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"SUCCESS."

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE see no reason to alter our opinion, expressed last week, that if the Government consent to a dissolution at the instance of the House of Lords they will have betrayed the cause on the threshold of their fight for it. The debate on the Budget in the Lords has not concluded as we write these notes, and there are plenty of signs that it will never be concluded in reality. Tuesday evening of this week has been fixed as the fateful moment; but, as we have pointed out, nothing ever happens in England. The speech by Lord Rosebery made, it is understood, more or less with the personal authority of the King, may be said to have emptied the situation of a good deal of its inflation. The subsequent extension of the debate over the week-end, the suspiciously opportune absence of Lord Curzon, and the manifest effect on the Lords of the speeches by Lords Cromer and Balfour have still further reduced the threatened crisis to the normal dimensions of a party squabble. Only a consummately foolish Cabinet or a Cabinet intent on its own and its party's destruction would now fear to face the music of the Lords' tom-toms and, briefly, to get the Budget through and continue in office without any further trouble.

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In the absence, however, of the certainty that events alone can give, we will suppose that the Lords on Tuesday maintain enough courage to reject the Budget. It is certain in our view that this is as much as can be expected of them. For one thing, that single act of defiance will put them right with their party. They will be able to say: After all, we did our best, we actually threw out the Budget. Again, it is not easy to keep a big House of Lords in attendance for more than a few days at a time. Already, provincial peers are chafing on the curb, anxious to return to their domains. After Tuesday's great deed there will be no keeping them in town; they will have done their duty once, and that must be enough. If, then, the Government has the will and the wit to declare the action of the Lords a breach of privilege and to return the Budget with the intimation that they are prepared to sit during Christmas if need be to get it passed, the Lords, we are pretty sure, will swallow it at the next attempt, and no more will be heard of the present tumult.

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But it is just the will of the Liberal Party to act with this decision that we gravely doubt. We do not take the jaundiced view of certain extreme and untutored Socialists and democrats, who bluntly declare that in this matter of the House of Lords both Liberals and Tories are frigid and calculated liars. There are on both sides of the question perfectly sincere persons whose doubts and beliefs are entitled to respect. They may or may not be in a majority in their respective parties, but of their sincerity we have no doubt whatever. What we are contending at this moment is that there is no great will in the Liberal Party to end or even drastically to amend the Constitution in the direction of abolishing the veto of the Lords. At the very most the issue of the present struggle, should it become as we hope it will not become, electoral, will be to reaffirm the Resolutions of 1861 and to restore the status quo anti bellum. Anything further is out of the question except on platforms and amongst Radical, Labour, and Socialist circles. We, it is true, would go miles further and abolish the last vestige of hereditary privilege. We do not want an amended veto or a reformed House of Lords or a Senate or any such thing. But we realise perfectly clearly that the executive leaders of the Liberals are not prepared to go a single step in our direction

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If proof is wanted, we need not turn to the speeches being delivered at this moment by Liberal Cabinet Ministers. At a time of crisis, more things are said than meant, and more are meant than said. But we can turn to the measured and sober expressions of opinion regarding the House of Lords by the persons actually in charge of Liberal conduct to-day. There are, for example, two, and only two, of the Ministers of the present Cabinet who have ever either publicly or privately declared themselves in favour of the complete abolition of the House of Lords; and both of them strangely enough, have either repented or recanted. In 1894 Mr. Asquith at Birmingham denounced Mr. Morley's proposal to mend the House of Lords as "mere Toryism"; but six months later he was urging that the country was wedded to a bicameral Constitution. Mr. Burns is thus the only representative in the Cabinet of the Single Chamber view; and of him, in view of the present rumours, the less said the better.

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On the other hand, the Cabinet contains not only peers who naturally defend their House, but members who are even more jealous of the privileges and functions of the Lords than the Lords themselves. Neither Mr. Winston Churchill nor Mr. Lloyd George is a Single Chamber man in the sense in which Mr. Asquith once was and Socialists still are. And if these Ministers who profess to be so advanced are opposed at the abolition of the Lords, what can be expected of the Haldanes and the Gladstones, the McKennas and the Birrells? Of course at times some threatening declarations require to be made, as when in chess, for example, an attack on the king is engineered to defend a weakness elsewhere; but in sober reality such declarations are not to be taken too seriously. When their object is attained their meaning melts away only to leave the group of Radicals who for the moment took them seriously to deplore the instability of political faiths.

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It is within the memory of quite a thousand or so of our readers that this so-called crisis with the Lords has been heard of before. One would otherwise think that not since 1689, 1832, or 1861 has anything of the kind been under discussion in England. Really, however, a crisis between the Lords and Commons is as normal a political phenomenon as a war scare. Only in 1903, on the penultimate eve of the election of the present Government, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his last important utterance on the subject, declared at Leeds that all that was wanted by the Liberal Party for a grand attack on the Lords was a strong Liberal House of Commons. "Well," he said, "what have we to do? I will tell you the first thing you have to do—strengthen the People's House, and then you can try conclusions with the Lords." The House of Commons is strong enough in Liberals at this moment, and has been for four years, to try conclusions with the Lords if only it wants to. Never again, probably, will the Liberals be as strong as they are now. Yet what do we find?

With the single exception of THE NEW AGE, which is not a Liberal paper, every paper in the country, both Liberal and Tory, is shouting for another election for the purpose of settling a question that might and should have been settled three or four years ago. As we said last week, we can understand Unionist papers desiring an election, but that Liberal politicians should desire the same thing passes our divination to explain. To us it seems that the Liberals are seeking an excuse to run away.

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It may, we admit, be tactics of an order beyond our comprehension, but, after all, we are bold enough to say that what we cannot understand as tactics will not be understood as tactics by the general electorate. To them, too, in our opinion, the tacit admission by the Government of the right of the Lords to force a dissolution would amount to running away at the first blast of battle; and nothing afterwards could undo the first impression. There will be no spirit in the fighting ranks that have seen their leaders decline to accept the challenge on the instant it was made. Until at any rate the resources of the Government have been manifestly strained to the uttermost in the struggle with the Lords there should be no calling in of the people.

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There are two points of some importance which we would add to our comments on the situation. A General Election can yield only a general result. Absolutely nothing can emerge from a campaign in which millions of people, scores of organisations, dozens of questions, and a few personalities have been engaged. There is, it is true, a drift in such things in one direction or another, but the drift is not of a river but of a sea. It is open to anybody to declare, for instance, that the last election was won on Chinese Labour, but Chinese Labour may have been, and probably was, only a constituent colour of the flowing tide. There was probably as little and as much a mandate for the abolition of tied houses as for the abolition of tied Chinamen. Yet the one proved afterwards to be unpopular and the other popular. The fact is that the mandate theory is impossible in practice as well as undemocratic in theory; and when, in addition, a whole General Election is held on the supposition that a single mandate will be audible, the assumption becomes ridiculous. On whatever question the prospective General Election is intended to be held, the actual questions on which it will be fought are legion. A clear issue, even if there were one, would be confused on the first day of the campaign, and on the last probably forgotten altogether. The appeal to Cæsar when Cæsar is the electorate, is an appeal to the Tower of Babel.

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The other point concerns the Lords themselves, and is treated at length elsewhere by our contributor, Mr. O. W. Dyce. The Lords have everything to gain by preserving their popularity, and nothing to lose by the loss of their veto. That is as plain to us as it is pathetic: for it is sad to reflect that the place of economic slavery will assuredly be taken by the slavery of snobbery. Yet all history bears it out. In France after the revolution the value of titles became greater than ever. In America they are worshipped as insignia of divinity. Is it not true also that with every reduction of its political power the psychic power of the Monarchy in England has increased? Who so powerful as a constitutional and strictly Limited Monarchy? The King may be a rubber-stamp, but the rubber-stamp is the symbol of the Sacred Ark. And so, too, we believe, it will be with the Lords when their veto is finally abolished. Far from diminishing their power, by losing they will gain immeasurably. Their word will be as the word of kings: swords will leap from their scabbards at a lordly nod. The Feudal System will return, not on the material, but on the moral plane. History repeats itself on the spiral.

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Fifty years ago Ledru Rollin, forecasting the course of the democratic movement, declared that democracy would concern itself little with merely political issues: its tendency would be to "passer par la question politique, pour arriver à l'amélioration sociale." This is true, and throws some light on a phenomenon almost unintelligible to Radical reformers, namely, the comparative indifference with which the Labour and Socialist movement in England is contemplating the threatened struggle with the Lords. We do not say that they are not to some extent under-estimating the actual issues which in this instance are rather more than merely political. The return of the Unionist Party in the coming election would actually herald far more than the rehabilitation of the Lords' control of the purse. Tariff Reform, the renaissance of Imperialism and a possible war with Germany, are among the chapters in the new book of Fate. But these are mainly unseen, and consequently outside the scales of the Labour Party's judgment. That judgment must rest on the visible issues which confine themselves in the present case to the veto on finance of the House of Lords.

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The problem may be looked at from another point of view. We understand that the argument for an electoral entente between the Liberal and Labour Parties pleads the superimportance of the Commons versus the Lords' issue. Admitted that it is important, and consequently of sufficient value to give pause to wild cat candidatures in either of the progressive sections. But is it, after all, so important as uninstructed Liberals who take their politicians more seriously than their politics, think? Suppose the Lords won on their present challenge; would it be an irretrievable defeat for the Commons? By no means. Give us, the Labour Party might say, a majority of Labour members in the House and we will undertake to change the Constitution in a single sitting. For twenty years at least, half of which time they have commanded a majority, the Liberals have fulminated against the Lords, yet nothing has been done. How much more would be done on this occasion should the Liberals be returned with the help of the Labour Party? One thing is certain, the Liberals in the present House would have the support of the Labour Party in an immediate struggle with the Lords; but it is just that immediacy that is being shirked.

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Again, it appears on the face of it sheer madness for a Labour candidate to jeopardise a Liberal seat in an election on which Labour no less than Liberal interests depend. But we beg our readers to look below the surface. There are some six million wage-earners whose representatives in a House of Commons of 670 members number only thirty-two. Is that enough, we ask? On the supposition that the Liberals really want to deal justly with Labour, is one in twenty of a Representative House a fair proportion for the largest and most important section of society? Further, it must be remembered that there are nearly five hundred seats, excluding the Irish, in which no Labour or Socialist candidate is run. There, we have no doubt whatever, the Socialist votes will go to the Budget and anti-Lords candidate. If there is any talk of bargaining, should not these be taken into account?

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Important as the present issue undoubtedly is, we can conceive a succession of such political issues as would keep the Labour Party perpetually dancing attendance on Liberal election agents. Suppose when this battle is won, the Liberals raise the issue of Adult Suffrage: is not that enough to invite or even demand Labour support upon? And Proportional Representation? And Payment of Members? And Redistribution of Seats? And a score of other rearrangements of political machinery? We see an unending vista of questions down which Labour may be asked to walk arm in arm with Liberalism; but the prospect of Labour ever walking alone becomes in the same degree remote. The point is whether the immediate issue is of such a nature as to mean life or death not to Liberalism alone, but to Socialism and Labour. And that depends upon how the issue is stated by Mr. Asquith this week.

Foreign Affairs.

THE possibility of the House of Lords rejecting the Budget is attracting the closest attention of foreign reformers to English home politics, because such an act, if confirmed at the General Election, would herald a period of social reaction in Europe. Onlookers abroad are confident that the House of Lords does not care much about the actual taxation. It is pointed out that the taxation of land values is a commonplace of legislation in many countries. The license duties are regarded as severe; but the peculiar obligations of the Liberal Party to its Nonconformist supporters are taken as explaining its insistence on these duties. The cry of "revolution" does not deceive foreign critics. It is argued, with some justice, that to reverse the whole fiscal system of England at the dictation of the House of Lords is a far greater revolution than any or all of the Budget proposals. Fear of the Labour Party is put as the motive actuating the Conservative Peers in their wish to regain control of finance. By this means the economic pressure of the Labour-Socialist Party in the House of Commons could be checked. The reactionary organs abroad hold that rejection would be justified. The moderate Conservative, Republican, National Liberal, Radical, and Socialist papers are against rejection.

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Nowadays the word "revolution" is ceasing to have any distinctive meaning. Lord Palmerston, in his "Civis Romanus Sum" speech, vigorously denounced the character of those revolutionists who call every reform proposal a revolution. "But there are revolutionists of another kind; blind-minded men, who animated by antiquated prejudices and daunted by ignorant apprehensions, dam up the current of human improvement until the irresistible pressure of accumulated discontent breaks down the opposing barriers and overthrows and levels to the earth those very institutions which a timely application of renovating means would have rendered strong and lasting. Such revolutionists as these are the men who call the Liberal Party revolutionists." In the orthodox foreign view the Budget is "a timely application of renovating means," and those who attack it are derided as playing into the hands of Socialism. Some foreign journals think a Liberal defeat would be more serious in its results than a Liberal victory. A Liberal defeat might involve civil war; a Liberal victory would only mean the slow progress of Liberal social reform. The opportunity would be seized by Germany to revive the Moroccan dispute, and by Russia to raise the Dardanelles question. The issues raised by Lord Lansdowne are felt to be out of all proportion to the principles or amount involved, and Lord Lansdowne is condemned by foreign opinion for not having resisted the pressure of the extreme section of the Conservative Peers.

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In a remoter degree an article in the New York "Nation" on the Ferrer affair has some importance. Its writer, after dwelling on the apparently spontaneous character of the Ferrer demonstrations, quotes Liebknecht's comment on the Dreyfus demonstrations—that there was an unseen force in Europe guiding the people on special occasions. In Ferrer's case were not the demonstrations in reality organised by some unknown body of men? It is obvious that the reactionary movement in Europe is centred in St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. The progressive movement is inspired from Paris and Switzerland. England and Italy to some extent contribute, but neither Rome nor London is so revolutionary as Paris and Geneva. The political difference between the early part of the 19th century and the present day lies in this. The Holy Alliance (Austria, Prussia, and Russia) could not then count on the support of England. In 1909 England has been committed very deeply to Russia, while France is financially as well as politically entangled. The power of the Society of Jesus has grown enormously of recent years. This Society has ranged itself against the people always, and that policy is unchanged. On the whole, the reactionary forces have materially strengthened their position. On the other hand, the growth of Democracy and Socialism has almost balanced this gain. The development of a social conscience has been most marked. The destruction of theological dogma has freed the mind, with the consequence that freedom of thought has led to a widening of outlook. There is far less respect for hereditary position, but the worship of money has not been much lessened. Against the Society of Jesus must be put the growing power of the Jews. Then the Grand Orient of France, consisting of Freemasons, with its connections in many countries, is one of the unseen progressive political forces. The Society of Jesus, as a secret society, is faced with the secret organisation of the Grand Orient of France. The former was beaten in the Dreyfus affair, but was victorious in the Ferrer case. There are ominous signs that the two sides are slowly organising their forces for a struggle. It may be that the spark which will cause a social explosion will be applied in England in a few days. Perhaps something is going to happen in England at last—perhaps!

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The meeting of the Chinese Provincial Assemblies has completed a programme drawn up in an English merchant's house in Tokio a year before the Russo-Japanese War. There were present at that gathering representatives of Turkey, Persia, China, the Indian Nationalists, the Prime Minister of Nepaul, and several Japanese statesmen. The object of these statesmen was to form an Asiatic League for the maintenance of their respective States' independence against Russia, and to consider the possibility of applying democratic forms of government to their countries. In Japan the scheme had been adopted. The Russo-Japanese War postponed the carrying out of the programme; but, with the exception of Nepaul, which is still ruled by a military oligarchy, representative government has now been established in all these States. China is proceeding by degrees. The Provincial Assemblies are consultative, like the Indian Councils which have just been set up in India. They are to develop in nine years into full constitutional government, with a central Parliament. It is a momentous experiment. The "Times" has expressed great alarm at the possibilities of this constitutional movement. The Provincial Assemblies are taking a strong line on some questions, and have voted adversely against certain taxes. The anti-foreign feeling is very strong, and European concessionaires are likely to fare badly in the future. In the meantime, there is some depression in Anglo-Indian circles at the cool reception of the reform scheme. Lord Morley had not the wisdom to grant an amnesty to the notables who are still incarcerated. Prosecutions for sedition continue merrily, yet there are no signs of reforming the Indian police. In Rex v. Singh and others, eleven inspectors have just been convicted of having "conspired to fabricate false evidence in order that certain persons might be convicted of an offence punishable with seven years' imprisonment." In 1903, the report of the Indian Police Commission was issued, in which the Indian police were found "to associate with criminals in their gains, to fabricate false charges against their neighbours, to torture suspected persons." As Sir Andrew Fraser said: "What wonder is it that the people are said to dread the police?" Would it be believed that six years have passed without any reform? Not only that, but Lord Morley has placed the liberty of men of the highest character at the mercy of these policemen. The assembling of a Parliament in China may force upon England the granting of a Parliament to India. The populations are equally vast, but that argument will disappear if China has a Parliament sitting at Pekin. The "unchanging East" is changing on the surface; it is too early to say whether this is more than a surface transformation. With active Parliaments at Constantinople, at Teheran, at Pekin, and at Tokio, how long could England maintain an oligarchic supremacy in India?

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

A Future for the House of Lords.

By O. W. Dyce.

No one seems to know exactly when it was that the Conservative Party disappeared from British politics. Certainly it was several years ago—probably about the time when Mr. Chamberlain and other Radicals secured ascendency in the party that had been Conservative previously. Since that date the policy of each of the two big parties has been a policy of sweeping changes, and there has existed no party intent on the general conserving of the status quo. It may be absurd to allow the term "Unionist" to be adopted by the men on the Opposition benches, seeing that the Ministerialists deny that they wish Ireland to be separated from the Empire, but it is much more absurd to apply the term "Conservative" to those who have proved thorough adepts in the game of upsetting the old-established. England possessed School Boards; the Unionists abolished them. London had Vestries; the Unionists uprooted them. The householder's food and necessities have been almost free from taxation for half a century; the Unionists are working hard to extinguish that freedom. For more than 200 years the Commons have passed Budgets without amendment or abatement by the Lords; the Unionists propose to revolutionise the method of voting supplies to his Majesty. In other words, after repeatedly demonstrating a love of change, they are finally prepared to throw the British Constitution into the melting-pot. Call them what you choose, but not Conservatives, forsooth!

Taking it, then, for granted that the Conservative Party has been extinct for years, although individual Conservatives still roam about whose names come easily to mind, what reason have we of all people to lament? I for one delight in the constant appearance of the melting-pot. The School Boards were mostly inefficient—especially in the rural districts—and the London Vestries were corrupt. Even the topsy-turvy tomfoolery of the Tariff Reform agitation, although a shocking waste of time and an insult to common sense, serves one useful purpose in reminding the democracy that Free Trade is only the status quo, and that recognised evils can only be removed by superimposing upon it some socialisation of the wealth it brings to our shores. It is no ultimate condemnation of the melting-pot that some of the things flung into it and fished out are afterwards moulded into a shape that we do not admire. They can be melted down again and refashioned. Now, if the fiscal system be subjected to the melting process——. But consideration of that hypothesis can be reserved for another occasion.

I was about to remark, before I interrupted myself with preliminary verbosities, that the House of Lords, after it has been jumped upon, will find itself in one of four positions:—(a) abolished; (b) weaker than before; (c) exactly as it was; (d) stronger than before. If I know my fellow-countrymen, (a) is a long way off, although a hundred Radicals and Labour men voted for total abolition of the Lords two years ago. The success of the (a) solution presupposes all England enrolled in the Labour Party or in a Socialist Party. Should a clear majority, however, of the electorate indicate a preference for (a) over the other three positions, we shall get (b); by asking for (b), we may expect (c), and, if we show ourselves content with (c), then is (d) inevitable.

A small majority polled for the Lloyd George Budget will ensure the passing of that Budget; a large majority will entitle the Government to insist upon the "reform" of the Second Chamber. As usual, that "reform" is likely to be a compromise. Mr. Asquith, behind him the popular verdict, alongside him the compact majority, and in his pockets new peerages done up in bags in hundreds (in case of need), puts forward his "minimum"—the suppression of the power to reject or alter Bills. His part of the bargain is simple—a one-clause demand, possibly supplemented by a claim that the Crown shall resume the ancient right of creating life-peerages. On the other hand, one may speculate to an unlimited extent as to the nature of the concessions to the peers. Obviously, they retain their ornamental dignities, their ceremonial functions, their gilded chamber. They are still the final Court of Appeal, deputing legal responsibilities to some of their number. A veto may be left them on constitutional questions, as distinguished from ordinary legislative enactments; Home Rule will be the crux of the wrangle over that particular concession. They may take over certain functions of the Privy Council, and perhaps absorb that body. The country might tolerate, on terms, the enlargement of the Second Chamber, so that judges, ambassadors, heads of the army and navy, colonial statesmen and others could sit as life-peers, with technical and administrative duties, even if the Commons' Bills were free from their clutches.

All these surmises seem to imply that the Lords have only to be told to capitulate and that they will obey. Would they consent to the loss of their powers? In considering that aspect of the question, it is worth while to point out that they manage to exist to-day without some very important powers. They cannot initiate wars or stop wars, cannot make treaties or abrogate them. They do not appoint Ministries, and their votes of censure on Ministries are no more directly effective than the curses pronounced on the Rheims jackdaw. As they live comfortably without such powers, they will put up with the loss of others, when the day of coercion comes. From another point of view, they stand to gain, for the hand that disconnects them from legislative work is likely to offer them the right of election to the Lower House. Of the 500 or more peers now amusing themselves by creating periodical crises, at least two hundred might hope, with their exceptional opportunities of "nursing" electors, to capture seats in the Commons.

To retain their existence peers will fight to the bitter end, but they will accept the (b) compromise when the (a) solution looms over them. It is the custom of Radicals to describe them as audacious flouters of the people's will, but, as a matter of fact, their courage has generally been the courage of a chairman giving a casting vote when two disputants were of equal size and strength. Lord Lansdowne said that the Trades Disputes Bill would bring ruin to trade, bodily suffering to individuals and mental anguish, with loss, danger, and inconvenience, to the community at large, and Lord Halsbury stigmatised it as gross, outrageous, and tyrannical, but they passed it, well aware that 19 workmen out of every 20 were marshalled behind it. The resistance to the Budget is the first example for a quarter of a century of any real departure by the House of Lords from an attitude of natural timidity which they will resume after the elections. "It never has been the course of this House," said Lord Derby sixty years ago, "to resist a continued and deliberately expressed public opinion. Your lordships always have bowed, and always will bow, to the expression of such an opinion."

Let it be assumed that they show fight! Contemplating some such emergency, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman observed that the resources of civilisation were not exhausted, and Mr. Asquith is believed to have no fewer than six policies up his sleeve, one or two of which surely apply to an after-election deadlock. The policy of creating innumerable peers would delight the public hugely. They ought to be sent up three a week, and a beginning could be made with John Burns, Thomas Burt, and Charles Fenwick. If the Upper House complained that the new peers were being drawn from a class not possessed of resources, the Government could humour them by sending Messrs. Carnegie, Cadbury and Lever in the second week. The Irish Party and the Labour Party would willingly join in the fun, and the next batches might be composed of Messrs. Redmond, Dillon, Swift MacNeill, Barnes, Clynes and Jowett. Just about the sixth week, when the Sinn Fein contingent would be coming up, the Lords would surrender, and the world would at last learn that the presumptuous claim of an oligarchy to govern the King, the Commons, and the Empire was to be dished once for all.

In Camera.

No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned or dispossessed or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin; we will not go against any man, nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers.—Magna Charta.

A FEW weeks ago the English Press was rioting in the sensationalism of the Steinheil murder trial. The President of the French Court of Justice was trying to browbeat the prisoner; the President was actually behaving as prosecuting counsel: but it was scandalous! And sententious little sermons were preached from the polysyllabic leader-columns of staid and respectable British dailies. The French law regards any prisoner as guilty until he has proved himself innocent! Monstrous! Take a glance across the water, Messieurs les Parisiens, and see how we do things in this little island.

The British lion posed to the Continental camera. Aggressive virtue, impeccable justice irradiated the surrounding atmosphere. Thrills of self-righteousness stiffened up his spinal column. A frown of disapproval on his brow, he patted his mane and flung out his chest, pricking up his ears for the strains of "Rule Britannia."

But the British lioness—a creature of whose existence the world (dazzled by the majesty of her mate) has only just begun to be aware—didn't join the chorus. Her sentiments were different. Her intellectual "Tu quoque," her plebeian "You're another!" struck discords in the harmony. And the cubs—well, the cubs were positively rude. "Pharisee" and "hypocrite" were the mildest epithets in their vocabulary.

"We will not go against any man save by legal judgment of his peers." So our ancestors at Runnymede. Here is the corner stone of the English code of justice—the foundation of trial by jury. "Man," it should be remembered, translates "homo," not "vir," in these old charters=human being, man and woman. No need in those days of Lord Brougham's Bill to provide that "wherever the words male person be used they shall be held to include the female." A man is to be tried by his peers, by those in the same circumstances as himself, and whose interests being much the same may be supposed best to understand the peculiar temptations and motives of the prisoner.

On Thursday last Mrs Alice Chapin and Miss Alison Neilans, members of the Women's Freedom League, underwent trial at the Old Bailey on the charge of unlawfully interfering with certain ballot boxes at the recent Bermondsey bye-election. In both cases a verdict of "guilty" was returned. Mrs. Chapin was also found guilty of common assault on account of a slight accident to the eye of the presiding officer, the further charge of "maliciously wounding" being dismissed. Both were sentenced to imprisonment in the second division, Mrs. Chapin for four months, Miss Neilans for three.

They were charged with an offence of which no man could have been guilty, because no man could ever have found himself in the same circumstances. They were tried by man-made law; they were found guilty by a jury of men; they were sentenced by a man (Mr. Justice Grantham, the judge who figured in the Yarmouth Election Petition case in 1906 and in the more famous Penruddock case). No woman barrister being allowed to plead in court, Miss Neilans defended herself; but whenever she tried to show the jury the motives from which she had acted she was pulled up short by the judge.

And women were excluded from the court.

By the order of his Lordship, no woman was to be allowed to enter. The daughter of one prisoner and the mother of the other were excluded. All friends of the accused were shut out. But yet, sitting in the seats of the mighty, were about a dozen women—friends of the judges, we must conclude—impelled thither by vulgar curiosity. After innumerable interviews between the prisoners' solicitors and the Deputy Sheriff ten members of the League were allowed to enter, a solemn oath having been wrung from them that they would do nothing in court. Needless to say, the pledges given were scrupulously respected, but in the afternoon orders were again issued by the judge that no woman should be allowed in the court—even Mrs. Despard was excluded, and only after a long delay were Mrs. Neilans and Miss Chapin admitted.

An attempt was made to muzzle the woman's Press, Mrs. Holmes, the editor of "The Vote" being long refused admittance. But realising at length that perhaps this was too much even for the sycophantic dailies to swallow, the authorities finally allowed her to enter—the only woman in court.

A verbatim account of the trial, differing slightly, it need hardly be said, from the ordinary Press account, is published in this week's "Vote." In the judge's summing up it will be noticed that every point made by the prosecution is duly noted; every point made by the defence is ignored. It will be noticed that what in any other country would have been a gross attempt to prejudice the jury was made at the end of the trial. An interview with Miss Neilans which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph," in which she spoke of her future intentions, was read out. The writer of the interview was put in the witness box when Miss Neilans had no chance to cross-examine him. When she protested against the unfairness of judging a past action on future intentions her protest was ignored. When she asked to be allowed to make a few further remarks to the jury she was insulted by Mr. Justice Grantham. "You seem to be enjoying yourself," he remarked; "you seem to find it all amusing."

So is the dignity of the Bench upheld by our learned judges.

French judges may act as prosecuting counsel—not so in England. Here a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. "To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay right or justice; . . . we will not go against any man save by legal judgment of his peers."

But the British lion takes no notice; not because he is proud of injustice—he has a certain proper pride—but because having attitudinised, to his own satisfaction, at any rate, he has gone to sleep again. He sleeps and dreams imperially of happy Kaffir households, and plans for the extension of his sway. Matters domestic cannot disturb him; these he settled once and for all—centuries ago!

Is it quite impossible to make him understand that his tail is being continually jumped upon, and that the lashing of that attenuated member must shortly inspire laughter, not respect? MURIEL NELSON.

M. Aristide Briand and the Revolutionary Societies.

By Margaret Houghton.

Two men, once comrades in the political arena but now of widely diverging opinions and aims, have lately attracted to themselves a considerable share of the attention of the Parisian public. By far the most eminent is M. Aristide Briand, first chief of any European Government who has come into power as a Socialist. The lesser light is M. Gustave Hervé, member of the United Socialists and editor of the weekly journal "La Guerre Sociale." In 1901-3 M. Briand defended M. Hervé in the celebrated case of the "Pioupiou de l'Yonne." He also assisted him when the revolutionary opinions of Hervé caused his revocation by the Superior Council of the University. In both instances he played the part of a generous and disinterested friend. On the other hand, when Briand had become Minister of Justice he caused his former friend and colleague to be disqualified at the bar on account of the very ideas which he himself had once so warmly espoused. Later on, as collaborator of M. Clémenceau, he confined Hervé for a year in the prison of "La Santé."

Both men may be said to be popular, but popularity in Paris is apt to base itself upon the most unstable of myths and to topple over with a suddenness which

is in direct ratio to the height it has attained: such, for instance, as that of Boulanger, which was less dependent upon the coup d'état than upon the alluring vision which his name suggested of a feathered hat upon a black horse. It is not always so easy to ticket the symbol that sweeps in the approbation of the street, but it is certain that from the day, seven years ago, when M. Briand made his début as a Socialist Deputy his name, by an indefinable current of unanimous consent, has meant something even to the generally indifferent mass of the people. The public has had its eye upon him. It is known that he has come from very far social horizons and has come very fast. He has risen up from his corner in the provinces, he is a native of Nantes, galloped past the stages of small lawyer and unknown journalist, leaped the barriers of poverty and obscurity, and in seven years he has become Minister of Public Instruction, author of the greatest law of his day—that of the separation of the Church and the State—Minister of Justice, Chief of the Government.

Shortly after he had taken the reins from the hands of M. Clémenceau, M. Briand was asked if he did not find three Socialists in the Cabinet a rather large proportion.

"Three!" he answered. "There are only two, Millerand and Viviani." "And you, M. Briand." "I, sir, belong to no party." To belong to no party may bear a certain resemblance to being possessed of no convictions, though such conclusion is not inevitable.

In his first presidential speech M. Briand pronounced a sentence which caused the entire bourgeoisie to draw a breath of relief, and for once nobody found an excuse for jumping up to cry "We are betrayed!" or even "Où allons nous?" He said, "No useful reform can be made except in a prosperous country." That, if not original, was at least extraordinarily reassuring.

The constantly recurring note in his first speeches has been one of pacification and relaxation. In his remarkably non-committal oratory at Périgueux on the tenth of last month the whole draft was towards a loosened rein for all citizens, liberty of opinion without distinctions of party, a republic so beautiful that one and all would wish to inhabit it, the emancipation of all consciences.

It was unfortunate that it should have occurred to M. Hervé, while the President of the Council was thus overflowing with generous sentiments, to remind him of his antecedent opinions. In the further course of his speech M. Briand thus expressed himself:—

When I think that it has actually been suggested that this country, if attacked, would be deserted by certain of its children, I ask myself if it is possible to believe that such a problem should be posed, that such anxieties should be justified! If it is possible that were France attacked she would be abandoned by certain of her children, that the entire nation would not rise in her defence . . . . and that it should be for philosophic and humanitarian considerations that the cause of France should be deserted, that she should be allowed to be oppressed or destroyed? Is there any sense in such theories? Is it even worthy of a Government chief to discuss them?

At that very moment the staff of the "Guerre Sociale" was distributing throughout the country a reprint of "Le Pioupiou de l'Yonne," a pamphlet which had appeared as a supplement to "The Socialist Worker of the Yonne," a provincial journal edited by Hervé in 1901-3. In it the anti-militarists expressed themselves with a verve and freedom which rapidly brought them within the reach of the law. The first and second numbers were confiscated and a process instituted against their author, who was defended by M. Briand in the following words:—

It is not as an advocate that I come before you, gentlemen of the jury. It is as a social militant and revolutionary. I therefore beg of you not to make between my comrade and myself the distinction which is ordinarily made between the accused and the defence. In the present instance the client and the advocate are one. All the ideas of Gustave Hervé are my ideas. I consider it an honour to sit on the same bench with him.

The following is a sample of the ideas in question, which for the third time in 1903 were brought before the Cour d'Assise and defended by M. Briand in identical terms:—

TO THE CONSCRIPTS:

Little conscript, child of the people, why do you go to the barracks?

For fear of the gendarmes, who would send me to Biribi if I refused my military service.

Little conscript, child of the people, why do you fly from the barracks?

Because it is repugnant to me to allow myself to be disguised in the costume of a clown, etc.

* * *

Little conscript, child of the people, what would you do if, in a few months hence, it was proposed to conduct you to the shambles, for the defence of our glorious ally, the Tsar of all the Russias?

I will say to all my companions that those men are right who do not wish to be led to the butchery. . . . That they are right when they refuse to fire on their fellow workers of England and Germany.

If the above citation be not anti-militarism, it is indeed difficult to imagine what is. Yet when the regimental flag was lately dishonoured at Macon, and it was suggested that the unknown culprit was merely a disciple of the President of the Council, the whole inspired Governmental Press responded in chorus, "When M. Briand defended Hervé in 1901-3, this latter was not an anti-militarist."

The pipe of peace held out at Périgueux by M. Briand seems difficult to smoke in an atmosphere of such various and unexpected currents. Hardly had the ironical smiles aroused by the tactics of the anti-militarists faded away when the terrible Ferrer incident aroused and shook France. In the forefront of the protestators, most courageous and vigorous in their denunciations, stood the editor and staff of the "Guerre Sociale." Gustave Hervé and his collaborator, Charles Malato, were personal friends of Ferrer during the 22 years which he spent in France. In the expression of their righteous wrath they came once more into collision with the Government. The sympathetic personality of M. Hervé is a power of no negligible quantity amongst the proletariat. As soon as the assassination of Ferrer became known he forewarned the Government that he and his friends intended to express their indignation in the streets, and, if possible, before the Spanish Embassy, that night; but the question was, as it always is in Paris, What will be the attitude of the police.

"We warn them," said Hervé, "that we are not going to allow ourselves to be beaten by the Cossacks of the Republic." This language will not surprise anyone who has watched, and even suffered from, the manners of the French or rather Corsican, as they almost invariably are natives of Corsica, police.

Since I have on several occasions been a witness of the brutal ferocity of these men, I have understood that it is not the crowd who make the trouble in those sudden upheavals for which Paris is renowned, so much as the men who have been sent to take care of the crowd. Such was certainly the case on the occasion of the manifestations of the 13th ult. But Hervé and his devoted followers kept their word. To the absolutely uncalled-for charges of the mounted guards of the Embassy they replied by putting out the gas, obstructing the horses by overturning the kiosks and turning the water-pipes upon their adversaries. Had M. Briand begun his policy of pacification by a recommendation to his Chief of Police to hold his subordinates a little better in check, not only the revolutionary element, but the more sensible of the bourgeois, would have been highly appreciative of such a measure.

The enormous pacific manifestation of the following Sunday was *imposed* by the revolutionary Socialists, *not authorised* by the Government. It was indeed notably an occasion to "corner" the "flies," as the police are called. It was a successful demonstration to all Paris that, should the peace-keepers not wilfully create trouble, the men of discord were able to answer for order, and the conquest of the right to the street to which it attained was a victory for which the proletariat has more and more bitterly struggled ever since the Empire.

The Art of Home-Making.

By W. Shaw Sparrow.

III.

The Tyranny of Speed and of Shams.

People very often forget the result of book education on children, who very often learn from it to hate any kind of reading not connected with sensational news and fiction. The great day in a young life is that in which he or she is going to leave school. These facts, had they been remembered forty years ago, would have suggested the use of craftsmanship as a part of the nation's school training, for there is a wonderful pleasure in seeing a thing grow day by day under the skill of your own hand. Artists and craftsmen are not braver than other folk, yet they suffer more willingly in defence of their ideals, just because of the honourable pride that belongs to thoroughness of aim and effort in production. In comparison with that joy, facts acquired from books are stale, flat, and unreal. Yet the apostles of book education have been quite willing that handicrafts should be excluded from State schools. And are they ever much disturbed when they see issuing from the Press the new types of trashy, snippet literature for young readers? Our extraordinary zeal for education in all its forms—elementary, secondary, and higher—has borne in its train evils of its own, and among them is a dwindling conscience in the practice of handicraft. Few workmen earn their bread with the pleasure that the act and art of doing ought to give. When they have a job to do for householders, who forgets their dilatory habits? There is no prospect of a great future when a country goes away from its conscience in breadwinning toil. On the other hand, you have never heard that any Empire, any State, did not at least flourish in a middling degree as long as its own liking and care for its handicrafts lasted.

I contend, then, that the true aim of education is the reverse of what it has been during the last forty years. It has not taught the public either to turn away with disgust from snippets and trash in reading, or to hate shams and a degrading cheapness in the equipments of home life. What signs of popular advance are there now other than those which, like motor cars and aviation, add to the fever and flurry of human effort? Speed has become a god, and we are expected to worship it uncritically. Record-breaking is a cult among all classes, as if it were a token of social advance. Will flying machines carry us away from the unemployment which is found in all towns—a Jacquerie in embryo? What the world now needs is a law to impose upon it an epoch of quieter invention, accompanied by a healing policy of unfevered effort and ripe ideas. No country is so great an athlete that it can bear without harm a hundred years of racing in the domain of speed. Truth is quiet, and to arrive at truth we need peaceful days for transforming thought.

One class alone has improved during our time of hurry and of shams, and the members of that class are Socialists, as a rule. While the many have mistaken speed for progress, Socialism has become a student of the warring forces of society, in the hope that the capital of work may be saved from the predatory habits of the capital of wealth. It is sometimes forgotten that there are two forms of Socialism, the political and the artistic. They fight for the same thing, but in different ways. Both see in the man of a day eternal humanity; and both wish to give that man the richest opportunities to improve his present risks amid the grim hazards of industrial warfare. As a socialist of art my aim is to help in the attainment of three democratic necessaries: first, discipline over landlords, so that tenants may get fair rents not crippling to their incomes; next, improved parentage and housing, for ideals of the hearth ought to be a blessing to children everywhere; and third, beauty and honour in all craftsmanship for homes, since without them human life is no better than the life of quadrupeds, a thing of animal appetites.

In fact, man is distinguished from the birds and beasts by his gifts for progressive invention. He owes his all in history to the fact that, having neither the wings of birds nor the self-protective power of wild animals, he has had to create his own safety and his own triumph. His mind grew because it was obliged to grow. His needs produced the arts and crafts, and every change in his condition has influenced his home, for good or ill. He alone is free to retrograde in the environment of his family life, for the Genius of the Spring in animals and birds changes not from century to century, but keeps in its nurseries the same architecture and the same guardianship over its young. For example, the beaver's lodge and dam have not altered since they gave hints in architecture to the earliest lake-dwellers. It is only man who has not a settled and fixed pride of thoroughness. To quicken that pride in improving work is the most urgent question of to-day.

Look into the shop windows of any town, and you will see how low we have fallen under the dual tyranny of speed and deceitful cheapness. Shams rule everywhere in the equipment of the people's homes, while fair prices are given for all sports and all amusements. Household life bears the brunt of the competition in shoddy. Those who buy well-made sporting implements at a just price are glad to get ill-made furniture on the guarantee of lying advertisements. Debase the home—and amuse yourself outside! That folly is as common to-day as gambling. Also—and this, too, is very important—it is complicated by the fact that Labour is debauched by dishonest methods and traditions. Thoroughness alone is the capital of Labour, and Labour cannot afford to get rid of its real strength and value. All the organisation in the world will not help it if its honour is a thing of haste and shoddy.

And that point is one to be considered in company with another, namely, that while the organisations of Labour are local and national, those of Capital are as vagrant as the telegraph, and can search the world for submissive workmen and markets. It matters not to a capitalist where or in what his money fructifies; things all-important to Labour are details to him. Yet England's wealth is needed for England's workers, and since all shams are lies that wealth is a national evil when it fructifies in debased crafts and industries. Thoroughness, then, is the genius of thrift and the protector of civilisation.

But what are we to do, now that Capital has massed itself into big battalions so as to crush out of existence the small employers who wish to be loyal to sound methods of work? The socialism of art answers this question by giving four suggestions:—

(1.) That Labour must become a capitalist, transforming trade unions into Unions of Productive and Thorough Industry;

(2.) That each town should have a Municipal Showroom for the display of the most reputable household things;

(3.) That the public should never buy from trade catalogues and advertisements without a written guarantee as to the quality of the goods; and should remember that big retail shops demand from manufacturers a huge discount, the minimum being 25 per cent., enough to ruin good craftsmanship;

(4.) That a Home Defence Society should be set on foot for the purpose of uniting householders in all parts of the country.

There will be retrogression, not progress, while the Trust system of finance in trade is allowed to get a firmer grip on the nation's industries. It is well known that limited liabilities have no morals; they hunt for profits as wolves do for food, with a murderous tenacity that goes hand in hand with cowardice, for they are soon frightened by opposition and loss. They are thus as dependent on the people's suffrage as Members of Parliament. Would that the public would use with vigour its scourging whip hand!

Walter Shaw Sparrow.

A Continental Trip.

V.—Fighting for a Wash.

By Bart Kennedy.

How inviting looked the sea on that particular morning!

As I looked at it I was filled with a desire to cleave the salty wave. I can't say, however, that I was ambitious to swim the channel. Indeed, had I had the ambition, it would have been impossible even to attempt it, for the Ostend authorities are as careful of their bathers as a hen of her chickens.

If a venturesome swimmer even ventured up to his neck, horns were blown and the men on watch in the boats turned a pale sea-sick green with anxiety. If a swimmer were to go out for a quarter of a mile, I don't know what would have happened. Most likely a gunboat would be sent after him. You would have to be a suicide of a very determined calibre indeed to be able to effect your own happy despatch at Ostend. In that delightful place they don't believe in letting people drown.

As I said, my desire was to cleave the beautiful, sunlit, salty wave. But how? How was I to manage it?

There was the sea—here were the sands—and here was myself.

And, I must add, here were hundreds upon hundreds of people all filled with the same desire as myself. Hundreds upon hundreds of people were all anxious to cleave the salty. And there were hundreds of machines—for a franc, for two francs, for three francs, and for ten and twenty francs. But all these machines were engaged. And people were crowding up every moment. All were anxious to do their dip in the briny. All anxious to do their dip between eleven and twelve. And that was the difficulty. The whole of Ostend wanted to bathe from the fashionable part of the beach at the fashionable hour. Between eleven and twelve.

There were financiers and trades-people, and lords and counts, and—I would take my oath—dukes and confidence men, and bookmakers and respectable men, and all other kinds of men—and financieresses, and duchesses, and actresses, and all other kinds of esses, all waiting and ready and eager for their dip. I'm sure that dear old Father Neptune must have felt highly complimented.

All of them carried towels and bathing dresses, and all of them spoke excitedly in their own particular language. The hundreds of machines were unable to accommodate them. And if there had been as many again or even twice as many again, there would still have not been enough to accommodate them.

For everyone wanted to bathe at once.

I looked out at the people bobbing up and down in the sunlit sea. It was a very hot day, and men and women were playing ring-o'-roses—or something like that—in the grateful water. There were hundreds of them, and they all seemed very happy and very unconscious of the hundreds of people on the shore who were moving eagerly hither and thither—thirsting for a wash.

No—not thirsting for a wash. But fighting for a wash. For there were several fights. Not exactly fist fights, but word-fights. And now and then there was pushing and shoving as several people tried to get into a bathing machine at once. These fashionable people were like galleryites trying to crowd into a theatre on a big night. How human they were, after all. And how different they were to themselves as they lounged comfortably and easily along the Digue on the afternoon before.

The horse would drag up a bathing machine from the water up on to the shore. And then there would be a rush. A football sort of helter skelter rush. Of men and women—of counts, of course, and financiers and their belongings, and bookmakers and confidence men and their ladies, and dukes and actresses, and all the rest of the whole Ostend human show. It was a fight, but I must bear witness to the fact that it was democratic. It was a free fight and no favour. The Ostenders were wise in their season, if I may be allowed to so put it. They gave their visitors the beach and the machines and the sea and let them fight it out for themselves.

Money!—no, money would do you no good. You had simply to fight for your machine. There were officials of course—controleurs. But they were diplomats of the highest orders. They listened politely to the angry puttings of rival claims. But they never interfered. They were just polite listeners who were there to see that the would-be bathers did not assassinate one another in their eagerness to get a wash.

Here was a fight going on. I stopped to gather it in. I was so interested now in the vivid liveliness of the scene that I had forgotten all about my own desire to cleave the salty wave.

A German Jew and a French Jew were arguing loudly. And for a while what you might call the shadow of blood quivered in the air. It seemed as if—in the parlance of the ring—there would be a mix-up.

"Go on!" I shouted to the French Jew. "Punch him!"

But it didn't come off.

They gesticulated vigorously in the good old-clothes fashion, and once I thought that there must positively be a little real fun, for the French Jew actually—by accident, of course—touched the face of the German Jew with his fingers as he worked the old-clothes gesture.

But it didn't come off.

The row had come about in this way:—The German had waded into the water and waited—like a shark waiting for his dinner to come along—till a driver hooked his tackle on to a machine to drag it inshore. Now was his time! And he rushed and planted his towels and bathing dress on the steps of the machine. On and on went the machine, Germany sticking to the hinder end. Triumph was with him. He could now have his wash. But alas! France basely rushed up and planted his towels and his bathing dress on the front of the machine. So, said Germany. And then the fat was in the fire—or rather the words were in the air. France asserted that he was there before Germany, and Germany vowed that he was there before France. The Controleur was called up to settle the dispute. This Solomon listened to them and then he delivered his judgment, which proved him to be the wisest of the wise. He said that beyond all doubt or quibble or question the person who was the first had the right to the machine. And then Solomon went off mopping his brow and leaving them to it. And the row went on accompanied by a dropping chorus of comments from the delighted crowd around. Suddenly the slide at the side of the bathing machine opened and a woman popped her head out and made a remark, the drift of which I could not get. But it obviously bore some humorous relation to the scene—for nearly everyone around laughed. And the row boomed merrily on. By this time the wives of Germany and France were well into it. Each of them appealed to the crowd in turn. And then they cried out again for the Controleur. But he was on some other part of the beach settling some other dispute in his sage Solomonic fashion. (Let it be understood that these rows were going on in six or seven places at once.) The row continued between France and Germany, and finally France won, for the wife of France turned out to be a warrior indeed. She out-shouted them all. And Germany went off to seek another machine. Ten minutes afterwards I saw him disputing with someone else.

Finally, the people who had been in the machine came out and France went in with a conquering air to be driven out for his dip in the salty wave.

And this was the way of it. You had to roll up your trousers and wade out and catch a machine just as it was coming in. It was the only way. And when it got in, you had to fight for it.

It was great sport!

(To be concluded.)

"Christ."

An Interpretation.

By Allen Upward.

A POPULAR melodramatist and novelist of the last age, having managed, on one occasion only, to be misunderstood by his Victorian public, turned on it with the declaration that he was not a foolometer. From Charles Reade such a protest was not only ungracious but untrue. Though far from a fool, he was an excellent foolometer, and seldom wrote a line which did not go straight to the British heart.

But there are others of us who feel that our mission is to the thoughtful rather than the thoughtless, and for whom it is a hardship that we should have no means of marking on the outside of our books, without offence to the thoughtless, that we are not addressing them, and therefore that it is a liberty on their part to read us, and an impertinence to complain that they do not understand us.

In former ages the learned were able to exchange their views in Latin, without fear of being overheard by the untaught. To-day, Latin is dead, except among the class that is least disposed to listen to anything worth saying; and we have nothing to replace it. It is true that many men of science express themselves in a kind of jargon of their own, but they are believed to use this Babu to hide their ignorance rather than their knowledge.

I have often thought that I should find myself driven, in the end, to fall back on the French language, to escape that censorship of stupidity which, though it may not be official, is not less crushing and disastrous. But after so many years, and so much toil, spent in learning how to write truly in English, I shall find it hard to begin over again with another tongue.

In the meantime, there seems to be no way of reaching the thoughtful public without running the gauntlet of the thoughtless. In *The New Word* I expressed a hope that I might one day be allowed to explain to the apologists of Christianity the meaning of the word Christ. In *Lord Alistair's Rebellion* I have partly fulfilled that promise; and because I have made the explanation easier by a story the book has been read and reviewed by the good people whose proper business it is to tell ladies with too much time on their hands what volumes to order from Mr. Mudie. The result has been hardly less painful reading for me than my book seems to have been for them.

Lord Alistair's Rebellion is, on the surface, the story of a "decadent," told with sympathy, though with impartiality. Lord Alistair is not an extreme or eccentric type. He is drawn from life, and has the merits and faults of his original. But he is touched with a yearning to understand his fate; and as he gradually comes to do so the book becomes an apology for the decadent, and a consolation offered to him. Such is the book of which one of its reviewers has pronounced, with the air of a discoverer, that it "does not precisely attack" the decadents.

That is the expression of a mesmerised mind. The reviewer reminds one of the boy who was found stoning a toad, and saying to it, "I'll larn ye to be a toad." If any one had tried to stop that boy by pointing out to him that toads did not create themselves, and cannot change themselves into boys, or even frogs, however much they may wish, and try, to do so, the boy would have been bewildered; not because there was anything hard or obscure in the observation, but because it would have seemed to him strange and irrelevant. Just such has been the bewilderment of my reviewers. They know that decadents ought to be stoned, and that every right-minded person wants to stone them. They have generously given me credit for good intentions, but have detected a certain weakness in the performance. From their point of view they have let the book off lightly. Considered as an attack on the decadents, *Lord Alistair's Rebellion* is undoubtedly a failure.

And, now, what is this thought that has baffled the comprehension of the literary areopagites? It is a very obvious reflection, so much so that when it first occurred to me I felt sure it must have occurred already to many other minds; so obvious that the first friend to whom I repeated it urged me to print it at once lest I should myself be anticipated. Alas! truth is not so often anticipated. I have taken ten years to utter this, and now no one is willing to understand it.

The moral of *Lord Alistair's Rebellion* is nothing more than a corollary from Darwin's doctrine of natural selection, and a restatement of Christ's doctrine on the subject of women taken in adultery. Hence its strangeness to the Christian mind, which has been steadily opposed to Christ's mind on that subject for two thousand years.

Darwin has taught us that the race rises from beast to man, from man, I will hope, to something higher, by the survival of the fittest, which implies the extinction of the unfit. The decadent is merely one case of the unfit, as his name denotes. It comes to this: that the race inherits certain tendencies, some good, some bad, and that they are unequally distributed among individuals. Those who inherit the better strains succeed in the struggle for existence, and survive; those who inherit the worse ones fail, and perish. The tendencies being there, they have to be got rid of for the salvation of the race, and they are got rid of in that way.

We have all seen this law at work in families. One son inherits all the prudence and energy of the family, and makes his fortune. Another inherits all the sloth and weakness, and comes to poverty. I have drawn such a pair of brothers, by no means in sensational colours. One becomes Home Secretary, and one a bankrupt.

We now see in the light of Darwinism that the unfit brother really serves the office of a drainpipe, carrying off the weakness that would otherwise infect the fit. The family scapegrace is, in fact, the family scapegoat. In the old sacred language, the decadent is the sin-bearer, the one man who is put to death for the sake of the people—in a word, the saviour. The sinner is the christ of the righteous, bearing his sicknesses and carrying his pains.

The word Christ, of course, has many meanings, and this is only one of them. But it seems to me the one which stands most clearly revealed to-day. It is a true reconciliation of Christianity and science, because it shows them both saying the same thing in different words.

Religion is rudimentary science, saying in emotional and figurative language what science comes to say more distinctly and dispassionately. The prophet feels the truth far in advance of the measurer, and tells it to his generation in such words as they can best understand, or at least tolerate. Christ was neither understood nor tolerated by his generation. But Christians now pretend to understand Christ and to tolerate him. Why, then, should a clear and scientific restatement of Christ's teaching carry confusion to every Christian mind?

It is remarkable that Christians have always admitted in theory, and to some extent in practice, that Christ was right in his attitude towards the infirm in mind, body, and estate. The poor, the idiot, and the incurable have ever been recognised as lawful objects of Christian charity. Alone among the weaklings of the world, the infirm in character, the morally unfit, have been excepted from the rule, to be preached at and persecuted in every age of Christianity.

No such distinction, of course, is drawn by the

Christ of the Gospels. Or, rather, to be accurate, it is the other way about. Christ sometimes shows a certain reluctance to heal the sick. He goes out of his way to forgive the sinner. The man who comes to him to be healed of the palsy is told that his sins are forgiven, without his having asked it. On no occasion in the whole of the four Gospels is Christ ever reported as rebuking a sinner, or ordering him to repent. The Master's quarrel is always with the righteous.

We learn from the same Gospels—that is to say, we learn by the admission of the disciples themselves—that they so obstinately shut their minds to their Master's teaching while he was amongst them, that he was obliged to set a little child in the midst of them and bid them become like that. The Christians have obeyed that command ever since by seizing upon the little child itself and mesmerising it from infancy so as to render it incapable of understanding Christ.

It was in vain that Christ put his teaching before them in parables too simple for any child to misunderstand, unless its mind were maimed by orthodox education. We see the apostles wrangling with each other as soon as the Master's back was turned. We seem to overhear them puzzling over the meaning of such a story as that of the Good Samaritan:—

PETER: I wish I knew what that parable meant. It sounded so very strange.

JAMES: I thought it was plain enough. If we meet a man who has fallen among thieves, we ought to take him to an inn, and give the innkeeper twopence.

JOHN: Don't you think it may mean also that Samaritans are sometimes better than priests and Levites?

PETER: Nonsense, my dear John! It *sounds* like that, I know; but it can't *mean* that. Samaritans are not even as good as ordinary Jews; they are heretics. How can they be better than reverend priests and Levites?

JAMES: It is better for us not to pry into such questions. We have nothing to do with Samaritans. What we have to do is to take the wounded man to the inn, and pay the twopence. That is practical Christianity, and as long as we stick to that we can feel sure that we are doing right.

JOHN: But suppose the wounded man happens to be a Samaritan?

PETER: That is just like you, John, raising extravagant points. If the man were a Samaritan, of course we could not help him, because we are Jews, and the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. But I know what I mean to do. I am going to believe that the story is true, and that it all really happened, in order to show my faith. I am sorry the story did not say that the man was helped by an angel, instead of a Samaritan; but I am going to believe that it *was* an angel, disguised as a Samaritan. That will be harder to believe, and so I shall show more faith; and it will get round your difficulty about the Samaritan being a good man. Because, of course, we *know* that Samaritans are heretics, and that we ought to hate them.

That is, it seems to me, the spirit in which the Churches have dealt with the parable of Jonah. They honestly thought that the book was written to prove, not that God is more merciful than they are, but that the Creator of the world is powerful enough to make a fish that can swallow a man. Well may the Churches boast of their apostolical succession when, after two thousand years, they are no nearer than the apostles to the understanding of Christ.

Such is my book, and such has been its reception. I do not believe it could have been misunderstood by a Mahomedan, or a Hindu, or a Buddhist. But Christian England has found it unintelligible. It is easier for Christians to believe that the earth is flat than to believe that Christ was right.

Against that attitude it is time to protest. It is time to rescue Christ from the Christians. If toads are to be stoned, let them be stoned in the Devil's name. If men will crucify, let them do so in the name of Caiaphas, and not of Christ.

Searchers after Reality.

Jules De Gaultier.—I.

Philosophy is a Sign of the Times.

JULES DE GAULTIER'S philosophy is a sign of the times. Taken together with that of Boutroux, Bergson, Le Roy and many others, it is a sign that the centre of interest in philosophy has shifted from Germany to France. The particular characteristic of this movement that first strikes one is the great success of lucidity it has brought. Wilde once asserted that he was the first philosopher to dress like a gentleman. But, unfortunately for this very desirable claim, he was no philosopher. These Frenchmen, on the contrary, while they write like gentlemen and not like pedants, at the same time write metaphysics of a very subtle and distinguished kind. Take De Gaultier for example. In some parts of his work, particularly in his account of what exactly is implied in an act of knowledge, he is treating the most intricate and giddiness-producing part of philosophy. He treats it in an extremely personal way, expressing often views of violent originality. Yet such matters, which a German would not be able even to approach without the creation of an entirely special jargon, he writes of in a charmingly lucid manner, with great literary distinction. This increased lucidity is, I think, more than a mere change of literary manner. It is rather the secondary characteristic of a more general change, that of their whole attitude towards philosophy. They always seem to me to treat it, either explicitly or implicitly, not as science but as an art. This in itself is a relief. Philosophy has released itself from the philosophical sciences.

At this point I want to make a long digression, to express some personal views, which at first sight may appear to have little to do with De Gaultier. I think that this digression, which will occupy the rest of the article, is justified for this reason—that there is a certain attitude of mind, a certain prejudice, which must be attacked before one can appreciate De Gaultier. I want to get this out of the way before giving any detailed account of his philosophy.

There are two aims that metaphysics conceivably might have. It might wish to be considered an art, a means of expressing certain attitudes to the cosmos, or it might be taken as a science, humbly groping after the truth.

If you take the second point of view then probably certain objections would rise up in your mind to De Gaultier's philosophy. The principal conception with which it works may seem so slight, that the extraordinary way in which he makes it account for the whole movement of the cosmos may seem too ingenious to be true. I want to attack the conception of philosophy which gives rise to this hesitation.

One finds it difficult to realise what a baleful fascination the word science has for some people. I never quite realised it until I came across a faded old copy of the once flourishing "Westminster Review," whose gods were Mill and Spencer. In it I read a first review of Buckle's "History of Civilization," which gave me the same kind of sensation as one gets from turning up a stone and seeing the creeping things revealed. I don't mean to say that I feel superior, but simply that I was in the presence of an unexpected and quite alien world of things. The reviewer lamented that in the ordered uniform cosmos which science had revealed there had been up to now an impenetrable jungle, the field of human passions and activity. "He rejoiced

that at last with the appearance of Buckle's book this had been cleared up, and the whole world made trim and tidy. Law was universal." You saw here what was repugnant to him, the idea of freedom and chance. The ideal was a certitude which should constrain us. This dominant ideal invaded philosophy.

It began to regard itself as a science, to consider itself a systematic structure, solidly built up, which should give us certain unquestionable results. As in the sciences the ultimate nature of the world would reveal itself to continuous and patient work, and not to bold speculation. Philosophy, tempted by science, fell and became respectable. It sold its freedom for a quite imaginary power of giving sure results. It was a solemn structure, in face of which light-heartedness was out of place, and individual idiosyncracy a sin. One felt uncomfortable in it. Nothing could be done by sudden insight and images; such things were mere folly, here was accumulated wisdom, here were no royal roads. The days of adventure were gone when we could set out to find new lands. Here was no place for the artist to impertinently express an attitude before the cosmos, but rather for the humble professor to work honestly in a corner.

To a certain extent this movement was correct. Logic, psychology, etc., look like, and as a matter of fact are sciences. The artist is here certainly out of place. But the danger was when they began to absorb philosophy itself, when it began to consider itself as merely a scientia scientium.

But with this modern movement, philosophy has at last shaken itself free from the philosophic sciences and established its right to an independent existence. In Bergson's "Idee d'une Metaphysique" one even finds it defined as the exact inverse method to that of science. The old conception of science prisoned us, restrained our vagaries, and made speculation seem childish. My gratitude to De Gaultier and these other critics of science is that they have rescued me from this nightmare and kept philosophy as an art. She has once more escaped the spirit that would make her a dull citizenness. Once more, without the expedient of turning herself into myrtle, Daphne has escaped the god's embraces, which promising love would but result in ungraceful fertility.

This is not a mere piece of reactionary or religious sentiment. We don't assert that a philosopher need not know the sciences, and that the simple man is in the best position to write metaphysics. It is not so; he must know them well.

But we assert that throughout the ages philosophy, like fighting and painting, has remained a purely personal activity. The only effect the advance of science has on the three activities is to elaborate and refine the weapons that they use. The man who uses a rifle uses it for the same purpose as a man who uses a bludgeon. The results of the sciences merely increase the number of colours with which philosophy paints. The possibilities of the rapier have been worked out till they have become a science, but the process of learning it does not convert the man himself into an automaton. There are not, and can never possibly be, any certain results in mataphysics as there are in science. It is an activity of a different kind, simply an elaborate means for the expression of quite personal and human emotions.

The ultimate point I want to get at here is that philosophy is an art and not a science. The attitude proper to science is this. By work and effort one may discover the truth by which in dealing with this matter one must guide oneself. Science constrains us; we have no freedom, we enter into it humbly to be told the truth. Now philosophy is nothing of this kind. We are free in philosophy. I grant it has all the appearance of a science. Its vocabulary and methods are those of the science, but the driving-power behind it is quite different; it merely uses the scientific terms for a purpose quite different: that of the artist. In it by work one can never discover the secret of the cosmos, one merely finds elaborate and complete ways of expressing ones personal attitude towards it.

From the outside it has all the appearance of a science. But this we might take as a piece of protective mimicry to ward off the multitude to preserve it in its seclusion as the rarest of the arts.

We have to a certain extent been taken in by the jargon, and taken for it an end in itself, a science; but at last we have won through, and found it to be but part of an art. It is a case something like the old Oriental mysteries; in the lower orders of priesthood all the ritual was taken literally. But when you had penetrated to the inner circle, through all the different kinds of magical formula and mysteries, the final secret turned out to be some perfectly plain human statement. So in philosophy, when one attains the central position, one finds no exact science, but simply an art, a means of ordinary human expression. With this little difference, however: that while the elaboration of ritual and the various mysteries of the Orientals were but means by which the priests controlled the ignorant multitude, in the case of philosophy the scientific terminology is the means by which we control ourselves, i.e., by which we completely express ourselves.

But I should be the first to attack the Philistine who thought he could dismiss this ritual terminology by saying that it corresponded to no reality. It is the finest and most delicately wrought language and means of expression of all the arts. Its elaborate technique enables it to get a leisurely effect of final statement where the other arts can only hint. It is the art of completion. The series of gradated words and definitions, the elaborate balancing and checking of meanings make it possible to isolate an emotion or idea from all accidental relations, so to study it completely. The jargon is a walled garden which enables conceptions to grow to their full expression, or to use a less sentimental metaphor, it is a kind of experimental tank, a laboratory where one can practise "control" experiments on ideas. I give next week an apt illustration of this isolating process in De Gaultier's own concept of Bovarysme, which starting first as a fact of ordinary psychology, he finally fits in a metaphysical setting, in order to state it completely.

One must distinguish the means from the end. The means, the elaborate technique, is certainly a science. But the end, what the Compleate Philosopher practises, is certainly an art. He wishes to express some freely-chosen attitude towards the world. Conceive Plato considering a particular example of love, or a particular scene of beauty. These things in human life are transient. But to him, Stability is more noble than Change. His "Theory of Ideas" is then the expression of this preference. He creates a sytem in which the ideas of love and beauty are eternal. The particular preference which De Gaultier's philosophy expresses I shall analyse later; roughly it is the exact antithesis of this, change is the only reality.

I anticipated the simple-minded question, "Is it true?" and intended to make the question absurd. There can be no direct answer to that question as there would be to "Is the Eiffel Tower 1,000ft. high?" One is exterpolating the curve of truth outside its proper limits, applying it to fields where it has no meaning. All philosophy is bound to be untrue, for it is the art of representing the cosmos in words, which is just as much a necessary distortion as the art of painting, which represents solidity in a plane of two dimensions. "He is a thinker—that is to say, he understands how to make things seem simpler than they are." One must judge De Gaultier's philosophy as one judges a landscape. One must not ask is it correct? but is it a good picture? The pleasure one takes must be that of a connoisseur and not that of a surveyor. The principal criterion is then, is it a consistent whole? In most of the pictures that philosophy gives us there is a gap right down the middle of the canvas, in that they fail to explain the very possibility of our knowledge. This gap does not exist in De Gaultier; he presents a complete picture on a canvas that is whole. For this reason I delight in him.

T. E. Hulme.

The Passing Dispensation.

By Judah P. Benjamin.

II.

WHEN we leave the world of art and music and enter that of the drama we are confronted once more by a repetition of the signs and symptoms of cynical indifference on one hand and sentimental weakness on the other. Mr. Pinero produces stage dialogues so true to contemporary life that many of his plays are masterpieces of their kind. And they represent social apathy, ironical humour, trivial ambitions, and vulgar passions. He possesses one of the most observing and penetrating minds that ever depicted the follies of the human heart. In his plays men and women of the world see themselves as in a mirror. Competent judges deem the characters natural and life-like. And they are helplessly hypocritical; at once nonchalant and eager, frivolous and tragic, witty and pathetic. Their wealth is as millstones, and their titles hindrances, yet, from an instinct born of degeneracy, they seek greater wealth and higher titles, and the dramatic ensemble represents a cynical and callous class of people, born without the instinct of affection and bred without distinction of feeling. Mind and heart are wanting here for the reason that in the typical society of the day there is no sense of the human and confraternal.

In the plays of Mr. Sydney Grundy and others the same frankness and fidelity to the spirit of the time are manifest. On the other hand, there is the romantic drama, meaningless and impotent. If anyone doubts this it is only necessary to consider for a moment the negative results of "The Sign of the Cross." The very success of this play attested its impotence as a religious factor. The emotion which it caused was another symptom of dramatic and religious hysteria. That play galvanised the nerves of a people long tired of the ordinary religious emotions, of a people fatigued by the monotony of chapel-going and Salvation Army gymnastics, of a people in need of a glimpse of the pagan arena, a cry from the dungeons of the Roman Coliseum, the mingled horrors and splendours of Imperial and neurotic Rome; in need, above all things, of the spectacular, the poignant, and the puerile. The masses would seek relief in signs and in symbols, in promises of to-morrow, in shifting scenes and varying movement, in panoramic and illusive pleasures which keep the mind from the real cause of misery and the heart from the real cause of sorrow. How to escape from the reality is the one consuming thought of the hour. Because, hidden deep down in the recesses of human nature there dwells a consciousness of decay and helplessness. This consuming desire to escape is the cause of romantic adventure, symbolical idealism, feverish commercial activity, inane social ambitions, political excitement, spectacular show, and the chimeras of war. Here lies the inner and secret meaning of that movement known as the Celtic Renaissance. After Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and George Meredith, after Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, after three centuries of literary glory unequalled in the history of the world we arrive at a period when aspiration, sentiment, and emotion assume a mystical and symbolical form. A climax has been attained in the long series of literary schools. But in the realm of British ascendency it means the passing from a dream of contentment to a consciousness the reality of which is again screened by a veil of poetic and allegorical illusion. For this literary perfection means that hope and faith have reached a barrier. A refuge is sought in a region of symbolical mysticism, pure and noble in itself, but still quixotic and allusive.

If Mr. Yeats willingly seeks the legendary and the symbolical, Mr. Kipling tries to escape by means of the active. But while Mr. Yeats takes refuge in a world of poetic symbols which he has created for himself, Mr. Kipling, without knowing it, is living in a fool's paradise, where he invites the whole British Empire to join him. The stimulant of Mr. Kipling's verse and prose may be likened to the spurs applied to a tired horse. His writings stimulate, but, like all stimulants, they do no more than make the patient think himself stronger. In reality there has been no strength gained. The heart of the Empire is London, and he has left it untouched. He has dissected the veins, sinews, and arteries of the Empire, but the heart he has scarcely seen. He has been deceived by appearances. At a distance everything looks bright and promising; the young countries have before them a great future, and action is visible everywhere without an immediate danger of reaction. He is good enough to bid the patient at home look beyond himself and his surroundings for relief, and he bids him hope without a shadow of practical or material benefit. For the young emigrant this is well; for the overgrown, lethargic metropolis it is optimistic poison. It means that for the home habitant of the British Empire fiction is offered and accepted in lieu of the real and the practical; it means that the foreign wine of life is preferable to bread made at home; it means joy for the robust young adventurer who leaves England never to return, but for the Mother Country it means decay and disaster. For while Mr. Kipling plants one tree he eradicates two old ones.

The late G. W. Steevens was a striking example of the difference between a mind qualified to penetrate the surface of things and one limited to a depiction of the superficial and the apparent. Mr. Kipling is an observer of outward things; Mr. Steevens looked through the visible to the invisible. And, again, the difference between Mr. Yeats and Mr. Steevens lies in the fact that the first accepts the poetic illusion of the old-world life, while the second attacks its political and philosophical delusions. Mr. Steevens went straight to the core of material power. He saw the heart where Mr. Kipling sees the surface and Mr. Yeats the soul.

But if the Celtic movement is not concerned with the scientific aspect of things, it is still a hopeful symptom in the domain of British art and literature. It looks down at the world from a great distance. And yet it is a real presence manifest at the very hour when the idea of Imperial ascendency has taken root in the heart of the masses. We have, therefore, two forces in literature which demonstrate by a sort of prescience, the extremity of material dominion. The Celtic Renaissance is an indirect proclamation by symbols of the close of the old dispensation, while the writers of actuality like Mr. Steevens announced the end by going direct to fact and experience, despising political pretension and optimistic superstition. And thus from the region of poetic intuition we have a prophetic cry, and from the plane of actual fact the voice of the world-wise seer. In the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson we have romantic idealism, which was this gifted author's mode of escape from the dying systems of an old and worn world. Romantic adventure, romantic action, rendered as real as possible; a never-ending bustle and movement typifying everything modern in adventure and suggesting everything mediæval in spirit! With a mind at once critical and philosophical he refused to look at things as they existed in his native country. An escape was eagerly sought, until at last it was found in remoteness and seclusion; yet still in a sort of romantic action. It is this rush to escape from the pain and the turmoil of monotony and routine which constitutes the striking similarity between Mr. Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson. Notwithstanding the difference between the culture of Stevenson and the rugged power of Mr. Kipling, they belong to the same school. But a wide gulf separates Mr. Kipling from Dickens. For Dickens, as well as Thackeray and George Eliot, dealt with the life and manners of their own people and country. Mr. Kipling repudiates London. He leaves the Mother Country with as much deliberation as an emigrant would who no longer has any binding sympathy with her customs or her people. He flees the thing that is to seek the thing that is not. Is it astounding that in the hour of need, when London and the great cities of England are swarming with poverty-stricken and help-

less people, at a time when all the signs of unrest and disintegration are plainly manifest, literature of this kind can not only gain the popular ear, but that of the classes which govern? The danger would not be so great were the author less gifted. Are the forces of Destiny then against the possibility of an awakening of the governing classes? It is not too much to assert that the majority of popular English authors belong to the chimerical school? The fabulous African stories of Mr. Rider Haggard, the piratic adventures in Stevenson, the mythical tales of Guy Boothby, the detective stories of Sir Conan Doyle, and the mystical romances of Miss Marie Corelli—there is not in any of these so much as a thought given to the needs and the welfare of home life in any department, political, social, or religious. The reading public caring only to escape from the actual, through the open door of legend and make-believe, mistake the mythical for the mystical, so that what is true in the political world is also true in the world of literature. If the governing powers find momentary escape in the excitement of sport and luxurious living, the reading public finds a narcotic in fictional nonsense, one popular novelist going so far as to pack three dukes into one novel, and this at a time we are asked to believe in the great vogue of democratic ideals. It is no wonder, then, that the middle-class mind of the present day rests secure in the fool's paradise which popular romance, popular plays, and popular criticism have prepared for it! But between the blunders of a young man who is just beginning to learn and the blunders of one who can learn no more the wise man can make but one choice. Men are put to govern who are living in a world of illusions which they insist is real. This gives rise to another illusion in the minds of the masses, which consists in the fatal notion that wealth and titles constitute both talent and wisdom.

A Dream

I HAD been reading in some newspaper how certain sons of Belial had disfigured the statues of Zola and Scheurer-Kestner in Paris. "Statues," I mused: "Statues to Zola and Scheurer-Kestner! I never heard that either of them added a square yard to France. Neither of them was the hero of a human battue. They did but strive to save the honour of their country by protesting against the madness of the times. Statues!" And then I fell to thinking of our statues, grimy, for the most part deplorable, whether as works of art or objects of worship, disfigurements of the open spaces of our towns. I called to mind Carlyle's verdict: "The ugliest images and to the strangest class of persons ever set up in the world." I sought in books for some census of the London statues, but sought in vain. But I knew that most of them have been erected in honour of the slayers of men; few indeed in honour of men who have widened our outlook or who have carried further man's mastery over nature; who have made life easier, better, nobler for their fellows. I went sadly to bed, and my dreams were strangely coloured by my last waking thoughts.

In my dream I came upon Trafalgar Square, but just as I passed the steps of St. Martin's Church I saw a change. As in the "Dissolving Views" of my childhood, I saw all the statues fade from sight, to be replaced by another series of objects. As I stepped into the Square a guide approached me, and, seemingly aware that I was a stranger, told me that he and his fellow-guides were engaged by the authorities to explain to visitors the meaning of the statues and the lessons sought to be conveyed by them.

"You divine rightly enough that I am a stranger to the scene, or rather that the scene is strange to me. Where are the statues I knew of old—statues of famous commanders, of men whose claim to our gratitude it was that they had slain in battle thousands of their fellow-men?"

My guide replied: "I have heard something of what you say, but only as a tradition. The ideals of to-day are widely different. I was told a few days ago by an antiquary with whom I conversed of a time when men claiming to be the spiritual guides of the people rejoiced in war and the slaughter of their fellow-men. He explained to me that these men were blinded to the horrors of wholesale murder by the glitter of arms, the splendour of uniforms, the blare of brazen trumpets. I found it hard to believe him, for all that has so completely passed away that we cannot now even understand how it should ever have been. If we speak of those sad times it is with reluctance and with something like shame. But now mark that inscription, 'TO THE GREAT DISCOVERERS,' and then let me show you some of the statues and tell you how they come to be here in this place of honour."

He first took me to a strange group of two figures. One was of a rude husbandman, armed with uncouth, primitive implements; the other of a man in a costume of a date indicating a gap of thousands of years between him and his fellow.

"Who are these, and how comes it that they are together?"

"It is natural that you should ask why they are together. The rude figure is symbolical. It stands for perhaps many men, whose sagacity and toil during untold years gradually evolved wheat and other grains from mere grasses. Before the labours of these great inventors man had lived on the animals he slew, mainly in the chase. When this food became scarce, wheat, let us say, as symbolising all grain, took the place of flesh as the great sustainer of human life. Think of what wheat is! None ever tires of bread! The triumphs of synthetic chemistry have made the waving fields of golden grain, sung by poets of old time, only a memory, but we still account the inventors of wheat among the foremost of the benefactors of our race."

"I do not know what you mean by 'the triumphs of synthetic chemistry,' but let that alone just now. Tell me how comes here the less ancient figure, and what is the bond between him and his fellow."

"The second figure is not symbolical: it is that of a man who did actually live, but thousands of years later than the other. He also was a great discoverer, and his work completed that of the other. He taught that the man who sowed and reaped should have a free market for the produce of his labour. And so the two are here united."

I murmured to myself: "It's not a bit like Cobden's statue in Camden Town," and we passed to another statue. This was of a man evidently, but of man in an early stage of the development of the race. Hardly half-human he seemed as he bent over his work. In one hand he grasped a stone; in the other hand, raised, he held a second stone, with which he was about to strike the first.

"This again," said my guide, "is a typical figure, symbolising the first makers of tools."

I smiled. "What," I said, "a monument to a flint-chipper!"

"And why not?" said my guide. "The first maker of a flint implement, however rude, was as great a discoverer as he who invented the steam-engine (long since discarded), or as he who first noticed the convulsive movements in the leg of a dead frog and discovered electricity. This rude half-man is in a sense the father of all inventors, for his invention includes and foretells all that man has since made out of the matter of the world. This rudely-chipped flint foretells the violin, the telescope, the printing press."

So we went from one statue to another. Not only were material inventions here celebrated. We stood before the statues of great discoverers of moral truths, discoverers in the realms of ideas. Here were figures of men despised when alive, persecuted even to the death, now revered as teachers of men. But time would fail me to tell of even but a small part of all I saw—in vision.

I woke, and found it was all a dream. Later in the day I passed Trafalgar Square. They were celebrating a "naval victory"—stirring up the memory of old bloody feuds. In the Square still stood the old dismal population of military demi-gods. The recruiting-sergeant was at the familiar corner, busily enlisting hungry waifs.

ALFRED MARKS.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE world is still waiting for proof that Mr. William Heinemann's enterprising attempt to alter the price of the novel is a success. He published Mr. Hall Caine in two volumes at four shillings net the pair. Rumour has said all sorts of things about the circulation of "The White Prophet," but the general view of people on the inside of the market is that Miss Marie Corelli may continue to sleep quietly of a night. Then Mr. Heinemann published Mr. Philip Gibbs in one volume at three shillings net. Mr. Gibbs's novel, a sincere and clever, though unequal, work, had, I am told, a very good sale, considering that his reputation is still very young, and that the British public doesn't care for young authors to succeed too brilliantly. And now Mr. Heinemann is bringing out Mr. William de Morgan in two volumes at half-a-sovereign. The price is apparently not net—so that the real figure will be seven and sixpence to the buying public; but even seven and sixpence is very high, and it is somewhat startling that Mr. Heinemann, instead of lowering the price of the novel, should end his season by raising it 60 per cent. "It Never Can Happen Again" is exceedingly long—quite as long as its title. Now the public admittedly likes long novels. But I am quite sure that the public only likes long novels on the condition that they do not cost more than short ones have cost. What the public complains of is—not that long novels are too cheap, but that short novels are too dear. The libraries may or may not ultimately be compelled to buy Mr. de Morgan's books, whatever price—within reason—Mr. Heinemann chooses to put upon them. But the buying public will start back with an affrighted gesture at the prospect of paying fifteen sixpences for "It Never Can Happen Again," seeing that it only paid nine sixpences for "Joseph Vance." Moreover, as to the length of "It Never Can Happen Again"—I have not counted the words, but I doubt very much if it is as long as many celebrated mid-Victorian novels. Is it as long as "The Virginians"? "The Virginians" is sold in one volume at a normal price. If Mr. de Morgan's astounding verve and fertility lead him to write novels that in length break the record of the century, I have little doubt that Mr. de Morgan's public will willingly peruse those novels, but I am less convinced that his public will unmurmuringly agree to pay for them according to quantity. My impression is that next year (if the election does not ruin the entire trade) will see a return to the ancient price of six shillings all round. Nevertheless, I applaud the earlier portion of Mr. Heinemann's attempt. One day the six-shilling price will have to "go," and Mr. Heinemann has made a beginning of its end—whatever may immediately happen.

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In circles where they read, a certain amount of attention has lately been given to a novel entitled "A Crucial Experiment," by Mrs. A. C. Farquharson (published by Edward Arnold). Mrs. Farquharson is, I believe, the sister of Professor Walter Raleigh. I have noticed several times in the Press that the eye of the mandarins has gazed benignantly upon "A Crucial Experiment." Indeed, I have been formally requested to read the book. I have read it. Mrs. Farquharson has talent of a marked and unusual kind, but I do not think she has much talent for fiction. I have seldom read a more improbable novel than hers. It has the appearance of a first book, but is not. So far as one can judge, Mrs. Farquharson makes no attempt whatever to be realistically convincing. Her plot, with its *mariage blanc,* its untaught musical geniuses, its fading away from life in a hill village of Northern Italy, is a wild and naïve medley of outworn elements. It never once anywhere bears any superficial resemblance to life. Even when the author by chance hits on a fragment of corroborative detail she invariably manages to rob it of its value. Thus she refers often to the Royal College of Music, and you begin to think that she knows something of that interesting microcosm, and then she speaks of its "President," when she means its "Director," and you ask yourself whether she has ever been in Prince Consort Road. The book is full of this kind of petty and desolating negligence. Nevertheless she makes it plain that she has a rather fine comprehension of the immortal soul, a definite attitude towards existence, a genuine (if slightly sentimental) appreciation of art, and a sense of tragedy. This is much. It is much more than most novelists possess. And yet I have no sure hope that she will write a novel that experts (not mandarins) will take seriously. She has the sort of vague universalised emotional distinction which would express itself more successfully in the empyrean of narrative verse than within the hard limits of prose fiction. The medium of the novel is too exacting for her—unless she is prepared to go to school in it. I should like to see her verse. But I imagine that she has not written much verse, because the practice of verse makes for a sound prose style, and Mrs. Farquharson's prose is very rocky. I am aware that the mandarins have an infallible instinct for the second-rate in prose. No mandarin would ever guess that such phrases as "were they on the eve of the last step in artistic initiation" are atrocious. The use of the word "wealth" in the same connection, literally and figuratively, on p. 7 and p. 10, is very bad. What about such a sentence as "He had maintained a waking state of necessity," meaning, "He had been obliged to keep awake"? What about "Perfect physical health enabled him not to reckon with fatigue"? What about "a well-born widowed gentlewoman"? What about "he had lain too much stress"?

* * *

Mrs. Farquharson is even capable of writing "the lower regions" when she means the kitchen. And remark some of her chapter-headings:—"Facilis descensus averno," "A Bolt from the Blue," "The Feet of Clay," "The Sword of Damocles," "Wedding Bells." In fine, the book is a baffling mixture of the inexpert, the precious, the mad, the out-and-out bad, and —the noble. I was often severely tried while reading it. But I am glad to have come across it.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Ransome is a bookmaker—at any rate this season. His "History of Story-telling" is published in the latest drawing-room-table form by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack. Let it be admitted that the latest drawing-room-table form, with its plain buckram binding and dignified page, is an improvement on that of our youth. Ah! The monstrosities of the seventies. It must have been they that embittered my literary infancy! Mr. Ransome chats brightly in a drawing-room manner of fiction-writers from Chaucer and earlier to Guy de Maupassant. Some of the essays carry futility to excess—such as that on Balzac—and I should amiably surmise that the book has no serious value of any kind whatever. It is arrant bookmaking. Nevertheless, it might have been worse. Though he does not comprehend, Mr. Ransome has the merit of being interested. It is to his credit that he acquaints the drawing-room public with the existence of a thing known as technique. It is also to his credit that he omits from his scheme Dickens and Thackeray on the ground that technically they were behind their times and have no economic place in the scheme. Mr. Ransome's purview is fairly cosmopolitan, and, if he handles de Maupassant as though de Maupassant were a bomb and might go off, he does not pretend that de Maupassant is not what he is. On the other hand, I cannot imagine upon what ground Mr. Ransome had the effrontery to ignore Russian novelists in this piece of bookmaking. He does not even excuse himself for the singular caprice. There is no reference at all to Gogol, Dostoievsky, and Turgenev, three of the greatest and most original novelists that have lived; and only a useless mention of Tolstoi, the fourth; and not a word about Tchehkoff, who took up the short story where de Maupassant left it, and developed it further. Mr. Ransome ought to have entitled his book: "A History of Story-telling—except the best." Mr. Gavin's illustrating portraits in line are not bad. Indeed, the portrait of Gautier is quite notable.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Newest Liberalism.*

IF in many respects it is better than the older, it is not so in all respects; it is worse exactly in one sphere where Mr. Churchill claims that it has been most successful. "Our policy has prospered better abroad than at home." "How utterly have all those predictions been falsified that a Liberal Government would be incapable of the successful conduct of Imperial affairs."

The measure of this prosperity is the measure of its abandonment of Liberalism. In foreign and colonial affairs the Liberal Party had hitherto, apart from certain extraordinary aberrations, when the moneylenders' pressure became overwhelming, exercised a mighty influence in moulding civilisation; it had stood for political liberty and for equality before the law. How is the account to-day? There answer Denshawai and Hassan Mahfouz, Natal and Dinuzulu, India and its deported leaders, the Transvaal and Mr. Gandhi; the South African Union which excludes the native races; we have protests against cruelty by the Sultan of Morocco, none against tyranny, torture and murder in Russia or in Spain.

With Mr. Churchill I agree: "you have not far to look for the reason. Abroad we have enjoyed full responsibility, a free hand, and fair play."

Exactly, there has been a continuity of foreign policy; there has been no criticism by the older section of the governing classes. Criticism by the people has been ineffective, partly because we have not always the knowledge. As a "London Working Man" says in this week's "India": "Outside a very small circle nothing is known of the exact facts of Indian daily life and custom, especially as affected by political conditions. We cannot tell how a particular law is affecting the common people or the commerce of the country." It is for this reason, of course, that our governing classes are able to continue the rule of those dependencies in the interests of their uncles, brothers and nephews.

The people of this country have not taken any interest in colonial and foreign politics, they have not recognised how intimately related these things are to their own affairs. Nor is it quite the case that profound study and much leisure are required to understand them, though all this may be wanted to unravel the tortuous ways of the Foreign and Colonial Offices.

Though Liberal and Tory politics are identical to-day in foreign and colonial affairs, it is mere pretence to assert that the outlook of the two parties is the same in other directions. The only means open to myself and to most other people to judge the intentions of the Liberal Party is a careful scrutiny of their words and of their deeds. It is mere cant to keep on repeating that all other than Socialist politicians are shallow hypocrites. We said it twenty-five years ago, but it is growing a bit stale nowadays.

The Tory Party gave us the Factory Acts—it has been sorry for it ever since; the Liberal Party opposed the Factory Acts, and it has been sorry for it—since a few years. In Mr. Churchill's speeches you will find a complete abandonment of the laissez-faire policy; that materialistic policy whose disastrous effects greet us at every corner; a policy which has built us up Middlesbroughs and Jarrows.

In his speech at Birmingham last January Mr. Churchill said: "There is no great country where the organisation of industrial conditions more urgently demands attention. Wherever the reformer casts his eye he is confronted with a mass of largely preventable and even curable suffering. The fortunate people in Britain are more happy than any other equally numerous class have been in the whole history of the world. I believe the left out millions are more miserable. Our vanguard enjoys all the delights of all the ages. Our rearguard straggles out into conditions which are crueller than barbarism." The Liberal Party is "to build up—so far as social machinery can avail—tolerable basic conditions for our fellow-countrymen."

Leaving this qualification aside for the moment, one discovers that these basic conditions resolve themselves practically into the actual Fabian programme.

Speaking exactly as the Fabians have for years past, Mr. Churchill introduced (and passed) the Anti-Sweating Bill, asking the House "to regard these industries as sick and diseased industries." For the first time the House was asked by responsible Ministers to differentiate between "a healthy and unhealthy condition of bargaining."

The Old Age Pensions Act, a direct outcome of agitation carried on for many years by Socialists, has undoubtedly been an enormous blessing. Something like 600,000 old men and women are now saved from ending their days in the workhouse. Those Socialists who have scoffed at this as a mere dole, of no use to any working-class person, can have no sort of personal relationship with the people; I know what a help this pension has been to many of my own friends, and thus I readily endorse Mr. Churchill's remark: "I must say that he is rather a sour kind of man who can find nothing to notice in the Old Age Pensions Act except its little flaws and petty defects."

The best way for Socialists to receive this Act is to express their gratitude in the well recognised method by demanding its immediate extension to all persons over fifty, and by the removal of the pauper disqualification.

Looking through Mr. Churchill's speeches on Social Reform, I find he is already prepared to carry out the main proposals of the Minority Report in regard to unemployment. An instalment of Labour Exchanges has been already given; whilst speaking at Dundee on Oct. 10th, 1908, Mr. Churchill spoke in favour of "some averaging machinery to regulate and even-up the general course of the labour market"; national industries to be expanded or contracted according to the needs of the labour market.

This is the principle of the £4,000,000 expenditure over ten years of the Minority Report. He then went on: "I say to you deliberately that no boy or girl ought to be treated merely as cheap labour, that up to eighteen years of age every boy and girl in this country should, as in the old days of apprenticeship, be learning a trade as well as earning a living." At Manchester last May, and at Lecester last September, Mr. Churchill definitely promised a Government insurance scheme "against sickness, against invalidity, and for the widows and orphans"; together with a scheme of insurance against unemployment. This last "will enable upwards of 2¼ millions of workers in the most uncertain trades of this country—trades like shipbuilding, engineering, and building—to secure unemployment benefits.

With proper political pressure and persuasion, it looks to me as if Mr. Churchill must grant the rest of the Minority Report proposals. Over and over again he declares himself in favour of the minimum wage and standard conditions of health, etc.

The Budget, as THE NEW AGE at once recognised, conceded the Fabian principle of taxing the unearned increment to pay for the uplifting of the struggling people.

Now none of this is Socialism. But we are in a fearful mess with less than one century of industrial laissez-faire. We have to get out of it. The Minority Report proposals will, I believe, get us out of the ruck. Perhaps we shall not journey much further by political methods, and I am pretty sure that Socialism, which will abolish unemployment, will make no great progress in this country until the worst effects of unemployment have been removed, until the nation is

* "Liberalism and the Social Problem." By the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)

placed on a sounder physical basis. Revolutionists, like soldiers, move on their stomachs.

Mr. Churchill sees nothing beyond this present industrial system mitigated by insurance and benevolence. For him it is ever to be a minority of wealthy persons governing a mass of ill-to-do persons. He seems to rejoice again and again in stating what a splendid country Britain is for the rich, for the property-possessing classes. "Socialism seeks to pull down wealth; Liberalism seeks to raise up poverty. Socialism attacks capital; Liberalism attacks monopoly."

Socialism seeks to pull down the wealthy and it attacks capitalists. There is no way to raise up poverty except to destroy the monopoly due to property—whether it be land or whether it be machinery. Agreed that land is the greatest of monopolies, and must be abolished. But in the modern industrial world of what use is land unless we have the means of cultivating it and of marketing the produce? So long as the monopolies in capital and trade exist, so long will there be a monopoly in land. However, I have no space to argue the Socialistic position in a notice of Mr. Churchill's speeches; I wanted to discover only how far he was prepared to go. It is pretty clear, I think, that he will help in the uplifting of the people so long as his class shall remain in control of the machine. Obviously he belongs to the band of social reformers who desire to help and reform the people; the Socialist, on the other hand, wants the people to help themselves (literally and figuratively), and to reform the other classes—out of existence. M. D. EDER.

The Magazines.

M. ZEFÉBURE, in "The International," gives an account of "The New French Small Holdings Act." "In the country of the great Revolution, with its democratical principle of the sub-division of estates, there is less inclination than elsewhere to accept as possible or reasonable the existence of a class of people living in the country but without any ownership of the soil. The economic ideal is found only in small holdings or in the rural co-operative associations. The genuine agricultural labourer was found to be losing ground. It is for him the new law has been passed; but he must possess a capital of £10. State loans at 2 per cent interest are granted to agricultural associations, which are obliged to grant loans on mortgages to labourers. The results of this law have not been very extensive; it is obviously much too cumbersome, and the writer pleads for more comprehensive laws which will "actually introduce the division of large landed estates among the former labourers." Mr. McCullagh believes in "Turkey's future." "If every vilayet in Anatolia were ruled by a Young Turk officer, progress would be probable, and outbreaks such as that of Adana would be very unlikely." He hopes much from a "modernist movement in Ottoman Mohammedanism, or the entry of that religion on a new phase." Saint Nihil Singh, writing on "How India is being Remade," gives an interesting account of village life, and makes us look askance at some of the reforms over which the writer rejoices. Khroustaleff writes of Russia; Emile Fleurens envies all that is horrible in German life, for which he would exchange the splendid French civilisation; and the Editor, dealing with unemployment, believes that England "will probably be the first European State to effect, if not the total suppression of unemployment . . . . at any rate, a very considerable alleviation of it." Unemployment will totally cease when "the State takes into its hands all, or at least the principal, branches of industry."

In the autumn number of "Saint George," Professor Edith I. Morley describes Social Reform in Fourteenth Century Literature, with "Piers Plowman" as text. It would be too much to expect anything very novel on this subject, and the professor meets our expectations. But the 14th century history is always worth recalling. "By the middle of the 15th century the foundations of that freedom were laid which broadens down so slowly, and yet so surely, from precedent to precedent. (Evidently written before November 22nd.) The editor has a contribution on the Boy Scouts; Mr. Glendinning describes an address by Mr. V. V. Branford on St. Columba; and Mr. A. I. Clark muses on Settignano. All very amateurish.

In the "Social Democrat" Mr. H. Quelch has a curiously inconsequent article on "Socialism and Taxation." "The incidence of taxation was a matter which did not greatly concern the working classes; that fleeced as the workers are in the workshop and in the factory, the expenses of government must, perforce, in the main, be met out of the surplus-value created by their unpaid labour." A few lines further: "It has had to be admitted that indirect taxation in the shape of customs and excise duty, especially when imposed on their luxuries, does afford a means of taxing the workers; another means of still further fleecing those who have already been stripped almost bare by industrial exploitation." Mr. Quelch does not explain the "especially when imposed on their luxuries," but as he proceeds to castigate severely the Labour Party for supporting the Budget, he obviously thinks the incidence of taxation is a matter which does very greatly concern the working classes. The expenditure on Old Age Pensions, etc., "should have been provided for either by increased taxes on property or by reduced expenditure on armaments." What becomes, then, of the surplus-value theory? Edith Swift puts the woman's question in a nutshell in "Bax and Feminism v. Women": "Why does he (Bax) not insist 'that all women under Socialism, and as soon as possible, work for their living, as a right as much as a duty, save for the exemption of mothers during pregnancy and nursing?'" She forgets, however, that most women do work to-day for their living, but their work is inadequately recognised, and never paid—the housewife is the most sweated worker in the land.

We are concerned to know whether the Rev. R. Fullerton truly represents the young Irish view in "The New Ireland Review." Writing on Socialism and Morality, this moralist says: "It is obvious that Socialism and right order are incompatible terms. Starting from injustice and ending in universal anarchy, Socialism can have nothing in common with right conduct. It is not necesssary to point out at length the total disregard for morality fostered by a system which would legalise wholesale robbery. To deprive a person against his will of what belongs to him is theft or robbery, and this is the main plank in the Socialists' platform." The reverend gentleman's opinions on marriage are interesting. "If it were regarded as right for married people to dissolve partnership and enter into fresh alliances, there would be found but few couples who would remain exclusively in each other's company, and co-operate with one another in rearing and educating their children to be good and useful members of society." What an exquisite family life is here depicted as the normal one of to-day—the parents kept together by force, hating the bonds that tie them to their children, who are being brought up in the teeth of this beautiful example to be good.

DRAMA.

A Suggested Prologue to "Eager Heart."

[This should be delivered to a Gregorian chant. If unintelligibility is desired, it should be sung in canon. A step dance may be introduced where necessary.]

DEAR friends and gentles all, it does me good
To see so many well-dressed people here.
You've come to see our play? I thought you would.
Two-shilling seats are cheap, the ten not dear.
We have no free salvation for the many,
But what we have we sell as cheap as any.

We really have salvation for you all.
This place is like a church, for there's the organ,
And there are many shrines around the wall
Where you may worship Dickens, Arnold, more than
Professor Jowett, who translated Plato,
Or Emerson, or even Doctor Martineau.

This is not quite a play. Let's call it service
Of Truth, or the Ideal, or what you will.
The critics then will be sure to prefer this
To every playhouse drama on the bill.
This is not quite a play; it is a mystery,
Some ethics that have lost their way in history.

Here where I stand will represent the street,
And three steps higher is Eager Heart's abode,
Heaven is three steps beyond; the frugal meat
And liquor this round table will commode,
And over by the wall the lady's bed is;
'Tis not approved by our Professor Geddes.

The story's not all Gospel, for we found
That Cinderella's sisters came in handy
To taunt our heroine, upon the ground
That suffering makes a spiritual dandy.
She has no past, but hopes to have a future,
And doubtless will, unless someone will shoot her.

We've got some shepherds, and some proper sheep.
The three Kings wander in from Seven Dials,
Or thereabouts, when they should be asleep.
No frankincense or myrrh is in their vials.
The crowns are not of gold that do adorn 'em,
For if they were, they might desire to pawn 'em.

We have a pretty tableau at the last,
The Holy Family, en séance, as a vision;
The Holy Ghost can't come into the cast,
He's far too slight to stand against derision
Which might arise if any inspiration
Showed in a play of every time and nation.

Well, that's the play, as near as I remember.
There's something about stars and viewless voices,
And some stray angels wandering (in December!)
But I forget. I only know the boy says
The play is really very nicely written,
A bit old-fashioned, like grandmother's mitten.

But quite, O! quite respectable! Each phrase
Was chosen by our authoress to show
That, tho' now poor, it had seen better days,
And might have once been poetry. I know
That what the past approved must win your deference,
And leave you to the play and books of reference.

And now I want to talk of the Ideal.
This age has lost its faith, its—God knows what,
Its bowels, its brains, the ability to kneel,
And many other things that I've forgot.
And yet it wanders seeking everywhere
Its spiritual comfort, and that comfort's here!

Here is the thing you want, and you must have.
It has no bowels, and not too many brains,
Its faith is well diluted, so be brave;
Or else some quack will cure you of your pains
With some pernicious doctrine in large doses
That mars the soul with spiritual ecchymosis.

We are the only firm incorporated.
Our Council and our President are not frisky;
We have Vice-Presidents, all well inflated;
Our great red seal has nought to do with whisky,
And you can purchase shares for half-a-crown,
Which may earn dividends while it saves the town.

The actors work for Love and Joy, not Glory,
We don't allow their names upon the bill;
One's a peer's son—but that's another story,
And one's—but truly that would be worse still,
But if you see a short, dark girl in this shop,
You'll know that she's related to a Bishop.

So join with us, and be ye saved again.
We suit all tastes, and all the creeds combine
In praise of this new Christmas game. 'Tis plain
That what suits Anglicans, and artists fine,
And Nonconformists, and a host of others,
Will suit your wives, yourselves, perhaps your brothers.

And now the stage is ready, I descend.
I must suck peppermint to ease my cough,
And sure the scent's too fragrant to offend
The finest nose, upon the stage or off,
And you who never in your lives have sucked one
Can get supplies quite cheaply from Miss Buckton.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

ART.

BENEATH the dark pines of the Schwarzwald, where I was hobnobbing with the charcoal burners, I once heard a university professor express the mania of his class for ethics in art. Tramping across the pine-clad hills from Stuttgart to Carlsruhe he dropped into our little camp just when we were suffering from a bad attack of German weather at its worst. He volunteered to gladden our hearts with a bright discourse. That night came, and with it ourselves in clean faces. He announced his title. It was the Ethics of Charcoal. Visions of lessons in holding the charcoal, in shading, in doing simple profiles in outline from the flat, flashed across me. Then he gave out his text from the Hitopadesa. "No friendship should be made with the evil. Charcoal is an evil. It burns the hand when it is hot, blackens it when it is cold." We stood this sort of thing in rococo utterances patiently for half-an-hour. Then we took him out and burnt him. It was the only reasonable way to dispose of the treacherous man. Now he is demonstrating the moral use of charcoal in another place, in another form.

* * *

This ethical illusion of the Strasburg Goose we have always with us. It was by my side as I stood in fair France contemplating the Barbizon Nature of Millet. It stares out from the book before me. "The Higher Life in Art" (Unwin, 8s. 6d.) is the work of an art teacher who has apparently engaged in art without coming to proper terms with it. One day Mr. La Farge is called upon to deliver the Scammon course of lectures at the Art Institute of Chicago. He chooses a very interesting subject, the influence of Delacroix on the Barbizon School. But ethical and other irrelevant problems block out the artistic view. So when he is not ethicising he is psychologising or biologising. He insists that Millet's outlook was formed by his long line of peasant ancestors, and by the religious sentiment of his grandmother; that his artistic realm is nothing but the connecting background to his moral and sociological meanings. In fact so intent is Mr. La Farge upon surrounding Millet, Corot, and others with a merely ethical and ethnographical interest that he quite misses the meaning of Dupres, whom he quotes as follows: "Nature to these (Barbizon) men was not a thing to copy from, their painting from Nature was an excuse for the statement of their capacity for reverence and admiration." That is, their capacity to treat and praise a subject whose value they understood in a special sense. I prefer the artist's view of himself to the professor's, and for this reason admire the many reproductions in Mr. La Farge's book, but scorn his text, which is, in many respects, sheer nonsense when it is not mere Emerson.

* * *

The words of Dupres prove then that artists not only consent to talk about art, but contrive to invest the subject with the character of art. Occasionally they descend to mere school-boy chatter, as is the case with Mr. Shirley Fox, who has undertaken to relate "An Art Student's Reminiscences of Paris in the Eighties" (Mills and Boon, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Fox's Paris is not the Paris of my recollection. I first visited Paris in the late seventies with my father who was making some portrait studies. All I remember of the visit is a word from Marie Bashkirtseff about a head she was painting. Paris of the early eighties was, I remember, the Paris of Bashkirtseff's adored master, Bastien-Lepage. Then the Ecole des Beaux-Arts (Mr. Fox's first influence) was the dull affair a State School usually is, and Gèrome (another influence) was turning out highly wrought stuff and fast becoming a millionaire and a nuisance. Julian (another influence) was a sort of wrestler turned studio proprietor, who had rented a big studio and engaged Bouguereau and other professors, had gained an immense vogue, was creating a scandal, and receiving the Legion of Honour mainly for getting pictures hung by the Academy that ought to have been burnt. Mr. Fox misses these points and dwells instead upon the tricks played by the anciens upon the nouveaux. I shall continue to stick to Henri Murger's "Scènes de la vie de Bohême," to Filson Young's "Sands of Pleasure," to George Moore's "Reminiscences" for a real view of Paris, and turn to Mr. Fox when I want to see Paris as a City of Chestnuts.

* * *

The ethical illusion, besides taking up its abode in academic brains, seems to have invaded literature. Indeed some of the old professed art publications have gone quite off the line and are no longer making a true effort to help art and the artist. Here and there, however, a journal has been saved from philosophies and religions, from Moral Leagues and Ethical Societies. I may take as an instance the "Studio" which was

"THE FIRST COMPELLING BOOK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY,"
is what William Marion Reedy says in the *St. Louis Mirror* of

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William Archer, in *The Morning Leader*, says: "As I turn over the leaves and re-read the passages I have marked, I utterly despair of conveying within my appointed limits any inkling of the author's fertility of thought and illustration."

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"HISTOIRE DE LA PRINCESSE ZULKAIS ET DU PRINCE KALILAH," a hitherto Unpublished Manuscript by WILLIAM BECKFORD, the Author of "VATHEK."

The first year of the "ENGLISH REVIEW" (Dec., 1908 to Nov., 1909), handsomely bound in three volumes can now be obtained from the Publishers, price 27s. per set. Single volumes price 9s each. The first volume includes, among many contributions, H. G. WELLS'S Novel, "TONO-BUNGAY," while "THE HOLY MOUNTAIN," by STEPHEN REYNOLDS appears as a serial in Volume 2, and "A CALL," by FORD MADOX HUEFFER, in Volume 3.

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started in ninety-three to forward the "New English Art" movement, and which has been a real help to the arts and crafts movement. If it has dropped somewhat out of its original purpose it is because there is no present movement to forward. But its competitions are doubtless of great service in promoting fresh talent. The new volume furnishes an extremely interesting record, pictorial and otherwise, of up-to-date work in summaries of picture-shows both in this country and abroad, and is a useful guide to what is being said and done in the arts and crafts world. But its criticisms are not exactly torch-bearers lighting the way for eternal truth.

* * *

As to the new art publications strong language is the only thing to use. Their trick of getting into the public eye on the optical illusion of a greater general love for art than formerly, is reprehensible. If the public to-day so love art for art's sake why does it not crowd the shows of the modern men and buy their works? In some such way the "National Gallery" (A. and C. Jack) introduces itself. The publication is not a bad one as such publications go. It aims to bring the National Gallery to our doors, and this in cheap and convincing shillingsworths. Its text is useful, and its "masterpieces in colour" are so good that they introduce into the life of the person of modest means the requisite element of art emotion without troubling him to go and fetch it. Why a work of this kind should seek to bolster itself up with many inventions is something beyond my comprehension. If the old masters must come knocking at our doors over the bodies of neglected modern men, then let them do it on their own merits. If the public has not yet gained the use of its eyes, bunkum will not help it to do so.

* * *

That we are in for a great crusade of the ancients may be seen at the Exhibition of the Medici Society's reproductions after the Old Masters. These reproductions are very faithful; the Durers, especially those by the four-colour process, are amazing. In many respects they are better than those of the Arundel Society—examples of whose work are shown—and also much cheaper. When all has been said, however, there is no reason to acclaim such reproductions as the fulfilment of a long-felt want, and to consider that we are on the way to become a great art nation, instead of a nation of fools. On the contrary, this attempt of the old fellows to establish themselves as art story-telling guests in the home of the bourgeoise makes me yawn. It does not assist the artist. It no longer has the good purpose of the Arundel Society who sent men round to the galleries to make first-hand water colour copies of the originals. Nowadays it serves merely to put money into the pockets of photographers, house-painters and aspiring shopmen. I sincerely wish the Old Masters would follow the Old Crusaders and go crusading elsewhere, say to Jerusalem or Jericho.

* * *

It is refreshing to be able to turn from this wearisome contemplation of art in the professor's chair, and as counter-jumper, to the consideration of a real attempt to promote the work of one who is both an artist and a craftsman. The present exhibition at the Carfax Gallery revives the strange story of J. Havard Thomas and the R.A. It will be remembered that one day Mr. Thomas staggered the R.A. by flinging an original statue of Lycidas at its dense head. The R.A., true to its traditions, kicked both Havard and his wonderful Lycidas out. Then came the New Gallery, who took Havard by the hand and obtained for his work that appreciation which good sculptors desire but seldom obtain. Now comes the Carfax, places our sculptor in the sunlight of its select little gallery, and calls forth on behalf of his clever work praise not unmixed with wonder. One wonders whether the R.A. would reject work like this. It is distinguished and exceedingly interesting, it shows originality and a strong personality; it is rather dominated by details, realistic in a sense like Donatello's, whose treatment was, however, much broader. In particular, the bas-relief (Music and Dancing) is a fine achievement, and the studies for it are remarkable also. It has, however, none of the powerful originality of the Rodin group in the Gallery entrance. The Lycidas here in black, finely-patinated bronze, is startlingly thorough;—but that it should be rejected by the R.A.! What was the R.A. thinking about? Does it ever think?

HUNTLY CARTER.

Insurance Notes.

Collecting Friendly Societies.

To all appearance the Assurance Bill will become law in July next, and in its amended form should prove beneficial to the public and helpful to assurance agents and officials. As regards insurable interest, the delinquencies of the past will be pardoned and greater scope given to societies to secure business. On the whole, what appeared at first to be a dangerous measure is found after amendment to be an advantageous one. It is well that the position of Collecting Societies has been strengthened, because their existence has always been a powerful lever in determining the remuneration of collectors and agents not only in said societies, but also in companies.

* * *

When the Assurance Bill was introduced containing the conversion clause which has now been dropped, it was published abroad by interested parties that the Government was eager to get rid of Collecting Societies. The rumour became so persistent that an enquiry was lodged with the Board of Trade, and Mr. Churchill replied that there was no foundation whatever for the notion that the Government was very anxious that those societies should be converted into companies. The misleading nature of the rumour has been thoroughly exposed by the fact that the President of the Board of Trade has carried the amendment securing that no change shall take place without the consent first given of a majority, that is to say, 55 per cent. of the adult members of a Collecting Friendly Society.

* * *

As Mr. C. J. Pettitt, a writer on industrial insurance, points out, Collecting Friendly Societies are part of the great co-operative movement born in the early part of last century, on a wave of altruistic feeling. The movement met with the sympathy and support of the Government of the day, in the shape of exemption from income tax and stamp duty. This movement was really the Socialistic idea in embryo, embodying as it does the principle of collective ownership and ministering to the needs of the people without individual profit. The idea took another form in the founding of trading institutions, better known as co-operative societies. At present there are powerful influences at work, secretly and openly, in favour of dividend-hunters, and unless care is taken co-operative insurance institutions are doomed.

* * *

It seems that an organisation has been formed to oppose the conversion of the Liverpool Victoria into a proprietary company. It is called the Liverpool Victoria Workers' Defence Association, and the headquarters are in London. The association contains several popular representatives of the society and deserves to succeed. We are strongly in sympathy with efforts on the part of employers to protect their interests, but we should like to see a more drastic development, namely, the formation of a Members' Defence Association in connection with each Collecting Friendly Society. It is often charged against the members of those societies that they do not take advantage of the representative means at their disposal, and there is truth in the charge, and therefore we cannot conceive a healthier influence in those societies than a members' association with branches in every district.

* * *

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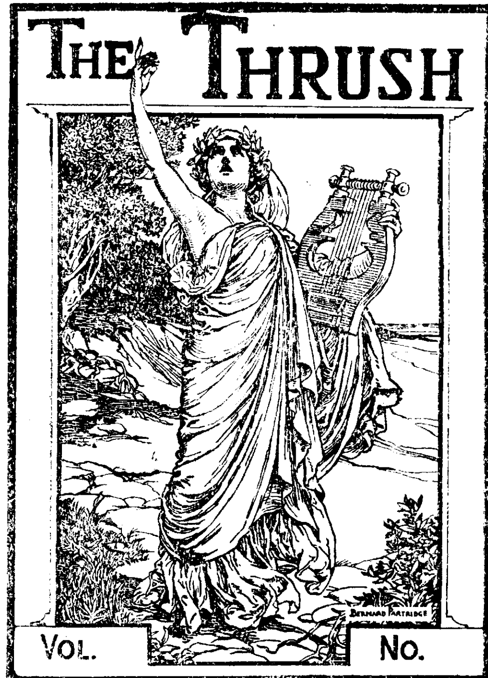

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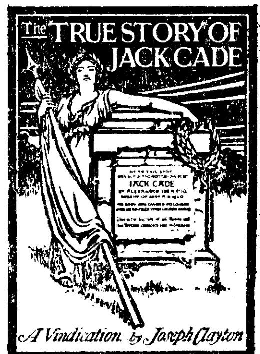

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THE RESULTS OF CONSCRIPTION IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Struck by the number of cases of venereal disease I saw among youths who had been through the service, I made enquiries, chiefly among rankers, but also of some officers and German medical men. I found that the official statistics were quite unreliable. Men serving in different regiments in various parts of Germany have explained to me how universal was the disease among their comrades. The large majority of cases, mild, apparently, to the patient, are treated by chemists, home remedies, or private practitioners, or left untreated. Dr. Greenwood will understand how easy it is for a man to avoid detection in most cases, whilst the later results may be disastrous.

M. D. EDER.

* * *

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In your issue of the 18th inst., under the heading, "The Results of Conscription," you publish a reply by Dr. Greenwood, jun., to an extraordinary statement made by Dr. Eder, to the effect that there is "scarcely a recruit in the German Army who has escaped venereal disease."

I should like to add to Dr. Greenwood's reply a copy of a table given on page 12 of the Report of the Army Medical Department for the years 1906 and 1907, the latest one available.

HEALTH STATISTICS OF FOREIGN ARMIES.

Venereal Diseases.

	Ratios per 1,000 of Strength.	
Admissions.	1906.	1907.
United Kingdom	81.8	71.9
France	66.6	29.1
Germany	19.8	18.8
Austro-Hungary	61.6	60.6
United States of America	178.7	158.9
Russia	44.7	59.2

This shows that in the two armies dependent on the voluntary system the admissions for venereal far exceed those in armies whose recruits are drawn from all classes, instead of only the poorest ones, and furnish one more argument in favour of universal military training, as giving a nation a steadier class of soldiers.

W. R. FIELD.

* * *

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I cannot help thinking that it would be to the interest of the men who sometimes threaten "revolution" if they would see to it that the adminstration of law and punishment as regards political prisoners is kept pure and just, in preparation for a time when men may again find it necessary to fight for freedom. Had they not better see to it that the torture of prisoners is not justified on the ground that the said prisoners need not make protest against tyranny unless they like, and that they deserve any punishment because they "might have hurt" somebody in the course of their agitation?

This is the present attitude of the public with regard to political prisoners, fostered by the coercive action of the authorities. Men might also protest in their own interest against the occurrences at the recent trial of Miss Neilans and Mrs. Chapin, when women were cleared out of court. Of course, one cannot imagine in a man's trial the men being excluded, because there would probably be nobody left, and, to be sure, the men would not stand it.

Again, Miss Neilans was told by the judge that she was evidently enjoying her position. Miss Neilans concluded a plucky defence by retorting that going to prison meant precisely as much to her as it would to the judge himself.

Finally, although the prisoners were not allowed to mention motives in defence, the prosecuting counsel was allowed to read from an interview with Miss Neilans, published in the Press, adverse evidence as to her aims and intentions in the future, likely to prejudice her sentence.

ELEANOR JACOBS.

* * *

THE PASSING DISPENSATION.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In the course of the article entitled "The Passing Dispensation," published in your columns, reference is made to the "democratic spirit of the Salvation Army." I leave your readers therefore to surmise whether the following extracts from the official "Orders and Regulations" are to be taken as testifying to the army's democratic spirit:—

Soldiers' meetings are not intended to be, nor must they be allowed to become, meetings for discussion or dispute; in fact, it would be regarded as a proof of great incompetence on the part of a commanding officer that he should be heard to say of any subject, "I have laid it before the soldiers, and they object." The affairs of a corps must be directed by the commanding officer, and not by the voice of the soldiers. Nothing in the nature of voting or taking sides must be tolerated in any soldiers' meetings. (p. 165.)

The reason for this is that the field officer "will have acknowledged a principle which is, and must be for ever, foreign to the constitution of the army." (p. 549.)

The principles of the army, we are told, "remain as unchangeable as the throne of Jehovah himself." (Introduction O. and R.) Under the system adopted that seems to be assured.

TH. GUGENHEIM.

* * *

BERESFORD AND PORTSMOUTH.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

"Of course he'll get in; he's a Hadmiral!"

One can search the pages of modern history in vain to find a more wanton insult to the electors of this country than Beresford putting up at Portsmouth. Had he had the decency to go where he is not known one could forgive him; but here in Portsmouth, asking the men of the navy and dockyard above all others, to put him in the House of Commons! "Charley" may have been boomed by pseudo-naval writers in the "Hampshire Telegraph," but the "lower deck" smiles.

The men of the navy and dockyard are thinking of larger issues than a war with Germany, and are not to be drawn from the path of reform by such red-herrings. They are realising only too well that this talked-of and hatched-up bogey is another game of the very class who invariably call themselves the "governing classes" (?) and imagine they, and they alone, have the sole prerogative of officering the services. One wonders whether Beresford would advocate on the floor of the House a democratic system of officering the navy.

Beresford, old man, take my tip, and try somewhere else! You have counted without your host—the dockyard man and the man behind the gun—who are going to have a voice in matters pertaining to the wars of the future. Vote for Beresford? "Not I," says Jack, "he's one of the bounders who voted to keep the 'cat' going to flog bluejackets." No; officers were never flogged nor even birched. "Open-air audiences are not the thinking part of the electors," says his lordship (vide "Morning Leader" of the 26th). Questions may have been awkward in public. Well, I'm only a common sailor compared to his aristocratic lordship, but I might say I've had some intellectual treats listening to Sanders outside the dockyard gates; and, by the way, he is going to have my vote.

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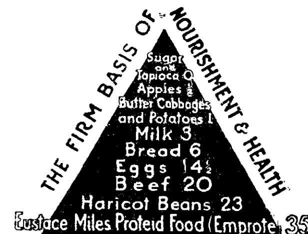

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A CARTOON: THE EVERLASTING PARADOX. By DUDLEY TENNANT
NOTES OF THE WEEK
VASHTI: A POEM. By BEATRICE TINA
LE JARDIN DU TREPAS By W. L. GEORGE
PETER THE PAUPER By E. H. VISIAK
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By STANHOPE OF CHESTER
PERKS! By O. W. DYCE
F. E. SMITH: AN APPRECIATION. By MONTAGU BRIXTON
EQUALITY AND OPPORTUNITY. By FRANCIS GRIERSON
A CONTINENTAL TRIP.—IV. By BART KENNEDY
THE ART OF HOME MAKING.—II. By W. SHAW SPARROW
THE SOCIOLOGIST UPON THE STREETS.—II. By PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES
THE PASSING DISPENSATION.—I. By JUDAH P. BENJAMIN
ON CONSUMPTION. By THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.
BOOKS AND PERSONS. By JACOB TONSON
SOME DISREMEMBERED LESSONS. By M. D. EDER
BLIND: A POEM. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON
ART. By HUNTLY CARTER
CORRESPONDENCE.

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NEXT WEEK.

A CARTOON.
THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR. BY HOLBEIN BAGMAN
THE PALE PERSON. BY ALLEN UPWARD
THE SITUATION IN FINLAND. BY A FINN
TWELVE HUNDRED FROZEN MEN: A STORY. BY AAGE MADELUNG
THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF BOYS. BY F. KETTLE, B.A.
THE SOCIOLOGIST UPON THE STREETS III. BY PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES
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VERSE. BY F. S. FLIN
DRAMA.
ART.
MUSIC.
ETC. ETC.

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