarding Popular Rights. By what miraculous means were these qualities imparted to a Chamber that has throughout its whole history had as its sole function the preservation of the rights of the nobility and of the nobility alone? Doubtless the legion Liberals who desire a second chamber of some kind will assent to the Revisionary qualification even of the House of Lords, but who in his senses can accept the other contention? Yet it passes almost unchallenged in our muzzled Press, so that by this time the fiction is universally current. *Que le diable!* If popular safeguards against a tyrannical Commons are needed, what's wrong with annual parliaments, one of the old Chartist remedies? It is certain that the Referendum is of no value whatever. Any lawyer can cook a proposition to make it look like meat or poison to suit his taste. Moreover, we are not such democratomaniacs as to believe that all the people are directly to govern themselves. The Commons are a representative body and it is representative government that is on its trial. Very well, let us have representative government! But that completely disposes of the pretension of the Lords' advocates that the Lords can answer the conundrum: When is a representative government not a representative government? Their only answer so far has been: When it is a Liberal government! But even in that they are sometimes wrong.

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The "Nation," we observe, fears that in the event of a General Election the one danger for the Progressives is a "a state of war between the Liberal and Labour parties." Could they not, it asks, coalesce on a common policy of social reform, workmen's insurances, the reinstatement of the Budget, and the destruction of the power of the Lords? We have no authority to speak for the Labour Party, but we can only say that the danger apprehended by the "Nation" can easily be overcome. Let the Liberal Party withdraw its candidates whenever a Labour man has the prospect of winning a seat. Not politics, is it not? But so long as the Labour Party representing six million wage-earners have only some thirty or forty members against the Liberal four hundred, so long would it be criminal on their part to abate a jot of their claims to more. As for the "common policy" suggested by the "Nation," it is too puerile for a serious paper. What does Social Reform mean in the only terms that matter, namely wages? The whole Liberal programme of Social Reform would not raise wages a farthing a century.

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This reminds us that the "Telegraph" has been shedding crocodile tears over the commercial refuse on the Thames Embankment. Cannot something be done for the poor devils who sleep out at night, thousands of them, in this weather, huddled together on the seats provided for daily sightseers? We may expect this sentimental outburst to lead to suggestions for hiding the wretches away in penal colonies where the "Telegraph" can forget all about them; or in sweated factories where they may be told to practise industry and thrift; or in our colonies where nobody wants them. But we tell you, gentlemen of the "Telegraph" and

others, that we will not have our Lazaruses hidden away; they shall lie at your gates until you are driven to make them impossible. There is only one remedy, as we have hinted: it is higher wages for everybody who earns wages. Not more work, since work may be so scandalously paid as to be better left unprovided. The test of all social progress is the level of wages: in high civilisation, it is high; in low, like ours, it is low.

\* \* \*

One of the best bits of news we have heard of Liberalism lately is that Sir Robert Perks has left the Liberal Party. He fears, he says, that British Nonconformity will receive as little consideration in the next Liberal Parliament as in the present. We hope his fears are well founded, though the knighting of Mr. Robertson Nicoll does not seem to justify them. As a matter of fact, there has been far too much "British Nonconformity" in both this and several previous Cabinets. Not the Education Bill only is an example of Nonconformist legislation, but the policy of the Government on public houses, the Indeterminate Sentences Bill, and the whole question of school feeding. British Nonconformity has all the disadvantages with none of the advantages of a dogmatic religion. To it everything approved by its members is not merely sane but sacred. The home is sacred and may not be invaded by the State, even to ventilate it; the family is sacred, therefore starving children may not be freely fed by the State; marriage is sacred, therefore a woman may be kicked or a man nagged to death with no remedy; and what also is not "sanctified"? Why, cocoa is almost a Biblical drink! We will put a question to those who believe that Nonconformity is losing its control of politics. Would not Parnell be deposed to-day as he was twenty years ago for the same offence?

\* \* \*

Mr. Lloyd George was ill-advised to accept an invitation to act as an advertising agent for the comic opera, "The Mountaineers," at the Savoy on Monday. What little reputation he has will soon be gone if he continues doing such things. The verses to which he was invited to listen were not only not clever, but they were offensive to his political chief, Mr. Asquith, who, whatever else he may have omitted, has never failed in loyalty even to the most reckless of his colleagues. One verse to which Mr. Lloyd George listened with rapt attention ran as follows:

He's got his party leader in the hollow of his fist,  
In politics he's playing Box and Cox;  
For though within the Cabinet the goods are Socialist,  
He keeps the Liberal label on the box.

But this is not Mr. Lloyd George's only breach of intelligence this week. On Friday there appeared on the streets of London a new penny journal, a sort of cross between "Tit-Bits," "John Bull" and the late lamented "Mint." To everybody's surprise, and to our disgust, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had contributed to the first number an article of warm welcome and wishes for the "fullest measure of success." Beecham's had better try for a testimonial next.

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Some weeks ago THE NEW AGE published a series of memorable articles by Mr. Francis Grierson advertising an Anglo-American alliance. The articles were extensively reprinted in American journals and were the subject of a good deal of discussion in the States, if not in England. On Tuesday of last week at Delmonico's, New York, a banquet in celebration of the King's birthday was held at which some 200 leading Americans and English were present. "The incident of the evening," says the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent, "that provoked the greatest applause was a vigorous advocacy of an offensive and defensive alliance between America and Great Britain by Mr. G. T. Blackstock, K.C., of Ontario." Mr. Blackstock, we understand, had the kindness and the courage to refer to Mr. Grierson's articles in THE NEW AGE, thereby acknowledging a debt which many English publicists have incurred so often without a word of thanks.

## A Song Without a Name.

A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,  
Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name. BYRON.

Were these the lures of life, who would sustain  
The weight of days unblest?  
The wine without a zest  
On simple palates does not turn again  
Disrelished. 'Tis a sin without a stain  
To lie upon the moulded breast  
Of love, and yield thyself to rest.

Not all are born to storm the Muses' Court,  
With daring rapture shod.  
We walk the cultured sod  
Not fiercely, nor with clamant tread distort  
The bland repose of Earth, God's own consort.  
Behind the plough contented plod  
The servants of a simpler God.

The ardent soul suspires a finer air  
Upon remoter heights,  
And treasures up delights  
Of vision that beyond all dreams are fair.  
The unrobed women shimmering with hair,  
And girdled with the spangled lights  
Of Heaven, and many other sights,

The souls that fan their ecstasy to flame,  
Or fade into a cloud,  
Or being far too proud  
To kiss, as mortals use, do there acclaim  
Their love beyond the stars, or blush for shame  
Like dawn upon the dusky shroud  
Of Heaven mantling; and a crowd

Of Winged Desires, Veiled Purposes, and Hopes  
That in persuasion garbed  
Allure the frantic bard.  
There bloom the Beauties, and the clinging Tropes  
Are hung like vestments on reluctant Popes.  
The air is rich with spikenard,  
And nothing, except work, is hard.

Who ever heard the name of Work before  
Mentioned in a poem?  
Would anybody know him  
Except in Nessus' shirt that Hercules wore?  
Apollo served Admetus, but I'm sure  
No modern bard would dare to show him  
Working, except in a poem.

The modern bard, the ardent soul, applies  
His vision unto things  
He never sees, and sings  
Of viewless voices, and of vocal eyes;  
Or hears from Provence, that fair land of lies,  
The echoes of rememberings  
Too musical for underlings.

'Twere fine to be a poet, and to tell  
The too admiring throng  
Of women that a song  
Is distilled heather from the dell;  
The inspiration caught from Heaven or Hell,  
Or from the sweetest soul among  
The ladies, one both fair and strong.

'Twere fine to talk in French, be understood  
In every tongue except  
One's own. One night I wept  
Because Chriselephantine marred my mood.

I might have climbed to where the poet stood  
Like Phaeton in his chariot swept  
Past earth, had I been an adept

At talking in a foreign tongue. I know  
That poems are beautiful,  
And homage is dutiful,  
Because the poets always tell me so.  
I would have worshipped then the molten glow  
Of thought in Fancy's crucible,  
But lacked the proper chasuble.

But I digress. I meant to show that life  
Is not all beer and skittles,  
Nor even love, nor victuals;  
That one should not romance too much of strife.  
Of fame, or wine, or someone else's wife,  
When half the world boil common kettles  
With the loose chips that Labour whittles.

The world rolls on in music 'midst the spheres,  
And if its undertones  
Are curses mixed with groans,  
The prayers unspoken and the vocal fears,  
To God who waits beyond the bar of years  
'Tis harmony; the many moans  
Make music that for all atones.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

## Ballads of Hecate.

### II. Ballade of the Doomed Longhead.

[Professor Gustaf Retzhuis, lecturing recently before the Royal Anthropological Institute, said the North European long-headed race cannot properly adapt itself to the demands made upon it by industrialism. It desires a freer, less constrained life; lacks the endurance necessary for carrying on a uniform kind of labour; the patience to stand chained to machinery day after day, year in, year out; and craves leisure for enjoyment. The brachycephalic individual seems far better suited for the demands of an industrial life; and the long-heads are doomed to extinction.]

Oakum-picking's against the grain?  
Loom-minding curbs your spirits free?  
(Unemployable, sirs, that's plain!)  
From stools ye slip; from ledgers flee,  
And the drill-sergeant calling you wooingly.  
Yet ye stretch your hands! . . . Superfluous  
Shirkers and drones! Hear us decree  
The doom of the dolichocephalous.

Ah, coward words are pleasure and pain!  
Hail, holy god Machinery!  
We cast before thee a nation's brain,  
And a million spirits' atrophy.  
Surely we are the people, we!  
And virtue shall certainly die with us.  
We have learn'd Life's price is monotony,  
And doom'd are the dolichocephalous.

*The LONGHEAD answereth:—*

Go hug your bonds and clank your chain,  
Short-headed, short-view'd helots ye!  
But to-morrow may call and crave in vain  
For what we vikings learnt on the sea,  
We vagrants sought so eagerly,  
For us, become drones, and bibulous,  
Since to the slum and the factory  
Ye doom'd the dolichocephalous.

ENVOY.

We have starv'd, but we have not bent the knee.  
Our workhouse record is scandalous.  
Yet blest—if ye rule in the age to be—  
Is the doom of the dolichocephalous.

## Foreign Affairs.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech at the Guildhall was chiefly directed to the Congo problem. The Prime Minister recognised that the Belgian Government should have a fair chance of fulfilling its pledges. Atrocities, forced labour, unfair taxation and general misgovernment have been frequent in many parts of the Congo Free State, but such abuses are common to all African dependencies. Atrocities were committed in Natal as bad as any recorded in the Congo, while in Nigeria to-day, roadmaking is carried on by natives working in chains. By a melodramatic exaggeration of such evils the Congo has been placed in a specially discreditable limelight. The Congo Reform Association, with its allegations of ten million hands and feet scattered over the Congo State, and what-not other horrors, has propagated a series of terminological inexactitudes. This association, it may be remembered, was founded at a period when the Cape to Cairo railway scheme was first materialised. Its birth also coincided with the failure of the gin traders to extend their sphere of activity to the Congo Basin. Apart from its undoubted humanitarian idealism, the motives of the considerable support given to the Congo Reform Association by callous Imperialists are a concession of territory on the Congo frontiers and free trade in the drink traffic. Drastic reform certainly is urgently needed in the Congo, but such reform could better be urged by English statesmen if the suspicions of territorial aggrandisement and free trade in Liverpool fire-water were removed.

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Many Liberals are uneasy at the continued detention of the Indian notables who were deported under the Regulation of 1818. No charge has yet been formulated against them, and their release was confidently expected on the King's birthday. The postponement may be due to the desire of the Indian Government to signalise the introduction of the Indian Councils Act on November 15 by a general amnesty. Two timely little books on Indian questions are Mr. Doke's biography of M. K. Gandhi, the leader of the Indian Passive Resistance movement in South Africa (2s. 6d. net, by "London Indian Chronicle"), and Miss Howsin's "The Significance of Indian Nationalism" (A. C. Fifield, 1s. net). Lord Ampthill has contributed an interesting foreword to Mr. Gandhi's biography, in which he emphasises the gravity and novelty of depriving Indians of "the legal right of migration on the same terms as other civilised subjects of His Majesty." Lord Ampthill is a Unionist, a fact which lends the greater force to the following extract:—"This disfranchisement under a Liberal administration of men on account of their colour, constitutes a reactionary step in Imperial government almost without parallel, and perhaps there has never been so great or momentous a departure from the principles on which the Empire has been built up." The negotiations upon which Mr. Gandhi has been engaged in England have failed, and the outlook is uncoloured by any streak of optimism. Mr. Gandhi has suffered imprisonment several times with hard labour for his resistance to the Asiatic "bar" legislation. South Africa has been the grave of many reputations. Will it be the grave of the British Empire? Well may Lord Ampthill ask: "What is to be the result in India if it should finally be proved that we cannot protect British subjects under the British flag, and that we are powerless to abide by the pledges of our Sovereign and our statesmen?"

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Dr. Rutherford from a different standpoint, in an introduction to Miss Howsin's able little book, has put the issue in India: "Great Britain, the home of Freedom, is face to face with a national and patriotic demand for Freedom on the part of India, and the awful question arises: Will the British people exhibit sufficient moral courage to decide for Freedom, or, driven by a selfish Imperialism, plunge deeper into the Dead Sea of Despotism?" Democracy is being challenged by the situation in India. Imperialism in

India is reacting on liberty in England, just as Rome's liberties could not withstand the fascinations and charms of Europe.

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Travellers from Turkey report that the old Turks are regaining their influence. The Young Turks, fearing local troubles, have raised the Cretan question to provoke external complications in order to avoid internal conspiracies. It is the oldest and cleverest political device. The internal affairs of Greece, however, may burst into a flame which will not be easily damped down. In the meantime, Count Aehrenthal, with the idea of broadening the basis of direct responsibility, is circulating the story that M. Isvolsky suggested to his unwilling ear the Balkan coup de main! There is not the faintest doubt that M. Isvolsky and Count Aehrenthal were equally guilty in their knowledge, and Signor Tittoni also was informed of their projects. European diplomacy is amused at this slanging match, because honest men can now see what rascals the diplomacy of Russia and Austria has for its exponents. The opening of the Dardanelles, which was to be the Russian quid pro quo, has unfortunately been postponed, owing to the unforeseen vitality of the Young Turk Party. Poor M. Isvolsky and Signor Tittoni are still awaiting their "compensations"; but how unkind of Count Aehrenthal to insinuate that M. Isvolsky planted such a barren fig-tree.

\* \* \*

The moment England and Germany begin to overcome their mutual jealousies, those crazy politicians Mr. Maxse and Mr. Robert Blatchford stir up blood with their renewed chatter about "The Coming War with Germany." After all, what would the editor of the "National Review" do for a living if there were an Anglo-German alliance?

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A new contemporary the "Week End" has raked up a wild story about German designs in Suda Bay. The date is put down as June this year. The foundation for this story is the proposed German occupation of Suda Bay, other Powers occupying other forts during the earlier Cretan troubles. The cession of Suda Bay to Germany would create a European war as the Mediterranean Powers would not consent. Councillor Von Rath has found another mare's nest in the despatch of English submarines to Heligoland during the Dogger Bank incident. Submarines were sent near Heligoland, not for the purpose of sinking the German fleet if they left Kiel harbour, but for the purpose of destroying the second division of the Russian fleet, in case war broke out between England and Russia.

\* \* \*

The Budget Amendment involving the suppression of the Brazilian Legation to the Vatican was rejected in the Chamber of Deputies by 80 votes to 31. Ecuador is having Budget troubles, and the President has collected 10,000 men to "persuade" Congress to pass the Loan Bill. Here is a hint to Mr. Asquith. Should the House of Lords refuse supplies to the Executive, why not turn out the Guards? The British railways in the Argentine are being made the subject of biting comment. A correspondent of the Buenos Ayres "Standard" wrote asking if a knowledge of Dutch and Danish was absolutely necessary in order to enter the railway service. The editor replied "No; but a fair knowledge of Chaldaic, botany and fancy needlework might be of some assistance!" Serious attacks are being made on the mal-administration in Mexico. As these criticisms emanate from American sources, they should be accepted with reserve, but the Mexican Government is pursuing a dangerous policy in arresting Senor De Lara, a highly educated advanced thinker, on the charge of having acted as an interpreter to an American journalist. Brazil and the Argentine are entering upon a Dreadnought competition. Ship is being constructed against ship, and when Brazil has 20 Dreadnoughts, the Argentine will have 20, so that their strength will be proportionately the same as though they had never built a single ship!

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

## The Birthday Honours.

By O. W. Dyce.

WHEN King Edward, who was born in the month of November, ordained that his official birthday celebrations should be regularly held in June, leaving the genuine date to be recognised in various ways all the same as it came round, two sections of the community were delighted. Party whips, one of these sections, rejoiced at the fact that two birthday-honours lists would give them the opportunity of getting cash for the war-chest without having to ask their customers to wait an unreasonable number of months for delivery of the honours bought. The other gratified section of the community consisted of certain little boys and girls who, having heard that fashions set by the King were generally followed, voted the two-birthdays-a-year idea splendid.

Long as was the list of titles bestowed in the summer, the 9th of November has seen the roll of honour swelled by the names of two Peers, six Privy Councillors, six Baronets and more than 30 Knights. No attempt can be made here to divide that crowd into categories indicating whether particular dignities rested upon money payments or merit. Such a division could be drawn up by any one of a couple of dozen men behind the scenes, but the details of political bargains are kept from THE NEW AGE writers as long as possible. Although a week has proved too short a time to verify suspicions, one is justified in believing that the latest list has been constructed according to precedent, and the nature of the past transactions has been established on the clearest of evidence, including not a few frank admissions on the part of those concerned. "There seems to be a notion abroad," said I, once upon a time, to a new baronet's private secretary, "that So-and-so Thingumbob paid the Liberal Party for his title." He showed no resentment at the insinuation; "I saw the cheque," he said. Another cheque, Mr. Hooley's, was sent back by the Marquis of Salisbury's orders, but the other marquis who temporarily accepted it evidently regarded the proposed deal as quite in order.

A recently published biography of Sir Wilfrid Lawson records a resolution moved by him which prayed the Sovereign to accompany each grant of a title with a statement of the reason for its bestowal. He thought that it would be instructive to have it officially on record which honours were to be attributed to the successful brewing of beer, which to the wholesale bribery of voters, which to the extensive slaughter of enemies, and so forth. Both front benches were shocked at the suggestion. For civil list pensions and the awards of the Victoria Cross, yes; for politicians and the magnates of finance and commerce, a thousand times no!

Thus one is left in ignorance, as regards the list of last week, of the real services rendered to the nation by most of those singled out as worthy of their Sovereign's recognition. Those who are fond of puzzles may amuse themselves in guessing why Mr. Henry Bell blossoms out as Sir Henry Bell, Bart., whether Mr. Evans is honoured for his connection with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit or for his organisation of gatherings of Welshmen in London, and which of their various claims are held to justify the knighthoods allotted to Mr. Boot, Mr. Friswell, Mr. Gurney, etc. Some of these names, redolent of Widdicombe Fair, are not to be found in any of the ordinary books of reference. The editor of "Who's Who" has a wonderful nose for a distinguished contemporary, but he draws the line somewhere, and is apparently more exclusive than the present Government.

In printing the names of the newly honoured, however, the daily papers have added little explanatory notes. They have told us, for instance, that Mr. Jesse Boot is in the drug business on a large scale. Many a young man has gone through the hard work of getting qualified as a chemist only to find "Boots" suddenly planted in the same neighbourhood, mopping up his custom. From the same shops in a host of towns "Boots" has lent out library books and competed with

handbag-dealers, stationers and picture-sellers. "Boots" is within his rights, but he has reaped a rich reward and there is surely no need for any makeweight to be thrown in by the Government. Take another example. The Press has explained that Mr. Friswell gave a number of cab-drivers the training required to fit them for the driving of taxicabs. I do not know how many men were thus benefited; the training of three hundred ought to cost less than a thousand pounds, but I have no authentic figures. It is also pointed out that Mr. Friswell lent thirty motor cars for three weeks for the use of eminent Pressmen attending an International Conference. As they were his own cars, the cost again ought not to have exceeded a thousand pounds. The humorous element in this entertainment of the Pressmen is the fact that Friswell obtained a magnificent advertisement, photographs of his cars appearing in most of the illustrated journals. Now he is to get a knighthood, which, to a dealer in second-hand cars, is worth a thousand a year or more as a permanent advertisement of his business. At the annual dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders last week, speeches were delivered by members of Parliament and others connected with the motor movement or the industry. I have it on excellent authority that not a word was said on the subject of the Friswell knighthood, announced on the previous day. That would seem to imply that the motor traders themselves do not regard the selection of Mr. Friswell for a birthday honour as any compliment paid to the motor trade.

It is the rule with honours lists that the Government of the day lets it be known that it considers national greatness to have but a slight relation to science, literature and art. An inventor is passed over; the man who finances an invention is preferred. The knighting of Mr. Shackleton and Dr. Sven Hedin is a surprise; the explorer has usually to take second place to some capitalist who provides funds for the enterprise. Literature was recognised last week in the knighting of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who is described in the Press as the critic who discovered J. M. Barrie. Mr. Barrie himself must wait, unless—happy thought—he in his turn can discover somebody bigger than himself. Thomas Hardy is also on the waiting list for an honour; had he been a pill merchant he might have had it in middle life. I should imagine that the little band of Wesleyans who encouraged the "war-makers" in South Africa have all received recognition, now that Sir Robertson Nicoll's name is added to those of Sir Robert Perks, Sir George Chubb and Sir Bamford Slack.

The Government's policy is one of wholesale promotion of men in the political and commercial world, whilst deliberately snubbing the historians, economists, engineers, poets, composers, painters, sculptors and architects. To secure a prize, you must amass a fortune, observe the conventions, subscribe to charities, and, if possible, spend a thousand or two in fighting constituencies. Properly played, the game can even be made attractive to onlookers. There are, nevertheless, certain types of citizens by whom these adornments are regarded as of little account. The names given them at birth have sufficed for quite half of the great men of the later Victorian age, to go no further back. If honours were offered they were declined by Dickens and Thackeray, Darwin and Carlyle, Ruskin and Swinburne. Although Gladstone was responsible for the conferment of an abominable superfluity of peerages, he took none himself. Even Chamberlain in that respect is still "unhonoured," but, thanks to Mrs. Brown Potter, not "unsung."

One argument for ending the system of singling out men for decoration is the difficulty of mending it, but, if rival plans for the mending were put forward, one for which a word might be said would be the straightforward sale of titles at a fixed rate. Let any man who hands over to public uses a specified sum of money or a specified number of acres receive payment from his grateful countrymen in the form of an appellation. But let it be open to all and an above-board transaction. To-day we pretend that the "fountain of honour" cannot be set playing with a golden key.

# The Art of Home-Making. I.

## The Socialism of Design and Craftsmanship.

By W. Shaw-Sparrow.

I.

It has been my lot to work hard for twenty years at domestic architecture, which includes the many crafts that embellish and equip homes, and that unite a thousand trades and industries to various ideals of the hearth in every class of the community. There is but one finer profession in the world than the study and practice of this home-making architecture, and that one profession is to diffuse the waters of democratic art knowledge by a great many irrigating channels over the whole length and breadth of our town-burdened land. Pugin began that fertilising work for us soon after the era of steam-power enabled science to rule over the humane arts with immense benefits to Capital, but with few (if any) to Labour. Quantity then dethroned quality as a national ideal; thoroughness yielded precedence to a scamping, hurried trickery; and in a space of time which to the historian appears incredibly short, traditions of handicraft a thousand years old weakened into failure, and jerry-building and jerry-furnishing governed despotically as enemies to the commonweal. Town after town threw out huge suburbs that transformed smiling landscapes into dreary wastes of mean, degraded streets, so that the genius of the hearth among those families whose incomes were little and precarious had to make shift to survive, not unlike health in a time of plague.

Yet there were but few protests for a long time. England held monopolies in the world's trade and commerce; she had yet to teach her foreign buyers how to become formidable rivals even in her own home markets; and the ease with which money was earned, particularly during the decade that followed the Franco-German war, reconciled the nation to slipshod workmanship and to a down-going standard of self-respect in trade. The simplest needs in the people's architecture were scornfully put away as too expensive for bungling methods to sanction. Thus, for example, it was deemed extravagant and absurd to build sound-proof walls between bedrooms. Let children hear all the secrets of their parents' most private talk and life, since decency would take money from the builder's pocket and put it into the hands of bricklayers and plasterers. Let the fire-grates be as bad as cheapness could make them, so that 90 per cent. of heat from burning coal might go up the chimney, for tenants would bear that loss, not builders or landlords. And let new enterprises in jerried work be sold as quickly as possible, because the act of selling would relieve speculators from the annual cost for repairs and transfer it to ignorant and poor householders with a desire for property. These are just a few of the anti-social principles of trade that tyrannised over the home arts during the later half of Queen Victoria's reign.

But a nation's family life cannot be scorned and outraged without stirring into action a good many leaders of thought, and it is worth noting that the champions who came forward were either Socialists by conviction, like Walter Crane and William Morris, or Socialists *malgré eux* and without knowing it, like Ruskin, Carlyle, and J. J. Stevenson. Ruskin, it is true, was not always a sure guide, a good pioneer. His nature was feminine and very impulsive; it carried him much too far at times into the region where half-thoughts flurry into pretty words and phrases; but, on the other hand, his honesty was far-shining, brilliantly alive, and even his errors of judgment did good by

provoking argument and thought. If England has bred and reared a greater Socialist of humane genius than Ruskin, who is he? William Morris, no doubt, had gifts of a manlier kind, but his grip on the national mind was feebler than Ruskin's, and the industrialism of the age was too strong for him in his great revival of design and handicraft. He, the true Socialist, did not labour for the many; he appealed to the rich; his art reformed an aristocracy of taste. It marks a revolution in the æsthetic side of education among the well-to-do; and its influence on the people was never more than a weak filtration through debased copies of his work made by jerry-furnishers. J. J. Stevenson, on the other hand, though little known to the general public, aimed at social reform in architecture and the household arts, and I am proud to be a pupil of his as well as of Morris and Ruskin. It was Stevenson who drew the following picture of the nation's jerry-building in the year 1880:

"The houses are built to be sold. The principle of construction seems to be that it shall be always out of repair, so as to provide constant work for the building trades. . . . The walls are thin and let in the cold and the sound even of conversation from the next house. But for the floor timbers which tie them together, a gust of wind would overturn them; the floors shake with the slightest movement; the plaster is half sand, and is kept on the walls mainly by the paper pasted on it; doors and windows do not fit; the plumber work is bad; the smell and poison of the drains come in, and the water-pipes freeze; the 'compo' outside, imitating massive stonework, requires constant painting, and occasionally scales off in masses." The existence of such rubbish-work "is a constant process of going to pieces; workmen are never out of the house, and the tenant finds that to keep it habitable adds a third to his rent. The architecture, however small the house may be, is a union of vulgar pretentiousness and mean shams."

And England degraded to all that after a thousand years of reputable and progressive craftsmanship! Some advance has been made since then, but not much. "Garden Cities" do not pull down the legacies of fumbled dishonesty which speculative landlordism has put up; and more jerry-made work is produced and sold to-day in a single month than was made from the times of Elizabeth to the first year of Victoria's reign. To say that is not to overstate my case. The people are tricked with cheapness in all the many details of their furnishing, and the more worthless the jerried work is to all who buy it, the more luxuriously it is warehoused in great shops and the more expensively it is advertised in the newspapers. Do Socialists protest? Have they yet made any attempt at all to set on foot a Home Defence Society with a central office in London?

I cannot suppose that they are blind to the grave anti-Socialism incident to botched workmanship and to dishonest advertising. No civilisation of any worth can ever be raised up on a crumbling foundation of spendthrift trickery and slipshod craftsmanship. As well try to build homes in a quicksand. Good work is necessary not alone because it blends utility with beauty, but because it is a school for the god-virtues of human nature—thoroughness and honour, without which all ideals are vain. True genius at all times has to suffer the pains and penalties of being a reformer, a rebel against the deadening sway of custom and routine and downtrodden inertia. True genius, that is to say, is a Socialist, and its emissaries into the home life of a nation are the arts and crafts of design and building and manufacture.

No movement can be more wisely democratic than one which seeks to give to the people that sound, systematic, and methodical knowledge which has hitherto been the privilege of the few who can afford the time and money to study the household arts as a profession; and so I am happy that the editor of THE NEW AGE should have asked me to write such a set of papers as will put the many on their guard against the pitfalls lying about the feet of anyone who at the present time either builds a house or furnishes a home.

## On Governments.

ALTHOUGH the question of the most desirable form of government is not only a very ancient one, but has also not unfrequently been answered in various ways, I will venture to make a suggestion thereon which I think is applicable to the present time.

Monarchy, in the sense of an effective supreme ruler, is a thing of the past, for all the heroes and demigods have gone, and no one can be a real monarch unless he is a head and shoulders taller than all his contemporaries not only in stature, but also in understanding, and in "favour with God and man."

The attempted substitution of an elected monarch is also not successful, owing to the insuperable difficulties presented by his election. As he is not a "complete" hero he must be elected as a "specialist," whether it be in capability, in bribery, or in ineptitude, and as such by the votes of those who either hope for direct profit from his speciality, or at least fear no loss from it. As probably 99 per cent., if not more, of mankind are more interested in their own future than in that of others (except in so far as they can have the pleasure of directing others), the elections will take place on no very exalted platform, and the "speciality" is more likely than not to have no very God-like attributes.

At the other pole—Democracy, whatever its value in past days may have been, is not adapted for present conditions. When States were as counties now are in size and complexity of internal affairs, and even less troubled than counties with external ones, Democracy was a possible answer to the question. But it is essential to the success of Democracy that the *Demos* shall know something about the matters on which it deliberates, and still more necessary that each individual shall become quickly and clearly aware of the results of its decisions as they concern him personally, and that it shall not be found when too late that the State is committed to a course of action which will take years to work itself out. In fact *Demos* is a short-sighted body, and, as such, cannot deal with long-reaching matters.

But little removed from Democracy is a Representative Government. It is true that by this change the precipitancy of action which characterises the crowd is to some extent avoided, but at the cost of an equivalent sluggishness in repairing mistakes. The representatives, moreover, are liable to the shortcomings both of Democrats and Monarchs. But, whereas the field of utility for Democracy is limited, so, too, it is by far the best government within these limits. Local government in purely local questions, which are daily getting more numerous, is theoretically quite an ideal one, and would probably become so in practice, too, were the attraction of Parliament removed, which now draws the more capable class of representatives away from local activities and leaves these to what can only be called a most unsatisfactory type of man.

From the representatives' point of view local government is at best only a school for Parliament, and as there is no superannuation in this school it is chiefly filled with those who cannot rise higher, together with whom are, perhaps, a small number who prefer to be gods in hell than angels in heaven. Were it, however, recognised that it is internal health and vitality which are the determining factors of all external manifestations, in a nation as in an individual, instead of *vice versa*; and were a different class of men to interest themselves for this reason in local government, one can hardly imagine what the outcome might be.

It is here, too, that women should find the work politic for which they are most suited and for which the State would be most indebted to them.

The words local government will have to be accepted in their actual meaning. That is to say, while it should not include anything which is *not* local it should include *all* that is local. This would enlarge its functions at the expense of those which now belong to Parliament; and those which were not so absorbed, and also those which now belong to the upper chamber, would be left to be dealt with by a body such as I will venture to describe presently.

We have still Aristocracy to consider. An Aristocracy which is elected and representative we have to hand in Parliament. If it is not really an Aristocracy it at least should be so. Since, however, a Representative represents a part of *Demos*, such an Aristocracy is not to be distinguished at bottom from a Democracy. When a member was not looked on as a delegate things were rather better, but with the awakening in the people of the desire to govern, and the consequent degradation of a member to be a delegate, the flavour of Aristocracy which once attached to Parliament is disappearing.

If then an elected Aristocracy turns out not to be an aristocratic body, how might one be chosen? As we are not talking of "*the* Aristocracy," it is clear that heredity is quite unconnected with our question. The only other solution seems to be that the aristocracy should be self-elected. Now obviously, this, in its crude form, would lead to a most impossible condition of things before which the worst Board of Guardians would turn pale. Such a body would consist in a short while of all the cleverest, most capable and most unscrupulous men in the land. But I do not think that the problem should be quite insoluble.

In the first place, what is wanted? A body, not too large, of men and women, all of whom are prepared to make this their only business. They must represent all the elements in the land, not only in someone's opinion, but also in the opinion of the elements themselves. Not, however, in proportion to their numerical value, for they are all parts of the State and all equally necessary, from this point of view, in its structure. Moreover, the numerical values of the various elements will be already "represented," in the present political sense, in the local bodies.

They must not depend on an electorate for their position. Still, they must be under the control of public opinion to a certain extent, as any chance of the body ceasing to become *generally* representative must be avoided. But as it is composed of the aristocrats in all departments they must be considered the most capable of knowing how they wish to have the body composed.

When once constituted the body would elect whoever it chose, either to increase its numbers, or to fill vacancies. It could also remove any member. This would probably be best done by having periodical re-elections of the whole body. Further, any member could be removed, expelled, ostracised by vote of the *Demos*. The question of the majorities which should be needed in the two cases is a difficult one. A good deal depends on whether there are more good or bad men in the world. To the question if asked thus the answer would, I think, be in favour of good predominating, but if for "good" and "bad" we substitute "altruist" and "self-seeker," or "honest" and "of average commercial morality (or under)," I feel little doubt that "self-seeking" and "average or under" would head the poll. So as altruism, the understanding of others, and quite instinctive honesty, are just the qualities we must demand from our Aristocrats, and as we must, I think, act on the assumption that there will be a natural tendency for these qualities to be ousted from the body, precautions must be taken to favour the minority. In the case then of the Aristocrat vote it seems that a small number of blackballs should exclude. In the Democratic vote, on the other hand, a considerable majority should be necessary to ostracise. "Good" will always appeal to the *Demos* more than "bad," for at worst the "good" will not affect it

much, while the self-seeking will always tend to exploit it. The largeness of the majority required will prevent, to some extent, political intrigues carried on by bribery, either direct or indirect, and by tub-thumping.

This would be the scheme in its rudest outlines, but closely connected therewith arrives the question of guilds, or at any rate, representative societies, not probably covering such a small area as each separate trade's union, but more nearly representing trades' unions as a whole, the various bodies giving medical degrees as a whole, all the Law Inns, etc. Whether such unions or societies should put forward their own nominees as suggested members of the Aristocracy or not, and whether the vote of ostracising should in any way be limited to the societies of which the Aristocrat was a member, requires further consideration, but probably the best course would be to leave the Aristocratic body entirely to its own devices in their search for, and election of, their own members. It is not desirable that the body should consist to any great extent of "specialists," as might very easily happen if the guilds had a hand in the matter, for the type of mind which makes a specialist in one subject is one which is more often than not limited to only one subject. Our Aristocrats must be real Aristocrats and not only successful men.

LEWIS RICHARDSON.

## The Nymph and the Stag.

HER anxiety was lest she might wound the creature. It challenged her out of the dim, wet thicket. Now in this place and now thither she beheld it, and, hurling forward, attempted to seize its horns with her hands. This, a hundred times repeated, at the hundredth found her still at fault. The dazzling antlers eluded her fingers.

"Intelligent one," she cried, and did not refrain from clapping her empty palms.

Yet, in rage, often she grasped a dart. Always the shame of defeat appeased her before the throw; since to have maimed the wonder had come short of her desire to take it alive. Maimed, it were dead to her.

So all the day they crashed through woods whose brambles defied their cunning. The nymph left crimson points upon the thorns; also, the adorable animal displayed its trail where white locks floated like winter flakes among the thicket.

Out they came upon a stretch of lawn. And now had she only to choose the moment of victory; for none was ever more swift than she in the open.

The stag fluttered when it saw her skim to its front. With her right hand, then, she took its horn, and, with her left, she encircled the charming head, and she led her captive towards the temple where she dwelled.

But here, the animal began to pine. Not snow-white bowl or the renewed oblation contented it. At the length of its leash it pointed its head towards the forest; and forth from the forest pointed another head.

She wearied of the weary brute. "Go! I will sport with thee again," she said to it, and loosed the tether. But, free to be gone, it lingered; and now towards the nymph, and now towards the scenting head in the forest it went bewildered.

"Hist!" she exclaimed. "Off with thee!"

It looked at her with grieved eyes, and slowly footed across the grass. The one in the wood came out a step, and lo! the lurking head was set upon the body of a hag. Yet the face was a doe's face.

"Return, thou unfortunate!" cried the nymph to him she had cast out. But the witch beset him, and drew him in, and shut the teeth of the thicket.

How deeply, then, the nymph lamented her indulgence of beauty in the brute. Among those she had hunted, him only had she set free; he, most, was auspicious to have held. And believing that body of a stag to be not his true form, she resolved to re-capture him. By magic, magic is met. She burned an image of the creature and ate the ash.

Thrice strengthened by the potion, she sprang into the wet forest, and soon upon the trail of the quarry she counted the prints of six feet. Four proved the feet of the stag, and two were like those of a woman running. Not together went the six feet; but the four lagged behind the others, yet always following. At the river, swollen by the tears of piteous Cyane, the foot-prints failed along the slippery bank. The eyelids of night shut down, and the nymph, afraid of the rising water, went to a distant bush and slumbered, in her dreams still pursuing.

She wakened at the sound of a voice, and drew up one knee and poised her body ready to attack or to fly in a sheltering direction.

Weeping and cries of sorrow pierced the forest. Yet so attuned and melodious was the voice which uttered them that, listening, she thought she heard only the river moaning, or the leaves sighing from the weight of rain-drops; and the bending of a branch in the gloom sobbed, so that she wondered whether it were that thing which had wakened her and not some tone of lamentation. When the white light broke through the east she beheld who had grieved. A maiden lay close by the water. She did not hear the approach of the nymph, but, sunken in sadness, told of a never-ending search for one she had lost. The nymph lifted the long hair dabbled by the stream. Still the maid stirred not nor looked round, but said: "Cast me not by a blow among the shades. In misery I live, yet with hope. Send me not to sigh among those who sigh without hope."

The nymph consoled her. "O, wretched with love and with lack of love, poor triumph would that be to me to afflict one so poor through affliction. I hunt not thee, but a stag with horns of silver."

"Then shalt thou indeed afflict me, for in such a form degraded runs he whom I seek. Yet may Diana stay thy hand and keep thee still unwilling to load up my misery."

Thus saying, the maid arose and stood like one condemned who, asking for life, expects not life, but to be rejected.

"God-gotten am I, O maid, and disposed to pity. Who art thou?"

"Near by this river I was born of my mother Ilaira to Gyas, a mariner of this coast. No claim of birth have I. I was loved by Strato, a shepherd beloved by the daughter of his master. She cast him into the body of a stag, and I have sought him now five summers and winters."

The nymph looked not longer at the eyes of the maid, curtailed beneath tears as the grey sky behind rain, but turned, bidding her follow. They went from vale to vale and across the misty plains, and upon every hill they climbed to seek the white hide and the shining horns.

Where the river Anapis turns its last length towards the sea there is a ring of trees. Hither arriving, ahead of her companion, the nymph beheld the stag tied fast and guarded by the sorceress, who, swiftly leaping, received the swifter arrow within her heart and loosed the evil flood from her veins. Upon the trembling stag the huntress laid the steaming shaft, and where it touched him the skin split, and, peeling all apart, disclosed him restored to his own shape. Himself but lately a four-footed beast, he runs upright now to support the maiden stumbling upon her knees. He carries her towards the nymph, who is returning her arrow to the quiver.

BEATRICE TINA.

## A Continental Trip.

### III.—Waiters and Cafes.

By Bart Kennedy.

OF course it is delightful to be abroad. It is delightful to feel yourself in a new and strange place where you can't be dunned for your debts, and where neither writs nor summonses await.

But there is a rift in every lute. There is a crumpled roseleaf in the downiest bed. And the crumpled roseleaf in the downy bed of luxuriation in foreign travel is that the wily and polite waiter, and the other persons who do you the pleasure of handling your money, will in moments of forgetfulness give you bad money for your good money—or at least will give you money that is out of currency. To give a waiter, or other person, a hundred franc note and to receive in the change you get twenty francs that are no good, is to pass through an experience that whilst it is interesting is at the same time saddening.

In certain parts of the delightful Continong giving the unfortunate strangers bad or impossible money is looked upon as a neat and artistic joke. Spain is perhaps the most humorous country of all in this respect. There are people there who would palm off unworthy coins even upon the mint authorities themselves.

When I was there I always took the precaution of taking the numbers of the bank notes in my possession, so that the waiter could not play the trick of substituting the note I gave him for a false one. This is sometimes done. The waiter takes your note, goes to the cashier to get the change, and comes back in a moment saying that the note is bad. Of course, if you don't know the number of your note, you are done. Some waiters are in the habit of keeping bad notes of various denominations to substitute for good ones when the chance arrives.

When you receive a coin that is wrong you would be more than human did you not try to pass it along.

In Ostend I got a five franc piece that was out of date. It was perfectly good silver, but the waiters and the shopkeepers gave it the hard and jaundiced eye whenever I tried to pass it. And I was beginning to think that I would have to turn it into a watch charm when a waiter in the Casino obligingly took it. It was in the bar where Americans and Englishmen go to get refreshments. The place where they charge you large prices for small drinks.

I gave it to him, and I looked in his eye. And he looked in my eye. He was one who dealt in better waiter's English than usual, and he informed me that he could pass it all right. There was a slight consideration to be sure in the matter of the tip I gave him. But let that pass.

I don't think the waiters in the restaurants along the Digue in Ostend speak quite the perfect English they think they speak. And I fear that they sometimes indulge in statements of the misleading order. There was a waiter who told me that he was a naturalised subject, and that he had lived in dear old England for twenty years. He was a German—a Prussian—and his English bore the broken, three-months' stamp. He told me how fond he was of good old English. And he added that if war broke out between his native land and the land he had done the honour of adopting as his own, he would naturally be compelled to fight against Germany—that is, should England insist upon it.

"But how would you do if the Germans captured you?" I asked. "Wouldn't it go hard with you when they found out that you were a German?"

He asked me how they would find it out.

"Why, by your accent," I answered. "By the way, you speak English?"

The Prussian of the English of the broken, three-months' stamp looked very pained indeed. And he gazed upon me as one would gaze upon a foe, or a dun.

And then he let me into the secret of how he would be guarded from the danger of the Germans finding out his true nationality. He said that his English was so perfect, through his long residence in England, that he would be taken for an Englishman. His English was broken and most guttural and German-sounding. And still he told me this. He was a very intelligent-looking man. But he was like the rest of us. He had his own particular bee in his bonnet.

But perhaps he was a humourist.

The Cafés in Ostend are most delightful places. They are delightful, open-air clubs where you can go and idle the hours away without going through the bothersome formality of being proposed and elected. And in them is an air of friendliness absolutely unknown in English restaurants. The people don't scowl at one another. If a joke is passed at a table, people at the tables near by laugh at it or glance merrily at the jokist. There is no such thing as a funereal air in the Café. The people in it are there to make the best they can out of the hour they are living. Such a thing is impossible in England. Why, I don't know. Perhaps it is because of the climate. The English climate has, to say the least, a chastening effect upon the spirit. It is sound enough, but its best friend could hardly call it pleasant. And we English are exactly like our climate.

In many of the English Cafés the proprietors adopt a human and sympathetic attitude towards those who might be styled the under-dogs of art. I remember one night a poor threadbare artist coming into a place where I was dining. He brought his easel with him and began to make a quick crayon sketch of a rural scene. The poor chap was old, and his face was worn and haggard. There had doubtless been the time when he had dreamed of being world-famous—as all artists dream. And now he was a worn and broken man.

When he had finished the sketch he came to me and said something, the meaning of which I could not catch. And seeing that I did not understand, he passed on to another table. Each person at the table gave him a coin. I called the waiter over, and he explained to me that the artist was raffling the sketch he had made, and that he was getting as many as he could in the Café to take a chance. The chances were five centimes each, and I put down fifty centimes, and so got ten chances.

The old artist shook the numbers up in his hat, and I am pleased to say that I won the sketch.

The Cafés, too, were the best places for studying the people who were holidaying in Ostend. They were the best places for noting the differences of national character. Here you would see a French family, father and mother and children, and the inevitable baby of two or three—the darling of the family—who toddled around the café, the admired of everybody. And here was the German group that sat around a table looking at nobody, but attending strictly to business—I mean wiring whole-heartedly into food. I must pay the Germans the compliment of admitting that they are the finest putters-away of food I have ever seen. And you would see the English coming in with the air of lords of everything in sight. You would see them throwing their coats and things down as though they were alone in some wide desert. And here were the Americans—with their voices!

The Cafés of Ostend! One could learn a lot from them.

## Englishmen and Æsthetic Sensibility.

THE success with which I carry on my business as a commercial traveller with a portfolio supposed by the respectable but not well-informed British public to contain treasures of Fine Art, a success which is reflected in a detached villa residence, a leisurely walk when Holbein Bagman is at home, and substantial confidence inspired in the bosoms of butchers and bakers, establishes me in a position of great decorum among my neighbours, whereof I receive many pleasing tokens. One of them is the invariable receipt of an invitation to be present at the opening of our local exhibition of pictures and handicrafts when the season comes round. The newly-elected Mayor usually presides and speaks at such functions; we afford him almost the opportunity of making his debut, while he adds to us the dignity of several inches of municipal gold chain. Apart from the social decency of the thing, I rather like our Mayors. As representatives of the British Democracy educating itself through a government, they do our town credit. But they fail to relieve me of the depressing burden of the conviction which has only settled down upon me the more heavily the more my business operations have been extended, that the Englishman upon the whole is the least likely person in Europe to look with eyes of understanding upon a picture.

The latest new-born Mayor whom I have had the pleasure of listening to has just congratulated painters distributively upon the richness of perspective they succeed in getting into their works. It was happiness to him to think of homes in our fortunate borough into which pictures might enter, enriched by perspective. He did not doubt that perspective and beauty exercised an uplifting moral influence. Inasmuch as I make all moral sentiments my own, and upon occasion turn out in frock coat as a well-inclined citizen in defence of them, I did not hesitate at this juncture to ejaculate an audible "Hear, Hear." Our excellent chief magistrate seemed to be looking round for support, and what will not a citizen with a sense of humour do for his country? I have attended church parade with similar feelings.

Holbein Bagman's reputation as an upholder of the Fine Arts is not confined to his own provincial surroundings. The proof of this assertion is visible in a large envelope enclosing a gilt-edged card, which comes with flattering regularity to "request the honour" of Holbein Bagman's company at the great yearly festival of Art in a considerable manufacturing metropolis. From these celebrations and flourishes of trumpets the absence of the Lord Mayor would contribute a sense of incompleteness. I have preserved from many pleasant excursions some unforgettable fragments of Lord Mayoral art eloquence . . . fragments well-deserving to be placed upon record . . . and yet I feel my hand wavering as I approach the setting down of a few personal observations upon this lofty topic of natural history or theology.

I will leave it to the psychologists to explain the tone of humility which characterises in common all our Lord Mayoral exordiums. None of our Lord Mayors but has confessed in his first hesitating sentences his feeling of his unfitness to offer advice to artists. From the uniformity of this confession I am led to believe that homily and admonition must be commonly looked for from Lord Mayors, as a part, perhaps, of their appointed responsibilities. I am half persuaded that my own life would have been lived better if I had had more to do with Lord Mayors; but this regret is apart from the subject, however natural. Your Lord Mayor, then, having put away presumption, proceeds, I had almost said, with his sermon. He enforces the point that "artists best know their own business," which statement I, as a commercial traveller, take this

opportunity of fervently denying. I have seldom met greater commercial fools than artists (with exceptions), or men more superior to me upon every other scale of measurement. But this again is a digression. Your Lord Mayor having followed so far the tradition of his predecessors, ventures upon an excursion into the more purely personal. It is now the time for me to distinguish between our Lord Mayors—at least between two of them—who blundered beyond the commonplace. The one I will call the Heroic Lord Mayor, and the other (if I am courageous enough) the Blasphemous. The Heroic Lord Mayor told us how he had taken a long railway journey and shortened his holiday for the sake of being with us upon this interesting occasion. In the railway carriage he had beguiled the tedium by turning over the catalogue which the secretary had sent him, and he had discovered that the value of our exhibition amounted in round figures to the sum of (I have forgotten how many) thousands of pounds. Further, from facts and figures in his possession he had ascertained that in their permanent art-gallery the citizens possessed pictures of the value of £90,000. And since, of these pictures only £30,000 worth had been purchased, all the rest having been presented, the citizens could congratulate themselves upon a profit of £60,000 (loud applause).

The Blasphemous Lord Mayor, reluctant as he was to give advice to artists, etc., yet could say one word upon which all thinking men would agree with him,—namely, that it was of no use depending upon *genius* for the painting of pictures. As all of us know, pictures were painted not by genius, but by hard work, and if he might say so, genius was the temptation of artists.

I have called this the Blasphemous Lord Mayor, because I never heard the Holy Ghost denied with greater effrontery. I confess, however, that upon a hasty flight of thought I had misgivings whether I had not done the Lord Mayor a serious injustice. Our exhibition that season was not lacking in pictures from which the signs of hard work were altogether wanting; and it is possible that in some of these a too confident impressionism, or a too daring caprice which the painter might have been tempted to regard as genius was the most conspicuous quality, and the cause presumably of failure. Had the Lord Mayor noticed this feature of our exhibition? I was compelled to decide against him when I heard him a little later speak of Turner as "a self-made man."

My experience of civic speech-makers at city and county picture-shows, and of the average sight-seer who comes to wander listlessly round the walls, leaves me sceptical of the value of such exhibitions as a furtherance towards the renaissance of the love of the beautiful, for which we are waiting in our ugliness. If ever beauty does revive among us, I prognosticate that the new era will come less by way of the Fine Arts than by that of the Handicrafts. But here again a word is necessary. The Handicrafts will not be such as fill our local exhibitions with carved bookcases, beaten metal cigarette-boxes, embroidered cushion-covers, and expensive pottery for the decoration of the over-crowded houses of the rich and middle-classes; they will be such Handicrafts as have learned to love simplicity and utility in common things,—chairs, wash-stands, cups and saucers, pots and kettles and the like. Architects and cranks and other intelligent people are already initiating a movement towards unpretentiousness and fair proportion (not forgetting, I hope, convenience) in our dwelling houses, a love of queer surroundings, and a love of ample air. From these people if they can but put away many servants and face the ordinary duties of life so as to gradually abolish altogether the drawing-room, I anticipate an intelligence which will co-operate with the natural conscience of the cabinet-maker, the blacksmith, the potter, the weaver, and other workers who all despise cheap and shoddy and over-showy production. The exponents in England of the Fine Arts, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Drama, must wait for wide and speedy recognition among their contemporaries until the day when the Handicraft workers shall have come into their own.

HOLBEIN BAGMAN.

## FROM THE CHILDREN TO DEATH.

The streets are cold, though all the lamps are lit ;  
 The rain is cold we have to wander through ;  
 We have no more to eat, what shall we do ?  
 The men have closed the parks where we could sit  
 And play at kings ; we are so tired of it.  
 We have no toys or dolls, and nothing new ;  
 It will be worse when we are grown-up, too.  
 We wish we might stop living for a bit.

Dear death, we do not mind your hollow eyes,  
 We will not mock your face, and run away ;  
 You are our only chance of some surprise  
 And new adventures—fetch us, if you may ;  
 We were not born on purpose ; you are wise  
 And know we have no other place to play.

E. DE TIEL.

## Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

DECIDEDLY this autumn is dignified by an unusual output of essays that demand to be seriously counted as literature. The other week I noticed the volumes of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. E. V. Lucas. Last week three more volumes reached me, all produced by their publishers with that air and that care which denote to the observant that their publishers are rather proud of their authors. "Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays," by Alice Meynell (Constable). It is said that Mrs. Meynell does not write enough. But if she wrote more she would be undone. To write little is an essential part of her literary plan. Her books are rare and small. This one contains only about 20,000 words. Sir Robertson Nicoll would dictate as much in a couple of days. Coventry Patmore and George Meredith both answered for it that Mrs. Meynell has genius. I wonder. I remember that when her famous essay, "Decivilised," appeared in the "National Observer" we spake thereof with awe. We thought it unique. She has assuredly written one exceedingly fine sonnet. But though I much admire "Ceres' Runaway," I am less sure of the author's genius that I was in the early nineties. (As far as that goes, I am less sure of several other things. No doubt a sign of grace!) I find everything in "Ceres' Runaway" except the quality which makes me reluctant to put the book down. Also it is not quite free from affectations. Often it recalls Sir Thomas Browne. No modern work should recall the rhythms of "The Garden of Cyrus." Worse, its elaborate prose contains a quantity of blank verse. For example:—

The long laugh  
 That sometimes keeps the business of the stage  
 Waiting  
 Is only a sign of the exchange of parts  
 That in the theatre every night takes place.  
 The audience are the players. The audience—

In the case of an author who publishes a hundred and fifty slender pages once in two years or so, a fault so gross cannot easily be condoned. If Hall Caine committed it, all the legions of literary preciousness would be jabbing their jewelled bodkins into him.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., in "On Everything" (Methuen's), while also prettily affected, is less precious. An imperfection of grammar does not arride his fastidiousness. The essays appeared in "The Morning Post." They are very good. They do possess the quality of hurrying you on in pleasant anticipation to the next. Probably, they do not pretend to be anything better than the very best journalism, and that they are, beyond question. Their chief value is in their revelations (no doubt partly unconscious) of a personality. As a politician Mr. Belloc is both progressive and re-

actionary, both generous and hard ; in a word, very human. And he is a favourable specimen of a type that within recent years has become prevalent ; the young man who by birth, sympathy, culture, recreations, brains, resources, and perfected faculties belongs to the Haves, but who occupies himself with the state of the Have-nots ; the man who has nothing to gain from political change save the very incomplete satisfaction of his instinct for justice, and much to lose, yet who toils for political change. The psychology of his type is extraordinarily obscure and complex ; and any light thrown on it (particularly without intention) is light thrown on an important factor of the whole problem.

\* \* \*

Mr. Max Beerbohm's new volume, "Yet Again," (Chapman and Hall) has first-class importance. The book differentiates itself instantly from the ordinary well-produced volume. One sees at once that it has been watched over, not by the publisher, but by the author. The tint and material of the binding, the specially engraved label, the beautiful title-page, the admirable disposition of the general page : these things disclose that Mr. Beerbohm meant to express the individuality in the corporeal body of his book, that he possessed the moral force to triumph over the compositors and binders, and that he knew how to imagine and create a homogeneity. "Yet Again" is a book, body and soul. The people capable of appreciating either its body or its soul are few, even among those who praise it. Hereafter it will be collected by the connoisseur, as well for its outward beauty as for the literature within it. There are qualities of simplicity, naive charm, honesty, sheer wisdom, and highly skilled self-realisation in this book that may not clearly emerge before the public until long after we are all dead. It is a book to *dérouter* the merely clever. It is a shy and proud book. I observe that to the essay "Ichabod," which I have vividly remembered ever since reading it in "Cornhill" years ago, Mr. Beerbohm has added nothing in explanation of a mystery which it contains. The mystery is this : When travelling on the continent, having once given up his hat-box to be labelled with his larger luggage for the guard's van, how did he regain possession of it and take it to his compartment? The thing is easy in England, but the continent is a different pair of sleeves.

\* \* \*

The Rationalist Press Association (which does not receive sufficient attention in literary periodicals) has just started a series of "Histories of the Sciences," which seems to me to fill a felt want. The first two volumes are "History of Astronomy," by George Forbes, F.R.S., and "History of Chemistry," by Sir Edward Thorpe (both illustrated). These volumes are not banal examples of popular book-making. They are for the plain man, but for the plain man who takes himself seriously. Both are excellent. They really do enlarge the mind. They have genuine educational value. And however expert you may be in a science, you cannot philosophically grasp the import of that science in the general evolution unless you are acquainted with its history. I wish that the Rationalist Press Association would arrange to publish a compendious history of philosophy at about five shillings. The only readable one that I know is George Henry Lewes's. And Lewes, while brilliant, is loose and wayward. Moreover, he thought that Positivism was the final reconciling word of philosophy. A man capable of thinking that any philosophical system whatever is final is temperamentally unfitted to write a history of philosophy. I think that Mr. A. W. Benn might write a good history of philosophy if he could be persuaded to sit down to it. I mention him as he is one of the regular Rationalist Press writers. I regret that I am exquisitely incompetent to review his recent book "Revelations : Historical and Ideal," which, however, has greatly interested me. If I esteemed myself as a student of philosophy I should assert that Mr. Benn's essay, "The Ethical View of Hellenism," utterly and definitely demolishes long-accepted theories.

JACOB TONSON.

## The Social Half-Way House.

By Francis Grierson.

THE half-way house in the social world resembles the half-way house on the mountain-side; it is a place where fatigue begins and danger increases. For the climber who wishes to reach the summit the worst of the journey is yet to come. One of the characteristics of this house is that it looks toward the summit, yet all who enter remain at the same social altitude until they return to the normal realities by the route they came. It is a hot-bed of illusions. The mistress of this house, as well as the habitués, make a fascinating study for all who are interested in paradox and enigma; for here, in some mysterious way, people are supposed to succeed where the mistress has always failed. The habitués are supposed to pass on to a point which overlooks and even commands the movements of ordinary people and events. Here it is always "to-morrow and to-morrow." If there be a variant to the phrase it is an allusion to yesterday. The one thing that never happens is a satisfactory termination of the present.

In society the half-way house has its *raison d'être* in the peculiar mental temperament of its mistress. She is a person who lacks some power or combination of powers; some talent or combination of talents, to attain a place on or near the social summit. She conforms to social routine, is, of course, lacking in originality, seldom makes an independent move for fear of being compromised, is ever on the alert, like a nervous pilot in shallow soundings, backs water at the slightest suspicion of danger, has but one definite aim—to keep afloat, to skim the surface of the world, all sails spread with illusions, and pass gently down the social stream (not up) on a current which eludes its squalls and avoids its squalor. For the mistress has long since abandoned the notion of going against the tide, of taking absurd risks. These things are left to the novice, the casual guest, the habitual visitor. The house exists, not so much from lack of means to dare and to do as from lack of moral courage to be simple and sincere. Without insincerity there would be no social half-way houses.

In all great capitals there are thousands of persons who aspire to an atmosphere of art and intellect; and many of these join the crowds which flow through the open door. For this reason the place constitutes a trap for the tyro and a bait for the over-ambitious. Still, the bait seems as tempting to the delicate trout as to the coarse and eager gudgeon; all are supposed to nibble once.

But it is at dinner the saddest disillusion occurs. A dinner is given to meet So-and-So, and the repast, like the house itself, is spread midway between luxury and necessity, on a plane of illusions in appearance as solid as adamant. All goes well until the champagne arrives, for with that comes the supreme test of the evening, and this can easily prove a fatal quarter of an hour for the hostess. It may decide by a *coup d'œil* or a smack of the lips what is the length of her purse and what the quality of her taste; for as often as not the champagne is both spurious and cheap, and the knowing guests give up all hope of reaching the summit of the social Chimborazo once this point is reached. Then they recall the table-talk, and conclude it, too, was spurious, on a sliding scale that rose by a jump as high as politics and fell with a thud as low as manslaughter. For the short, elusive phrase does signal service here. It is useful both as a weapon of defence and as a feint at knowledge. Volumes are suggested by a few stock expressions shot from the head of the table at a given moment, intended to bring down a particular guest, but not addressed to that one. The talk flows with an abandon and a *sang froid* which often suggest long and arduous premeditation. The hostess pats Plato on the back, hints that she has walked the mazes of philosophy with the peripatetics, and can, at a pinch, muse a whole afternoon under the classical sycamores of the ancient academy. Her consciousness seems to work automatically. The slightest hint dropped into the machine evokes a redropping in of a half-dollar or a crooked penny. It requires eyes and ears used to the devices of the artificial

world to discover the make-believe, even on such an occasion.

The half-way house is of many kinds; each has a character of its own, each founded on some chimera more or less fascinating, according to individual taste and ambition. Here it is a title, there it is display; one is noted for tact, another for supposed culture, while now and again the assumption of a mysterious authority bewilders and fascinates the seeker for the summit; and this seeming authority, being a pure illusion in the mind of the aspirant, may be defined by any dozen persons in as many different ways. Nor could it be otherwise in a house where impressions and effects are produced by a juggling with appearances. If it be a woman who presides here, all her resources are strained to produce an adequate first impression, one that will stamp itself on the mind of the new-comer with the force of a mallet. And it is not difficult to impress the consciousness by some special thing or person. There is magic, for instance, in a brace of old miniatures, hung low, in an odd place, with seeming carelessness. A secret and potent charm issues from a pair of life-size portraits, the colour somewhat dim, the frames a little dusty, especially if the nose of the male ancestor be Roman, and that of the female Grecian, with eyebrows long, delicate, and arched. With some such objects and an old jewelled brooch, comb, or a couple of antique rings, not purchased by the possessor, the first impression is apt to penetrate deep and last long. With such simple and apparent suggestions of social influence, the mistress of the house would break the spell by any allusion to her ancestry; it would not only be superfluous, it would signify a lack of that art so essential to the maintenance of captivating and lasting illusion. It is the business of her friends to see to it that the new visitors have their first impressions burned into the memory by a few suggestive words, handled as with the skill of a master in the flattery of faces and people. And what a difference there is between a mere stamp and a seal! A stamp is the symbol of time and power; it suggests names and dates, facts and figures; but the seal is used to produce an impression on wax. It represents no date or fact, but a quality, an atmosphere, a distinction. Commerce is stamped; society is sealed. But at the half-way house the sealing-wax symbolises the people who undergo the impression of a counterfeit seal.

After such things as these the most important weapon is an air of feigned assurance. Charity may cover a multitude of sins and keep them covered, but assurance can never hide a world of ineptitude for long. And this is one of the reasons: it is always accompanied by an aplomb as blind as it is self-willed. It errs from want of tact, in hasty hints, in promises of fine things, leading to nothing except the prolongation of the patience and endurance of each fresh acquaintance. Yet, its first impression strengthens the most wavering and dispels the doubts of the most sceptical. But there is too much fire and flame, too little of the smoke of suave and spiral illusions. Its rule is brilliant, vigorous, and brief. The next in order of importance lies in a grace of manner, little tricks of speech, accompanied now and then by an affectation of sympathy and appreciation, all of which, taken in the aggregate, tips the balance to the side of success, but counts for nothing when considered by each person separately.

One of the most curious things about the half-way house is that it looks down on vacancy. The truth of the matter, the actuality stripped of all extraneous deceits, resides in the paradox of the house having nothing beneath it. Its supposed position on the social mountain is measured neither by tape nor by talent. Rather does it float in the vague spaces of the imagination, where belief and supposition have their rule. Hence, the indescribable sensation when the mind awakens to a full realisation of the deception. This house, like the hut on the mountain, would not exist but for the accommodation of summit-seekers. The flow of visitors is without end; the stream taps the reservoir of illusion behind which the two worlds of ambition and vanity—mental hemispheres immense

as two oceans—divide between them the poles of desire and disillusion.

If the flow of new-comers is continual, so is the flow of out-goers. The discriminating pass out and down with as little delay as possible. For such as these it is not a question of going higher but one of descending to an atmosphere where the respiration is normal, the pulse healthy, and the mind unhaunted by chimeras. But, in many cases, it requires some time even for the wisest to discover that the so-called ascent is nothing more than a continual zig-zag round and round, leading again and again to the point of departure. The best minds do not climb into the best society and can have no need for the houses supposed to lead higher. Every person of refinement and talent comes at last, by a secret attraction, to that plane which nature intended for each, and, taken on strictly philosophical grounds, there is no higher and no lower, but only the natural.

## Jinny: A Comedy.

By Ashley Dukes.

*[It is a hot July afternoon. Upon the white, dusty road that leads from Aldershot to Basingstoke there is a village, clustering about a little Norman church. Beyond the churchyard, and neatly, modestly screened from the highway by a dense box hedge, lies the rectory with its garden. Subdued voices are heard, and a girl's voice cries: "Fifteen—Forty," "Thirty—Forty," above the clink of tea-cups and the murmur of conversation. A man appears in the distance, at the crest of the hill, and draws steadily nearer, tramping along with a good, dogged swing in the middle of the roadway. Presently one can see that he is ragged, unshaven, sunburnt. As he approaches another figure appears—that of a girl carrying a bundle, and following him boldly, marches up the path, and makes a leisurely survey of the house and garden. The rector's housekeeper appears at the door.]*

HOUSEKEEPER *[calls out]*: Not to-day, thank you!

THE TRAMP *regards her with interest*.

HOUSEKEEPER *[more decisively]*: Not to-day. We don't want anything.

THE TRAMP: I do. Gimme somethink to eat. And drink.

HOUSEKEEPER: Not to-day. Go away.

THE TRAMP *[mocking her tone contemptuously]*: "Not to-day, not to-day, not to-day!"

HOUSEKEEPER: You are a rude man. Go away!

THE TRAMP *[wearily]*: "Go away!" Cawn't yer say somethink fresh? Or are yer wound up?

HOUSEKEEPER: We don't give to beggars.

THE TRAMP: I ain't beggin'. I'm arskin'.

HOUSEKEEPER *[feebly]*: Go away.

THE TRAMP: Go it, old girl! Wound up, that's wot you are! Tell me next that you'll set the dawg on me!

HOUSEKEEPER *[impotently]*: We haven't got a dog.

THE TRAMP *[with satisfaction]*: Ain't got no bloomin' dawg, ain't yer? That's all right. I'm a goin' ter sit down. *[He subsides into a deck chair on the front lawn.]*

HOUSEKEEPER *[scandalised]*: Get up! I shall send for the policeman—

THE TRAMP: Your bloomin' local copper's two miles up the road, sittin' in a ditch wiv a stop watch, lookin' out for motorists. Like ter fetch 'im? Nice walk for yer.

HOUSEKEEPER *[at her wits' end]*: I shall bring the master!

THE TRAMP *[signing to her to come nearer]*: 'Ere. *[She comes unwillingly.]* 'Ere. *[Taking a dirty piece of paper from his pocket.]* Your master. Is 'e the Reverend George Armitage, rector of Farnley?

HOUSEKEEPER: Yes.

THE TRAMP: And are you Miss Jane Pippin, 'is 'ousekeeper?

HOUSEKEEPER: I am.

THE TRAMP *[surveying her critically]*: Yus. You look it.

HOUSEKEEPER: Well, of all the—

THE TRAMP: 'Ere. Stow it. Fetch 'im. *[She hesitates.]* There's my card. *[He offers another piece of paper.]* 'Erbert Cannon, out o' work. Now fetch 'im. I've come—on business.

*The housekeeper takes the paper reluctantly, and retreats to the tennis lawn. Presently the rector appears, hurriedly putting on his coat.*

RECTOR *[to the housekeeper]*: Where did you say?

... Ah, I see— *[He approaches cautiously.]* Come, come, my good man! You can't stop here!

CANNON *[looks him up and down without speaking.]*

RECTOR *[more peremptorily]*: You can't sit here! This is my garden.

CANNON: I've come—on business.

RECTOR: Ah, exactly. . . . But the fact is, I am rather fully occupied at present. Perhaps later in the day—

CANNON *[slowly]*: That won't suit me. I've got a pressin' engagement.

RECTOR: Then I am afraid —

CANNON: Gimme somethink to eat. And drink.

RECTOR: I make it a rule not to —

CANNON: Gimme wot I'm arskin' for!

RECTOR: Is that all your business with me?

CANNON: I'll tell yer wot my business is when I got food in me. Not before.

RECTOR: That is not the proper tone to adopt —

CANNON: I don't care. I ain't got no manners. The bloomin' upper clawsses 'ave pinched 'em all. I just arsk for wot I want.

RECTOR *[wavering]*: Perhaps—there are extenuating circumstances in your case. . . . You are really hungry?

CANNON: Am I hungry? Get the grub!

RECTOR *[hesitates, then calls]*: Miss Pippin! *[To Cannon]*: Possibly—if you will go into the kitchen—we will see what can be done —

CANNON: I'd sooner 'ave it 'ere. Then I can talk to yer.

RECTOR: Really—that is quite impossible —

CANNON *[calmly]*: All right. I'll wait.

RECTOR *[gives way reluctantly. To housekeeper]* Ah—Miss Pippin—perhaps you would be good enough to bring something to eat . . . and *[with a doubtful glance]* possibly tea. . . ?

*[Cannon grunts his assent.]*

RECTOR *[hastily]*: And will you please ask them to excuse me at the tennis court; I shall remain here.

*[Miss Pippin, visibly disapproving, brings the food and drink. . . . Cannon eats ravenously without taking any notice of his companion. When he has done he investigates the interior of the teapot, turns it upside down. Empties the milk-jug into his teacup, drinks to the last drop, and leans back in the deck chair with satisfaction. Then he turns to the rector.]*

CANNON: Got any terbaccer?

*[RECTOR looks at him for a moment, then hands his pouch.]*

*[CANNON fills his clay pipe with deliberation, borrows a match, lights up and smokes tranquilly.]*

RECTOR: Now—what is your business?

CANNON *[slowly]*: I want ter git married.

RECTOR: Indeed? May I ask—to whom?

CANNON: To Jinny.

RECTOR *[glances at the scrap of paper in his hand]*: Who is Jinny?

CANNON: Jinny Dawson. She's my gal. On tramp with me. *[Pause.]* She's expectin' a child. Next Michaelmas. She wants ter git married.

RECTOR *[rises]*: Do I understand that you are living together?

CANNON: Course we are.

RECTOR: And that you are the father of her child?

CANNON: Yus.

RECTOR: I am sorry to hear it.—I cannot help you.

CANNON: You was recommended ter me.

RECTOR: By whom?

CANNON: Chap of the name o' Palmer. You give 'im yer gardenin' last summer.

RECTOR: Ah—I remember.

CANNON: 'E recommended me ter you. " 'E'll marry you," 'e says. " 'E'll make a 'oly fuss about it, but 'e'll marry you if yer worry 'im long enough. Immorality's agin 'is principles. It's 'is business ter tie 'em up," 'e says.

[RECTOR *coughs*].

CANNON: That's what I've come on, yer see. Business.

RECTOR: Is your . . . is this young person here?

CANNON: Yus. Outside. Shall I fetch 'er?

RECTOR [*hastily*]: One moment, please. You say that it is *her* wish that you should marry?

CANNON: Yus. I don't think much on it meself, but Jinny's mother was a Methodist . . . and there's the kid, o' course. . . . We thought it was just as well, if we could find a parson 'andy.

RECTOR: I hope you realise that it is very wrong of you to go about the country in this—irregular way?

CANNON: It's company, like.

RECTOR [*staggered*]: I was speaking of the moral aspect of the case —

CANNON: I know. Just as yer please. Don't mind me. [*Pause.*] Will yer marry us?

RECTOR: I will consider the question.

CANNON [*indicating the roadway*]: Shall I fetch 'er?

RECTOR: If you please.

CANNON [*rises, turns*]: I expect she's come, by this time. She was a bit be'ind. That's 'ow we allus go. 'Arf a mile apart. Saves naggin'. We see enough of one another every night. When yer got a 'ouse o' yer own yer can sit in different rooms, or go out and walk the streets. But on the roads, wiv an empty stumick—take my tip. 'Arf a mile apart! [*He goes to the gate, and utters a low whistle.*] Are you there, Jinny? Aye, 'ere she is!

[JINNY *enters*....*She comes forward nervously, laying down her bundle.*]

CANNON [*in an undertone*]: Buck up, ole gal! It's all right. 'E's game.

RECTOR: Good afternoon. Ah—I understand from your friend that you wish to be married?

JINNY: Yes, sir. If you please, sir.

CANNON [*audibly*]: Not so 'umble, ole gal. Stand up to 'im!

JINNY [*to the rector*]: Oh, sir, I hope you won't mind what 'e says. 'E do talk so wild. But 'e means well.

CANNON [*to Jinny*]: 'Ere, stow it!

RECTOR [*kindly*]: Well, well, we shall see. Perhaps something can be arranged. . . . And now—I suppose you are very hungry?

JINNY: Yes, sir

RECTOR [*calling*]: Miss Pippin! [*The housekeeper appears.*] Will you please give this young woman a meal. And [*in an undertone*] have you engaged a new housemaid yet?

HOUSEKEEPER: Not yet, Mr. Armitage.

RECTOR: Then perhaps we can give her a trial. Just for a few weeks. You understand?

[HOUSEKEEPER *eyes Jinny with disfavour.*]

RECTOR [*to Jinny*]: There. That way. Never mind your bag. That's right.

[*The housekeeper and Jinny go into the house. The rector comes back rubbing his hands.*]

CANNON [*after a pause*]: I suppose you're one of them blokes wot go about doin' good? Bloomin' Samaritan, eh?

RECTOR [*overflowing with satisfaction*]: Well, in one's limited sphere, and when opportunity offers. . . . But don't let us speak of that. I suppose you know that you will have to live within the parish for some little time before you can be married?

CANNON: Yus.

RECTOR: Then there are the banns —

CANNON [*suspiciously*]: Wot's that?

RECTOR: Ah—we can discuss the details later. First we must find you work. What is your trade?

CANNON: Joiner. Trade unionist. Out of a job these three years.

RECTOR: Ah! No doubt you will take any work that offers itself?

CANNON: Depends.

RECTOR: Depends upon what?

CANNON: On the wages, o' course. None o' yer " 'Ere's a 'arf a crown, my good man. Touch yer 'at and say 'Thank yer'!" Not for me!

RECTOR: I should have thought you would be grateful for any —

CANNON: Would yer? Then you're wrong. Yer can't expect gratitude for twelve bob a week. Or if yer do, you've come ter the wrong shop! Employer ought ter be grateful ter git 'is dirty work done cheap.

RECTOR: But I hope you would take work if it were —

CANNON: Tike it? Course I'll tike it. 'Cos I got a bloomin' stummick wot 'as ter be filled. And for 'er. . . . But as for gratitude—pah! (*He expectorates. The rector watches him as if fascinated.*) 'Tain't you nor any other man wot employs me or lets me starve. 'Tis Serciety. See?

RECTOR: Ah—I realise that our social order is not all that it might be —

CANNON [*in mock amazement*]: No? You don't say so? You've made a big discovery, ole man. You'll 'ave ter look out.

RECTOR [*nettled*]: I mean, of course, that there is an unfortunate gulf between rich and poor —

CANNON [*with contempt*]: Gulf? There's a bloomin' clawss war, that's wot there is! You can be grateful to Serciety, if you like. I should be if I was you. But bein' meself, I'm not. See?

RECTOR [*hopefully*]: Come, I feel sure you will easily find something to do. You seem to be an intelligent man —

CANNON: 'Ere, stow that! 'Oo are yer gettin' at?

RECTOR: I am not "getting at" you, as you put it. I mean that you have, if I may say so, a peculiar aptitude in voicing your grievances. . . .

CANNON: 'Ere, would you like ter know what my grievance really is?

RECTOR: Well?

CANNON: 'Cos I'll tell yer. First of all I want a 'ouse. And a garden, where I can grow things in me spare time. Like yours. See?

[RECTOR *nods.*]

CANNON [*meditatively*]: About the furniture—books and pictures an' all that—well, I dunno. But I want 'em. [*Warming to his subject.*] Then I want a woman ter live wiv me. And some kids. Same as you 'ave.

RECTOR [*hastily*]: Ah—I am not married —

CANNON [*unmoved*]: Never mind. P'raps you will be. Any 'ow, I want 'em. An' I want the 'ouse properly arranged—meals at reg'lar hours, and no waitin'. See?

[RECTOR *is speechless.*]

CANNON: Then I want ter be a kid again meself, and ter be brought up different. With manners. And eddication. All wot you got. [*Reflectively*]: There's a few more things, like travel, 'olidays abroad, and p'raps a stinkin' motor car. They may be all right when yer git inside 'em. But them's luxuries. Wot I said before, that's wot I want. And my grievance is that I don't get it. See?

RECTOR: I understand. But you must know that every one cannot have these advantages, as society is at present constituted —

CANNON: Then scrap yer bloomin' serciety, and start afresh! 'Cos if yer don't, it'll git scrapped for yer. See? Take my tip. Scrap it!

RECTOR: It is very wrong of you to speak like that.

CANNON: Preach me yer sermons, p'raps?

RECTOR: No. I can find you work. Will you do it?

CANNON: You'll get me work, arter wot I said?

RECTOR: I will do my best. That will be a fresh start for you.

CANNON: A fresh start. . . . ?

[*Rector goes into the house. Jinny comes out by the side door.*]

CANNON: 'Ullo, Jinny! This is a bit of all right, ain't it. [*She does not reply.*] Why, wots' up wiv yer?

JINNY: O' Bert, I can't do it. I can't!

CANNON: Cawn't do wot?

JINNY : I—I don't want ter git married —

CANNON : Well, soak me bob, you *are* a wunner ! An' you bin at me every day this last ten weeks an' more —

JINNY : O, I know. But they wanten make a 'ouse-maid of me. Wiv a cap an' strings. An' a bloomin' little time-table for gittin' up an' doin' things all day. An' a bedroom wiv texts. An' that old cat of a 'ouse-keeper naggin' at me from mornin' to night. O, she's a 'oly terror, she is. Never done nothink wrong in 'er life. An' knows it. You take a look at 'er eyes. I nearly blacked one of 'em for 'er jes now.

[*A girl passes across the lawn with a tennis racquet. She glances at them in surprise, and then goes into the house.*]

There's another of 'em. A lidy this time. No, I cawn't do it ! I ain't no clawss !

CANNON : 'Oo says you ain't no clawss ?

JINNY : O, you know it, Bert. You know. I ain't got the cheek ter stand up to 'em, same as you 'ave. They can git over me wiv their tricks. (*Coming to him*) Bert !

CANNON : Well ?

JINNY : Let's—'ook it !

CANNON : Wot—now ?

JINNY : Yus.

CANNON : Jest when I got a job ?

JINNY : Oh, Bertie, yer don't mind, do yer ? See—I'll never nag at yer to marry me again ! [*She comes close to him.*]

CANNON : Did yer git a good meal ?

JINNY : Not 'arf !

CANNON : Wot ?

JINNY : 'Am, an' eggs, an' jam, an' everythink.

CANNON : Feel good ?

JINNY : Feels—like 'eaven. [*They laugh.*]...

CANNON : An' so yer wanten sleep out to-night, do yer ? Give me a kiss ?

JINNY [*playfully pushing him*] : Ow, git along !

CANNON : Well, I'm on. [*He takes the bundle upon his back.*] Come, Jinny !

JINNY : 'Ush ! There 'e is !

RECTOR [*comes down the steps from his study, and into the garden. As he sees them*] Why, what does this mean ?

JINNY : If you please, sir —

CANNON : We've changed our minds.

RECTOR : Changed your minds ?

CANNON : About marryin'. We thought it was better not. So long. And thank yer all the same.

[*They go out before the rector has recovered his speech. He hurries over to the gate, seems about to call after them, but checks himself, and stands watching them until they pass out of sight at a turn of the road. Then he comes slowly back into the garden. The housekeeper stands at the door, smiling. He looks at her with some annoyance. She continues to smile. With a quick exclamation and a little whisk of his coat tails he goes past her and disappears into his study.*]

THE END.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### The Art of Living.\*

I LIKE vegetarians ; their fads and prejudices appeal to me ; I like the illogical reasoning by which they arrive at some very happy results. And then I like them as a source of income to doctors. In the bad old pre-vegetarian days no one ever thought of asking his doctor what he should eat for breakfast or how many cups of tea she mustn't drink, and certainly none ever thought of paying for such counsel. Nowadays a doctor gets a regular income by ordering people to eat nasty wholemeal bread instead of nice white bread (of course, he throws in a few phosphates and sulphates) ; he makes a fortune if he can get people to eat a particularly nasty bread of his contrivance — something perhaps un-

leavened. Then, there's another regular source of income in that broken-down vegetation sighing for the flesh-pots, and running to the doctor for a dispensation. He'll promise to pay anything if the doctor will but discover in him a disease engendered by lentils and to be cured only by steaks and chops. Furnished with this certificate, he can face with calm the family still pursuing the higher life on a little oatmeal.

With comparative calm. For there's no one quite so pugnacious as your full-fledged vegetarian. I know not why vegetarians assume that the diet will make man gentle and peaceable ; Lieutenant Powell seems, like most diet reformers, to labour under this delusion. Surely the instance of Mr. G. B. Shaw might have put us on the right track ; there is not in this country a more redoubtable fighter ; no one quite so ruthless and crushing in his attack. Of course, Mr. Shaw scoffs at the soldiery with their ancient, inefficient methods, just as Lieutenant Powell would be furious were it proposed to arm his Royal Engineers with the bocadero.

Mr. Powell has written a very useful book presenting the work of a large number of writers on the subject in a convenient form. Like most writers on diet reform, he gives a number of very bad reasons in support of a case which does not stand in need of any such small arguments.

We are told that a diet of fruits, nuts, and the like, is the "natural" food of man because his teeth and bodily structure resemble those of the frugivorous monkeys. Alas, these same monkeys have never studied the vegetarian text-books, and they utterly refuse to conform to the diet which is therein laid down for them as natural. On the contrary, besides fruits and nuts, monkeys (whilst living in their normal elements) eke out this frugal diet by supplies of birds, lizards, snakes, and insects of all kinds. On the other hand, nothing is more "unnatural" than the fruits and nuts which man, vegetarian or not, himself consumes. There is a pious belief that the orange, banana, chestnut, as sold, say, by Shearns, are like unto the fruits that grew in the Garden of Eden. But ages ago our aboriginal ancestors were dissatisfied with the woody, tasteless stuff that nature produces and commenced that cultivation of unnatural apples, oranges, and the like. A vegetarian would have a very bad time of it did he try to subsist on the "natural" fruits of an Amazonian forest.

Mr. Powell gives a list of races of men to show that a diet composed of vegetable products is able and sufficient to keep them "in a high state of physical health and intellectual vigour." None of the modern races cited could be given as typical examples of intellectual vigour, whilst many factors other than food enter into the question. My own experience, indeed, with some of the peoples given as instances would not lead me to exactly the same conclusion. It is quite true, as is said, that the troopers of Bolivia will perform remarkable feats of marching, etc., on a sparse diet. But when I once served with Bolivian troops who were subject to a six months' siege an epidemic of beri-beri broke out that devastated the soldiers, their officers, the few Europeans with the garrison escaping the disease almost entirely. One of the differences between the soldiers and the others was certainly that of quantity as well as quality of food.

It is true that the Japanese are largely non-meat eaters, yet their wrestlers have always been fed on meat, and in recent years meat has been added to the diet of the sailors with apparently increased resistance to disease. As against some of the healthy non-meat-eating races that are mentioned it should be remembered that some of the hardest people in the world subsist on nothing but meat—the gauchos in the Argentine, the llaneros of Colombia and Venezuela—the men who gained Bolivar his victories—and the Boers.

When the incidence of disease is studied equally contradictory results are obtained.

The early vegetarians in their simple way thought it quite sufficient for everlasting health did they abstain

\* "Food and Health." By Arthur E. Powell. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.)

from flesh. Disease still pursuing them, other refinements were introduced. Some counselled a diet of fruits, others nuts, others again roots; finally some discovered in purin bodies all the source of man's woes. I have known unhappy mortals who have flown from one diet to another whom ill-health still pursues. Of course, vegetarians have invented all kinds of excuses for these derelictions of duty: they had been poisoned by a long course of corpse diet (even after 20 years' faithful vegetarianism); they have been too quick or too slow in the change.

But what are we to say when we find the very diseases that one medical man cures by a diet of cereals, fruits, nuts, and milk cured by another doctor on a meat diet. (See Dr. Hare's "The Food Factor in Disease.")

Vegetarians have been guided hitherto too much by laboratory experiments; the analogy between the human intestine and a test-tube has been regarded as absolute. If chemical experiment shows the pulses contain 25 per cent of protein and beef 18 per cent., it has been said this is their relative value as food. The question of absorption owing to the liking or repulsion of the human stomach have been almost overlooked, Dr. Kellogg and a few other physiologists having alone drawn attention to this aspect of the question.

Among other bogies with which the true believer attempts to frighten the uninitiated is the word stimulant. The poor mortal who has been harassed all day in the city or in his profession, enveloped in the gloom of London, fights her or his way home through a raw London fog, stifled by a sojourn in a tube, and is offered a plateful of nuts and an apple and a cubic inch of Wallace Bread. A cup of tea contains so many grains of xanthin, and the unhappy mortal must not be stimulated.

There are signs of saner views prevailing—stimulated into existence of a certainty by the splendid extravagances of the early vegetarians. The National Food Reform Association issues a very sensible programme which appeals strongly to sober persons like myself. It says: "We desire to induce people seriously to consider the subject of diet, and to make them realise that food counts for much in the life of man." It condemns improper or insufficient food, excessive feeding, and will endeavour to "assist those who wish to give up flesh foods altogether to do so on economical and scientific lines."

This is the kind of teaching that is desired. Man, civilised or savage, lives a highly artificial life—if he didn't he would rapidly perish off the earth. Science and art must discover for us the foods that shall suit the conditions under which he lives. As much as anyone I desire to change radically many of these conditions; but so long as they exist one cannot tolerate any statements. The factory hand, working in some humid cotton-weaving shed, the clerk, slaving in some office where light and air may never penetrate, cannot be helped by the simple foods that suffice those whose life is planned on an ampler scale.

It is not difficult to believe that for the great majority of persons health may be fully maintained on any kind of diet; that with careful selection a non-flesh diet can be found suitable for most of us. Such a reform is not permissible for most to-day, because it requires more forethought, is more troublesome, and more costly than the usual mixed diet. I know there are vegetarians who profess to live on twopence a day; but I have always found them to be of the class who have not to earn it. Man must artificially subdue his universal instinctive desire for as much food as possible, and learn to be most "unnaturally" moderate. He must further give up his natural habit of bolting his food, and be taught to bite and eat it slowly.

In short, living is an art, and every process is "unnatural" and must be learned. Although on the score of "nature" there is nothing to be said for the fleshless diet, and but little on the score of health, there are sufficient grounds for its general adoption. Humanity towards beast and man makes it imperative. It is impossible to conceive of slaughtermen and butchers when man is free under Socialism. I think there will be fishermen.

M. D. EDER.

## DRAMA.

### "The Great Mrs. Alloway" (Globe Theatre).

THE distinction between tragedy, comedy, and farce may latterly have grown a little blurred, but there remains an everlasting difference between the trumped-up play and the real play. "The Great Mrs. Alloway" is a trumped-up play. That is to say, the author sets out with a group of familiar stage types—a woman with a damning, but, of course, defensible past; an Anglo-Indian man of the world; a few entirely colourless youths; an *ingénue* and her male counterpart; and proceeds to manipulate them, skilfully enough, through a series of trumped-up "scenes" towards the inevitable conclusion. Add to this the story of poisoned devil-stones once in the possession of a Maharajah, and a lithe, mysterious Ayah supernaturally devoted to her mistress (a type familiar to readers of the "Strand Magazine"), and you have the sensational colouring of the piece. Much of the dialogue is well written and dramatically effective, but the whole thing is, and remains, a clever imposture. Miss Lena Ashwell played Mrs. Alloway sympathetically.

### "Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist" (St. James's Theatre).

Mr. R. C. Carton's new play is of a very different class. It is true that a very big assumption has to be made before one can regard his plot as in the least probable, but once that assumption is made, the action becomes logical, and the story is finely worked out. Sabiston, a successful dramatist, who has always written, as he confesses, "with one eye on the box-office and the other on posterity," becomes aware of the existence of the "new school." It interests him. He is critical of its technique but appreciative of its ideas. He sits down to write a play, for the first time in his life, entirely to please himself, and achieves a realistic masterpiece, which he names, "One Law for the Woman." The play has been written in secret. Even his secretary (to whom he dictates his conventional comedies) is unaware of its existence. So far, so good. But Sabiston must have it produced. He dare not sign it himself. He cannot face public opinion. Habit is too strong. It would mean a convulsion in his life. He sends for Darcus, a young, unsuccessful dramatist of the modern school, and induces him to accept the authorship with all its profits and penalties. The play is produced, and sets London ablaze. Sabiston himself, in a cynical mood, leads the newspaper attack upon it. After this, its success is greater than ever, until one day Sabiston finds that the corrosive, remorseless logic of its ideas has reacted upon his own life. His daughter is awake to realities, and no longer content to marry with her eyes shut. There is no tragedy in this, but the other woman—the woman to whom he is devoted, Lady Cheynley, leaves her brute of a husband and goes off with Darcus, the man who has shown her the way to live. So Sabiston is left alone, and at the close we see him dictating yet another popular play with a happy ending.

The assumption is, of course, that a realistic masterpiece by an unknown author, having duly passed the Censor, would succeed. Even if this be granted, Sabiston could surely have found some less clumsy method of concealing his authorship than that of foisting it upon another man. However, Mr. Carton had to write his play, and he has certainly made it very interesting. The dialogue is finished and clever. The right people say the right things—a rarity in epigrammatic comedy.

The character of Noel Darcus, the young modern, did not strike me as very happily drawn. He might well have stood up to Sabiston a little more. Mr. George Alexander (with a beard) played Sabiston with proper suavity and lightness of touch. The scenery in Act 2 is pleasantly designed.

### The Millionaires' Theatre.

The New Theatre, in New York, dedicated to the

uncommercial drama and opened with a flourish of trumpets on November 6, appears destined to be known as the Millionaires' Theatre. The nickname is a little unfortunate, but it is to be hoped that it will not keep people away. There is, of course, no reason at all why millionaires should not endow a theatre, provided they do not claim an undue share in its control. They had better appoint a capable director, give him a free hand and plenty of money, and retire into the background. As for the actual endowment of a theatre by the excessively rich, one can only say that it is an admirable method of restoring stolen property, unlike other forms of charity in that it implies no demoralising condescension of one class of the community to another. This holds good also in the case of the proposed Shakespeare National Theatre for England. It seems that a person in possession of £70,000 has headed the subscription list with that amount, and the committee have invited others to follow his or her example. The State is too poor to-day, it seems, to concern itself with the endowment of the arts. It has not yet solved the first problem of decent food and clothing for its citizens. When that is once out of the way we can go forward. Meanwhile let the millionaires continue to endow art, science, education—anything they please. They are forging the weapons for their own destruction.

#### The Afternoon Theatre.

J. M. Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding" is a little disappointing to those who have seen or read his other work, notably "The Playboy of the Western World." "The Tinker's Wedding" does not contain enough material for more than a very slight one-act play. Even then it would be only an incident, without especial dramatic force. As it stands, in two acts, the story grows tedious. The imagery of its prose is as wonderful as ever, but a play cannot live by prose alone. Miss Mona Limerick was interesting in the part of Sarah Casey, but the comedy hardly gives her an opportunity.

#### The Censorship Report.

It appears that the summary sent out to the Press some time ago with regard to the findings of the Censorship Committee was in the main accurate. The one really important fact is that the obtaining of a licence for performance of a play is recommended to be made optional. The point now is whether the recommendation has any chance of being adopted and passing into law. It will be easier to judge of this in a few weeks' time.

A. D.

## Recent Music.

### A Medley.

SOME time ago the historic house of Novello published a set of four songs by Mr. Rutland Boughton. The poems are by Edward Carpenter (from his volume "Towards Democracy"), and the music has been published with his permission. I mention the fact here because it is a remarkable example of a sensitive poet permitting his verses to be set to music without caring whether the rhythm and accent of his verse should be preserved in the setting. If I were a poet I should always take care that any published musical settings of my verse reproduced faithfully these two things. Mr. Boughton, a musician and critic of experience, has, however, allowed himself to be carried away by the fine, nervous rhetoric of Carpenter's verses, and has forgotten the first essential canons of song-setting. His music has boldness and energy, and a certain academic freedom in its harmonic progressions, but it is a pity he should have permitted this freedom to clash with the different freedom of Edward Carpenter's poetic forms.

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It is not possible to congratulate Mr. Joseph Holbrooke upon the first performance of his opera at the Afternoon Theatre. "Pierrot and Pierrette" is but one more instance of good or clever music being written to a bad libretto. English composers have been more than usually unfortunate in this respect; but really one can hardly feel any sort of sympathy for musicians

whose dramatic or poetic sense is so feeble that they can waste what gifts they possess upon a stupid subject. This particular libretto was written by Mr. Walter Grogan, whose lyrical genius is of the order appreciated by those blissful souls who read "Family Herald" supplements. Those of us, however, who have patriotically watched the career of Mr. Holbrooke and have alternately admired and condemned his work have always felt that opera is his real *métier*, that his music thirsts to express itself in some Adelphian manner. So we had hoped for great things when there were rumours of an opera. When we heard what the subject was to be we were not surprised, but we knew it was quite impossible. Mr. Holbrooke would tackle any subject; he would set an Act of Parliament or the Ten Commandments to music to-morrow (either in cantata, symphonic-prelude, or waltz form), but he has not the fastidiousness necessary for the proper treatment of the Pierrot story. Its artificiality is not within his musical scope; he doesn't seem to be even conscious of its dainty symbolism. His music (in this instance) is excited and feverish and over-dramatic from beginning to end. Where it should be fantastic it is merely capricious; where it might perhaps be *spirituelle* it is soulful. Even the dance rhythms, of which there are many in the opera, are heavy and earthy; when necessary they are quick, of course, but mere quickness is not sufficient to suggest a mood, and in every case they are over-scored. Occasionally, however, the music is wonderfully expressive in detail. It smiles a good deal in the first act, and frowns now and then, and when it frowns one can almost feel the wrinkles. Nobody can do this sort of thing more successfully than Holbrooke—not even Richard Strauss.

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The most serious defect in the artistic equipment of Mr. Holbrooke is his complete lack of the poetic sense as it is expressed in verse forms. In this respect he is still a middle-Victorian. Certainly one cannot expect such villainous lines as these—

The earth is faint, it falls asleep,  
The stars slip out their watch to keep,  
And all the world beneath I know  
Holds but my heart and dear Pierrot—

to inspire anybody. One may forgive Mr. Holbrooke for treating such trash with scant courtesy; he does not even attempt to suggest its poor rhythm. Indeed, were it not that he approaches serious poetry with the same insolent disregard of its technical beauties, we should be inclined to look upon this "lyrical musical drama" as a burlesque of old-fashioned song-setting. The whole business suffers terribly by comparison with "Prunella." Joseph Moorat's music to that exquisite little play is the best example of incidental music for the theatre we have ever had in this country. In "Prunella" the music was always delicate and appropriate, and never ran counter to the dialogue, never intercepted (if I may use the word) the audience and the players on the stage. Holbrooke's music is written throughout in the manner of very grand opera, never reticent, never giving way in the slightest degree to the action of the piece, always dictating, always presumptuous. With the exception of Mr. Albert Archdeacon, who sang and acted with skill and understanding, the caste was, I admit, hopelessly inadequate; but, adequate or not, the music was planned in such a way as to make the audible rendering of all the vocal music a physical impossibility, and for this Mr. Holbrooke alone can be blamed. He conducted this first performance himself, and apparently made no effort to control his orchestra. One or two numbers stood out in some relief: one a moonlight song, and one which the Stranger sang inviting Pierrot to leave his garden and go out into the world in search of pleasure. But, on the whole, I personally would enjoy playing in Mr. Holbrooke's orchestra far more than I have done in listening to it.

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I have been reading a delightful little book which I can recommend to idle people with a taste for gossip about music and musicians. It is entitled "Imaginary Interviews with Great Composers," and is written by

Gerald Cumberland.\* It is all very fanciful and amusing, and in placing each of his subjects in a typical environment: Schubert in a beer-garden, Beethoven in a disorderly garret, Mendelssohn (whose appearance and manners are compared to those of a dancing master) in a drawing room, the centre of an admiring throng of ladies; Cherubini in an immaculate library, Arthur Sullivan on the verandah of a fashionable hotel, and so on, the author has been able the easier to strike at once the note characteristic of each man. The discussion during Handel's dinner is a good piece of biography, and the vain little speeches of Mendelssohn have a most delicious savour of satire. The hero-worship is a little overdone, maybe, but one forgives an occasional debauch of sentiment or an indiscreet enthusiasm for a good deal of sound criticism and a sense of humour. HERBERT HUGHES.

## ART.

I HAVE just been reading Samuel Taylor Coleridge's critical note on the poet Charles Tennyson-Turner. His words are so applicable to painters of to-day that I may quote them. He says, "In the present age (1830) it is next to impossible to predict from specimens however favourable that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius or the power of doing something new, is another thing." To-day there is an equal difficulty in predicting the future of our painters. Modern art has fallen among souvenir men. By souvenir men I mean those that have no vision save that of past generations. Of course such men have great talent; but they are ingenious imitators, not creative geniuses. Blake was a creative genius. He absorbed Michael Angelo's vision, but we speak of Blake's vision. Beardsley was a second-class recreative artist. He absorbed the influences of all countries, and suggested them in his work, but we cannot say that he imitated them. How lamentably the power of original creative work is lacking in painters of the present day may be seen in the canvases of Mr. William Strang, a representative exhibition of whose work has just been held at the Leicester Galleries. Here is an artist hard at work in the studios of, among others, the old poetic Venetians, producing coloured souvenirs of their paintings. He has fallen in love with these masters, and has taken colour as the chief element in the expression of his feelings, and has failed. But Mr. Strang is a glorious etcher.

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Again, if you go to the present brilliant exhibition of the Goupil Gallery Salon you will find unmistakeable signs of poetic taste, a marvellous dexterity of hand, and ingenious imitation; but not the evidence of doing something new, not even in the foremost men. Look at these three canvases by Orpen. Immense cleverness, great artistic ability, and a strong personality are there, but not one of them has been treated with full sincerity and truth. Why does Mr. Orpen call this one "In Dublin Bay," when it is so obviously In Mr. Orpen's Studio? Similarly with the other two (146, 149) the figures are painted in the studio, and there fitted with a souvenir background. Mr. Wilson Steer is also bent on giving us souvenirs of all sorts of people and things. His present unworthy composition (154) is simply a hash of many influences, including Constable's. By the way, Constable seems to have been very busy on several of these canvases. He has held Mr. Philip Connard's brush (42) and Mr. Walter Russell's (135). That quiet school study of Mr. Nicholson's (156) is less conven-

tional. But what are we to think of it? It is not a painter's canvas. And when are those who can paint going to give us something entirely their own?

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Coming now to some artists who besides Orpen and Steer can paint, it is only possible just to glance at these three pictures by Mr. Philip Connard (105, 161, 163) and to note their style and wonderful values; at these beautiful interiors of Mr. Blanche, certainly the next best things in the exhibition; at these vigorous living lines of Miss Winifred George's three studies (78, 170, 171); and at the very remarkable work of three street-men—Mr. C. M. Maresco Pearce, Mr. Horace Man Livens, and Mr. Muirhead Bone. It is refreshing to find men taking an interest, as Messrs. Livens and Bone are doing, in our London street scenes, and consenting to talk about them in a fascinating way. I welcome their work. Where are our street artists? When shall we stop importing foreigners to paint the mysterious beauties of neglected London?

\* \* \*

What are the lessons from this exhibition? Simply that we have painters whose manual dexterity is amazing. Then, that the painter is speaking in a language entirely his own, and needing an interpreter. Then, that we are on the verge of a new movement in painting. Men are turning to the past before facing more strenuously the wave of new romanticism which is about to sweep over modern life, raising its forms of expression to the heights of lyrical and decorative beauty. Mysticism is about to transform daily life into something more epical than materialism has made it, and to open a new world to the artist's eye. But no one is as yet engaged in drawing themes for a new style of painting. And, then, there is need of a journal that shall guard the painter's interest, interpret his voice, and give direction to his hand.

\* \* \*

I suppose the same feeling of something in the air was noticeable at the time Delacroix flung down his first masterpiece and swept David's school to the lumberheap. People were saying then precisely what people are saying to-day—that there are no painters, and art is on the decline. M. Camille Mauclair, who has written an adequate study of the great revolutionary (International Art Series. Unwin. 5s.), himself repeats this fallacy, and says many absurd things besides. But his historical knowledge and his understanding of Delacroix are such as help one, with the aid of the admirable reproductions, to realise the romantic-realist's great significance. The Frenchman's influence apparently spread everywhere, for we see it to-day in the works of at least two representative German painters. The work of Mr. Fritz Boehle, of which Mr. Rudolf Klein gives an interesting explanation in the above International Series, may be said slightly to reflect it. Boehle is a classical realist whose three periods of transformation as engraver, painter, and sculptor are clearly set forth in the text and in the reproductions in Mr. Klein's volume. It is more strongly marked in Hans Thoma, who offers a great contrast to Boehle. Thoma is a romantic-realist who has devoted his life to making love to Nature and expressing it in glowing colour. He has many friends in this country who will, no doubt, welcome the story of his life contained in *Im Herbst des Lebens* (Suddeutsche Monatshefte, Munich. 5m.).

\* \* \*

In "Departmental Ditties" (Mills and Boon. 3s. 6d.) the clever drawings by Lewis Baumer alone are worth the money. Mr. Baumer's humour is irresistible; his facility for expressing it in simple, direct, telling lines unapproachable. Mr. Harry Graham's ditties are very amusing. Some have a Gilbertian ring. An amusing shillingsworth, called "Potted Brains," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul. It is the joint production of Mr. Keble Howard and Mr. John Hassall. The former's account of many immortals and mortals is quite comic; whilst the latter's drawings excel, as usual, in quantity if not in quality. And they are very funny.

HUNTLY CARTER.

## 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.*

## A GREAT SOCIALIST DAILY PAPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The pressing need for a Socialist daily paper is again forcing itself into prominence, and if we may judge from Mr. Keir Hardie's speech at the opening of the National Labour Press, we are, perhaps, on the eve of the actual establishment of such a journal in this country. Mr. Hardie referred to "L'Humanité" as the prototype of the British daily that is to be, and it is therefore opportune to recall the lines upon which the French paper has developed, and the reason why it has grown to be not only one of the "great dailies" of Europe, but the only real democratic newspaper the world has yet seen.

If we in this country are to have such an organ, it will be not only an event of the happiest augury for the development of advanced thought and conscious democratic feeling in every department of our national life, but it will also be one of the utmost significance to the international Socialist movement.

"L'Humanité" emerged through a series of crises from its position, firstly as Jaures' own political organ, and secondly as a paper owned by a private joint-stock company, to its present organisation as the freest, broadest-based journalistic expression of democratic opinion that it is possible to devise.

First, as to the business side of the paper. "L'Humanité" is the property of a company formed by shares which are held by (a) branches of the Socialist Party and their federations, (b) trades unions and federations of trades unions, (c) Socialist co-operative societies, and (d) private individuals. The management of the paper is in the hands of a council of representatives nominated by these various arms of the Socialist and Labour movement.

Secondly, as to the political side. This may be well and correctly inferred from the composition of the shareholding body and managing council. "L'Humanité" is the journalistic expression of every phase of a great social democracy, and it stands on the solid rock of free and equal expression of the views of all sections by means of their recognised organisations.

Thus, there are no editorial articles, and the little tin god on wheels whose Olympian omniscience is hateful to the spirit of a free democracy, does not exist. It is in vain to search "L'Humanité" for the "Ed.", odious to every lover of free thought.

Each of the constituent organisms enumerated above appoints a certain number of writers on to the staff of the paper, and over their own signatures these men contribute their own views, and the views of their organisations, side by side with articles signed by members of the Parliamentary Socialist Party.

The ideas put forward, the criticisms to which these are subjected, every line of action advocated in Parliament and out of it, have a fair field and no favour, and stand or fall with the reputations of their authors in the lively breezes and the unsparing light of a broad democratic day.

To-day it may be a member of the Parliamentary party attempts to justify an action contrary to the generally accepted interpretation of a decision of the party; to-morrow an executive official of the party—accorded the same honours of position and big type—criticises freely the attitude of the party in Parliament, while in the next issue Jaures, the beloved leader to whose genius is due this journal, which is daily teaching the warring elements of an aggressive democracy to co-ordinate into one coherent expression their advance along the whole line of progressive action, sustains with all his brilliant powers and ready wit a sound argument, or destroys a false one.

In "L'Humanité" the "old" trades unions, with their aims avowedly based upon the comfortable doctrines of the wealthy English prototypes, exert themselves strenuously before the gaze of all and sundry in the Socialist movement to stem the tide of wholesome anger and contempt for Parliamentary institutions, which are the *raison d'être* of the Confederation General du Travail, whilst in their turn, the appointed spokesmen of this revolutionary organisation reply with their advocacy of "direct action" and the general strike. Here is no editorial interference on the grounds of political expediency.

"L'Humanité" also reserves a column at frequent intervals for the duly authorised exponents of the Socialist co-operative movement, where the theory and practice of co-operation, both in conjunction with, and as an alternative to, both or either trades union and Parliamentary action, is dealt with. In this column the militant Socialist, who is

manager of the Co-operative Wholesale—although fully acknowledging its great indebtedness to the English Co-operative Wholesale, from whose directors it has received valuable assistance, the French Wholesale is run on Socialist lines—not only exposes and throws open to discussion the principles upon which he bases his organisation, but is able to urge sound business reasons why co-operative societies should support the Wholesale, and is not afraid to tackle the dangerous questions involving the relations of co-operative production to co-operative distribution.

Lately the paper has added a new feature in a column to be devoted to the agrarian movement.

Finally, to take the purely journalistic side, "L'Humanité" fills the bill as a complete daily newspaper with telegraphic news from the usual sources, and with its own correspondents as often as they can be afforded for special occasions. It contains also excellent Parliamentary and law reports, and literary and dramatic criticisms. There is one member of the staff, also, who deals with all notable sporting events, particularly as regards football, swimming, running, and aviation. Horse-racing, even, is chronicled in the form of a brief announcement of probable starters and favourites. Advertisements of Stock Exchange prices have recently—at the first moment that the daily improving financial situation of the paper made it practicable—been refused admission. Those who know what is French contemporary journalism will know what this means.

In fact, nothing essential to place a purchaser of a copy of "L'Humanité" in possession of as readable a newspaper as he would obtain from one of its capitalistic competitors is omitted, down to the daily feuilleton, an instalment of a serial story, and a special illustrated, condensed account of the latest sensational murder trial!

It is hoped that this brief and imperfect description of "L'Humanité," by one who has followed its progress day by day for many years, until it represents to him an ideal democratic paper, agrees with the paper which Mr. Keir Hardie said he had in his mind. Then, indeed, will the foundation of such a journal in this country be a red letter day to every friend of progress and every lover of democracy.

But is this what Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Bruce Glasier (formerly editor of the "Labour Leader") mean when they talk of a paper like "L'Humanité," "which did not profess to be a newspaper in the ordinary sense" . . . and when they appeal to the middle-class members of the I.L.P. to help in establishing "a Labour paper under the control of the party"?

RICHARD MAURICE.

\* \* \*

SHELLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It hardly requires stating and restating that if Claire had had no child she would have escaped the suffering entailed by the separation of herself from Alleyn. Marriage, however, does not guard the mother from such a parting. Just the contrary. An unmarried mother has only one difficulty to face—the ability to provide for her child. The married mother's wishes. In order to prevent a separation from her the father has the sole right to the custody of the child; he alone can decide where and when it shall be brought up, nor does he lose those rights when separated from the mother by faults of his own. Indeed, up till 1884, he could control the destiny of the child after his death against the mother's wishes. In order to prevent a separation from her children, I have known married women suffer the most intolerable tyranny from their husbands, suffer loathed embraces, and sink, in their own estimation, to deepest despair and degradation. Others I have known compelled to part from their children—the law authorising it. Marriage, instead of protecting women from "beasts of prey," makes women their legal prey. Sexual problems are not easy of solution, I quite agree—marriage may simply add to the complexity.

There was no intentional suppression of anything relevant in my curtailment of Mr. Clutton-Brock's remark upon Shelley's letter to Harriet. I took it for granted that your readers were familiar with that famous letter, as Mr. Clutton-Brock himself calls it. My comment was relative to Shelley's invitation to Harriet; anyone at all inquisitive about his fellows may easily know many similar invitations, which have not only been made, but accepted; whilst the *ménage à trois* is not restricted to French biographies. Shelley had numerous familiar and affectionate associations with Harriet, which crowded in upon him after his separation from her, and account for the letter.

All this is such everyday stuff that I submit its apparent novelty to Mr. Clutton-Brock disqualifies him from acting as guide to Shelley's personality.

I must confess that I was irritated because Mr. Clutton-Brock wrote a long work about Shelley, and had no new light to throw upon him, whilst in his general comments he betrayed ignorance of everyday occurrences. My irritability did, I think, prevent me from doing the author justice. His

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book is not an attack upon Shelley, and he deals fairly by Shelley. It is a good book of a bad kind. Squalid stockbrokers and journalists are not average men—they are squalid stockbrokers and journalists.

Many a bourgeois reads THE NEW AGE—I do myself.  
M. D. EDER.

\* \* \*

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

What a controversialist we have in Mr. Clutton-Brock. Some time ago he surprised us—I speak for Manchester—by his intimate knowledge of maternity, its joys and pangs. Now he is taking up the lance on our behalf again—marriage as a shield for women. We are told that marriage is a protection against "beasts of prey like Byron." My Land! Now we know. It is better for a woman to be secured for life by a "beast of prey" than to get merely one scratch from his claws and escape! Neither Mr. Clutton-Brock's intellectual fallaciousness, nor his hypocrisy, nor his ignorance of actualities needs another word said. There are few women of my acquaintance who would not rather have to deal with the Byrons than with the Clutton-Brocks.

AMY CLADDER.

\* \* \*

#### SOCIALISM AND SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's letter is very beautiful. It displays the novelist's detachment from mundane matters. As any worldly person would have seen, I did not advocate any "ism" in particular; but simply suggested that consistency in ideals would serve the world better, whether the ideal were Socialism or Sadism. Mr. Phillpotts will pardon me if I fail to follow his high flights, and come back to solid facts. The Research Defence Society is an organisation solely for the defence of vivisection. What other "research" is attacked in any way except vivisection? The vivisectionist found things getting too hot for them, in spite of their packed Royal Commission. So they hit on the great idea of forming an organisation for attracting the subscriptions of people with an established name, and calling them vice-presidents. One mediocrity makes many; and the idea worked like a snowball swindle; the consequence is that the Research Defence Society is kept afloat by the money of those who know fifty times as much about the North Pole as they do about research. Mr. Eden Phillpotts might invest in a few volumes of the "Journal of Physiology," take them to his Dartmoor haunts, and there, amidst the heather, read the accounts written by the "benefactors of mankind" of the research work. I read Dr. Paul's letter on vivisection, and did not deem it worth notice. That sort of nonsense has been answered repeatedly until anti-vivisectionists are sick of it. Of course, Mr. Phillpotts endorses Dr. Paul because he does not know his own case. Anti-Vivisectionists do not deserve the jibe flung at them, which was bad taste on the part of Mr. Phillpotts. He belongs to an organisation for the defence of vivisection which will not, if it can possibly be avoided, meet an opponent in debate, although repeatedly challenged to do so. As to Socialism, I am afraid that I am wrong; for Mr. Phillpotts shows as much ignorance of that as he does of vivisection. But his arguments must be met in another letter. This has already reached the limit. His choosing of the word "honesty" is rather funny. There is only one other term more open to dispute, and that is "morality." While, no doubt, "definitions" would differ, suppose we try the effect of a plébiscite on a concrete case.

JAS. CHAPPELL.

\* \* \*

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have seldom read a more reactionary letter than that which appears in the current issue of THE NEW AGE, over the signature of Mr. Eden Phillpotts. The only point with which I agree is his assertion that he is not a Socialist.

The statement that "science is responsible for more of the world's health, sweetness, and sanity than any other doctrine, creed, or policy" is absolutely false. Science has—especially during the last century—simply been the toady of Capitalism, under whose gracious patronage it has thrived and grown so self-conceited that it now thinks itself to be the most important activity in the world. When its devoted slaves are not engaged in squabbling among themselves about such questions of idle curiosity as, for instance, the shape of infinitesimal atoms, or how ether can transmit energy, etc., they are busy making various instruments of destruction, by which thousands of men are killed and maimed every year—not only in time of war, but in time of peace. Of course, science is the means of incidentally saving about one per cent. of the maimed, but I do not think that that is anything to be very proud of. Science should be for the use of man, not man for science. As regards "sanity," if what your correspondent says is true, it is curious that in Germany, where science and rationalism are so rampant, the number of suicides among the so-called "intellectuals" is so abnormally high.

Your correspondent sneeringly remarks that working men

should be less pragmatical, and not meddle with "their betters." I wish to goodness that scientists themselves would be—if not a little more polite, at least a little more reasonable. Their old dodge of trying to awe people by firing off at them such "facts" as how many million miles we are from the sun, at what rate light travels, the composition of the Milky Way, etc., etc., may have answered ten or twenty years ago, but now—like the "Medicine Man" of old—they are beginning to be found out; Mr. Working Man is getting a little more enlightened, and he will no longer submit to being hypnotised by such nonsense. (I expect many of our young scientific swashbucklers will think it blasphemy for me to use the word "nonsense.") As it is, scientists keep flooding us with new inventions such as Dreadnoughts, submarines, airships, etc., but not one of them knows why they are doing it. The working man is now beginning to "meddle with his betters," and to ask "what is it all for?" That is to say, the working man is becoming socialistic.

Science may, and, in fact, does, know how to collect knowledge, but it does not know, and, what is worse, it does not care, how to apply it. History proves this. It remains for Socialism to apply and make use of this knowledge so as to develop a general plan of social life.

If scientists are left as they are at present, i.e., uncontrolled, it is obvious that all their achievements will inevitably only serve as "tools for our betters" to increase the present oppression of the great majority of the human race. It is to Socialism that the long-suffering and despised working man must look in his struggle against bigotry, privilege, and selfishness.

The greatest danger that threatens the Socialistic State is not Clericalism—as we are on our guard against that—but uncontrolled science, as history has proved that specialised Scientists, with one or two exceptions, sadly lack any spirit of social service, and are always willing to sell their knowledge to the highest bidder.

J. L. REDGRAVE CRIPPS.

\* \* \*

#### UNEMPLOYED EX-SOLDIERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

From returns to hand from different centres of the United Kingdom we find that there are no less than 20,000 workless ex-soldiers. These men are not loafers, but men who are willing and eager to get work; men who have given the best years of their lives for King, country, and Empire.

In London alone there are 5,000. Of these we have 2,000 on our books. These men are practically starving. Commenting on the situation, Lord Roberts says: "I would gladly do something in the matter if I could see my way, but, until public opinion is roused on the subject, I fear it will not be possible to remedy a state of things which is a disgrace to the nation."

The British Anti-Militarist Association have determined to undertake the task. They will help the men to put their true case and claim for work before the public. Meetings will immediately be held, and proper organisation carried out. Funds are urgently needed to carry on this work. May we appeal to your numerous readers who are in sympathy to help?—Yours faithfully,

G. HAMMOND,

C. TOWNLEY,

ROBERT EDMONDSON,

Unemployed Ex-Soldiers' Committee.

C. H. NORMAN,

Treasurer, British Anti-Militant Association, 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

\* \* \*

#### THE RESULTS OF CONSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

On page 39 of last week's issue of THE NEW AGE Dr. Eder writes:—"The writers know nothing about the results of conscription, but I may tell them that there is scarcely a recruit in the German Army who has escaped venereal disease."

Otto von Schjerning ("Sanitätsstatistische Betrachtungen Ueber Volk und Heer," Berlin, 1910, Hirschwald, p. 63), gives as a mean value for the period 1899-1906, 18.8 per thousand, cases of venereal disease in the German army. Assuming these figures to include no re-admissions, this would give for every thousand recruits over the full period of three years' service about 56 cases of venereal disease. We must next allow for the infections which are not brought to the knowledge of the army medical staff, and, in view of the excellent medical organisation, we shall probably be in excess if we assume that for every reported case there is another not reported. This would give us 112 per thousand for the total prevalence of venereal disease, a sufficiently terrible state of affairs, but still hardly justifying Dr. Eder's statement. The case against compulsory military service under existing political conditions is strong enough not to need exaggerations to support it.

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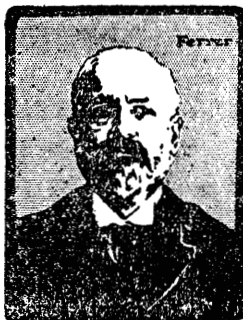
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A CARTOON: THE NEW AGE.

By DUDLEY TENNANT.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE WILL OF PETER BAINES:

BUCCANEER.

By E. H. VISIAK

BALLADS OF HECATE. I.—

THE LAY OF THE HOOLIGAN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By STANHOPE OF CHESTER.

MY INTERVIEW WITH HALDANE.

By ROBERT EDMONDSON.

STATE-ENDOWED AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

By W. S. SPARROW.

THE SOCIOLOGIST UPON THE STREETS. I.

By PROF. P. GEDDES.

SHAKESPEARE'S SNOBBISHNESS AND SENSUALITY.

By FRANK HARRIS.

JOHN BURNS.

By FRANCIS GRIERSON.

A CONTINENTAL TRIP.—II. By BART KENNEDY.

ANTINOUS: A SONNET. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

LONDON.

By JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

BOOKS AND PERSONS.

By JACOB TONSON.

THE POETRY OF OSCAR WILDE.

By F. S. FLINT.

THE WORLD FOR DONS. By M. D. EDER.

DRAMA: AUGUST STRINDBERG.

By ASHLEY DUKES.

ART. By HUNTLY CARTER.

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By THE RT. HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

THE PASSING DISPENSATION. I,

By JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

THE SOCIOLOGIST UPON THE STREETS II.

By PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES.

OPPORTUNITY AND EQUALITY,

By FRANCIS GRIERSON.

SEARCHERS AFTER REALITY: DE

GAULTIER.

By T. E. HULME

A CARTOON,

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A CONTINENTAL TRIP. IV.,

By BART KENNEDY

THE ART OF HOME-MAKING. II.

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