

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW SERIES. Vol. VI. No. 10.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1910.

[Registered at G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.]

THREEPENCE.



RIDERS TO THE SEA.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No master current has yet emerged in the turmoil of the election. Whether it be the lingering effects of Christmas or more serious reasons, there is a want of verve in the battle, which argues some weakness of conviction somewhere. In truth, no great and even momentous election was ever fought more completely in the dark. We do not believe that even at this late hour of the political day more than a few dozen leaders of the four parties know what they are doing or whither they are going. Tariff Reform is certainly a leap in the dark, and Tariff Reformers of the honester sort may be forgiven for being dubious of the wisdom of their policy. But equally Liberals are somewhat doubtful, if not of the issue of the election, at least of their power to carry out a mandate against the House of Lords, especially at the price of Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and further instalments of the dreaded Socialism. These doubts are faithfully reflected in the divisions now arising in the Unionist camp and in the defections of wealthy tradespeople from the Liberal ranks. There is, in fact, something of a reshuffling of the political cards, preparatory to a new game, on which the stakes to be played for are ruinously high.

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If it were possible to remain completely isolated from the issue and to study them philosopher-wise, with no need to act upon decision, we might prefer to luxuriate in the innocuous impartiality which philosophy and the reflection that in the long run all parties are alike infallibly give. But on the day of the poll impartiality is impossible. A decision must not only be made, but acted on. There is no room on a ballot paper for expressing the perfect balance which wisdom gives. A decision has to be made whether facts have or have not been perfectly considered. Under these circumstances we shall not hesitate to sink all the minor distinctions which weigh pro and con amongst the parties, and to fix our eyes clearly upon the major issues of the main combatants.

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What are they? Attempts have been made to obscure the initial fact of the whole of the present election, the fact on which it was originated, the fact on which it was begun, and the fact on which it is destined to end: the right of the House of Lords to control the finance of the nation. Abstractly and potentially other issues, we will admit, are of even greater importance. Nobody will accuse Socialists of willingly sacrificing the immediacy of an economic for a purely political question. But in the present instance we have no choice but to regard the political and constitutional question as overshadowing all other questions. Many Socialists,

we know, resent this bitterly; resent also the fact that THE NEW AGE has consistently maintained this view from the very day that the Lords first threatened their high-handed act of aggression. But our reply is simple. You cannot preach economics to ears deafened by political clamour nor find an entrance for ideas of social reform in minds occupied with constitutional questions. It is sad, but true; and we must content ourselves with doing the best thing under the circumstances and in postponing for a more favourable occasion our own propaganda.

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This is practically forced on us after reflecting on a fact which grows more obvious daily, namely, the hopeless division and cross-currents that exist in the professedly Socialist ranks. The eve of an election is not the occasion for a discussion of the causes of these divisions, but they are unmistakable, and, in our view, for the moment unbridgeable. We may say if we like that the Labour Party has failed as the political instrument of the Socialist movement; and so it has, if once we assume, as we must assume, that a representative Socialist Party would permit no distinction of classes in its executive body. The Labour Party, as anyone can plainly see who takes the trouble to examine its list of seventy-eight candidates, is quite as intent on excluding superior intellects from its councils as in accomplishing its proper work of influencing legislation in the highest degree and in a Socialist direction. In other words, the Labour Party is not and will not now ever become a truly Socialist or even national party. On the other hand, the divisions among the Socialist groups outside the Labour Party are not a whit less discouraging. At the present moment our various Socialist leaders are either engaged in denouncing each other or in the equally futile task of alternately reinforcing the extreme sections of each of the Liberal and Tariff Reform parties. There is, as we say, no definite lead in any direction whatever. The election now being fought on a constitutional issue finds the Socialist movement totally unprepared not merely for a constitutional campaign, but also for a considered and unanimous economic counterblast.

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Very probably the realisation both of the hopelessness of the Labour Party as an instrument of Socialism and of the helplessness of the pure Socialists themselves when thus divided may result after the election in a new constructive move on lines which we indicated as necessary so long ago as last spring. Out of this election and its lessons will arise, we believe, a desire which will prove strong enough to lay the foundation of a future Socialist party independent not only of Liberal and Conservative parties, but of the Labour Party as well. That indeed is already clearly indicated in the circumstances in which we find ourselves to-day. Meanwhile, however, the question has to be faced: What are the Socialists to do now and in the present election? Undoubtedly the issue is momentous in more respects than

one. To find ourselves five, ten, or twenty years hence with a Socialist party in a House of Commons shorn of its power of finance will be not at all to our taste. There is only one conclusion : to put our backs into the work, not of supporting the Liberal party, but of ending, so far as we can, the power of the House of Lords.

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And, after all, it is a congenial task, and a task which Socialists should know how to perform. It is, moreover, a reform long overdue, and, like all overdue reforms, its accomplishment promises results out of all proportion to the cause. For the House of Lords, with its insolent pretensions, has stood as a sort of sluiceway to the stream of progress which it has delayed, until now the reforming streams stand up as a heap before them, awaiting the bursting of the gates. Not the least important of the reforms consequent on the abolition of the absolute veto of the Lords will be the reform of the House of Commons ; and it will be the pleasant task of Socialists to insist that this reform shall be in the direction of creating a more and more popular and efficient House. Nothing but stupidity will delay an economic revolution when once the House of Commons is made supreme in legislation.

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And with what malign proposals is the defence of the Lords associated ! Protection, to increase the surplus value of capitalists ; Conscription, to place at the disposal of capitalists a national Pinkerton force for use in strikes and civil disturbances ; a Land Policy, cynically devised to ensure every peasant proprietor being an anti-Socialist ; Imperialism, a denial of even the prospect of Home Rule to Ireland, Egypt, and India. Is there a single one of these that any Socialist can honestly support ? On the other side, there are in the Liberal Party men who at any rate are willing to begin the trial of Socialist legislation and boldly to experiment on lines which in their extension can only be continued by Socialists. For the life of us we do not see that at this moment and for this election much doubt about the side we are to take need exist.

Church Socialist League Manifesto. The General Election, 1910.

THE Church Socialist League appeals to all men and women, and in particular to members of the Church of England, to give serious consideration to the issues at stake at this crisis.

As Churchmen who are Socialists, we emphatically repudiate the cruel and baseless charges of "Atheism and Immorality" still being made against the movement to which we have given our thoughtful and deliberate adhesion. So far from Socialism being "the end of all religion," we see in it the beginning of a deeper application of Christianity to human life than has been possible under the immoral social conditions which we seek to change.

We appeal to all who believe in "government by the people" to join in a determined effort to get rid, once and for all, of the hereditary principle in the Legislature. At the same time we point out that the House of Commons must be completely democratised by the extension of the franchise to all adult citizens, of either sex, and by such electoral reform as will destroy the oppressive power of riches and of the party caucus, together with other things which now prevent any security for the representation of the whole people.

We support the principle of land taxation in the Budget because, until the land is restored to the people, it is but just that increment created by the community should contribute more largely towards the national revenue. We desire, further, to see the same principle extended to all forms of unearned income, including those derived from interest on capital.

We point out that there are still millions of pounds of taxation pressing on the necessities and comforts of the poor. This taxation is even increased by the Budget. All such taxes should be removed, and the food of the people entirely freed.

But the most vital matter in this and every present-day election is the poverty of the people. This is, above all, a subject for the imperative consideration of all Christians.

We appeal to the electors to consider the immeasurable importance of the question of unemployment and the condition of the children.

We remind our fellow-Christians, with emphasis, that, as four years ago so now to-day, there are millions of persons living on the verge of destitution. In the metropolis alone there are at least 100,000 children, the provision of whose daily bread is never assured. These children, by the commission of Christ Himself, were specially committed to our care.

We therefore urge the electors to require of every candidate that, if he be elected, he will, in the first session of Parliament demand not merely the carrying out of the promises already made by the Government in the direction of social reform, but also the creation of a National Labour Department for the organisation of industry, viz. :—

1. To raise the school age to 16 years, with maintenance, through the Education Authority, for those children whose parents are unable to provide it.

2. To reduce the long hours of labourers to 48 hours a week at the least, together with the fixing of a minimum wage.

3. To regulate casual labour, and to provide maintenance and special training where necessary.

4. To insist upon drastic reform of the housing of the poor, so that the present destruction of family life may be stopped.

5. To break up the poor law as demanded by the Minority Report of the Royal Commission, so that destitution shall be treated no longer as a crime, or as the object of temporary relief, but as a social disease that can be prevented or cured.

6. To establish the "right to work" for all men and women capable of earning their living ; and to effect this not only by such means as road development, but also by a wide expansion of municipal enterprise in all departments of productive and distributive industry.

Finally, as Christians and Socialists, we urge that our common ideal must extend far beyond the accomplishment of these immediate reforms, whether constitutional or economic. We are working for a co-operative commonwealth, in which land and capital shall be owned collectively by the whole community.

We call upon all Christians to help us in the fight, which is not only against evil conditions, but also against mammon worship, injustice and inequality, idleness and luxury, materialism and other sins, all of which we are pledged by our faith to resist.

We appeal to our fellow-Churchmen to raise anew with us the banner of Christ in defence of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed, and to proclaim afresh His Word : "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice."

Foreign Affairs.

THE use to which Mr. Blatchford's articles advocating conscription in England are being put makes it necessary to recapitulate the reasons why conscription is practically and economically worthless. The first line of British defence against any German attack is the Navy. Everyone is agreed on that, and upon the importance of maintaining a strong Navy. Mr. Blatchford and the Conscriptionists urge that a strong Army would be a good second line of defence. This is an absurdity. In order to bring the Army into defensive operation one has to assume the British Navy has been annihilated in various sea-fights to such an extent that the British coasts are unprotected by naval forces. The Army could never be brought into action. The coasts of England would be blockaded. The routes of food supply would be commanded by the victorious German fleet. A population of forty millions cannot be fed by mere "blockade running." The fullest resources of the British food supplies are calculated at a month. What good could the bravest Army, even one of three millions strong, do, when faced with a relentless closing of ports? When the Conscription Party deign to answer this question they might be listened to.

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From the point of view of aggression, the British Army is sufficiently strong. It would be hopeless to attempt to conquer Germany by force; but England at this moment can put 100,000 men across the North Sea with much more ease than Germany. The economic objection to conscription is that the expense would entail no advantage; but it would limit naval expenditure. If these vast sums must be spent upon defence, then they should be expended in such a way as to secure the best return for the money. A million spent on Jack Tar is worth five millions spent on Tommy Atkins. As a fact, conscription is wanted in England to keep down the working classes. The ruling oligarchy are beginning to fear the political predominance of the Labour Party. The working classes are to be put in their places by the drill sergeant and the engine of military law. Mr. Blatchford dared not defend military law; therefore, he has ignored it. There is no machinery of oppression so terrible in the world as military law, which is a device for crushing the spirit and the independence of the soldier.

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The compromise in the Friedjung trial was generally anticipated. The longer the trial proceeded the more revelations were threatened of discreditable Austrian intrigues. It is a singular fact that the Austrian Foreign Office should have thought it worth while to supply Dr. Friedjung with forged documents to prove large bodies of the King-Emperor's subjects were traitors to him. Yet, that was the position taken up. In order to incite the Austrian people against Serbia, many notable Croats and Servians under Austrian rule were accused of a conspiracy to establish a Serbo-Croatian State. The trial has done good to the cause of the nationalities. The treason trial of Agram shook Austrian confidence in the methods of her ruling bureaucracy. The Friedjung trial will further lessen that confidence, and the nationalities will not be alone in their lamentations at Austrian and Magyar misrule.

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"The True Truth About the Navy," by Messrs. H. F. Wyatt and L. G. H. Horton-Smith (Sampson Low, 6d. net), is the most untruthful pamphlet it has ever been my lot to read. These authors state (page 9) that the British Fleet must be towed into the Thames, insinuating that the ships cannot steam by themselves. This is a grotesque falsehood. "From the North Pacific, from the China station, from the West Indies, from the Cape, ships which flew the White Ensign were withdrawn": this statement, so expressed, is a

wilful perversion of the facts. These are two instances picked out of a mass of cleverly written technical matter, presented so as to convey the maximum of false suggestion and suppression of the truth. A third quotation will show the value to be attached to the veracity of these writers, who can say nothing without decrying their fellow-countrymen as traitors. "Probably no faction quite so deeply despicable as our Radical and Socialist Party of to-day has ever been known in the history of any country." Certainly nothing quite so false and despicable as this pamphlet has ever been known in the literature of any country. The Maritime League and its founders should be avoided by all decent men.

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The Indian Councils Act is slowly getting to work, though there is an embittered controversy concerning the Regulations under the Act. The effect of the Act was shown in the diminished attendance at the Indian National Congress. Certain private quarrels between the Indian reformers were also responsible for some notable absentees. There is no sign of any release of the deportees. It is now known that Sir Denzil Ibbetson, in a minute to the Indian Government, recorded the fact that a mistake had been made in the case of Lala Lajpat Rai. Sir Norman Baker has addressed some observations to the Indian Government on the subject of deportations, in which he has severely questioned their policy and justice. There is strong reason to believe that some of these gentlemen are being held in custody because they will not give an undertaking that no steps will be taken by them against the Indian Government for illegal arrest. The British Indian problem in the Transvaal is no nearer solution. Most respectable and honourable Indian gentlemen, many of whom served through the South African War, have been sentenced to hard labour. The case of the British Indians has been well put by Mr. L. W. Ritch, an indefatigable worker in this cause, in a pamphlet which should be studied widely. It is a scandal that one section of the British Empire should be permitted to penalise the inhabitants of another portion merely because their race is different.

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The "Times" South American number is a fine example of journalistic enterprise. For a newspaper to supply a commercial and political history of half a continent is a splendid performance. The "Times" has rendered a substantial public service. The literature of South American Republics published in English is consistent only in its badness and lack of breadth. Many of the "Times" contributions should be accepted with large grains of salt. The account of how the Panama Republic was created is ridiculous in its inaccuracy. The Panama officials were bribed by the United States to declare Panama independent, so that the Canal Isthmus might be collared by Uncle Sam. No hint of this, however, can be found in the "Times" record. In the roseate picture of South America as a trading country there is no reference to the terrible exploitation of the working classes. The Supplement is completely silent on this topic, simply because nothing good can be said of any of the Republics. The wealthy classes of South America are powerful and rapacious. The Trade Unions are weak. The system of elections is a sham, while the administration of justice is a fraud. The recent Anarchist outrage in Buenos Ayres has led to a panic-stricken repression in the Argentine of everybody suspected of Socialist, Trade Union, Anarchist, or Progressive leanings. Many of the most advanced and liberal-minded men have been expelled, and are in exile at Monte Video. This method of wholesale deportation in consequence of an isolated outrage and the placing of a peaceful city under martial law are remedies of panic and injustice. While the commercial classes flourish in South America, the wretched workmen, whether Indian or South American, are living in a hell. As "Truth" said of Peru, South America for working men is "The Devil's Paradise."

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

Eye-openers for Electors.

III. The Taxing of Mining Royalties.

By O. W. Dyce.

ON the station walls of certain metropolitan railways may be seen little boxes bearing labels that invite the passer-by to contribute a copper or two and maintain the London Hospital for a number of seconds. Many travellers reading the appeal for the first time have doubtless been mystified; how could it be possible for a small coin to keep a gigantic institution going for any appreciable portion of time? By taking the trouble, however, to work out a simple sum in multiplication they have recognised that a penny a second is 5s. a minute, £15 an hour, £360 a day, and more than £10,000 a month. Thus it is perfectly true that the largest hospital that London possesses can be entirely financed for part of the year by an East End coster girl. This little effort in mental arithmetic came into my mind the other day on reading an extract from the "Shipping Gazette" to the effect that the Lusitania consumes more than a ton of coal per minute on her voyages to New York. Now, the royalty paid by a colliery company to a landowner for the right to take coal from beneath his land is about 8d. a ton in the north of England, and about 1s. 3d. a ton for the best Welsh coal, such as the Lusitania would use. Taking it at 1s., to be on the safe side, we discover that the landowner pockets more than £3 an hour and between £70 and £80 a day whilst the ship travels. It has also been calculated that the total wages of the Lusitania's firemen and greasers and trimmers amount to £53 a day. In other words, the owner of the soil whence the coal has come can sit at home at ease and pocket as a daily toll half as much again as 300 men working hard on the vessel.

Coal is a raw material for a thousand industries. Is there anything unfair or unreasonable in levying a special tax upon one who is so fortunate as to be able himself to levy a tax upon the country's industries? If the burdens of taxation are to be placed upon the shoulders most capable of bearing them, do not his shoulders come within that category? The House of Commons, doing at last what ought to have been done years ago, has agreed that the Budget should hit the owner of mining royalties. It is a very mild "hit"—5 per cent. on these easily pocketed rent charges. "Wild and revolutionary," say the House of Lords; but their lordships' notion that the electors will say the same is a huge joke.

According to the "Daily Mail," the Duke of Hamilton draws £67,000 a year in mineral rents, whilst the Duke of Portland gets from the same source £19,500 a year, and the Duke of Buccleuch £4,000. These amounts are supplementary to their revenues from ordinary rent of land, which is estimated at the colossal sum of nearly £400,000 a year for these three ducal personages. From another source of information I learn that Lord Tredegar nets £12,300 a year from tolls on coal carried over a little railway a mile long. Figures could also be given for the Duke of Norfolk and other anti-Budget peers. Altogether the sum abstracted in the form of royalties and wayleaves runs into millions per annum. The most modest estimate—that of the 1910 "Daily Mail" Year Book—puts the total at £4,873,240, but that publication quotes ancient figures from the year 1889. The Royal Commission on Mining Royalties of 1893 estimated the total royalty charges at £6,000,000, and Mr. Lloyd George

at Limehouse gave £8,000,000 as the figure. A still larger estimate was taken at a recent conference of Scottish miners by Mr. William Galbacher, who expressed the opinion that nearly £10,000,000 was annually paid in royalties. Whatever the total may be, it is heavy enough to affect the price of coal, iron ore, etc., seriously, and affords us an opportunity of smiling when we hear the enemies of the Budget implore the Chancellor of the Exchequer not to put taxes on industry. *Que messieurs les assassins commencent!*

It is well worth while to note how the landlord's royalties penalise our steel trade. Royalties on iron-ore are 2s. 6d. a ton—much heavier, therefore, than on coal. To make a ton of pig-iron two tons of iron-ore are required, together with some limestone, and two tons of coal are used in the process. The royalties on this ton of pig-iron are thus little short of 7s., and more coal is needed in turning the pig-iron into steel. A lecturer at the Wigan School of Mines has explained the effect of royalties as follows:—Extra cost for plates for shipbuilding, in England 5s. 9d., in Germany 1s., in France 1s. 0½d. That comparative statement was made many years ago, and the English figures are higher. Again, Sir Christopher Furness says: "For every ton of iron we produce there is included in the price 4s. for royalties, whereas in France it is only 8d., and in Germany only 6d." Is it strange that Great Britain under such circumstances should sometimes find itself cut out by foreign competitors? In Germany and France the coal and iron-ore are national property; French mining companies pay 5 per cent. as royalty to the State, and German companies pay 2 per cent. on their coal profits, but nothing at all on their iron-ore. In Spain the minerals belong to the nation, and only a nominal rent is charged to the firms that work them. Belgian coal is nationalised, and the lessees pay a royalty of 2½ per cent. There are even portions of the British Empire where minerals are State-owned. Now what justification can there be for applying the epithet "revolutionary" to a proposal that goes just a fractional part of the way in the direction of assimilating the system on this side of the English Channel to those that prevail on the other side?

No advantage worth mentioning could be got by abolishing mining royalties; the price of coal, for instance, would only fall to the extent of the smallest royalty charge—say, threepence a ton. All the royalties that were higher would drop automatically into the pockets of the shareholders in the colliery companies. The best mines would be able to cut prices and destroy their less accessible or less productive rivals, and would become powerful trusts, raising prices afterwards to the consumer, and yet keeping the poorer mines shut down by the everlasting threat to undercut them, should they restart working. Royalties serve one useful purpose in maintaining the price of coal at a more or less steady level, the low royalties on the comparatively valueless mines affording them the chance to compete. Were the royalties entirely State-owned, a perfect sliding scale could be instituted.

If anyone believes that Mr. Lloyd George's tax of a shilling in the pound on the royalties will be shifted by the landowners on to the colliery owners, he should stop to consider two points. In the first place, the landowners are not philanthropists who have generously determined to take less than they could get. Royalties have been fixed at exactly the point beyond which the lessees would leave the mine alone and leave the royalty owner with an income of nil. In the second place, existing leases are for fairly long periods on the average—for twenty years, maybe for forty, even for ninety-nine years. By the time that the majority of the leases shall have expired much water will have run under the bridge. Owners of land and proprietors of collieries will be occupying back seats, if any seats at all, and the man who will count will be the hewer risking his life in the underground cavern.

Imaginary Speeches.

No. 4.—By the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

Style: The Enlightening.

It is 1919, and the Unionist Government in power has introduced a Budget providing for the 50 per cent. taxation of land values. Much to Mr. Balfour's surprise the Liberals have impugned his attitude, and he rises a little flushed or—as the Liberal Parliamentary sketch-writers would say—"purple with rage."

Mr. Speaker, I really find myself totally unable to comprehend the most extraordinary objections which have been lodged against myself and my friends by honourable gentlemen opposite. One might have imagined that an Opposition which was confronted with a measure embodying principles which they themselves had, in however crude and incomplete a manner, first formulated and developed in legislative form, a measure to which by what appears to be common consent they do not at this moment assign to the category of Bills the substance of which encounters criticism from them on fundamental grounds, but into that other category of Bills which are based upon tenets which find general acceptance not merely upon one side, but upon both sides of the House, one would have supposed that an Opposition confronted with such a measure, a measure, moreover, providing for the financial necessities of the year, might well have found it both dignified and convenient to confine their attention, or, at all events, their hostile attention, to points of detail in the measure which, in their judgment, call for proper comment, and might have refrained from indulging in those more general observations to which the House is accustomed when matters are under discussion regarding which there is a wide and deep cleavage of opinion. That is what one would have supposed. That is the gross error—(Ministerial cheers)—into which one would have fallen. Apparently our view of what is right and proper procedure is not shared by gentlemen opposite. Unable, apparently, to vent their political spleen upon our present, they have vented it upon our past. (Loud Ministerial cheers and Opposition laughter.)

If I be correct, and I think I am correct—(Ministerial cheers)—the gravamen of the accusation against us is that we opposed the land taxes of 1909, and that we have introduced the land taxes of 1919. (MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "Hear, hear.") I understand the right honourable gentleman to give his assent to that proposition. He and his colleagues have done me the honour of quoting some hoary and venerable observations—(laughter)—of mine that I confess I had myself forgotten, from speeches I made during the debates upon the right honourable gentleman's first and—if I may venture to make such distinctions between things which to all save the most fastidiously discriminating of eyes must seem equally bad (prolonged Ministerial cheers)—his most mischievous Budget. I acknowledge I was rejoiced to hear these old acquaintances again. If I may say so without traversing the frontiers of a due modesty, I never until now fully realised how great a degree of justice and force there was in the contentions I then advanced. (Cheers and laughter.) But for the life of me I cannot understand why these passages should have been exhumed from the nether profundities of Hansard, least of all by honourable gentlemen opposite. What do they prove? They prove that I and my friends behind me offered a very solid and a very strenuous resistance to proposals that we thought then and think now to have been preposterous proposals, that we opposed the land taxes of ten years ago. Well, what of that? What if we did oppose them? I don't deny that I did. (Ironical Opposition laughter.) I don't think that any of my friends will deny that they did. If anybody does deny that we did I shall be prepared most emphatically to contradict him. But even allowing—which I am far from allowing, I shall come to that presently—that we

have been superficially inconsistent, are honourable gentlemen opposite so ignorant of the most elementary forms of our constitutional practice, of that Parliamentary custom which in the opinion of many of us has a higher sanction even than the law of the land, as to think that the speeches of an Opposition ten years ago either are, or should be, or should be expected to be, valid criteria of the actions of a Government to-day, or to maintain that a party which has once dissented from the policy underlying a Bill ought, when in power, steadfastly and for all eternity to refrain from adapting itself to changed conditions when that Bill has become an Act? Have honourable and right honourable gentlemen opposite, political Miltons and Savonarolas—(laughter)—ever held that verbal consistency should be the primary objective of men of affairs? I do not think, sir, that the most rabid doctrinaire, I do not think that even the right honourable gentleman who represents Dundee—(loud laughter)—would support that position in his calmer moments.

But, quite apart from this matter of literal consistency, upon which such great and, as I think, such undue stress has been laid, there is a question of fact. If honourable gentlemen had really honoured my old speeches as wholes with the careful scrutiny they have bestowed upon isolated and detached sentences from them—(cheers)—they would have discovered that we have not been even inconsistent. What did we attack? We did not attack taxes. (Cheers.) We did not attack land taxes. (Cheers and ironical cheers.) What we attacked and all that we attacked was the land taxes of 1909. In our speeches we specifically made this clear. We distinctly and in terms repudiated any objection to the principle that the State should, if its financial needs should be justifiably pressing, absorb a fair portion of unearned increment in land. In my speech upon the Second Reading of the 1909 Budget I plainly characterised that doctrine as a legitimate doctrine. (Ministerial cheers.) I repeated my statement in slightly different words at Manchester, and many of my friends pursued a similar course. Not merely that, but, if I rightly remember, we actually pressed for the insertion of the specific word "unearned" before "increment" in the text of the Finance Bill, and our request was—incredible though it may seem—flatly refused by the Government of the day on the ostensible ground that if it were granted legal complications would follow. Did that action on our part connote any deep-rooted reluctance to secure for the community wealth the community had created? (Cheers.) Was there anything selfish and sinister in that? (Loud cheers.) Still, we fought the taxes. Agreed; but why? We fought them for the very simple and sufficient reason that they were not what their authors professed them to be. (Cheers.) We objected to an impost so small—2 per cent., or 5, or 10 per cent., I forget the exact figure—that it produced a gross revenue absolutely insignificant. We objected, moreover, to a tax which carried with it a scheme of valuation which entailed upon the State an expenditure infinitely greater than the revenue which was to accrue to the State. (Cheers.) Our objections were not academic; they were business objections. They were founded not upon a creed of economics, but upon a creed of economy. (Cheers.) Can anyone say that there is even the remotest affinity, save the bare terminological one, between the tax we are proposing now and the tax they proposed then? Our tax is a tax of 50 per cent. It will bring in twenty millions this year. (Cheers.) The additional cost of valuation will be nothing. (Cheers.) The great increase which we have fortunately been able to promote in the number of owners of land will make it a far less invidious and undemocratic tax than was that of 1909. As far as I can deduce, sir, what the argument of the Opposition comes to is this: "You refused to waste money ten years ago; therefore you have no moral right to raise money now." (Loud and continued Ministerial cheers, during which the right honourable gentleman resumes his seat.)

JACK C. SQUIRE.

A Study in Jingoism.

By C. H. Norman.

THE following article summarises in parallel columns the arguments of the British and German Jingoism, by which they are driving the two countries into war. The similarity of the two cases as presented is very curious. The historical record of aggression by the two States is the same. The peoples of England and Germany were tools of their militarist and ruling oligarchies in the past; and only the greatest exertions will prevent them being tricked into war in the future. Both sides are in the position of being able to quote each other for the purpose of proving the existing hostility of the one country to the other. It is thimble-rigging in high politics. Mr. Robert Blatchford, Mr. Leo Maxse, the Imperial Maritime League, Lord Cawdor, and others deliberately lie when they pretend that the Pan-German school of writers voice the German people. The Pan-German school, the Kaiser, Von Bulow, Count Von Moltke, Herr Harden, and Von der Goltz equally lie when they allege that the utterances of Mr. Robert Blatchford, Mr. Leo Maxse, the Imperial Maritime League, and Lord Cawdor represent the beliefs and ambitions of the British people:—

THE ENGLISH JINGOES.

Germany has attacked Denmark, Austria, and France.

Germany incited the Transvaal Republics against England, as witness the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, and the negotiations between Dr. Leyds and the Kaiser.

Germany is building a great navy. Why? In order to attack Great Britain. "To the Great Day," is the prevailing anti-British toast in German naval circles. "The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific" (German Emperor's signal to Russian Czar at Reval in 1902).

England should present an ultimatum to Germany demanding an explanation of her enormous naval armaments. Failing a satisfactory answer, the German fleet should be destroyed while it is much inferior to the British fleet in strength (Mr. L. Maxse, the Imperial Maritime League, Sir Penrose Fitzgerald, Mr. Robert Blatchford, Mr. Garvin, and others).

Germany is preparing for war. Having crushed France, she is now ready to try conclusions with England. (Various naval and military writers.) The multiplication of ordnance factories, gun factories, and the hoarding up of military and naval stores, are all to the intent of a coming Anglo-German war, in which Germany will be the unprovoked aggressor. Germany is planning an invasion of England by means of a *coup de main*. (See Erskine Childers' "Riddle of the Sands," various pamphlets and articles in English reviews, magazines, and weekly newspapers.)

THE GERMAN JINGOES.

England has attacked Spain, Holland, France, Denmark, Russia, and the Transvaal.

England incited Denmark against Germany, as witness Lord John Russell's despatches, and Lord Palmerston's speech on the Appropriation Bill in 1866.

England is building two ships to Germany's one. Why? In order to crush Germany, and the competition of German trade. England has provoked war with every European Power which has become strong enough to menace English trade. Four notable cases are Spain, Holland, France, and Russia.

"War with England is not improbable, and our chances of success against England improve day by day" (General von der Goltz). The German fleet must be strong enough to resist an external attack on German coasts in the event of Germany being involved in Continental complications" (various German writers and statesmen during the Moroccan crises, the Power indicated as likely to make the external attack being England).

England is isolating Germany preparatory to annihilating her fleet (speeches in the Reichstag on German foreign policy). England has entered into a secret treaty with France to land 100,000 men at Calais should war break out between Germany and France. England is secretly reorganising her army, and is about to establish conscription, with a view to strengthening her land forces. Why does England want a powerful army? To strike a deadly blow at Germany by land, either singly or in combination with France and Russia (Pan-German League, German Navy League, and German publicists' allegations).

"Probably no faction quite so deeply despicable as our Radical and Socialist party of to-day has ever been known in the history of any country. . . . The object of the Imperial Maritime League is to call the spawn of 'little England,' whether Radicals or Socialists, or a nauseous mixture of the two by their proper names, and to hold them up to public execration and contempt" ("The True Truth about the Navy," pp. 5 and 8).

"Every vote for the Liberals is a vote for the Boers" (Mr. J. Chamberlain's telegram in 1900). "Every vote for the Liberals is a vote for the Germans" (Mr. Garvin's plagiarism of 1906). Is Mr. Garvin of German or Jewish nationality? "Who's Who" is silent as to his birthplace.

"If I were a Cabinet Minister, I should advocate an expenditure of £50,000,000 upon the Navy; a Compulsory Service Bill; a Bill for the military training of all schoolboys over ten; a large increase in secret service expenditure; Protection and an agitation against the employment of foreigners; a fiscal warfare" (Mr. Robert Blatchford in the "Daily Mail," Dec., 1909; "The New Socialism").

"No nation can be permanently strong which is founded on the quicksands of indiscipline" (Earl of Meath). The growth of Socialism was having a most unsettling effect on the working classes of England. They were becoming most disrespectful and discontented (Marchioness of Londonderry). "When Socialism entered at the door, patriotism flew out of the window" (epigram attributed to Lord Curzon of Kedleston).

If the workmen of England would organise in favour of peace instead of in favour of war, the vast waste of military and naval preparations could be stopped (Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. D. J. Shackleton).

England has had her naval and commercial supremacy challenged by Spain, France, and Holland. She has overwhelmed those Powers. Germany is now occupying the position in Europe that those States held at various times. England has never permitted any single Power to secure a preponderating influence in Europe (Peel's "Enemies of England," etc.).

War between England and Germany would be a crime which would shatter civilisation (various European statesmen).

The Social Democratic Party is formed by and constituted of Germans who wished to see the downfall of their country (Prince Bismarck). The Social Democrats must be suppressed as traitors (Prince Bismarck). "Herr von Bebel is a fit mouthpiece of the party of anti-patriots" (Von Bulow's speech in the Reichstag).

"Germany was faced with many powerful enemies abroad; but they could not be feared so much as the Socialist vipers she was nursing at home" (private letter of the Kaiser).

"Every Social Democrat is a traitor" (Conservative election address in Germany). He believed he could rely upon the German electorate to deal with the Social Democrats as the English electorate had dealt with the Liberal party in 1900, and sweep them out of effective existence (Von Bulow).

He had read to them the statements of Mr. H. M. Hyndman and Mr. Robert Blatchford on "the German Peril." Unlike the German Social Democrats, these English Socialist leaders were Jingo patriots. In face of such language as this, he urged the German Social Democrats to support the naval estimates, as English Socialists were openly advocating vast armaments against Germany (Von Bulow, 1908, and von Hollweg in 1910).

Patriotism and Socialism cannot grow side by side. Socialism is a noxious weed which will choke the fair flower of patriotism (Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe, Von Bulow).

The one hope for the workers of all countries was Socialism, by means of which the militarists would be destroyed (Herr Ledebauer).

"During the Moroccan crisis we knew war would be averted between Germany and France if the German and French Socialist leaders could be induced to meet. They met, and war was averted" (letter of an English publicist on Socialist foreign policy).

"We have settled our accounts with Austria-Hungary, with France, and with Russia. The last settlement, the settlement with England, will probably be the lengthiest and most difficult" (Heinrich von Treitsche). "The Trident must be in our fist" (the Kaiser). "The United States should not interfere in any conflict between Germany and England, as those Powers would be ruined by such a war. The United States could then carry out unhindered her destiny of dominating America, and controlling the trade of the world"

On Culture.

EVERY man who desires to become broad-minded, to dispel the illusions due to prejudice and town life, to understand his fellow man and woman, should dwell in a suburb—nor is it incumbent that it be a garden suburb. It is only since my sojourn among suburban man that I have understood how Matthew Arnold's sneer at the vulgarity of the middle classes and brutality of the working classes was wholly the offspring of ignorance.

We have no upper class in my suburb—a not uncommon circumstance, I am told.

We possess a veritable passion for culture in my (that age long magic of property, which neither I nor my ancestors have ever possessed, will out) suburb. Nothing subdues it, nor winter's frost, nor summer's heat, nor suburb's mud; we are indifferent to rain and storm and fog. Long before the tardy winter sun has risen we are diligently at work, and we can follow our delightful task long after the night has closed in around us.

Christmas and Boxing Day are welcome in so far as they give us further opportunities of pursuing our appointed task. The Saturday afternoon we hurry homeward in gleeful anticipation of the many hours of serious effort that now lie before us. The Sunday morning we are very early in pursuit till the church bells call us reluctantly to some less entrancing entertainment. We bolt from church ere the last Amen rings out; we pause not to doff our frock-coat, nor to lay aside our top-hat. These daylight movements are too precious to be lost; *maintenant, nous sommes sérieux*, as the *Membredu Sport Club* said to R.L. Stevenson.

Now is the season of the year when the culture of Holland is our chief concern. The bulbs we planted some weeks ago—bulb of tulip, bulb of narcissus, bulb of daffodil. Strange names are given to these our delights; very strange must be their appearances if I may judge by the catalogues that break in upon me from importer, seedsman, and horticulturist. Of my own knowledge of fantastic shapes and eerie colours I have nought to say—mine is a vicarious culture. I rejoice to see my neighbours digging and hoeing and delving, lopping (one willow tree is left us), whilst I encourage them from my fireside as I turn over the leaves of Dr. Roberts's "Book of Old-fashioned Flowers."

When the sun comes out I follow his brilliant example, and go out to sniff the good brown clay that has been made ready to receive its heavy load of mould. We make our soil in our suburb; it is little we leave to chance. We bring the earth from far parts; we drain it; we manure it. We do not allow our tulips and our daffodils to go without their needs; we do not plant them too thickly, for we know they may not thrive when overcrowded; we do not withhold whatsoever may be needed for their sustenance. We understand that if we starve these young plants they will wither and die, howsoever goodly be the stock, howsoever costly may have been the bulbs. Yes, I can assure you that we are full of foresight and wisdom with these our plants, for they are the chiefest pride and joy of the suburb.

The political economist insists that the Englishman is appointed by God to make cotton and tin-plates and to dig coal deep out of the earth, wherewith to supply other peoples, who are, in return, to send him wheat and apples and violets. Yet I find that men and women in my suburb have no joy in the hours spent in factory and workshop—let it be eight or six hours a day—but they hasten back to the cultivation of their part of the mud where they labour assiduously and longingly as if their lives depended upon the sticks of

Burbank's Crimson Winter or New Crimson Queen Rhubarbs they are forcing.

And in truth their lives do depend upon it. The hours spent in that dull routine work of shop and office are not hours of life at all. They are more wasted than if that wretched people slumbered. I am told that hard work in the garden is so splendidly done because there is no sense of compulsion about it, but that work in a factory or shop is ever badly done, scurried through; "the worker takes no interest in the work" because of this same compulsion. It is impossible, I am told, to carry on the work of a complex and highly civilised state under the same conditions as the suburban resident cultivates his garden patch. It seems so. It seems that all the necessary work of a highly civilised State must be badly done, must be shirked, whilst the unnecessary work is carried out with infinite care, with joyful interest.

I know not if there be not some error here—perhaps the factory work is not so necessary, perhaps the state is not so highly civilised. Perchance the political economist errs; though it may come out cheaper in money for us to wear cotton and send it away in return for wheat; perhaps it is dearer when that cost is reckoned in terms of men and women. Perhaps it is good for us to spend our best hours in the occupation that most delights us; that only in some such way shall we find health; that only in this wise can the soul of man ever blend harmoniously with his surroundings.

Of this I am very certain that the town-dweller is possessed by no less a land hunger than his comrade in the village. The townsman is deprived of his natural rights when he is caged amid bricks and pavement. Give him but a square yard of earth and he will see to it that something shall arise. Also he likes not to dwell in solitude. If, as Professor Lester Ward suggests, human society is still in a very rudimentary organic condition, yet the beginning of a society is there. Man is stretching out tentacles to his fellows; the solidarity of man is no mere phrase. And the Englishman is, I think, a little more advanced than most of the Western natives. The lonely life on upland farm as shepherd, as swineherd, once held no terror for the English peasant in the past.

The Canadian advertisements for farm labourers nowadays read "No English need apply." The Canadian farmer knows that the Englishman cannot stand the loneliness, the desolation of his isolated farm. Just for the same reason the Englishman cannot people the veldt—Boer and Scotch succeed where the English fail. English society is more developed than either of these, and the need of companionship, of a dwelling together—a sign of advancing civilisation—is the more imperative.

But companionship does not advance by geometrical progression. There is a limit to the number of companions you require; it is limited to the number of persons you can take a real and lively interest in—two or three hundred persons at the outside.

Amid these one can dwell joyfully in closest intimacy; yet after awhile you will grow weary of this companionship, and you will seek a change. So your suburb of two or three hundred persons must be linked up with some neighbouring community. Linked up, yet separated, so that the way across shall be a short and pleasant pilgrimage, a striding that may give you a jest and a pleased anticipation of interchange with new minds.

To this the culture of bulbs, even their vicarious culture, brings us all—the need for a bit of land for our main endeavour; an occasional turn at the wheel or counter, if you insist upon it. On our common suburb land we shall grow the wheat and other staples essential for our existence; but we shall each cultivate our little patch where our private Marvels may flourish and confound our neighbours. Our suburb shall consist of but a few houses, some fifty or sixty, but just across the stream or around by the wood shall we find fresh faces and other minds.

Thither journey the English as I survey them from my suburb window.

M. D. EDER.

Militancy and Humanity.

By D. Triformis.

WHEN we consider into what depths of barbarism the continued power of Mr. Herbert Gladstone might have driven our nation; when we tell ourselves, as we may, that his timely removal is due to the protests both of our supporters and of those in opposition to us, against his mismanagement of the suffrage movement; when we reflect that at the bottom of this protest lies the feeling of the most public-spirited men that force will not serve in a civilised community—with all these facts weighing with us it is certainly our duty to examine patiently and fearlessly the question whether we ought not to support the efforts of those who are anxious to put a limit to the exercise of force in the speediest way we can, namely, by ourselves abandoning forcible methods.

We will hint here at the possibility that a forcible wresting of the franchise may not secure us that which we most hope to gain by the franchise. Perhaps a quotation from the writings of a statesman on the subject of a cause not utterly dissimilar from our own may help us to an understanding of the unreliability of force to secure peace. Burke, while endeavouring to bring about peace between Ireland and England, wrote: "Concessions, sufficient if given in good time and at a particular juncture of events, become insufficient if deferred." Again: "Concessions extorted produce no gratitude and *allay no resentment*." These last three words should be kept in mind by all women who are desirous of that peace which is the basis of civilisation and the humane life. We must redeem ourselves from our present inferior position in such a manner as to be able to start truly equal with men. If we leave in our minds resentment that feeling will handicap us. Resentment unallayed will surely urge us towards punitive and prohibitive legislation which must, as it always has done, strike at the root of order and plunge us into enmity with those whom we may oppress. Such a position would be worse than our present one. Among all the qualities which may distinguish us in our future commerce with politics that of serene equality must be strongest.

The majority of men are still wondering in the dark why women suddenly developed the open hostility of militant tactics. Ignorant of women's needs, and conscious of no definite hostility towards women, men have been seized with indignation at the uprising of women and their adoption of force to secure the vote. The explanation to be kept in mind is that, to most women, the vote is only a symbol of the emancipation of womanhood. For long years our mothers suffered, and only in private discussed their grievance. Now and again over the long years some of the bolder women petitioned and appealed against the slur cast upon women. At length it was put to women plainly that they would never gain their aims until they "made themselves a nuisance." In effect, we were told that we should have to fight for liberty. All our appealing, all our "woman's way," all our expert back-stair influence were shown to have been futile. Men ignored our demands, because they believed we would never fight for our rights.

Then the militants came out into the open. They fought where others had cajoled or begged. They believed that men would understand, as they themselves understood, as also every intelligent anti-suffragist understands, how deep a need must theirs be that could induce them to come out and fight with, and risk being beaten by, men.

Men have failed to understand. We find statesmen labelling the militants as hooligans, doctors and scientists proclaiming these injured women as notoriety hunters, tarantists, and neurasthenics. The stupidity of this view seems invincible. Yet it is just this view that denotes the spiritual attitude of men in general towards women in general. A lesser degree of the same stupidity adorns the actions of men in private—lesser because women have a certain private humour

with which to shame the dogmatic self-importance of family men.

The problem of how to mitigate public stupidity still remains with us. The use of force, our acceptance of the challenge to fight for our rights, has not solved the question. We do not say finally that force has failed. It would be a bold, and a foolishly bold, person who would opine that the militant methods, continued and made more fiercely militant, would not in the end extort the concession of the suffrage. There are hundreds of militants eager to proceed upon that chance of success. But, while on the one hand we remain uncertain whether the vote may not be forcibly gained, on the other hand we are convinced that the vote so gained will not turn out to be the vote we set out to gain; and, furthermore, we state most emphatically that the evil spirit now being aroused by the struggle is already sufficiently dangerous to civilisation to give all clear-thinking women warning to pause before stirring it up further.

In using autocratic methods against a class of people who have any strength to combat autocracy, it is impossible to predict the lengths to which coercion may be applied. (Mr. Gladstone, finding prison no cure for criminals, can only advise more prison!) The more resistance offered, the more coercion must be used—that is, unless the coercing party decides to give up the struggle. We have the unusual spectacle, in the battle between the Suffragettes and the Government, of beholding each side attempting to coerce the other. It is time, in face of the inhumane aspect which the situation begins to bear, for the most reasonable and truly progressive section to cease, or at least to abandon, the use of force in favour of some line of action safer for the nation as a whole. Will that reasonable and progressive section prove to be the women? We hope so.

The militants have demonstrated beyond question that even torture cannot terrify them. No one, except, perhaps, a few negligible members of Parliament, would be so indecent as to charge them with hysteria or to offer any such rank explanation of their heroic ability to suffer, and repeatedly suffer, for their cause. In withdrawing from the personal physical combat with men they could have but one motive—the safety of civilisation.

We are upon a dangerous boundary. It is a sign of imminent danger to civilisation when, for instance, a man of the type of Mr. Gladstone, sentimental and bigoted, is allowed to find play for his evil instincts. Such men are never very far from the kingdom of hell. English people do not want that kingdom in England. We will mention a few facts which seem to prove that the mind of England is averse from the dark ways of torture and oppression.

During the time that militant methods have been employed the militants have never seriously harmed anybody, and what slight injury has been inflicted has been, in almost every case, the result of accident. So much to indicate that the women themselves, though driven to use force, are averse from force. Now regarding their opponents. It cannot reasonably be denied that if the mob which has opposed the Suffragettes had had the mind to injure the women seriously, even fatally, it could have done so. The mob has refrained from attacking the Suffragettes with any real ferocity. The mind of the mob has not set towards the use of brute force. We conclude that it is actually averse from force. The mob is in the general line of civilisation. It is from the state of the general mob that we may draw our soundest conclusions with regard to the degree of a nation's humaneness.

True, the Suffragettes have been subjected to real torture in prison. Not, however, even so in all prisons: not in Scotch prisons; only in such prisons as have received the direct mandate of the Home Secretary. Yet the evil spirit of torture and oppression has been let loose, if only among gaolers. We do not look for much humanity to men who would sink to be gaolers. They are the mental descendants of the men who formerly used the thumbscrew and who lit the pyres of Smithfield. We have had plenty of proof that these descendants will still carry out orders for torture. But

the evil spirit, fanning its ever-smouldering flame in men like Mr. Gladstone and the less respectable servants of State, is spreading! The removal of the Home Secretary is a recognition of this danger.

Mr. Gladstone's absence will not precisely settle our difficulties, but with this clumsy tyrant's departure from office will vanish a good deal of women's resentment. There is a chance of reason taking its proper place again. It is not too much to expect that the militants shall consider whether the re-establishment of reason is not their first duty—to themselves and the cause they serve as well as to their country. Mr. Gladstone's departure is their opportunity.

Prophetic Paragraphs. V.

Discovery of the Moon by Dr. de Rougemont.

The news that a Superman has at last succeeded in planting the flag of the United States on the celebrated Moon is now confirmed.

It will be remembered by our readers that the captain of a Danish airship on its way from Greenland to Copenhagen reported that he had on board the great American savant, Dr. De Rougemont, whom he picked up on the coast of Greenland, on the Doctor's return from a successful rush for the Moon.

It appeared further from the marconigram that Dr. De Rougemont had brought back with him the most ample and convincing proofs of his exploit, including a photograph of himself, taken by himself, in the act of hoisting the American flag somewhere; and that these proofs had been prudently left by him in a cache in the interior of Greenland. Any possible doubt as to the genuineness of the discovery,—for to human envy and calumny all things are possible,—was set at rest by the announcement that two Eskimos of the highest sagacity and great experience in lunar travelling had made a deposition before Dr. De Rougemont himself, to this effect:—

"Massa Rujeman, he say to us, Come with me to Moon. We say to him, How much? He say, Plenty blubber. We get in balloon, and stay long time. Then Massa Rujeman, he get out and say, This am Moon. We say, How much? Massa——" [The rest of the marconigram was intercepted by a meteoric disturbance.]

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a *bonâ fide* traveller.

After a public interview in the presence of all the most sensational journalists on earth, the doyen of the British press held out his hand to De Rougemont, with the words,—“At first I thought you were lying, and I was jealous on behalf of myself and my professional brethren. I now believe you have been to the Moon. My only doubt is whether you have returned. I am a judge of *revenants*, and you are more solid than I should have expected.”

The King of Denmark went to meet the lunar champion on his arrival, and insisted on putting him up at the Palace, to which he carried the explorer's hand-bag himself. A State Ball is to be given in his honour. Meanwhile the Professor of Lunatics in the University of Copenhagen has reserved his judgment till the explorer has had time to write the diary of his adventures.

The statement that he encountered a temperature of 1,000,000 degrees below zero has already been explained away by De Rougemont as a marconigraphic error. It should have been 10 degrees above boiling-point. The correction has led some scientists to surmise that it is the Sun, and not the Moon, which has been annexed to the United States by De Rougemont.

In the meanwhile Canada is quietly mobilising. The Earl of Catchascatchcan, the Premier, has declared in the Senate that the Moon has always been regarded as Canadian territory, and that the first attempt to dis-

criminate against Canadian exports to the satellite will be the signal for war.

LATER. By a curious coincidence it appears that two travellers, both from the United States, reached the Moon at the same time, though by some accident they failed to meet. While it is hard on the second discoverer, who has made many previous efforts to reach the Moon, that he should now find himself beaten at the post, respect for the King of Denmark, who has personally vouched for the good manners of his rival, should have withheld him from using language calculated to convey the impression that he secretly questioned that rival's scientific accuracy.

Dr. De Rougemont has publicly promised to write a scientific diary of his great voyage if ever he has time, and to send for the concealed proofs and photographs as soon as he feels inclined. At present he is lecturing to enormous houses in America, and investing the proceeds against a rainy day.

Madame De Rougemont is alleged to believe Dr. De Rougemont.

LATER STILL. The discredited charlatan who impudently palmed off on a few credulous persons a cock-and-bull story about a journey to some place or other—we believe, the Moon—has now met with his deserts. We are authorised to announce that His Imperious and High-Well-Born Majesty the Autocrat of World-Politics has inflicted on him the Order of the Black, White, Red, Yellow, Blue and Green Eagles. The unhappy man is not expected to survive.

ALCOFRIDA.

The Glory Hole.

It was not so very long ago that I crossed the Atlantic, not with the plumed women of fashion or with the masculine element which voyages for rest and recreation, but deep down in the belly of a great trans-atlantic liner.

And it was the belly too, for I crossed in the kitchen and helped in the scullery or wherever the pressure was the greatest, where the throb of the great engines never allowed one to forget that he was on a leviathan. Since, I have put it down as one of the foremost and greatest of my experiences, and for months I have had it in my heart to break the silence and throw a little light in dark putrid places.

For years I had worked in New York. It is God's country, all my friends said, the only country worth living in. But I wanted to see, and I waited and waited.

One day a steward on one of the great liners, a modern ocean grey-hound belonging to the trans-atlantic trust, said idly:

“Well, when you want to cross, come and see me.”

The day afterwards I went, and I paid him £2 (ten dollars) to cross to London. Two pounds to realise a dream I had cherished since a boy when I read Dickens and of Captain Cuttle. £2 was ridiculously cheap!

With most of my earthly belongings in a portmanteau, I entered the dock about ten o'clock the night before sailing, and climbed up the stewards' gangway without being challenged.

“If you are one of the stewards, go aft and ask for the Glory Hole.” I found the hole and slid in.

It was hot and stuffy. Stewards came and went, and with the noise of shipping the cargo and the cries of workmen there was little chance to sleep, so I came on deck. It was a wonderful sight, one I never tire of, to watch the illuminations across the water on the railway stations, the tugs in constant motion, and the rapid march of the great ferries plying from New York to Jersey City and Hoboken.

Leaning over the rail was an old man, perhaps sixty, with weather-beaten features and a frizzly grey beard, and we entered into conversation. He was working his way to London.

That night it all seemed like a romance. Moonlight cast a sheen on the water, and looking shoreward the lights in the thirty-storey buildings never looked so magical. Here at last I was going to sea; I was on

board, was actually talking with a man who had shipped, and a brackish smell was in my nostrils.

Already I began to feel in another country, gliding away, for down in the Glory Hole they were not Americans, but men who talked their own bloomin', bloody language.

I soon drew out my companion, who, starved for companionship, was ready enough to talk.

"When a young man I went to Australia," he said, "where I have had no end of experiences. I beat drums in cheap shows, cooked for a living, lived with the bushrangers, and have written a book on the aborigines. This book represents all the strange experiences of a lifetime. I have the book with me, but the Americans, by a trick, have gotten my photographs. I have no receipts, and can do nothing. Worried over this, I confided in a friend, who stripped me of money and everything worth taking. Now I am going back home, where they think perhaps I am long since dead."

Interesting people, I notice, often travel in Glory Holes.

At six in the morning the commotion was great. They were throwing off the hawsers, and the tugs were already straining away on the tow lines. While I was enjoying the spectacle my chief-steward came aft and said:

"You had better get below and put on your sea clothes; and, remember, do not let the captain see you. He don't like to see men on deck."

I went below, but the stench turned me back. The chief engineer had quarrelled with one of the second stewards, and to vent his feelings, cut off the water supply. Here we were, riding out on the boundless ocean, with the water-closets choked and no water to wash the face and hands. I wanted to complain at once, but the Glory Hole steward said it would only get myself and the others into trouble; and for the sake of the others I kept still. The foul condition lasted, however, until we were well out to sea, and was remedied probably only through fear that the captain would find it out.

When I could take note of my surroundings, I found we were forty-two in the Glory Hole, jammed together in upper bunks and lower bunks, with a limited number of portholes. Fortunately the stewards were English, clean, with a healthy respect for fresh air; but I dislike to think what must be the Glory Hole on a French or Italian liner.

In the morning I stole on deck, feeling like a criminal, with one eye looking out for the captain. My old weather-beaten friend joined me. "It is all right behind here," said he, "but you must keep out of view; you are a blot on the landscape, or rather seascape."

And this brings it all back to me. First-class passengers on the great liners may promenade the decks in solitude. These great ships seem to run themselves. When they want something, and ring, a steward appears; but otherwise the voyager is alone with his fellow passengers, the sea, and his thoughts. It may cost him money to feel poetic and dream his dreams, but the surging mass of human misery is kept bottled up below; the stockholders get a little more money because of the overcrowding, and the underpaid, overworked human slaves pay the price.

During the voyage one sole passenger—perhaps he had been through the mill himself—thought of the workers below, and sent down money to buy drinks all round. If he could have seen what passed down there he would have had his money's worth of gratification. And I believe, knowing something of human nature, that were ships made of glass, or could passengers only see the daily grind below, the companies would be forced to treat their employes like human beings, or else a great number of persons would refuse either the comforts now sold or else refuse altogether to travel on such steamers.

I was told I had nothing to do. But when I saw a blue-eyed English boy of about 15 beginning his work at 5 a.m. and continuing practically without interruption until 9 and even 10 p.m., I could stand it no longer, and my old Australian and I joined in with the others. I went into the scullery where the boy was—everybody

seemed to impose on him—and began to peel potatoes. When I had peeled a sack he brought another and then another, and the next day I did nothing but peel spuds. My hands grew cramped and my fingers ached, but I had relieved the boy, or at least I thought so. Soon he was given extra work and the hours were the same. Occasionally he had an hour's rest between dinner and supper, but not always. He told me he had tried again and again to find work ashore, but that on landing he was so fatigued he must sleep most of the time, and then he had no friends ashore, and had always been at sea. When I thought I was rapid at peeling potatoes he would come over, and in three dexterous strokes would whip off the skin smiling. He was not growing up to manhood in that scullery because he was stupid. Once when he broke down, the captain, who liked the boy, said he was going to try to arrange for him a little rest ashore in some garden spot, but the captain of a trans-atlantic liner is a busy man, and probably he forgot the hopes he had stirred in the boy's breast.

The Australian, too, was soon as busy as the rest wiping tumblers. He worked hard for nothing, I mean for the stockholders. It was about the time they were cutting down expenses on the lines running under trust management.

We ate walking about or sitting on a kitchen-table, and the food was good. All the directors on earth could not stop the kitchen staff from eating. But murmurs came from below. Once there was almost a mutiny—unknown, of course, on the promenade deck—and the stokers in numbers came to mob the kitchen. Men desperate with red eyes and sooty faces appeared in the gangway demanding food. They might be denied everything else, but they must have food in order to work. Their complaints were so guttural that I caught very few of their words, but fearing trouble an order came to feed them more, and great hunks of meat were thrown to them on the floor. I have seen this done at zoos, but never before to human beings. There was a tussle in the gangway and the black forms disappeared. All this went on in the belly of the ship, and no doubt some philanthropist above, inspired like Byron by the dark, deep blue ocean, was walking oblivious the promenade thinking what a glorious world this is after all, and wondering whether it shall be books or churches that he shall give that the world shall know of his generosity.

And two things struck me forcibly on this voyage. There were no Americans there regularly employed, and there never are I am told. Americans would not put up with conditions forced on this crew. In fact, it is hard enough to get Americans to serve in their own Navy, which is partly manned by foreign seamen.

The second is the lack of solidarity among the seamen themselves. The only solidarity I saw was the unintellectual, when the stokers, pushed by hunger, stood together for more food, and got it instantly. They simply acted on instinct, and correctly.

On the other hand, when the old weather-beaten Englishman arrived in London, not knowing whether any of his people were alive, and without sufficient money to get his trunk ashore at Tilbury, they told me I was a fool to assist him. I know human nature better than that, however, and he came to see me shortly afterwards, saying that at home they had killed the fatted calf, and he returned me all the money. I had loaned him. Nothing has since attracted me more to England than this.

I have been living in London, then Paris, ever since, in spite of God's country, as my friends call it, being on the other side. It is all God's country, and America, England, and France are only autonomous provinces, although many citizens do not yet know this. And it is just because the world is so glorious that it is downright criminal that human beings should be exploited, deprived of hope, and compelled to live on in the dark foul belly of a ship in order that others who have all the necessaries of life may have also almost undreamed of luxuries, when with a little common sense and less greed the work of the world could be arranged

so that all could have a little sunshine, fresh air, amusement, and rest.

And as my thoughts go back to the glory hole I see the blue-eyed English boy, and other sons of British mothers, grinding along from 5 a.m. until 9 p.m., in order that a few American millionaires may have more money which they do not know how to spend.

I wonder if he is still in the scullery waiting for the captain's promised holiday! I wonder, too, if these isolated human beings some day will awake to fight out their own salvation, finding some way, although thousands of miles apart, to protest in unison! or will some great outside influence take up their cause and blot out this untrammelled greed, this thirst for profit even at the cost of human happiness and human life!

I wonder!

F. H. BURLINGHAM.

The Sage.

By Maxime Gorki.

(Translated by David Weinstein.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a sage.

He had understood the melancholy mystery of existence, and this mystery had filled his heart with a poignant and sombre anguish which extinguished the smiles of life and caused to die its joys. With the cold regard of reason the sage had scrutinised the depths of his time, and found only darkness therein; nor did the face of the future bear a brighter hue for him. He made his way through the streets and highways of his native land, and the head of this solitary thinker shook sorrowfully at everything that met his weary gaze. And in the multifarious din of life the gospel of the prophet had the plaintive sound of a funereal bell:

"Men, you live on enwrapped in the clouds of darkness. Your life is but a vain struggle. It is from the abyss of ignorance that you emanate, and the impenetrable darkness of ignorance awaits you!"

The people listened to these lugubrious words; they understood their bitter justness, and sighingly raised their eyes towards those of the sage.

But after having followed him for a while on his lonely way, they returned to their labours and their wives, eating their dry bread, drinking their coarse beverages. And whilst they smilingly contemplated their playing children they forgot of their miseries and of the pains they felt the day before.

They struggled against one another for riches and power, yet they listened attentively to the gospel of love. With their hands gory with the blood of their neighbour, they caressed their sweethearts and gave to their friends the traitors' kiss. They stripped themselves mutually, and, enriched by these robberies, defended their property with zeal. They lied without shame, what time they were saying that Truth alone ought to reign over man. A few there were who even believed in the strength of Truth, and these suffered for their faith. They liked the music which caused them to weep with tears of ecstasy; Beauty made them enthusiastic; and yet they admired many things that were vile and repellent, and committed many hideous acts. They were enslaved to one another all in saying that they thirsted for liberty. They had contempt for those who submitted themselves to their power; and these, cowardly as the birds of prey, hated their masters in secret.

Desiring always the better, they sought anxiously around them, but they knew not how to create this "better" in themselves, for they were absorbed by the niggardly cares of the comforts of existence. They applied all the strength of their minds to hatred and lying, to the invention of coarse cunning, in order to glut their insatiable greed for the goods of this earth.

It is thus that they lived—like swine in a sty. And yet these odd, foolish creatures believed themselves to be fallen angels!

And their life was like an inexhaustible, muddy volcano, which shot in the clear, heavenly space the infected vapour of moans and cries, the viscous cinders of sufferance and pain, the fusty mire of bestial desires.

The solitary sage walked slowly across this vain agitation of the men, and said, in a voice of omniscience:

"What is life to you—you who have never lived it? What is truth to you—you who never speak it? You know not why you exist. And it is your misfortune!"

When he met some lovers, he said to them, sadly:

"Death awaits you—you and your posterity!"

When he beheld men building sumptuous dwellings he addressed them reproachfully:

"All that will be the prey of destruction!"

When he passed near to some children playing in a field amid the flowers which resembled them, he sighed and thought in his heart:

"My eyes behold the harvest of Death!"

And when he listened to the other sages, those who loved life and taught its wonderful secrets to the young in the temples of science, he said, smiling:

"Mediocrity! That is the name of your wisdom. For the earth will perish, with all its temples, its sciences, with its truths and errors, and you ignore the day and the hour of the annihilation!"

But once, in the confines of a busy city, in a narrow alley inhabited by the outcasts, amid the heavy odours rising from the dirt and the stench, the sage saw a compact group of workmen. One was addressing the rest, and the sage was astonished at the attention with which they listened to him. Never had the people listened to his teaching with an equal ardour. And the goad of envy piqued the heart of the sage.

"Comrades," said the orator to the crowd, "we are submerged in the mire of toil, like the pebbles at the bottom of the sea, whilst above us roll the rapid waves of the life of our masters. For them our bodies are merely the stepping-stones by which they rise to the summits of Truth, and from thence they direct the strength of their minds against us in order to oppress our souls the more effectively. They know all; we know naught. They live; we merely linger on. They have learned wisdom; we merely a few fairy tales. Everything that is luminous is in their hands; we have naught in ours—not even sufficient bread with which to fill our hungry bodies. But our hunger will vanquish their satiety, for we live the life of the spirit and we are vigorous. We want to live, we want to learn, we want to be men! We want to appease our sapless souls by filling them with the wisdom of the earth built on the rock of our patience. We want everything that exists. We want to create that which is not yet!"

"Men!" said the sage to him, with a smile of condescension. "Error! That is the name of your words. Human knowledge is limited, and mankind will know no more than it is capable of knowing. And what does it signify if you perish from starvation or from satiety, like those against whom you direct the half-blunted arrow of your wisdom? And what matters if you sleep ignorant in the grave or have your shroud covered with the pious doctrines of your masters? Beshink yourself, everything that exists on earth, aye, even the earth itself, will be precipitated into the black abyss of oblivion, into the dungeon of death—"

The silent men raised their eyes towards the sage. Immovably they listened to his wise words, and the more he spoke the more did their faces assume a cold and sombre air. Suddenly one of them, addressing his fellow, cried:

"Jim, my arm's in a sling; just you fling the old monkey one in the eye!"

And this was all!

Yes, of course, I know them. They are a little coarse, these working people. But can we blame them? For, so far, no one has yet taught them better manners!

A Story for the New Year.

By Anatole France.

Translated with the Author's permission by David Weinstein.

HORTEUR, the founder of the "Spark," the political and literary editor of the "National Review" and of the "New Century Illustrated," Horteur, having received me in his study, said to me from the deeps of his editorial seat:

"My dear Hammer, write me a story for my special number of the 'New Century'; three hundred lines on the occasion of the 'day of the year.' Something of real living interest, with an aristocratic aroma."

I replied to Horteur that I was not "dear," in the sense, at least, in which he said it, but that I would willingly write him a tale.

"I should very much like it to be called 'A Story for the Rich,'" he said to me.

"I should like it better as a 'Story for the Poor.'"

"That's exactly what I mean—a story which would inspire the rich with pity for the poor."

"That's precisely what I don't like: that the rich have pity for the poor."

"Sarcastic!"

"Not sarcastic at all, but scientific. I hold the pity of the rich towards the poor injurious and contrary to human brotherhood. If you wish me to speak to the rich, I will say to them: 'Spare the poor from your pity: they have no use for it. Why pity, and not justice? You have an account with them. Settle it! It's not a sentimental business. It is an economic business. If what you give to them graciously is for prolonging their poverty and your riches, the gift is iniquitous, and not all the tears which you shed will render it just. You must begin to refund, as the attorney said to the judge after the sermon of good brother Maillard. You bestow alms so as not to refund. You give little to keep much and you congratulate yourselves on it! So the tyrant of Samos threw his ring into the sea. But the Nemesis of the gods received not that offering. A fisherman brought back to the tyrant his ring in the belly of a fish. And Polycrates was spoiled of his riches.'"

"You are joking!"

"Not at all! I want to make known to the rich that their beneficence is at a discount and their generosity is cheap, that they amuse their creditors, and that it is not a business-like way of doing things. It's an opinion which may be useful to them."

"And you want to write such stuff for the 'New Century'—to increase the circulation! Not that, my friend—not that!"

"Why would you have the rich act towards the poor otherwise than towards the rich and the powerful? They pay what they owe them, and if they owe them naught, then nothing do they pay. That is common honesty. If it is honest, let them do as much for the poor, and say not that the rich owe nothing to the poor. I don't believe that a single rich man thinks that. It is on the extent of the debt that their incertitude begins. And they don't at all seem anxious to find a way out. They prefer rather to remain in uncertainty. They know what they owe. They know that they owe, and they now and again make a small instalment. They call this benevolence. Really, it's quite a paying business."

"But what you say lacks commonsense, my dear contributor. I am perhaps more of a Socialist than you. But I am practical. To suppress a sorrow, to prolong a life, to repair a bundle of social grievances—in short, one does the little good one can. It's not all,

but it's something. If the story that I ask of you will soften the hearts of a hundred of my rich subscribers and make them charitably disposed, it will be so much gained over evil and sorrow. It's thus that, little by little, the condition of the poor is made tolerable."

"Is it good that the condition of the poor should be made tolerable? Poverty is indispensable to riches, riches is necessary to poverty. The two evils beget one another, and are kept up one by the other. The condition of the poor must not be ameliorated; it must be suppressed. I will not encourage the rich to give alms, because their charity is poisonous, because charity does good to him who gives and evil to him who receives, and because, in the end, wealth being in itself hard and cruel, must not shelter itself beneath the deceptive cloak of kindness. Since you wish me to write a story for the rich, I will say to them: 'Your poor are your dogs that you feed to kill. The assisted are to the well-to-do a pack of hounds, who snarl and bark at the proletariat. The rich give only to those who ask. The workers ask for naught. And nothing do they receive!'"

"But the orphans, the unfit, the aged?"

"They have the right to live. For them I will not excite pity; I will invoke right."

"All that is theory. Let us go back to reality. You'll let me have a short Christmas story, and you'll be able to put in it a point or two about Socialism. Socialism is quite fashionable. It's an *élégance*. I am not speaking, of course, of the Socialism of Guesde, or of the Socialism of Jaurès, but of that good Socialism which the upper classes offer as a substitute for Collectivism. Sketch me a few young faces in your story. It will be illustrated, and one likes, in pictures, only pleasant subjects. Put in the picture a young girl, a very young girl. Is it difficult?"

"No, it is not difficult."

"Could you not also introduce in the story a little sweep? I have an illustration quite ready, a gravure in colours, which represents a beautiful young girl giving charity to a little sweep at a street crossing. This would be an opportunity of using it. It is cold, it snows; the beautiful young lady is charitable to the little sweep. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"You'll embroider the theme?"

"Yes, I'll embroider it. The little sweep, moved by a sense of gratitude, throws his arms around the neck of the beautiful young lady, and discovers that she is the 'own' daughter of Count Lordknowswho. He gives her a kiss, and imprints on the cheek of that gracious child a small sooty O, a pretty little O, quite round and black. He loves her. Edmée—yes, her name is Edmée—is not insensible to so sincere and ingenuous a feeling. The idea seems to me rather touching."

"Yes, you'll be able to make something of it."

"You encourage me to go on. Returning to her sumptuous apartments in Kensington Gardens, Edmée experiences for the first time a feeling of regret at having to wash her face; she would like to preserve on her cheeks the imprint of the lips which placed it there. However, the little sweep has followed her to the door; he remains in ecstasy under the windows of the adorable young girl. Will that do?"

"Indeed, it will!"

"I continue: The morning after, Edmée, sleeping in her little white bed, sees the little sweep emerge from the chimney of her room. He throws himself ingenuously on the delightful child and covers her with little sooty O's, quite round. I've forgotten to tell you that she has beauty of a wondrous kind. Countess Lordknowswho surprises him in his pleasant occupation. She cries, she calls. He is so busy that he neither sees nor hears her."

"My dear Hammer!"

"He is so busy that he neither sees nor hears her. The count rushes in. He has the soul of a gentleman. He takes the little sweep by the seat of his trousers, which happens to be uppermost at the moment, and flings him out of the window."

"My dear Hammer——"

"I'll cut the story short. Nine months after the little sweep marries the young lady—and it was only just in time! There you have the result of charity well bestowed."

"My dear Hammer, you have set my head spinning like a top!"

"Don't believe anything of the kind! I finish. Having married Lady Lordknowswho, the little sweep inherits a large fortune, and is ruined on the race-course. To-day he is a master chimney-sweep at Camberwell. His wife keeps a shop in the Old Kent Road, and sells alarm clocks at 7s. 9d. each, payable in eight months."

"My dear Hammer, it's not at all funny!"

"Take care, my dear Horteur! What I have just told you is intrinsically 'The Fall of an Angel,' by Lamartine, and the 'Eloa' of Alfred de Vigny. And, all things considered, it is worth more than your touching little stories which lead readers to imagine they are good people, whilst really they are not good at all; that they do good whilst not doing so, that it is easy for them to be beneficent, whilst it is the most difficult thing in the world. My story is a moral one. Moreover, it is optimistic and has a happy ending. For Edmée found in the shop in the Old Kent Road the happiness she would have sought for in vain at 'At Homes' and garden parties if she had married a diplomat or a Permanent Under-Secretary. My dear editor, tell me, will you accept 'Edmée; or, Charity Well Bestowed,' for the 'New Century Illustrated'?"

"And do you ask this seriously?"

"I ask you seriously. If you don't like my story I will publish it elsewhere."

"Where?"

"In a bourgeois paper."

"I defy you to!"

"You will see!"

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I HAVE obtained the first production of the new "Riccardi Press." It is a brochure of 20 pages, being Mr. J. M. Rigg's translation of "The Story of Griselda," the tenth story of the tenth day of the Decameron. There are 500 copies on paper, and 12 on vellum. Mr. Horne's newest fount is all that the publisher (Mr. Philip Lee-Warner, Albemarle Street, W.) has said of it. I have never seen any modern characters to equal these in sheer beauty and in freedom from preciosity. The page is simply exquisite, which means, of course, that the composition and the presswork are also very fine. I cannot understand why these productions of Mr. Warner's are put forward as by the "Riccardi Press." From the evidence of this book, at any rate, there is no Riccardi Press; there is nothing but the fount of type which Mr. Horne has designed, and which Mr. C. T. Jacobi, one of the most distinguished printers in England, has used for printing the book at his own press. A fount of type is not a press. Nevertheless, on the half-title of "The Story of Griselda" is a very beautiful but somewhat oddly placed "device" containing the legend, "Riccardi Press." After all, a press ought to be a press. And enthusiasts for fine printing ought to be enthusiasts for language that is not open to misconstruction.

* * *

With regard to Mr. Russell Flint's watercolour drawings for the illustration of the more elaborate books of the Riccardi Press, I have paid a visit to Albemarle Street to inspect them. They are very clever, ingenious, and fanciful, and so carefully finished that they might hastily be mistaken for reproductions of themselves by some "art firm" that had carried the art of eliminating character from a reproduction further than it had ever been carried before. To my mind they are very lacking in originality. To call them "first-rate" seems to me a daring misuse of terms. They are pretty, and no more; and the mentality of the painter discloses itself, as the mentality of a painter always

does, in the expressions on the faces of the figures. As adornments, for example, to a fine edition of Marcus Aurelius they are, in my opinion, simply an impertinence, and even for the "Song which is Solomon's" they are simpering enough. Mr. Sullivan, since he could illustrate "Sartor Resartus" without offending, might possibly please me with a Marcus Aurelius; Mr. Flint certainly cannot. I regret it deeply. But I suppose that my regrets will not prevent the marriage of these prettinesses to the superb type of Mr. Horne.

* * *

The Florence Press, elder rival of the Riccardi Press, continues its activity, and will assuredly not permit itself to be forgotten. Its latest work which I have seen is Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise." It is a beautiful book, and the difficulties of setting verse into a harmonious page have been splendidly overcome. But I must protest against the title-page. The title-page shocked me. It has a clumsy appearance, and it bears no relation to the rest of the book. Apparently it has been drawn by a skilled draughtsman to imitate type, and then printed from a block of the drawing. This, I would remind the Florence Press, is not letterpress printing. The explanation may be that the Florence Press does not possess a size of its type which it considered large enough for the title-page. If so, it would have done better to follow the early great printers, and content itself with an insignificant title-page of its ordinary capitals. Or it might have had a frankly decorative title-page which made no pretence of being printed from type. Or it might have employed a dodge which I invented for myself for the title-pages of privately printed books of my own, namely, to set up difficult lines in the largest size of type you have, then take a very careful impression of the lines, and then have a block made to the required size from the impression, and print from that block. The resulting illusion is nearly perfect, whereas the title-page of "Songs Before Sunrise" would not, I think, deceive even a publisher. I offer all these remarks with great respect.

* * *

Mr. Frank Palmer is going to republish Mr. Frank Harris's two volumes of short stories, "Elder Conklin" and "Montes the Matador," at half-a-crown each. These volumes will sell. Outside Russia there is no short story that I think finer than "Montes," and I am one of a large cohort in that opinion. I venture to hope that Mr. Frank Harris will not follow the example of Mr. George Moore in rewriting his books as a preliminary to reprinting them. Let him let the words stand. I predicted "a bad press" for Mr. Harris's "The Man Shakspeare," and I did so because I felt sure that its originality, convincingness, and candour would annoy all the mandarins to fury. I was wrong. The book has had an extensive sale, and will immediately go into a new edition, and it has been excellently received by Shakspearean critics in the Press. The one startling exception was a singular article by that mandarin, Professor C. H. Herford, in the "Manchester Guardian." The professor resolutely damned the book, but did not descend to specific details in his damnation; and he went so far as to describe a work which has occupied the mind of our supreme Shakspearean expert for fourteen years, and whose leading ideas have remained alive in the minds of hundreds of Shakspearean students ever since they first appeared in the "Saturday Review" a dozen years ago. The mandarin went so far as to describe this work as "almost a disgrace to English scholarship." I thank him for having done his best to fulfil my prophecy, but I could wish (if I tried) that my prophecy had not been fulfilled in the greatest newspaper in the world. Had I been the Tsar of the "Manchester Guardian," either I would have beheaded a mandarin, or I would have insisted on him deleting that "almost" and going the whole hog. An execution would have been more to my taste. After all, mandarinic screeds of this kind can only be washed out in blood, and I hereby extend to Professor C. H. Herford the black hand.

JACOB TONSON.

Paul Verlaine.

By Francis Grierson.

THERE is a striking congruity in the three names, Villon, Voltaire, and Verlaine. The letter V, crossed at the top, forms a triangle; to think of Villon is to think of Voltaire and Verlaine. They stand in the history of literature like symbolical figures on the dial of Time. They are pointed and personal; they become permanent in the memory.

Two or three short poems, such as Villon and Verlaine have left us, refute with a stroke of the pen the maxims of philosophers who lay down rules for the training of the intellect and the development of talent. A single page discloses more intellectual force of poetry than tomes of scientific and psychological analysis. One line from Villon:—

Où sont les neiges d'antan?

has swept through the avenues of Time like a souvenir of immortal regrets, and will pass on through the ages until the flood-gates of destiny swing together and the world fades on the shores of oblivion. There is more human feeling in two lines from Verlaine:—

Il pleut sur le toit
Et il pleur dans man cœur,

than there is in the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," no matter how we may try to deny it. The sublime rarely moves us unless it connotes something intimate and poignant. The heart can no more forget the real than it can escape out of the body. A bird may leave the cage and "fly away and be at rest," but the heart is without wings; it is bound under a burden of perpetual cares and the souvenirs of eternal sorrows. If Dante's great poem consisted in a description of Heaven no one would read it. The interest centres in Hell and Purgatory. After these states he rises beyond the human; he ceases to speak of the things that afflict the soul, and we leave the poet to the joys of his own imagination. What some people call the classical is a cold, inanimate thing born of the intellect. And the imagination alone has never yet satisfied the yearnings of humanity. Five hundred years hence Tennyson may only be quoted for a few brief lines in which "tears from the depths of some divine despair" will mingle in Keats's Grecian vase with the odour of Omarian roses.

The difference between the exquisite and the sublime is the difference between the heart and the imagination. Of the palaces in which I have been a guest I have not seen one I would care to live in. We admire the costly decorations and the frescoed ceilings, which necessitate a wrench of the neck to appreciate, but we are glad to be back to a cosy cottage or a comfortable hotel. One evening spent round a blazing fire engenders more inspiration than a hundred spent before one carefully tended by a valet in brass buttons, the very sight of whom dissipates art and induces artifice. In literature the exquisite takes precedence of power. It is the rare and the consummate which possess the perennial charm. Writing of Villon and Verlaine, the question of taverns and cafés arises in my mind. It was in a café in the Place de l'Odéon that I first talked with Verlaine. Now, there is as much difference between a tavern of the olden times and a modern café as there is between a brasserie and a club. I never could acquire the habit of sitting at or in a café; but I found myself compelled to meet Verlaine at that particular café or not to see him at all. It was brilliantly lit, comfortable, orderly, and quiet. The poet was there when I arrived, and I was introduced by one of his friends. He appeared, as I had expected to see him, unaffected, and apparently unconcerned about anything or anybody. To judge him by the clothes he wore he might have been a carpenter or a bricklayer. But his face—there was no doubt about that! There was the face, genus Villon-Voltaire! Some might have called it the second incarnation of François Villon. In all Paris there was nothing resembling it. Over two sleepy, waggish grey eyes, a pair of mephistophelian brows curved upwards at the ends like an interrogation point in "Faust."

When he tipped his slouch hat back on his head he looked the picture of a mediæval troubadour who might have gone about with a copy of Petrarch in one hand and a blunderbuss in the other. He smoked incessantly, occasionally taking a sip from a glass of cognac.

I divined beneath the drone-dreamy eyes the dim souvenirs of a thousand meditations too subtle for words. Once in a while he straightened up, raised his brows, and with an inimitable gesture of bonhomie passed a trivial remark. Certain gestures gave the impression that he was trying to suppress some passing emotion, and it seemed to me that he was smoking not so much for enjoyment as to keep his face from relaxing into an expression of gravity.

Nothing, says Talleyrand, discloses the secrets of the mind so much as the mouth. To keep the mouth covered was this diplomat's way of maintaining facial composure. Verlaine, drowsy as he was on that particular evening, was doing all he could to assist nature in an attitude of indifference. Perhaps of all the devices of man to veil the true state of the mind that of smoking is the most effective. What has it not done to keep thought hidden from the crowd! The small glass of cognac before him helped him nothing; and I have noticed that the sipping of tea or coffee assists no one to hide the real expression of the face; that can only be done by holding a cigarette or a pipe in the mouth. And then the poet did not know me—I might have been an envious rival or a newspaper man in search of copy.

Another poet, M. Jean Moreas, occupied a corner, where he played dominoes with a companion. Once in a while he would fix his eyes on his friend and say, with childish glee: "J'ai du talent! Moi, j'ai du talent!" tapping his breast with delightful egotism as he pronounced the words. M. Anatole France had just written a flattering notice of the young poet's first success, "Le Pèlerin Passionné." I felt that I was being amused as well as instructed: there was Verlaine, sitting before us like a sleepy lion; others, here and there, playing dominoes; the general calm broken now and again by the cry of exuberant naiveté: "Moi, j'ai du talent!"

Verlaine at last began to be talkative without saying anything worthy of note. Suddenly he proposed to accompany us to the Chat Noir. I offered some excuse. Sitting there, in an old, classical quarter of Paris, I felt myself still in an atmosphere of poetic and artistic tradition. We were as yet on the borders of sanity and sanitation, in a world where we might, in imagination, touch the gold on Richelieu's robe, the locks on the wig of Racine, and the perfumed fringes of courtly coquettes, in all of which some dignity and order might be surmised.

But sitting in a café of any description has always seemed to me like a descent into Bohemia. The difference between the independence of the garret and the disorder of the gutter is no more than six flights of stairs. There are people who try to hide the truth regarding the habit of spending a certain portion of the day or evening in such places, but the habit dissipates intellectual force. I noticed a clashing of individual interests and ambitions, which made me think of a cosmopolitan crowd at a table d'hôte. Indeed, a literary café, a table d'hôte, and a pseudo-mystical salon are three things which give a bad turn to the blood and a wry expression to the face. The first discourages, the second gives indigestion, the third develops madness.

I saw Verlaine twice again, once at his lodging-house, in a street in the poorest quarter of the Panthéon, close to Sainte-Geneviève, in the very neighbourhood frequented by François Villon five hundred years ago! These narrow streets have remained the same for ages. Villon had probably often walked through this street, perhaps even lived in it; but now the picturesque houses of his time have been replaced by ugly and unromantic stone buildings, which form conventional living-tombs for the unfortunate men of talent and genius doomed to live and die in them.

When we entered the house we saw a greasy-looking proprietor, who conducted us to a bedroom on one of

the upper floors. The room, with its old-fashioned bed with faded curtains, was the picture of canopied misery. The sight still haunts me, in spite of the intervening years. There was not a book or a newspaper or a hand-bag or an ornament anywhere visible; nothing but the bed, a few chairs, and a table. I had visited genius on the top floors of dingy houses, in garrets far above the hum and movement of the material world, and yet in these places I had noticed signs of home-like comfort—there were books, an easy-chair, a pet cat or dog, and some one within calling distance. This room filled me with horror. The poet had alighted here like a bird of passage on a withered tree in the wilderness of Paris. He had come to this place I know not how nor for how long, and I am not sure that he felt the situation one way or the other, or gave himself much trouble about the appearance of the room, the house, or anything in it. I had opened the door of Bohemia, and looked in as we look at a ward in a hospital.

After waiting about ten minutes Verlaine entered. He carried a bowl with food of some kind, and after a few words of apology he sat down and proceeded to eat the contents. My one thought now was how to get away, for I saw that the poet was not in a talking mood, and conversation under such conditions was not to be expected.

But I saw Verlaine once again, and for the last time. It was on the Boulevard Saint-Michael, some months later. He walked with difficulty, leaning on the arm of a young man who seemed half idiotic. They looked like two mendicants on their way home after having amassed a few sous at some church door. The unfortunate poet had altered considerably; he looked pre-occupied, indifferent. He was going to pass me, when a sudden impulse made me stop him. To my great surprise he began to talk seriously. He spoke of his souvenirs of England. "Ah," he said, among other things, "what a difference there is between the word 'mère' and the word 'mother'! The English word is soft, homely, and musical. I love the English language. There is the word 'heaven'; how much more beautiful it is than the word 'ciel'! English is made for sentiment and poetry."

I was now talking to Verlaine the poet. Every word he uttered was full of serious meaning. Pathetic beyond expression was the simplicity, the naïveté of his words and gestures. The aspect of the mediæval expression had gone from his face. It seemed to me that I was talking to one of Millet's peasants who had laid aside the hoe for a moment to express to a passer-by some of his most intimate and hallowed feelings. And so I had one more proof of the eternal verity uttered by the immortal ploughman: "A man's a man for a that."

The Unknown Shakespeare.—II.

By Allen Upward.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is almost the only play not mentioned, except accidentally, in Mr. Harris's book.* Yet it is, in one sense, the most Shakespearean of all the plays. It is the one least capable of having come from any other mind. Only Shakespeare could have brought Bottom into fairyland, and made him seem born within the allegiance.

At the same time, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is distinguished from every other play of Shakespeare by its technical character. It is not in reality a comedy, nor can it have been written in the first place for the theatre. It is a mask, and it was most evidently written to be performed at a wedding. It encloses, somewhat in the vein of Hamlet, a satire on the rustic masks offered on such occasions by the tenantry of noble houses. But more good-humoured satire was never written. The lion roars as gently as any sucking dove. The spirit of kindness and goodwill is abroad. Shakespeare makes his own mask end on the stroke of

midnight, and what is called the last scene of the play is simply a choral spell pronounced by the fairies and their king and queen over the house, and the bridal bed of each wedded pair.

That Elizabethan poets were in the habit of writing masks for such occasions does not require to be stated, nor does any Shakespearean need reminding that Shakespeare could write by command, as in the case of Queen Elizabeth and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Is it necessary to ask by whose request, and under what circumstances, he must have written *A Midsummer Night's Dream*?

He had already written a dozen sonnets addressed to a noble youth, presumably with the approval of his family, urging him to a marriage towards which he seems to have been strongly disinclined, as Demetrius is disinclined to Helena in the play. At last Southampton, or Herbert—it hardly matters which, for the two were kinsmen—yields his consent. The marriage being agreed on, the honour of writing the wedding mask falls by right to the poet who has pleaded so successfully. But now his task becomes infinitely delicate. The lady's feelings have to be considered. The bridegroom's surrender is the theme, but it must be so treated as to represent his past ungraciousness as the result of blindness, or even magic spells—this last a widely prevalent superstition of the times,—and not to any defect in the bride. Last of all she must be assured that the love now offered her is not feigned, but the result of a real conversion.

That was the poet's task, and he has exquisitely accomplished it, with a tact utterly beyond the reach of Pope when he wrote the *Rape of the Lock* on a more trivial occasion. The bare plot of Demetrius' reconciliation to Helena would have been a coarse apology. The poet has shaded off the broad and transparent allusion by endless minor ones. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is steeped from beginning to end in the atmosphere of lovers' misunderstandings, and love's unaccountable caprice.

The keynote is struck in the immortal verses,

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear in tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

The poet proceeds to ransack tale and history, and earth and fairyland for instances. The fairy king dotes on a changeling boy; the queen becomes enamoured of an ass; and so there is heart-burning and quarrelling among the elves. Oberon is charged with infidelity to Titania; Titania with having made Theseus false to a whole list of mortal loves. Theseus himself pleads guilty to having won Hippolyta by force. In the course of the action the two pairs of lovers, under the mischievous influence of Puck, fall in and out of love with each other, and exchange parts as in a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner. Living royalty is laid under tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and her evil glamour, Elizabeth and her no less mysterious invulnerability to the shafts of Cupid, are dragged in without the smallest apparent excuse—with no conceivable excuse except the desire to propitiate Her Grace's Highness on an occasion so certain to provoke her spite and jealousy as a young noble's wedding; by two reminders, first that all were not as invulnerable as herself, and secondly that it was more to her own interest that her nobles should marry in their own class than fall, like Norfolk, in love with her imprisoned rival. And so the whole play preaches with irresistible persuasion that love and aversion are not within the power of mortals or immortals, and that no lady ought to take it to heart if her own charms are slighted for a season.

I am surprised that Mr. Harris has not seen in the episode of Titania's love for Bottom an apology for the poet's youthful infatuation for Anne Hathaway. But the truth is that the whole mask is too exuberant with joyful feeling to exhibit any marks of Shakespeare's graver mood. The lovers' crosses never remind him for a moment of his own. That is because he is writing in the flowering season of his life. He now stands at the top of happy hours, and from that height looks

* "The Man Shakespeare, and his Life Tragedy."

down upon the follies and griefs of mortals with the half-mocking smile of Puck.

The name of Puck brings me to the question in which I am more personally interested: Where did Shakespeare write *A Midsummer Night's Dream*?

I pass over the gush of the "scholars" and "critics" on the subject of Warwickshire, a county in which Shakespeare had the misfortune to be born, in which he was treated as a vulgar upstart and a poacher, which he left on the first opportunity, and to which he only returned when life's candles were burnt out, to drink himself to death.

The name Puck, which needs a monograph to itself,* still lingers in British place names, and I cannot assert that it had died out of the rural speech of Warwickshire. But the evidence points the other way. It is significant that the list of *Dramatis Personae* translates it by "Robin Goodfellow," a unique touch. It is similarly translated in the play. The fairy in Act II hails Puck as "thou lob of spirits"—compare Milton's "lubber fiend"—and afterwards informs him, with some clumsiness of art, that he is called "Robin Goodfellow," "Hobgoblin," and "sweet Puck." Puck himself, at the end of the play, describes himself as "an honest Puck," "the Puck," and "Robin."

Malone seems to have been the first to point out that the name is current in Welsh as *pwca*, translated in the Welsh word-books by "goblin." At the same time he records the tradition that Shakespeare once visited the seat of my ancestors, the Vaughans of Scethrog, in Breconshire, and he suggests that Shakespeare there picked up the name.

Acting on this hint, H. F. Lyte tells us (in his life of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist) that he made careful inquiries on the spot. The author of *Abide With Me* found that there was a valley near Scethrog called Cwm-Pwca (Goblin Vale), and that a tradition, still extant, alleged it to have been the favourite haunt of a famous "bard," who had once visited the neighbourhood. It is only necessary to add that the Herbert family is strongly represented in Monmouthshire, and that, as I am informed, it has intermarried with the Vaughans, formerly of Breconshire.

The effect of circumstantial evidence is cumulative, and it has now become very strong. The half-humorous, but altogether sincere liking of Shakespeare for Wales and Welshmen has long been remarked. Mr. Harris accuses him of forgetting that the English bowmen won the battle of Agincourt. He did not forget that an ancestor of the Vaughans, Sir David Gam, had helped to win it, and he was thinking of him, perhaps, in Fluellen. Is it a coincidence that he has introduced a Welshman into that other play written by command? I must leave such inquiries to Shakespearean specialists.

I shall be pardoned by Shakespeareans for taking some natural pleasure in the thought that Shakespeare was an honoured guest of my ancestors, themselves one of the three royal clans of Wales, at a time when the village boor of Charlecote was probably too proud to speak to him.

The poet D'Avenant was not unwilling to be thought the son of Shakespeare. The Silurist and his brother, Thomas Vaughan the mystic, were too devout to receive anything but pain from a suggestion that they were Shakespeare's grandsons, even if it had been made. I confess that I should not esteem descent from Shakespeare less honourable than such descent from Charles II. However, it may be regarded as a mere coincidence, probably, that the *Athenaeum* critic remarked "Shakespearean tendencies" in the structure of my own youthful verses, and went on to say that those tendencies seemed to be inevitable to me, even when I was trying to escape them.

It is a more legitimate and pleasing thought that the poet whom Stratford never honoured in his lifetime may have spent the happiest moments of his life at

* Golfers know the sprite as Bogie.

Scethrog, whether or not attracted thither by some "dark woman" who was fair for him.

I picture him, pleased with the commission to write a mask in honour of his friend and patron. Perhaps it was now that he received the famous thousand pounds. At any rate this time he is not going to write for the groundlings. The season is midsummer. We may suppose the playhouses are closed. He sets forth from London, not this time for stuffy Stratford, and the society of purse-proud burgesses, and the snubs of Justice Shallow, but for the wild and beautiful valley of the Usk, and the hospitality of a land where bards had once been the friends of kings. I picture the Ugly Duckling, no longer pecked at by hens, and chased by every cur, but welcomed into the kindred of the swans. I see him in his most glorious hour, wandering forth by moonlight into the goblin-haunted vale, and peopling it with Oberon and Titania and all the fairy crew. Foremost among them stands forth the native sprite, obedient to the wand of the enchanter, like another Ariel, and "puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

"The best in this kind are but shadows," but such shadows were never cast on earth before or since.

Verse.*

MR. POUND exults through the souls of great men. He says:--

No man has dared to write this thing as yet,
And yet I know how that the souls of all men great
At times pass through us,
And we are melted into them, and are not
Save reflexions of their souls.
Thus am I Dante for a space, and am
One François Villon, ballad-lord and thief,
Or am such holy ones I may not write,
Less blasphemy be writ against my name;
This for an instant and the flame is gone.

But though he would have it that "the Masters of the Soul" speak through him, it seems truer to say that he himself speaks through the glamour which their names cast over him. That is why, for instance, Sandalphon, the angel of prayer according to the Talmud, breaks out with a *forsitan!* Why, too, the poem, "Night Litany," has a refrain—

O Dieu, purifiez nos cœurs!
purifiez nos cœurs!

and the "Sestina: Altaforte" is introduced thus:—

Loquitur: En Bertrans de Born.
Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a
stirrer-up of strife.
Eccovi!
Judge ye!
Have I dug him up again?

The first lines are:—

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.
Your whoreson dog, Papiols, come! Let's to music.

Why, too, Simon Zelotes, speaking sometime after the Crucifixion, in the "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," or Christ, uses a jargon which, I believe, is supposed to be old English. It consists mainly in the clipping of words; but still it is a jargon. Why, too, Mr. Pound entitles his poems in different languages: "Nel Biancheggiar," "Planh," "Laudantes Decem . . .," "Aux Belles de Londres." For Mr. Pound is an American, and a hotchpotch of picturesqueness, made up of divers elements—in literature, words from divers tongues—is the American idea of beauty. Thank heaven that Mr. Pound is a poet also, and that this picturesqueness is only sauce to the dish. Still, one sees no reason why the refrain quoted above should not be—

O God, make clean our hearts!
make clean our hearts!

except that the French makes the poem picturesque, and, therefore, from an American point of view, more beautiful. But that "Eccovi! Judge ye!" and the

* "Exultations of Ezra Pound" (Mathews, 2s 6d. net); "New Poems," by William Watson (Lane); "The Thrush" (1s. monthly).

funny "Have I dug him up again?" I am afraid not; for the "Sestina: Altaforte" is rant.

But with all these reservations one must agree that there is in Mr. Pound's new book a rift of real, though vague, beauty, impalpable gold, as in the "Laudantes Decem . . ." and "Planh"; and in the sonnet "Plotinus" he lifts himself suddenly out of the picturesque and the subtle into six lines of bare, wrought beauty:—

But I was lonely as a lonely child,
I cried amid the void and heard no cry,
And then for utter loneliness made I
New thoughts as crescent images of *me*,
And with them was my essence reconciled,
While fear went forth from mine eternity.

It is when Mr. Pound is speaking for himself that he achieves most, I think, and certainly not in impersonations which depend on expletives—"damns!" and "Gods!"—to galvanise them into life. If Mr. Pound could only forget his literature he would exult to more purpose.

One thing is proved by these two little books of his, "Personæ" and "Exultations," and that is that the old devices of regular metrical beat and regular rhyming are worn out; the sonnet and the three-quatrain poem will probably always live; but for the larger music verse must be free from all the restraints of a regular return and a squared-up frame; the poet must forge his rhythm according to the impulse of the creative emotion working through him.

And here I will bring in the "New Poems" of Mr. William Watson, who, like your any versifier without the root of the matter in him, pours scorn "In the Orgy on Parnassus" on those whom he calls the "phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus":—

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
You rack and you rive it, you twist it and maul.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it—
And here was a bard shall outlast you all,

the said bard being Tennyson. Of *forms* Mr. Watson has a number, of taste, sufficient unto the forms, and these and an ability to fill the forms with the taste is about all his "New Poems" have. Here and there are some well-filled lines, of the kind for which the word "majestic" seems to have been specially debased; but, with the exception of a few sonnets—VIII. and XIV., for example—the inspiration of the book is the inspiration of prose—the prose of the diary and commonplace book. With this book Mr. Watson has added nothing to the literary riches of the language; but he lends himself to controversy. One is forced to think that his much-vaunted "austerity to his ideal of pure and perfect form" is impotence after all:—

You may flout convention and scout tradition,
With courage as great as your art is small,
Where the kings of mind, with august submission,
Have bowed to the laws that outlast you all,

the king in question being Tennyson! But it does not occur to Mr. Watson that it is loyalty to art to seek new forms of expression, that the form to be sought is the superform, the form of the great, embracing and subtle rhythm, which, like a storm, creates itself as it goes along from the material in front of it with the force behind it; and it is one of the merits of Mr. Pound's two little books that, imperfectly yet, they show the way. But for "mere honest work":

Mere honest work my mission is
My message and my aim,

we do not call a man an artist, but an artisan; and even then there is dishonesty in the pose of the honest man. Mr. Watson's respect for the language is timidity, and is as ludicrous and as sterile as the fear which would keep a lover at a distance from his mistress. Every new image made is a violation of the language; but Mr. Watson, when he uses an image that is not "honest," is careful to have good authority behind him. To seek to confine the artist to stereotyped forms is disloyal to the sincerity of art. The truth is there is no form in Mr. Watson's "New Poems," only *forms*, a far different thing. For great form I turn again to Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."

The most valuable contribution to "The Thrush," a new monthly magazine for the publication of poetry and kindred matter, is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's excellent article on "Modern Poetry." He asks the poet to come out of his study, to be sincere, to abjure dilettantism, and to be a man of his age, not for ever with his eyes turned towards the past or the Hesperides. Perhaps the modern poet has some defence to urge. In Elizabeth's time the fields and flowers were always at hand, and there was a natural poetry on the lips of men; language had a racy flavour and vitality; but we who live in an age of bricks and mortar and machinery use a language which has no longer the life and freshness which were got from the proximity of town and country and contact with all the varied forms of human activity. Commerce is vaster; but it is remote; the country is more accessible; but to get to the country is an excursion, and not a ramble. And the language has become a set of newspaper counters; most men see life through the sheets of their daily papers. There is no poetry in the modern town; great verse and fine rhetoric may be made of it—Verhaeren has done so; but the world treasures most the simple elemental passions married to the forms of beauty which every man knows in his heart. The modern poet, who has need of the town, because it is the centre and fillip of culture, divorces himself from the fields and hills and streams of which he has equal need; both to be concomitant parts of his daily life; and the town itself has no real organic existence—only that of a machine; so that, as it rumbles and roars over his head, the poet turns inward, and writes of what he finds there, without referring it to the life around him—may be his books, may be some dream of the Hesperides, maybe his wit or fancy, or just his passion and despair.

F. S. FLINT.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Thrush," Monthly, 1s. net. Thirty-six solid pages of mediocre verse, though Mr. G. M. Hort's contribution has the tang of wit, and verse-criticism at the end that is utterly banal. We esteem the editor's intention, but suggest that his magazine would look better in plain brown paper. Mr. Bernard Partridge's cover-design of a buxom, double-chinned lady, arrayed in flowing drapery and about to strike a seven-stringed lyre, is too suggestive of the contents. The prose essays are the best part of this No. 1.

"Wind of the West." By Arthur Lewis. (Mathews, 1s. net.) Mr. Lewis writes in an accomplished and personal way and in many measures of elemental things; but there is no passion in this book; his verses read like quiet broodings in the grey twilight of November days; but the accomplishment is such that we could wish for some passion to wake Mr. Lewis out of his meditation.

"Poems and Baudelaire Flowers." By J. C. Squire. (New Age Press, 2s. net.) The "Poems" include some graceful lyrics, "On the Road," and some fleshly love-songs. They have all a modern tone, reveal a personality, and, as might be expected, are tinged with Baudelaireanism. The author is a Socialist. The translations from Baudelaire are very faithful to the spirit of the originals, though strict literality is, of course, impossible in metrical translations. But an Englishman with no French could get a good idea of Baudelaire from Mr. Squire's versions, and not be offended. Some of them, indeed, would have great merit as original verse. This book will be strong meat to many persons.

"Baudelaire": the Flowers of Evils. By Cyril Scott. (Mathews, 1s. net.) We do not detect any merit in these translations.

"The Romance of the Twisted Spear," and other tales. By Herbert Sherring. (Smith Elder, 6s. net.) Mr. Sherring has attempted to "endue with flesh and blood the dry bones of Rajput history," and he has turned four long tales into straightforward and readable blank verse, but a somewhat singular thing to do at this hour.

"Last Poems." By George Meredith. (Constable, 4s. 6d. net.) There is nothing in these verses which will add to the master's reputation, and no reason why they should have a book to themselves. An odd corner in the "Collected Works" would have sufficed.

"The Seductive Coast." By J. M. Stuart-Young. (Ousely, 5s. net.) Poems lyrical and descriptive of Western Africa: Sierra Leone, Timbuctoo to Onitsha. Much passionate and sensuous verse, some doggerel. The sonnets to Anania might be polished and published alone. They would have a better hearing.

The God and the Harlot.

Thrice and thrice again M'hadeva
Comes to Earth, whose Lord he is,
Taking flesh that he may throughly
Know our joys and miseries.
Here he stoops to dwell and suffer
All things human, human-wise :
Who would mete out wrath or pardon
Man must see through mortal eyes.

In the city he sojourns awhile, the Most Holy ;
He spies out the great, he takes thought on the lowly,
Departing ere sunset has paled from the skies.

Comes he where the last low houses
Lie without the city gates ;
There, with painted cheeks, is waiting
One, a fair unfortunate.

"Greeting, child!" "Thine handmaid thanks thee
Gladlier than thou wottest of!"

"Nay, who art thou?" "Lord, a harlot,
And this house the house of love."

And hasting, she clashes the cymbals, advancing
Bewildering sweet in the whirl of her dancing,
And gives him a blossom in token of love.

Coaxing him to cross the threshold,
Blithesomely she draws him in :
"Come, fair stranger, thou shalt help me
Light the little lamp within.
Thou art wearied? I'll refresh thee!
Or thy feet are sore, perchance?
Thine be all that thou shalt ask me—
Rest, or jest or dalliance."

She busily tends his feigned hurt : he disdains not
Her minist'ring—even her harlotry stains not
The heart he perceives in her touch and her glance.

All mean service lays he on her ;
She but joys the more for this ;
So by soft degrees grows nature
What has erst been artifice.
Not in vain the petals scatter,
So at last the fruit be whole ;
Love is near, when meek obedience
Fills, unquestioning, the soul.

But even yet hardlier seeking to prove her,
The Lord of the Uttermost chooseth to move her
To ecstasy, terror, and infinite dole.

So the painted cheeks he kisses,
And she knows the might of love,
For the first time falls a-weeping
At the cruel bliss thereof :
Sinking, not for lust, before him,
Nor for wage of harlotry—
Nay, the lissome limbs refuse her
Their bewonted ministry!

And all the while Night has been furtively spinning
A veil for the couch whereunto they are winning,
To screen from the stars the delights yet to be.

Sleep falls late upon their dalliance ;
Waking after little rest,
By her heart she finds him lying
Dead, her well-beloved guest.
With a cry she yearns above him,
But she cannot waken him. . . .
Soon they bear him to the burning
Naked, cold and stark of limb.

She hears the priests' death-chant, and frenzy comes
o'er her :

She raves, and runs headlong ; folk scatter before her :
"Who are thou that strivest? What wilt thou with
him?"

"Give me back my man, my husband—
I'll not yield him to the grave!
Would ye burn and bring to ashes
Limbs so godlike, young, and brave?"
Down she flings her by the litter,
Shrieking to the Infinite :
"Mine he was! He knew none other!
He was mine for one sweet night!"

The priests sing : "We carry the old to the burning,
Whose blood hath grown chill in the days of their
yearning ;

The young, whom Death took ere they wist of his
might.

"Hear thy priests : thou wert not wedded,
Gavest him no wifely vow ;
Nay, thou livest as a harlot,
Naught of duty owest thou.
What shall cleave to him that goeth
Where the silent dead abide?
This the duty and the glory
Of a wife, and none beside.

Ho, trumpets, awake ye the Gods from their sleeping!
Ye Holy Ones, take, in quick flame, to your keeping
This youth, this day-flow'r that hath withered and
died!"

Priestly, pitiless, they double
All the woe she suffereth,
Till, with hungry arms, she flings her
Prone upon the burning death.
But the youth, re clothed in Godhead,
From the ravening flames doth rise,
And in folding arms upbearth
His belovèd to the skies.

The Gods, the immortals, have joy in relenting
Toward children unfortunate, lost but repenting,
And bear them in fiery arms to the skies.

—Goethe : done into English by Robert Levy.

Drama.

Recent Plays.

THE other evening I happened to see the third act of Robertson's "Caste" given at a benefit performance in Birmingham. "Caste" is almost a classic. It represents the highest achievement of English dramatic art during the third quarter of the nineteenth century—during the period, that is to say, when Dickens, Meredith, and Hardy were all at work upon the English novel, and Swinburne and Tennyson upon English poetry. And now—who is Robertson? Surely there could be no more vivid illustration of the decadence of the theatre. I do not know the exact date of "Caste." Certainly it is more than thirty years old, and it still has a place in the repertory of a few touring companies. Its machinery creaks a good deal. Its soliloquies grow wearisome. In outward form it bears the same relation to the present-day comedy that a George Stephenson locomotive bears to the latest London and North-Western express engine. Its view of life is wholly romantic, with the pure romanticism of melodrama. It is of the stage stagey. The condition of the theatre must indeed have been terrible when Robertson was hailed as a realist. He was surely the father of modern melodrama. In "Caste" we have all the conventional puppets adopted later by Frank Melville and G. R. Sims—the red-nosed, shabby old drunkard-philosopher, the blonde heroine with her baby, the cheerful sister, the comic workman (poor but honest), the soldierly hero,

his aristocratic mother, and all the other exclusively British products familiar to the audience of the Elephant and Castle. Only "Caste" is much better written than, say, "The Lights o' London" or "Her Second Time on Earth." Its treatment of the problem of caste is, of course, quite superficial. The aristocratic figures are stage aristocrats. They behave throughout just as the melodramatic audience expects them to behave. If necessary, they sit down to tea quite democratically with the old drunkard and the comic workman. This world of "Caste" is utterly unreal. The types are the types of Dickens, but the art of Dickens is lacking.

* * *

So much for Robertson and the drama of the eighteen-seventies. How much further have we got? Is the modern West End comedy, with all its show of realism and superficial cleverness, really an advance at all? Take, for instance, "The House Opposite," by Mr. Perceval Landon. Here the stage machinery works smoothly enough. The exits and entrances, the dialogue and the action in general are never farcically improbable. There are no soliloquies. The play is centred in the governing class—among people, that is, with every opportunity for being cleverer, wittier, more cultivated than the democracy of the Robertsonian comedy. Yet its view of life remains the stage view. There is plenty of realism without reality. We still have the old romanticism cropping up, and the old codes of honour. In effect, the play is nothing but well-oiled melodrama.

There is a sensational plot. Richard Cardyne (played by Mr. H. B. Irving) is about to leave the house of his mistress early one morning in May. Some mysterious happening in the house opposite attracts his attention, as he stands at the open window. A light passes and disappears. "It's odd—devilish odd!" is his comment as he goes. The next morning all London knows that a murder has been committed. In the house opposite, of course. An old bachelor has been stabbed, and his housekeeper is arrested. What is Cardyne to do? He saw a man with a candle. It was a man, therefore, who committed the crime. The window overlooking the room is the window of Mrs. Rivers' boudoir. Is he to sacrifice her reputation in order to save the innocent housekeeper's life? Obviously, an unfortunate dilemma for a man of honour. He is thoroughly tired of Mrs. Rivers. She is afraid to let him speak, afraid of public opinion, and particularly afraid of her husband, the Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., an ex-Home Secretary. Seven weeks pass. The unfortunate housekeeper is sentenced to death, and still Cardyne makes no definite move. He begins, however, to talk of his code of honour of a gentleman, and the audience is able to breathe more freely. Clearly no gentleman will allow the poor woman to be hanged.

The day before the execution a last desperate effort is made to save Mrs. Rivers from the scandal. Marie, her maid, comes forward and offers to take the blame upon herself. She detests Cardyne, but she will say that he was visiting *her* on the night of the murder. Cardyne has the reputation of a rake. Everyone will readily believe that he is capable of an intrigue of the kind. He falls in with the suggestion, and the imaginary details are carefully thought out. Then it transpires that the window of Marie's room does not overlook the house opposite. There is nothing for it but a full confession. Mrs. Rivers screws herself up to the proper pitch, and begins telling her husband the story as he sits reading the evening newspaper. He apparently does not hear her, and reads on calmly. When she has done, he looks up, and remarks quietly that news of the real murderer's confession has just reached London. The incident is now closed. Cardyne is quietly dismissed, and the audience is left to infer that the subject will not be touched upon again. The Rivers' ménage will continue as if nothing had happened.

This is plainly enough a journalist's play, sensational and scrappy. It dabbles occasionally in ideas, without the courage or the intellectual honesty to give them a fair hearing. A sop is thrown to the moderns in the discussion of crime, another to the bourgeoisie in Cardyne's precious code of honour. Mr. Landon seems to have tried to please everybody. His play is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

Mr. H. B. Irving played Cardyne admirably, with just the necessary weariness of voice and manner, and Miss Eva Moore saved Mrs. Rivers from fatuity. Her scenes with Cardyne were very difficult, and she carried them off well. The play is far too thin for four acts, and full of irrelevant matter. At least three of the characters might have been left out without loss. If the murder plot were also dispensed with, there would probably be material for a good comedy in the relations between Mrs. Rivers and her husband.

ASHLEY DUKES.

Insurance Notes.

COMING so early after the discussions in the Commons on industrial assurance, the action raised against the officials and directors of the Scottish Legal Life Assurance Society will be keenly watched by the public. A delegate on behalf of his colleagues has raised the question of the right of the president, secretary, treasurer, and board to receive remuneration from the funds of the Society for attending committee meetings, inspection of properties, and going on deputations in connection with the Society's business. The sum involved is £10,000, and an accounting is asked in connection with the sums received. The case has been sent to the Procedure Roll, Edinburgh, for discussion.

* * *

Payment for special services has long been a vexed question among friendly societies, and in the above case the pursuers aver that the work of the officers was fully covered by their salaries, and that they had no ground for taking extra remuneration. We cannot understand why such a system has been allowed to go on so long unchallenged, and the unfortunate issue now being raised could easily have been avoided had a resolution been passed by the delegates giving authority to charge for special services. Those services are well known, and can be specified in a resolution. The delegates who fix the salaries should in all conscience fix the special payments.

* * *

It is argued, on the other hand, that the accounts of the Society were open every year for inspection, and that the remuneration was fully disclosed. It is a familiar argument which convinces nobody. While the Friendly Societies Act gives the members a right of access to the books of the Society, when such a right is exercised the member is generally a marked man thereafter. The habit of inspection is rigidly discountenanced, and instances have arisen where delegates appealed to the management for details of payments to officers and directors, and were unsuccessful. In some societies the minute book is not classed as one of the books within the scope of the Act, and reference to it by members is refused. The spirit of those collecting friendly societies is becoming less democratic, and the members have themselves to blame.

* * *

The frequency of transfers, amalgamations, and conversions is causing agents and collectors to be on the alert, and the prevailing attitude is self-protection. They see clearly that combines and companies carried through on old lines will result in smaller commissions and worse terms unless special provisions are made in the memorandum of association. Agents have a substantial, real interest in any alteration of the constitution of the society for which they work, and it may be taken for granted that in future no change will take place with their consent unless they are guaranteed in legal form (a) the trade-union commission of 25 per cent., (b) interest in books, (c) a pension fund.

* * *

Public opinion with regard to lapsing has always assumed that it was a source of profit to companies and societies, and the opinion of Mr. George King, F.I.A., F.F.A., is worth noting. He says: "Some people put forward the idea that industrial companies make their profit out of lapses; but, as a matter of fact, they were a source of loss, and if they could only induce thrift and its continuance, they would transact industrial life assurance at a much lower rate."

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN AUTHORS.

1.—H. G. WELLS.

- 1895 SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE. (Lane. 4/6).
- 1895 THE STOLEN BACILLUS AND OTHER STORIES. (Macmillan. 3/6).*
- 1895 THE WONDERFUL VISIT. Fantastic Story. (Dent. 5/- net).
- 1896 THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU. A Satire on Humanity. (Heinemann. 6/-).
- 1896 THE WHEELS OF CHANCE. A First Novel. (Dent. 6/-).
- 1897 THE PLATTNER STORY AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. (Macmillan. 3/6).*
- 1897 CERTAIN PERSONAL MATTERS. Out of print.
- 1897 THE INVISIBLE MAN. (Macmillan. 3/6).
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- 1901 THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. A Satire on Specialists. (Macmillan. 3/6).
- 1901 ANTICIPATIONS. An Essay in Prophecy. (Chapman and Hall. 3/6).
- 1902 THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE. Lecture given to the Royal Institution. (Fifield. 1/-).
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- 1905 KIPPS. Third Novel. (Macmillan, 3/6. Nelson, 7d.).
- 1906 IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET. A Poetic Dream. (Macmillan. 6/-).
- 1906 THE FUTURE OF AMERICA. An Essay on Individualism. (Chapman and Hall. 10/6).
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- 1908 NEW WORLDS FOR OLD. A Discussion and Description of Constructive Socialism. (Constable. 6/-).
- 1908 THE WAR IN THE AIR. (George Bell. 6/-).
- 1909 TONO BUNGAY. Fourth Novel. (Macmillan. 6/-).
- 1909 ANN VERONICA. A Love Story. (Fisher Unwin. 6/-).
- 1910 THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY (Nelson).
- 1910 THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. A Novel. (Macmillan).

* The "Short Stories of H. G. Wells" will be re-published in 1910 in one volume, with an introduction by the author, by Messrs. Nelsons.

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THE "TIMES" BEHIND THE TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Regarding the backwardness of English newspapers where new philosophical problems are concerned, the following quotation from a leading American paper (the "New York Sun," of December 6th) may perhaps interest you.

J. M. KENNEDY.

We note with much interest that the London "Times" has at last discovered Nietzsche. "Until a few years ago he was hopelessly obscure," remarks the "Thunderer," with a certain complacency. This is news to those who recall ten years' of furious uncritical quarrelling, from 1890 to 1900. Even in benighted New York the name and doctrines of Nietzsche were discussed in the middle eighties. Taine admired him early, as did George Brandes; but even the critical cachet of these thinkers did not save Nietzsche his stony road to Damascus. It will be news, however, to his readers in all parts of the globe to learn that "he lost his reason before he found a publisher." If the writer in the "Times" takes the trouble to look up the life of Friedrich, by his accomplished sister, Elisabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, he may be surprised to find that many of his new collected works had seen the light of publication before the mental eclipse of the brilliant philosopher at Turin in 1889. For example, "The Birth of Tragedy" (1872); "Wagner in Bayreuth" (1876); between 1877 and 1882, "Human, all too Human," "The Dawn of Day," "The Gay Science," and "Unseasonable Reflections." In 1883, "Zarathustra," followed by "The Other Side of Good and Evil" (1886), "The Genealogy of Morals," and later, "The Case of Wagner" (pamphlet, 1888). A fair list for a man, supposed—by the "Times"—to have been quite mad.

But London is usually last in the possession of critical valuations. With pride it heard the complete "Ring" at Covent Garden in 1903, nearly two decades after New York; and as for Ibsen, while Mr. Walkley, the "Times" dramatic writer, speaks patronisingly of him as *vieux jeu*, the Norwegian dramatist has never been completely played in London outside of the sporadic performances of private dramatic associations. In a word, London discovers great men in a leisure manner—all except Mr. Shaw. That Irish wit assured his public he was a real dramatist—and London still believes him!

* * *

BRITISH INDIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I may say that hitherto my path of life has led me a great deal into the midst of the Indians in South Africa, and for six years I have served in the office of an Indian gentleman, a barrister-at-law, in Durban, Natal. During that period I have made myself pretty well acquainted with the hardships which the Indians in the Transvaal and Natal have to undergo if they wish to earn their livelihood in these "British" Colonies. Acts of Parliament, consisting of nothing but rank class legislation, are to be found in large numbers on the statute books of both Colonies. One of the reasons for going to war against the Boers was stated by the late Lord Salisbury, to be the ill-treatment of British Indian subjects in the Transvaal. Has the war improved their position? The question is a needless one. There is not the slightest doubt that this ill-treatment of Asiatics generally has become much more pronounced under British rule.

The Boers, it is quite certain, have never passed a law such as the present degrading Registration Act, which requires that every Asiatic shall take out a certificate on which he must endorse his ten finger prints before he is allowed either to enter the Transvaal, or, if he is a resident there, to carry on any business or profession, or to earn a livelihood. It does not matter of what standing he is, of what creed, or of what caste: his signature on taking out a Registration Certificate is not enough, even though he be a man who has received a first-class education. No, he must give his finger-prints like a common criminal.

For resisting this law and for entering the Transvaal without taking out a certificate, thousands of all classes of Indians, who have sworn to resist the law, have undergone severe sentences of imprisonment.

Mr. Gandhi, the leader of the British Indians in South Africa and a barrister-at-law, with whom I am personally acquainted, is a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, and one who has given up everything he possessed in his heroic attempts to bring about better treatment of the members of his race in the Transvaal. Besides this, Mr. Gandhi has undergone most severe punishments himself for resisting this most loathsome law. Many times he has been seen

working in the public streets of Johannesburg in the garb of a convict among a band of criminals of the lowest type, simply because he refused to give his finger-prints as a means of his identification.

This is only one example of the disgusting laws which are passed, with the approval of the Imperial Government here, to degrade the Indians in South Africa, and I am sure I am not wrong in adding that they are passed as a possible means of driving the Indians out of the Transvaal, where they have won such great successes in all branches of trade and professions through their arduous labours.

This kind of "Justice" was certainly not enforced under the Boer régime.

Is it not time that the eyes of the British public were opened to this shameful state of affairs, and an appeal made to the Imperial Government to use its influence with the Government of the Transvaal to do away with this obnoxious "class" legislation, and to treat with a little more fair play and justice those of our fellow subjects who have not the slightest chance of protecting themselves, since they have not even a voice in the government of the Colony, and the franchise is debarred them?

PHILIP TOBIAS.

* * *

THE COCOA TRADE.

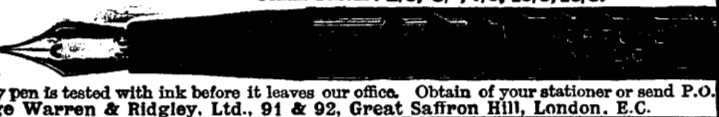
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Referring to various comments which have appeared in THE NEW AGE concerning the attitude of Messrs. Cadbury towards the slavery in San Thomé, the following extract from Sir Edward Carson's cross-examination of Mr. William Adlington Cadbury may be of interest. "Now you wrote a letter in May, 1908, to THE NEW AGE paper. Will you look at p. 771, May 19th, 1908? 'The Editor, THE NEW AGE. We notice the reference you make in your issue of May 16th to the labour question in Portuguese East Africa. We venture to think that you have scarcely realised the proportion of the matter, as from one paragraph you suggest that our whole business depends on this African product, which is not the case. The cocoa from Sao Thomé consumed by all the manufacturers of England is only one-twentieth of the total world's supply.' That was hardly a candid statement, was it? (A.) Yes, it was perfectly truthful. (Q.) Truthful, yes; but in showing how much you used of this Sao Thomé cocoa, it did not give them any information when you said, 'The cocoa from Sao Thomé consumed by all the manufacturers of England is only one-twentieth of the total world's supply.' (A.) That is the vital point, because it is the twentieth you have to supply with something else. The proportion of the world's supply is the whose opinion we trust, that we had much more power act-over half of the whole of your product was slave-grown cocoa. (A.) No, it was not half at the time. (Q.) The year before, and for several years, it had been more than half. (A.) Yes, but we were writing in 1908, and the proportion then was about one-fourth. (Q.) We have the figures already in. 'Some years ago when we first heard of the matter, we felt bound to give it our very careful consideration, and made personal investigation in Lisbon, and accepted a challenge of the planters to send out and see for ourselves. Some of our friends consider that we should have acted more properly in refusing to buy any more African cocoa; this would be a comparatively easy thing to do, but we have been advised by the Foreign Office, whom we have consulted all along, and by several other authorities whose opinion we trust, that we had much more power acting as friends than we should have as enemies of the Portuguese.' What do you mean by saying you had consulted the Foreign Office all along? (A.) We consulted Sir Martin Gosselin in 1903, and Sir Edward Grey in 1906. (Q.) Is that what you mean? (A.) Yes. (Q.) Whom did you consult between 1903 and 1906? (A.) We were acting under the definite advice of the period of Sir Martin Gosselin. (Q.) Is that what you mean? (A.) Yes. (Q.) Did you ever consult Sir Martin Gosselin after 1903? (A.) Yes, there are frequent letters. (Q.) Where? (A.) On the file. (Q.) What was the last year? (A.) I cannot remember that. (Mr. Justice Pickford) It is difficult to remember all these letters, but I think there are letters to Sir Martin Gosselin, and also to the Foreign Office. (Sir Edward Carson); No, my lord. The Foreign Office is 1906. (Mr. Rufus Isaacs); Sir Martin Gosselin died in February, 1905. (Sir Edward Carson); When you say 'all along,' what I am trying to point out is that it is not an accurate statement. There was no consultation in 1901, and none in 1902. (A.) You said 'since 1903.' (Q.) No, I did not say that. I asked you, when you used the words 'all along' what you meant. (A.) My answer was that in 1903 I saw Sir Martin Gosselin, and in 1906 Sir Edward Grey. (Q.) That is not 'all along,' which is what I am putting to you. (A.) Before that we consulted the Anti-Slavery Society. This is quite true. (Q.) Now I will pass on." Then Sir Edward proceeded to cross-examine Mr. W. A. Cadbury on other matters.

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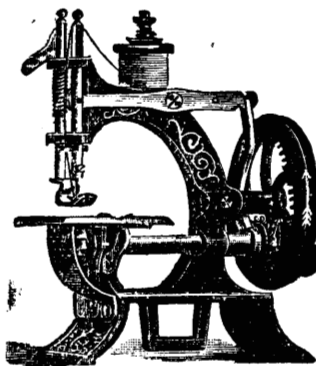
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