MORTMAIN.
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a little too much optimism in the Report of the Executive of the Labour Party on the results of the General Election. While the election has not proved catastrophic, as it might have done, it cannot be regarded as "highly satisfactory." Mr. Keir Hardie at Newport took the more truthful line. "He could not pretend for a moment," he said, "to be satisfied with the result"; and he went on to point out the real moral of the set-back. "It was that Labour had not yet evolved either the organisation or the esprit de corps which would enable them to cope successfully with their opponents. The main reason for their failure was that their educational work had not yet succeeded in converting a majority of the electors to their way of thinking." That is a sound conclusion, and we wish that not only the Labour Party, but every other militant minority, would take that to heart. In questions ultimately political it is the initial danger of propagandist bodies to attempt to seize before their time the symbols of political power. The laborious process of educating the country is no sooner begun than it is abandoned for the hazard of politics. Instead of fairly and thoroughly convincing the country, such bodies turn to what promises to be the easier task of bullying or tricking legislators into assent. But this, though never so astute and successful, carries with it no guarantee that the country is convinced. Bills, it is true, are made Acts, but only Acts of Parliament; fruit plucked before the country is convinced is evidence of the country's incapacity to be satisfied with such economic changes as would ensure an income for married women's labour. One is by the simple device of making married women's labour either unnecessary or against another, not to mention the language occasionally employed by the Labour Party against the Liberals. It is a bad sign if the New Party that is to do so much to redeem the world begins its career by resenting even the mildest criticism. What will it do when later on its enemies begin their opposition in deadly earnest?

We ourselves have suffered ostracism from the Labour Party for certain candid articles, but if the few critics we have left behind us in the ranks are to be accomplices too, we can prophesy an early end to the Labour Party's career. And serve it right! The other parties have their public as well as private mentors, and endure them bravely with benefit to their morale. If the Labour Party were in earnest it would encourage rather than ban its friendly critics, who are never more necessary than when they are least wanted. Of the discussions at Newport in so far as they bear on the political situation we shall have more to say later. At present it may be observed that the Women's Labour League that held its meetings concurrently with the men's party talked a lot of patent nonsense as dangerous as ridiculous. What, for example, is to be said of a woman, doctor too, who proposed that people who were not the anti-Socialists should be given a practical task to do? Will these good people try to understand that such opinions really disqualify them from taking part or lot in any popular movement? They are cranks, and their least dangerous occupation is to be set to gnaw a file in savage lands as missionaries. We would gladly see such people give a practical task; they are not fit for politics, particularly for politics of a popular character. For future use that aspiration of Dr. Ethel Bentham's will probably be more popular (in the sense of English) and great will its efficacy prove wherever Englishmen are met together over a pot of beer. Only a little less ill-considered was Miss Bondfield's resolution calling on the Government to extend the period during which women might not be employed after childbirth from four weeks to six months, and to enact legislation to provide assistance during the prohibited period on the lines of the Necessitous Mothers' Assistance Bill. The intention of the resolution was admirable, but the implications were disastrous. The work of married women, either in the factory or in maternity, is not, unfortunately, so greatly valued that a huge tax on it would leave it unaffected. Employers would certainly be still less inclined than they are to employ married women if they were liable to be called on to contribute to their support during six months; nor would the proposal, if carried into effect, do anything to encourage marriage or child bearing at all.

The problem is about as difficult as any in the social dictionary; but that is all the greater need for approaching it by easy stages. The chorus of amazement that greeted Miss Bondfield's resolution in the London papers was proof that her suggestion was at all events novel. In addition we regard it as foolish. Pending such economic changes as would ensure an income for life to every citizen, each according to his need, there are only two ways of dealing with the question of married women's labour. One is by the simple device of making married women's labour either unnecessary or
impossible. You can prohibit it, as indeed it is being practically prohibited in elementary schools; or, on the other hand, you can fix such a minimum wage for a man as would enable him to support his wife without working. These are the devices already being employed by public bodies on one side and by the trade unions on the other, but both would probably tax trade unionism and would make unnecessary. But there is a second line, and it is this which we think Miss Bondfield should have taken. It is to endow maternity by means of public institutions of a large and liberal character. What is then the end of such a measure? To prevent a municipality from building, equipping, and maintaining Maternity Homes to which might be attached Convalescent Homes in the country or by the sea? Nothing but the wit and the money; and the latter, at any rate, is to be had even beaded by Payment of Members, will prove fatal to the Labour Party as we know it. But of the two alternatives we should prefer that Payment of Members should be chosen. Even should the judgment be reversed as was the Taft Vale decision, there is no guarantee that it could not be rebutted in one form or another. We have frankly to face the fact that even in the Trade Unions there is a vast amount of education to be done before the members can be trusted to stand politically where their leaders have hitched them. And it is just this education that will be neglected if a bare majority of the members are allowed to coerce the minority into actions for which that minority are not prepared. The charge so often brought against Socialists that they are riding to power on the backs of huddled and enslaved trade unionists will thereby assume reality, at least enough reality to give it point and venom. Payment of Members, on the contrary, would deliver not only Labour members but all the other members from partisan servitude. The Osborne judgment, as regards the Labour Party, will not present the opportunity of striking a blow not only for their own freedom but for the freedom of politics. We hope that at the last this counsel will prevail.

The political situation alternates periods of suspense with periods of crisis; and it is one of the former through which we are passing now. Nobody appears to know what is happening, still less what is likely to happen. All that we know is that affairs are in as knotty and perilous a state as they have ever been in English-political history. It is an occasion, in fact, presents the Labour Party with an opportunity of striking a blow not only for their own ends, but for the welfare of the country at large. After all, we are not greatly concerned, however, with the tactics either of the "Times" or of the Irish Party under Mr. Redmond. Mr. Redmond may be as sincere as he is frank in his position, but the partisans of the "Times" will not be impressed by an attitude of impossibilism. The Government majority consisting of the Liberal, Labour, and Irish groups happens to be so constituted that each is indispensable to the other. If the Liberals can do nothing without the Irish, the Irish can do nothing without the Liberals; and of all the groups the Liberal is by far the largest and certainly the most representative. If either of the Irish and Labour tails proceeds to wag the dog, it will not be so much the dog that will object as the country at large. After all, Mr. Redmond nor Mr. Henderson has been made Prime Minister by the election, but Mr. Asquith if anybody at all. The predominant partner may be, and in our opinion is, unwise in forcing its views on Ireland; but this unwisdom is scarcely counterbalanced by the unwisdom of Ireland in attempting to force its views on England. One thing is certain, the House of Lords will not be suffered to be abolished by Irish votes. Of that Mr. Redmond may be sure, Budget or no Budget.

We may be said to be writing like Tories, but our reply must be gathered from the following quotation from "Tristram Shandy": "The ancient Gots," said Sterne, "had a wise custom of debating everything of importance twice—once drunk and once sober—to make sure that their councils might not want vigour; and sober, that they might not want discretion." Drunk, Socialists might be as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. There is no length in the direction of abolishing the House of Lords that we would not go. The hereditary principle in abscondito is a base perversion of and substitute for intelligent selection. So long as it prevails there will be no equality, and consequently no real difference among men. If our people were wise they would immediately begin to work towards the abolition of the House of Lords. As this would certainly mean the defeat of the Government unless the Unionists came to its support, the "Times," in accordance with its declarations of Wednesday, might have been expected to assure Mr. Asquith of Unionist assistance in carrying on the King's Government. But no, the worm turned.

What had happened between Wednesday and Saturday to produce the change from statesmanship to the most reckless partisanship? The "Times" was predicting that the King's Government must be carried on at any cost to party. On Saturday it proposed to make the King's Government in the vital matter of Supply an absolute impossibility; for there is no mistake the catastrophe following the failure to pass the Budget before March 31st. Why then?

On Thursday Mr. John Redmond delivered a speech at Dublin some hours before the first Cabinet Meeting had been held, in which he declared that the proposal to take the Budget before the Lords' Veto in the coming session would not and could not be made without the approval of Ireland. In phrases of unmistakeable lucidity, he announced that if such should prove the order of procedure he would vote against the Budget. As this would certainly mean the defeat of the Government unless the Unionists countered by the support of the "Times," in accordance with its declarations of Wednesday, might have been expected to assure Mr. Asquith of Unionist assistance in carrying on the King's Government. But no, the worm turned.

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particularly in the absence of any substitute as an ideal. What, they would ask, is to take its place? If nothing, then there is suspicion again. If something, what? We have read every letter and article on the subject, but we see nothing to compare with Mr. Allen Upward's suggestion in our own pages. But his scheme would leave the Lords practically as they are, only constituting the Privy Council as the arbiter in cases of office, however, nothing is glibly suggestive has appeared; and, as far as we can see, nothing will appear. Now, in face of the intellectual apathy combined with electoral indifference or doubt, it would be treason to Democracy, which is government of the people on the advice of the whole country. It is only the Goths and the people who give the same advice when they should be sociology combined with electoral indifference or doubt. It would leave the Lords practically as they are, only constituting the Privy Council as the arbiter in the dark for which the national nerves have not been braced. What is more, even if it is attempted, the attempt will fail, and recoil on the heads of those who made it. There is a moderate measure indicated by the election and no less by the general feeling; it is that the Veto on Finance should be abolished. Beyond that the country is not at this moment prepared to go. Only it would like to hear more about the next step.

The Times has been mentioned as reverting to parti- sanship, but the Nation and the Daily News have been partisan all the time. Neither of these papers during the whole crisis has so much as once thought of the national as distinct from its party's welfare. But the theory if not the practice of representative government demands that a Prime Minister and his Government should, when in office, consider not merely their own followers, but the whole country. It is only the Goths who miss the phenomena. Elsewhere the whole community, in the dark for which the national nerves have not been braced. What is more, even if it is attempted, the attempt will fail, and recoil on the heads of those who made it. There is a moderate measure indicated by the election and no less by the general feeling; it is that the Veto on Finance should be abolished. Beyond that the country is not at this moment prepared to go. Only it would like to hear more about the next step.

Lord Loreburn. A Practical Proposal.

Certain Liberal worms have been turning (in the columns of a contemporary) under the heavy heel of the Liberal Lord Chancellor, we have no doubt with reason, that Lord Loreburn boycotts his fellow Liberals in his appointments to the magisterial bench and the Christian ministry. As regards the latter grievance, it is probable that his Lordship is a student of the Gospel according to Judas Iscariot. He has frequently referred to in our columns, and honestly holds that sympathy with the cause of progress and the relief of poverty (with which his Lordship is identified) unifies a priest to follow in the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth.

Magisterial bench is on a different footing, because it is not easy to see at the first glance why a political distinction should be drawn between the highest judicial office and the humblest. It is possible, even, that the Liberal Lord Chancellor has considered a Lord Chief Justice unworthy of the office of Lord Chancellor. It may be that when the then Liberal Premier sought to press the Great Seal into his reluctant hands, Sir Robert Reid declined it, on the ground that he was a Liberal; and only accepted it after he had assured that he was not to be appointed on political grounds, because of the unanimous opinion of the legal profession, from Lord Halsbury downwards, had indicated him as a worthy holder of the office than the Conservative whom he displaced.

That may be so, but the complaint against Lord Loreburn is, not that he does not appoint on political grounds, but that he actually boycotts on political grounds, in other words, that he regards Liberals, ipso facto, as unfit to serve their King or their God. If that be his Lordship's conviction, we are sure it must be conscientiously held. It is quite inconceivable that the Keeper of the King's Conscience could let himself be arrayed in the high functions of the law for the desire to be patted on the back by decadent Dukes, or called a nice man by Primrose Countesses, or praised for his stern indifference to popularity by the Daily Mail. Sir Robert Reid, we are persuaded, would not have accepted the peerage and £10,000 a year, with a pension of £5,000 a year for life in reversion, unless his conscience had assured him that he was free from the stain which disqualifies for the unpaid magistracy and the ill-paid vicarage.

The inference is clear that his Lordship, although officially a Liberal, is personally a Conservative, having, no doubt, received a dispensation from the Premier to join the Primrose League before assuming office. Under some modest alias, he may be, such as Smith or Jones, his Lordship has received a Primrose knighthood, or perhaps, following the example set by his illustrious predecessor, Bacon, he writes patriotic plays and Imperial poems under the popular nom-de-plume of G. R. Sims.

Meanwhile the obscure worms whose piteous wriggles have earned the compassion of even a Liberal editor, deprive themselves of all claim to sympathy by the selfish and partisan character of their complaints. Each is thinking of his own grievance, no one is thinking of his neighbour's. The Nonconformist excluded from the bench cares nothing for the curate excluded from the pulpit, by Lord Loreburn. And neither of them appears to know or care that the Lord Chancellor is faced with equally serious complaints in every department of the public service.

The proprietor of a Liberal paper published in a dockyard district once complained to us that when a Liberal Ministry took office it had to put on pressure through his member of Parliament to obtain the Admiralty advertisements. The moment a Conservative Government came into power, the advertisements were taken from him instantly by the officials of the dockyard, and given to his journalistic rival. What is more, one of the few complaints which have reached us, and leave no doubt that the words—

"No Liberal need apply (except for the office of Secre-
The newer elements in the Church have always been the weakest element in the Church has always been the weakest element in the Church. The exclusion of the congregation from all voice in the church, or, at the same time to benefit the congregation, is rendering services not less entitled to respect and recognition than those of the War Office clerks who managed the last war, and the Anglo-Indian officials who are brewing the next mutiny.

That is the case in a nutshell, and we will not weaken it by further words.

To return to Lord Loreburn, there is one department of his work in which it seems to us that he has clearly abdicated his clear duty to the country, apart from any duty he may or may not feel towards those who have raised him to his high station, not merely in spite of his being a Liberal, but just because he was (in their belief) a Liberal. We refer to his appointments to Crown livings.

No perfect system of appointment to the Christian ministry exists, the Nonconformist bodies differing as widely from each other in this matter as they differ from the Church of England. But the great merit of the National Church is that she enjoys the benefit of divers systems, so that more than one stamp of man has a chance within her pale. The clergyman who is too clerical to please a lay patron, will be sure to please a layman.

The balance yet to be given under improper influences is very heavy. We suggest that elections carried out under the Lord Chancellor's directions, with the restraining knowledge that he was free to accept or annul the final choice, would be conducted with decorum, and would infuse a new and valuable element into the life of the Church.

Our readers ask us from time to time to offer them practical suggestions. There are many suggestions which we should be glad to make were there an organised party in the country willing to take them up, and work for their adoption. If we are not mistaken the need for such a party is being widely felt, and we may soon have the privilege of seeing it emerge to light. Till then, or till we meet some statesman of the calibre that excludes vacuity, we sometimes feel that we are doing better by keeping the details of our programme up our editorial sleeve.

THE NEW SEA SONG OF THE GREEDY LASCAR.

Now some men swim and some men drown,
And a ship she cleared from Glasgow town,
And over the bar steamed she,
Now Lord Loreburn desires to free himself from responsibility and it is afraid to govern—whose private politics would seem to be at variance with his public ones. It is unfair to single out Lord Loreburn and spare Lord Crewe, and that statesman whom the Daily News itself, in an unguarded moment, hailed as "that true Conservative," Lord Morley.

The Liberal worms put themselves out of court altogether when they degrade a public grievance to a party one. We do not in the least mind if Lord Loreburn's conduct costs a few Liberal candidates their seats, or even costs the Cabinet its life. But we think more of the results, and we have heard, as we should expect, that the system works favourably for Protestantism, and unfavourably for clericalism. We invite Lord Loreburn to try the experiment of extending this system. Instead of taking the opinion of the bishop, why not take the opinion of the parish?—of course reserving the right to disregard it if it appears to be given under improper influences. We suggest that elections carried out under the Lord Chancellor's directions, with the restraining knowledge that he was free to accept or annul the final choice, would be conducted with decorum, and would infuse a new and valuable element into the life of the Church.

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Foreign Affairs.

The statement has been repeatedly made in these columns that there never was any foundation for the naval agitation, but that it was a calculated effort to provoke a war scare between England and Germany. The "Times" of February 9th contained a review of England's naval progress for 1909. In that article these words appear: "Thus for this year, in spite of the acceleration in construction abroad, the two-power standard, as well as the two keels to one, will have been more than maintained." Liberal complaints about "the campaign of lies" emanating from Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Garvin, who have been now convicted of the basest attempt to inflame national passions since 1899, are thoroughly justified by the testimony of this impartial writer in the "Times." What have these gentlemen to say in their defence? A correspondent of the "Spectator" has already charged its editor with blood-guiltiness. The degradation to which Unionism sank in the recent election has not left the "Spectator" unblemished. The pitch of Lord Northcliffe has defiled it. This decay of decency and gentlemanly conduct is a most deplorable feature of present day journalism.

The New Age has commented upon the curious similarity between the allegations of English Jingoes against Germany and the counter allegations of German Jingoes against England. An article in the German naval paper, "Marine Rundschau," on the retirement of Lord Fisher gives a striking example of this sterility of thought amongst the Jingoes. The "Observer" last year discovered that the Germans were secretly accelerating their rate of construction. In 1908-09 the United States, England, Germany, and Italy simultaneously speeded up their "periods of shipbuilding"; but the "Observer" twisted this well-known fact in shipbuilding and naval circles into a perfidious conspiracy to overwhelm England. "Marine Rundschau" quite incidentally, as though mentioning an undisputed fact, brings the same charge against England: "Moreover, the efforts of England to obtain in secrecy a great advance over other nations has reacted to a certain extent on the value of her own fleet. It becomes obsolete sooner." This German Review has hit upon one explanation for these naval scares. It is to the commercial benefit of many of the persons who engineer these scares that English taxpayers should be mulcted for the building of huge ships, which are rendered quite useless by the progress of naval invention in five or seven years. The owner of Lord Fisher gives us a striking example of this sterility of thought amongst the Jingoes. The "Observer" last year found that the Germans were secretly accelerating their rate of construction. In 1908-09 the United States, England, Germany, and Italy simultaneously speeded up their "periods of shipbuilding"; but the "Observer" twisted this well-known fact in shipbuilding and naval circles into a perfidious conspiracy to overwhelm England. "Marine Rundschau" quite incidentally, as though mentioning an undisputed fact, brings the same charge against England: "Moreover, the efforts of England to obtain in secrecy a great advance over other nations has reacted to a certain extent on the value of her own fleet. It becomes obsolete sooner." This German Review has hit upon one explanation for these naval scares. It is to the commercial benefit of many of the persons who engineer these scares that English taxpayers should be mulcted for the building of huge ships, which are rendered quite useless by the progress of naval invention in five or seven years. The owner of Lord Fisher gives us a striking example of this sterility of thought amongst the Jingoes. The "Observer" last year discovered that the Germans were secretly accelerating their rate of construction. In 1908-09 the United States, England, Germany, and Italy simultaneously speeded up their "periods of shipbuilding"; but the "Observer" twisted this well-known fact in shipbuilding and naval circles into a perfidious conspiracy to overwhelm England. "Marine Rundschau" quite incidentally, as though mentioning an undisputed fact, brings the same charge against England: "Moreover, the efforts of England to obtain in secrecy a great advance over other nations has reacted to a certain extent on the value of her own fleet. It becomes obsolete sooner." This German Review has hit upon one explanation for these naval scares. It is to the commercial benefit of many of the persons who engineer these scares that English taxpayers should be mulcted for the building of huge ships, which are rendered quite useless by the progress of naval invention in five or seven years.

The fall of Senor Moret was indicated the moment the Monarchist Liberals began intriguing against him. Senor Morat alleviated the excesses of martial law and restored the lay schools. His heart was not in the fight with the Vatican, which protested against his proposal to revise the Concordat. With a suspicious King, and a hostile prelatry, his position became untenable. The straits to which King Alfonso has been reduced will be appreciated when one understands the situation of Senor Moret. Senor Canalejas has pledged himself to make the elections, as the saying is. Senor Lerroux, the Republican, is the feared enemy of Church and State. His following has increased enormously in the last career of Senor Moret's successor, Senor Canalejas. Senor Canalejas is a moderate Socialist and Anti-Clerical. Unearned increment taxation and old age pensions are two planks in his programme. Senor Canalejas has pledged himself to "a free election." No better thing has been known in Spain, where Liberals and Conservatives always have combined "to make the elections," as the saying is. Senor Lerroux, the Republican, is the feared enemy of Church and State. His following has increased enormously in the past few months. His programme is a most attractive one to those enlightened Spaniards who are weary of the Church and Coup domination. Separation of Church and State; the dissolution of the religious orders; abolition of indirect taxation; large expenditure upon technical education; old age pensions, and a scheme for the more equitable distribution of wealth. Spain is approaching a desperate struggle, and she will need all her virile patriotism to preserve her during the fight against religious darkness.

City magnates are pocketing large sums from the rubber boom. Penal legislation should be carried against directors and shareholders of companies who are amassing fortunes out of exploitation of tropical natives of an abominable kind. In Peru, it is the Congo, in the Malay States, and in Mexico there is the same tale of awful cruelties in connection with the commercial development of rubber estates. Anybody who has any regard for his personal honour should sell out rubber shares. The English companies are worse than the Belgian companies. "Stanhope of Chester."
By R. Wherry Anderson.

In order to regain power on the London County Council, the Progressives have to win twenty seats, and the elections are only three weeks ahead. Can it be done? That "depends." Is it worth doing? That also "depends."

It is a little troublesome to be everlastingly confronted with the pessimist who makes no distinction between Progressive and Moderate, regards them as the same dugs with different collars, and awaits—with or without folded hands—day of the Super-Party or the Super-Party. His complaint, tediously repeated for twenty years and untrue all the time, is found, on analysis, to amount to little more than the conviction that the Progressives are unequal to the task of building a new Jerusalem. Those who have seen the list of candidates for the coming elections are under no illusions on the subject. The new Jerusalemites will do little electioneering; they will turn their attention to other work. The fact remains that building of some sort has to be done, and, as far as our purposes are concerned, the Progressives are the only builders available.

The campaign has not begun propitiously enough to promise a Progressive victory. Several constituencies are still without candidates, whilst others have adopted men of a calibre vastly inferior to that of the municipal statesmen who gave the Council a world-wide fame and established the very principles that are now being adopted in cities as far away as America and Australia. Even the inspiration of a programme seems to be lacking. What is this "Hendin way"? Already the prospect is by no means as pleasing as in Constable's day. Another danger threatens at Wimbledon, where the beauties of Putney Vale and Kingston Vale can only be preserved by a scheme of municipal purchase, and virtually by subscriptions from the public-spirited residents of the locality. What, again, is to be done with Lambeth Bridge, the safety of which has been questioned ten years? Is there any reason why this Unification and the Reform of the City livery companies should not form a part of the Progressive programme for 1910?

London's population in 1901 was four and a half millions, and the five million figure has been passed since then. With full power to brighten the lives of those millions, will the electors lethargically refuse to use that power? Will they hand over their interests to a gang of which one half are mere dull reactionaries and the other half deliberate plunderers? It is the business of the Progressives to put before the electorate an ideal. We want—to use a phrase from one of John Burns's old election addresses—a "dignified, unified, beautified London."

The use of the term "unified" brings to mind the fact that little has been done in recent years to counteract the pretensions of the Corporation that still monopolises funds and endowments, charitable and otherwise, that morally belong to the whole of the Metropolis. How long is this City division of a little more than one square mile to enjoy privileges denied to the other 116 square miles of London and exemptions that caused increased rates to the Boroughs outside its area? Is there any reason why this Unification and the Reform of the City livery companies should not form a part of the Progressive programme for 1910?

It would be useful to know which monopolies the Progressives are prepared to seek Parliamentary sanction to acquire. Is it to be electrical power or tube railways, motor-buses or taxi-cabs, pawnshops or public-houses? The exact order may be comparatively unimportant; what is important is to know what the Party proposes in this direction, and three weeks is but a short period for the information to be conveyed to the voters.

With regard to the claims of Labour, the Progressives will, of course, declare for the maintenance of trade union conditions in contract, and for the principle of direct employment, as guaranteeing good workmanship and the breaking-up of "rings." Is the Party prepared to promise in the way of useful work for the unemployed? Take next the question of revenue. How far does the Party intend to push the principle of relieving occupiers by a cumulative rating of ground-landlords, or a municipal death-duty? or both? Some time or other new sources of income must be found. Pronouncements are also wanted on Housing and Town-planning. The substitution of healthy workmen's dwellings for slum tenements might well proceed at a more rapid pace.

Why not reconsider the policy of surrendering liquor licenses? After due considerations of the advantages and disadvantages of that policy, a practical reformer is bound to come to the conclusion that it has never prevented any really determined citizen from getting it or getting drunk. It has increased the trade of neighbouring publicans and used up the ratepayers' money. The Council ought to retain all licences and ask the House of Commons for power to manage the business on the lines of reformed model municipal restaurants or taverns. Should such powers be withheld, it should hand over the license to a limited liability company of recognised social reformers, exacting from them a guarantee to apply all profits over five per cent. to estimable public purposes, including counter attractions to alcohol.

Then there is the aesthetic programme—the need of a beautified London. Can nothing be done to prevent the view from the Stone pond at Hampstead from being spoilt by the intrusion of bricks and mortar into the hills that stretch "Hendon way?" Already the prospect is by no means as pleasing as in Constable's day. Another danger threatens at Wimbledon, where the beauties of Putney Vale and Kingston Vale can only be preserved by a scheme of municipal purchase, and virtually by subscriptions from the public-spirited residents of the locality. What, again, is to be done with Lambeth Bridge, the safety of which has been questioned ten years? Is there any reason why this Unification and the Reform of the hideous bridge at Charing Cross could be carried out cheaply in accordance with a scheme of recoupment on the development of adjoining land?

Londoners are not asking for circuses, but, spending their days in drab and dreary surroundings for the most part, they would welcome proposals for enlivening the gloom. There are girl factory workers who want recreation, errand-boys to be kept out of mischief in their spare time, men and women who would be happier if they had more alternatives to their "pubs" and their crowded homes. Here is the opportunity for the Council to promote the later opening of museums and picture galleries and the provision of boys' clubs and girls' clubs. Concerts are municipally provided in the parks in summer, but the winter concerts are left to other caterers. Yet the latter concerts are more needed than the former, for wintry weather prevents people from indulging in boating, cycling, railway trips, and general outdoor existence. Should not every part of London, and these buildings should not remain empty merely to save the trumpery cost of cleaning and lighting? A charge of twopence a head for a row or two of seats in front would defray that expense. The Council's handsomeness to-day suffer all the hardships of a "season trade"; from October to May they have to subsist on the giving of music lessons and other more or less precarious jobs. A Sunday concert at Islington has not been known to attract a larger attendance than 3,500. Why cannot the London County Council, disregarding in winter as in summer the antiquated objections of some of their Nonconformist friends, offer the Democracy some first-class concerts throughout the halls of the Metropolitan Boroughs? It might add to the concerts a few Art Exhibitions and prove the falsity of the insinuation of the "Liberty Review" that it is not art but beer that the people want.
The Historical Method in Sociology.

By S. H. Swinney.

The social organism, like the individual, is subject to the laws of the inorganic world. It must adapt itself to its environment. Had the constitution of the solar system been different, or had the same climate prevailed over all the earth, social development would have followed another course. So, too, the laws of biology necessarily affect society, itself an organism made up of living organisms. Social institutions, for instance, which favour the selection of the unfittest, will injure the society in which they exist. It is, therefore, not surprising that some early investigators of social phenomena should have treated sociology as a mere extension of the simple sciences. But to this plan there are two great objections. First, to account for social changes less by the working of physical or biological law would require immense periods of time. Taking such a law as that of natural selection, even if it worked entirely in one direction, many generations would have to pass before a particular type could be eliminated; and in society the law seldom works in one direction, and social changes can rarely be traced to the elimination of a single type. Secondly, that the environment has most effect. The Dutch Boer, transplanted from Holland to the South African veldt, brought with him the civilisation of his native land, and remained generation after generation in all essentials Dutch. An old civilisation changes very slowly in response to changes of environment, and yet in the last two thousand, even in the last two hundred, years what vast changes have taken place in Western Europe!

Another plan that recommended itself to early inquirers was the investigation of savage or primitive peoples. It was noticed that the germs of many institutions could be found among savages, and it was rightly believed that the study of origins would throw light on the institutions thus traced to their source. But here again difficulties arose. Institutions have often been entirely deflected from their original purpose. Their effects in a complex society are often entirely different from those found in simpler states. A more fruitful field was opened by the study of social institutions as determined by the environment, the West, though modified by contacts with the East, has had an undefined life of its own. The study of social development is necessary for the due understanding of the past.

There is nothing obscure or doubtful, for instance, in the Theodore of Rome, the passage from Polytheism to Monotheism, from conquest to defence, the decay of the Greek civilisation, or in communities with few strong traditions, that the environment has most effect. The Dutch Boer, transplanted from Holland to the South African veldt, brought with him the civilisation of his native land, and remained generation after generation in all essentials Dutch. An old civilisation changes very slowly in response to changes of environment, and yet in the last two thousand, even in the last two hundred, years what vast changes have taken place in Western Europe!

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Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and
Drama.*

These five pamphlets by Henry Arthur Jones have touched me to tenderness. That a man who has been writing plays for thirty years should be able to tell us that we have no drama, and that he knows the necessary conditions of its production, is to me as pathetic as the tragedy of a mis-spent life. Mr. Jones has been treated very generously by the play-going public of England and America, as he himself declares; I suppose that the royalties on "The Dancing Girl," "The Silver King," "The Middleman," "The Masqueraders," "The Case of Rebecca Susan," "The Liars," "The Manouevres of Jane," and "Mrs. Dane's Defence" have placed him beyond the necessity of writing for his bread and butter. Why, then, should he be pleading for a modern drama? Is it that the older brother wishes the prodigal son to share his prosperity, that Abraham's bowels are moved to pity by the thought of poor Ishmael starving in solitude; or that Mr. Jones is an artist who has denied himself expression, has, indeed, blasphemed against the Holy Ghost, and is now compelled to offer his own condemnation? The last is probably the real reason, for he says that "if a national theatre should be established and endowed either by the Government or by a private gift, I would very gladly offer it a new play without any consideration of fees whatever." If my conjecture is correct, if Mr. Jones has created a work of art, a drama as distinguished from a play, may I suggest that his position and influence ought to secure an early production of it? In times like these, when the theatre is full of "legs and tomfoolery," as Mr. Jones eloquently phrased it, has a right to art to conceal his creation when publication is easy to him.

A real drama is preferable even as argument to explanations of what drama should be, and I await this play by Mr. Jones that will prove all his past productions to have been exercises in craftsmanship. I have so much sympathy with Mr. Jones' intentions and aspirations that I do not rejoice at being obliged to differ from his proposals. The cry of the artist for works of art, for the beauty of truth and the truth of beauty, the mystical reality of immortality, touches me so nearly that I should like to agree even where I differ: the aspiration is of so much more importance to me than the argument. But Mr. Jones is truly wrong in his arguments, shows such a misconception of the artistic nature and the method of its expression, the cases he mentions so completely refute his proposals that I shall be doing a real service to our common hope by emphasising his inconsistencies.

Let me say at once that Mr. Jones' attitude towards this subject is the antipodes of my own. His argument is a plea for recognition, protection, and patronage: he wants the drama to be recognised "as the highest and most difficult form of literature," he wants "a national or répertoire theatre where high and severe literary and artistic standards may be set," and, if I understand him rightly, he wants the drama to be approved by Oxford, and all that the word connotes; in short, he pleads that the privileges of respectability be extended to dramatic art. To this end, he begs the Puritan not to be puritanic, the puerile person not to be puerile, the pornographic person not to be pornographic.

"On Reading Modern Plays" (Samuel French); "Foundations of a National Drama" (Chiswick Press); "Corner Stones of Modern Drama" (Chiswick Press); "Literature and the Modern Drama" (Chiswick Press); "The Censorship Muddle" (Samuel French, ed. nst).

graphic. Of course, all these people will retort by asking the artist not to be artistic. A man must see that these protests against human nature are futile, that art has achieved and must achieve its glory in spite of the difficulties, that an artist is wasting his time in objecting to the conditions of his existence. If he wants recognition, protection, and patronage, he must find the way to get them from unwilling people, and that he has no right to any of these if he does not produce a work of art. A faithless and perverse generation should not if it can "speak for God," but it does, as well as unfair to abuse the faithless and perverse generation. God made us all, and, as Byron said, "God help us all," for nothing short of a miracle can save us.

Why, it may be asked, should drama be recognised as the highest and most difficult form of literature? What is to be gained by subjecting a play to another standard of judgment? We have seen the architectural ideal paramount in music, the sonata form set up as the pattern from which no musician must vary, with the result that the dithyramb, which only music can express properly, has been decrèed as beyond the sphere of music. Debussy has been damned because he was not Pino Jones and I am as infatuated with that sound as I am with the music of Messiaen; musicians have become architects, for the South Kensington Museum, for instance, is undoubtedly a blend of the two arts. Precisely those things which are great in literature cannot be expressed in drama; the storm in "The Tempest," the instant that Abraham's bowels are moved to pity, should he be pleading for a modern drama? Is it that a national theatre should be estab-

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their craft, and can turn out plays mechanically. They are not dramas because they are not the expression of a creative and working up and down on the stage. They are the fruit of intellect not of imagination, they are based on facts and not on truth, they are the effects of observation, not of vision. There is no reason for the playwright being an estate; they might not properly have been written as novels or Fabian tracts. Let it be stated positively that a drama can only be written by a dramatist who has an idea or an emotion that demands the dramatic form for its fullest expression. A drama must be an organism self-contained and explanatory, expressing something that could not be better expressed by any other art. Having shouted for a dramatist, let us see what Mr. Jones proposes to do with him.

Mr. Jones proposes the establishment of "a national or répertoire theatre," the publication of plays, a school for actors, and the treatment of drama as a fine art. As Mr. Jones tells us that we have no drama, I decline to treat modern plays as fine art. I intend to judge all plays from the point of view of drama, and I refuse to call a playwright an artist. I object to schools for actors just as I object to the Academy of Music: I do not want a trained mechanical mummer, equal with the same tricks of expression, the same treatment of a subject, the same "severe literary and artistic standard." The system may work very well in France, but we are in England, and when we see Oxford and Cambridge turning out hundreds of men every year who are only fit for the stiff shirt, frock coat, and silk hat they instantly adopt, when we see our Academy turning out players and singers by the score, and not one artist worth mentioning, we may have our doubts as to the efficacy of a school for actors. By means let them learn elocution, but if they do not know how to act man alive can teach them. Shaw has told us of the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of professional performances of Ibsen's plays: he stated that the best people in the country were given by intelligent amateurs. Similar experiences befell him in the production of his own plays: he found the professional actor incapable of understanding that a Shavian character is possibly a man; the actor could only conceive it as that of a hero or a villain. If this is the result of a professional career, in which a man has to play many parts, what would be the result of a training in a school for actors? All of them would be taught by the same masters, all working on the same models, they would all know the same set of technical tricks, and most of them would be incapable of understanding a part that did not call for the use of those tricks. Thank God, we have not the Academy of Music in England, for things are bad enough as they are, but the elevation of our standards by academic training and influence, the vision of a cultured people, is enough to make every artist shiver with horror. The Philistine is ever preferable to the Professor; he does not pretend to understand, and can sometimes be induced to accept a masterpiece instead of a commonplace. But the Professor and his laws, his classic models, and his good taste. Be merciful and spare us.

The national theatre is, of course, the most attractive of the proposals, but is it actually any better for the dramatist who is an actor? Mr. Jones objects to a Censor, and I quite agree with all his arguments; but is a national theatre likely to be even as tolerant as Mr. Redford has been to new men and methods? We all know the type of man who is naturally attracted to these official positions: Mr. Jones's own insistence on the difference between Mr. Pigott the man and Mr. Pigott the playwright. Nor would Mr. Jones be more acceptable to me as Director than Mr. Pigott or Mr. Redford. I have already mentioned his offer of one of his own plays, but I have something worse than that against him in his lecture at Harvard on "The Corner Stones of Modern Drama." His words are: "I am told that a very large amount was designed by a wealthy American to found and endow a national American theatre on a most lavish scale; but he was persuaded by a religious friend to hold his hand and shut his pocket because of the evil that a national theatre might work in your midst. Consider how many hundreds of thousands of your fellow-citizens will in consequence waste their evenings in empty frivolity, when they might have been drawn to Shakespeare or Goethe." If any man offers to play Goethe in England, I solemnly declare that I will shoot him with my trusty .44. Who are Shakespeare and Goethe doing in a national American theatre? We see, then, how Mr. Jones regards the national theatre: it will be managed by men of culture, refinement, and good taste; I will commend itself to University people, and what the dramatists are. Shelley called them, and Ishmael will still starve in the desert.

It will be objected that I am not putting forward any proposals of my own: I have a reason, and a good one. Shaw has dealt thoroughly with this matter in the preface to, I think, his "Unpleasant" plays. He proposed a system similar to that which supports opera: an influential committee of wealthy people and patrons of art, with a whole host of subscribers behind them, who could endow a theatre and pay a manager, and produce plays of an artistic nature without being obliged to consider too nearly their prospects of a commercial success. If this proposal is not acted upon, if the successful dramatists are like Mr. Jones, who take the lead in this matter, I am afraid that we shall have to put up with "legs and tomfoolery," or avoid the theatre altogether, as so many of us do.

There are certain platitudes that are so true that nobody believes them: one of the Platitudes by Wordsworth—"An artist creates the taste by which he is enjoyed." Shakespeare despised the mob quite as much as Wordsworth did, he cared so little for his plays that he made no attempt to preserve them; but he created the taste by which he has been acclaimed the wrong plays as the best, but they made it possible for him to produce his best. Ibsen and Shaw in our own day have gained recognition in the teeth of terrible opposition. Velimirchavka said his position had any better, would their task have been easier, if we had had a school of actors and a national theatre that played Shakespeare and Goethe? What is the use of talking about the establishment of definite and continuous relations between the drama and literature "as being necessary to the production of original works of art, when Mr. Jones tells us that the scene in Vanity Fair, written by Bunyan in "The Pilgrim's Progress," is an "improper" piece of dramatic action. Shakespeare did it, not by a man of letters, but by a travelling tinker. What is the use of Mr. Jones telling us that a national theatre is one of the necessary foundations of a national English drama, when he told the students of Yale University that it would be a sad waste of time if England or America were to put forth any self-conscious efforts to found and sustain a school of poetic drama to-day, or, indeed, to hope that by any possible process of manipulation or endowment the rising generation of English and American playwrights can with labour induced the artists to practice the various arts, we should have no praise to spare for the craftsmen and journeymen. But where are the artists?

ALFRED E. RANDALL.
Our Idealists.

By August Strindberg.

(Translated from Strindberg's "New Kingdom" or "The New Age," by Miss D. Woodbridge.)

No tax-gatherer, rate collector, or statistical office can give us a census of idealists. We have made inquiries in vain at the district police station, and at the local assembly of clergy, but they admit to no such beings amongst them. They are everywhere and nowhere. It is not as if idealists never paid taxes, went to church, visited the police station, and so on; they do all that right enough, but, as has been said, one does not come across them in directories and registers. They belong to the class of doubtful beings of whose existence one is only now and then reminded. You have only to un-veil a humbug, and you will at once see an idealist creep across them in directories and registers. They belong to the earth, but after reading that 'I looked upon myself as a young pigeon. For the writer showed himself not only lack-ly to the fact that you have lost your money, for he may do anything they will.

He was favoured by the teachers at school for his fine velvet blouse; he was favoured at his confirmation, because he was able to lay a fine hand of flour on the clergy-man's hat; he was favoured in his graduating exams. He travelled abroad and gazed on oil-paintings, marble statues and churches, to say nothing of how he amused himself; and then he looked among the poetry books which came from the university and found poetry here and there, what he had called that, he came home and graduated as a doctor of philosophy by means of the poetry books, which came about thus: He had to say what the examining professor's thoughts were. The others, who did not say "thou" to the professor, had to seek many years before they could discern his thoughts, which were not to his good friend, of course, declared to be a genius when he had surpassed his companions. Now, after having read so many poetry books, he had naturally no diffi-culty in making poetry himself. So he made one piece to begin with. That his success was complete goes without saying, but, unfortunately, one poem is not enough to make a man immortal. He determined to make more. And he made them on all occasions. Now his learned friends had taught him that it was accom-pained with less risk to recite his poems than to print them, and that this method was both pleasanter and quicker. Occasions were not lacking in times of fest-ivity, and our friend chose the royal road. There were no banquets for celebration of inauguration at which our beloved poet did not, when dessert came, recite his poems to a slightly elevated company of gentlemen and ladies, who received with unbounded delight the pro-duction which afterwards appeared in all the newspapers together with the accounts of the banquet. But time stumps by with heavy tread, and drives the children of men in their multitudes before him. Woe to those who stand still. The peaceful winds of summer drop asleep; the horizon clouds over; the air grows heavy. We hear a distant rumbling; the cretonne curtains in the verandah begin to flap; cigar smoke wavers restlessly to and fro. The windows are shut; the shutters closed. It is thunder! Now a long sigh may be heard, a distant whistling; a drop of rain, heavy as a slug-shot, strikes the windows; suddenly the canaries scream; the storm is upon us. With his first blast he breaks off the dahlias, snaps the pale stalks of the asparagus, shakes the brown wigs of the artichokes, and interfaces the harbour and the asters in a confused mass. Cabbages heads cling to the earth like frightened hares, thinking to let the storm pass over, but he does not do so without fluttering their leaves as if they were a book of coupons; he tears out one from each end, and strews them around like chalk. Take care, cabbage-heads, when the storm comes again!

I, for my humble part, do not know what to think. I have met idealists everywhere, but I have never been able to define them. Once I shared the opinion that they were a Jesuitical society, but abandoned it when I saw an idealist intoxicated. A Jesuit would certainly not have got drunk. That they are a secret society I believe a whole summer which I spent in company with a journalist on the "Evening News." We were agreed that truth was as yet undiscovered, but that her heading which drew my attention. The article was read then," said he, with an odd expression in his eyes. "Read it then," said he, with an odd expression in his eyes. "Read it then," said he, with an odd expression in his eyes. "Read it then," said he, with an odd expression in his eyes.

I was dumfounded; I at once saw the author; I wiped my hands on my napkin, and stuffed the newspaper behind the icechest. That afternoon I met the idealist once more, and dis-covert that on his watch chain be wore a bronze medal with the bust of Prince Napoleon, recently dead, upon it.
Our friend looked at himself one day in the glass, and found that the continually repeated banquets had given him an apoplectic appearance. In fact, he looked more like an alderman than a poet. This gave him food for thought. He began to sleep badly at night, and hear pistol shots in his dreams; he began, in his waking hours, to smell powder. As Poet Laureate, he had the minor occupation of keeping a look-out. He saw unknown sails emerging from the distance; flags which he could not find in the Government's flag-charts; bold voyagers and sharp keels which he had not seen before. What were these privateers? As they were not to his taste they were enemies. He reported their behaviour, and was at once nominated literary Censor. As "dirt" he designates all literature which is not written in verse or does not trot. For a hard earned pound he bought in a rag and bone shop. Every now and then he rattles his sabre, but it attracts no one.

Perhaps it is nothing but a black overcoat kept on a peg, and only worn when one goes for a walk. Perhaps it is another's name with which we sign ourselves.

But there is another idealist, who might, if he were not so stupid, be more dangerous in his activities than he is. This is the patriot. He is three yards long, has a huge beard, carries a cudgel, and wears top boots. He is a huge newspaper. But his flintlock is broken, and he has not so stupid, be more dangerous in his activities than he is. He has benefited WO.

Our friend looked at himself one day in the glass, and found that his friend Sun had also written one, which, as he may be reckoned as the foremost of my friends. This is the poet Wong Po, whose property had been confiscated. Perhaps it is another's name with which we sign ourselves.

Wong, after considering for a moment, answered: "Each of the acts of friendship which have been related merits the praise of perfection, since each of these honourable persons did what his friend required. The death of the mandarin Ching would not have benefited Wong; nor would the wealth of Men-Tzao have been a solace to Yi; nor could the wife of Meng have extricated Le. Nevertheless it seems to me that I have heard of something even more remarkable than the generosity of these friends.

"This trait is recorded of the illustrious and sublime poet Wong Po on the following occasion. The Viceroy of the province of Hunan offered the prize of a robe of silver tissue for an ode on the Imperial birthday. Wong Po, after he had sent in his own poem, found that his friend Sun had also written one, which, however, he was unable to present to the board of judges, through not having enough money to pay for the copying of the ode on yellow silk in letters of vermilion, as is prescribed by etiquette in the case of such compositions. Wong Po, although he perceived that Sun's ode was superior to his own, ordered it to be copied at his own expense, and transmitted it to the board. A report of what had taken place having come to the ears of the Viceroy, he awarded the silver robe to Sun, but ordered a robe of gold brocade to be given to Wong Po, since the beauty of a generous action exceeds the beauty of a poem as far as the value of gold exceeds that of silver.

"This, therefore, O great Emperor, appears to me to be the most conspicuous instance of friendship. If even a flower can yield something in return, when trodden on, exhaled the most delicate perfume, so does the mortifying passion of literary envy, when trodden under by friendship, yield a fragrance surpassing that of the lemon flower.

The victorious Kublai responded: "Since it appears to me that the poet Wong understands the nature of true friendship better than any of the others who have spoken, henceforth I desire that he may be reckoned as the foremost of my friends."
The New Preacher.

Dialogue between two Anglo-American Stock-brokers.

By Francis Grierson.

They had listened to the first sermon of the new minister, and the people, now slowly leaving the church, were more than usually silent, more profoundly impressed than on any former Sunday within the memory of the oldest member of the congregation. Something had happened. The people might have been coming away from a long and solemn funeral service; but, as a young stockbroker remarked to his friend as they walked down the street, it was a funeral service with an immediate resurrection. The old was gone, the new had taken its place. The broker as he walked tried to explain.

"That man," he said, alluding to the new preacher, "has what artists call the true magic. He tears down the false and then builds up the reality. Did you notice what an influence settled down over the congregation when he began his description of worldly actions and reactions? Did you feel the sensation of sinking down and then rising up and out into a clearer and better atmosphere?"

His companion answered that he was fully conscious of the sensation at the time, and asked:

"Does it not come under the heading of rhetorical eloquence? Is it not due to the artistry of the words and sentences?"

"All fine preaching is more or less rhetorical," was the answer; "but the sermon of the new minister had in it something both higher and deeper than rhetoric; it was full of an emotion as true as it was fine. No connection of empty phrases and fine words will ever influence critical and sensitive people. To revive drooping plants the water must sink to the roots. Words and sentiments must touch the deepest recesses of emotion. Mere argument can never be made to influence in the same way and cold logic is useless when you want to reach the high and touch the deep."

The stockbroker's companion admitted all this to be true, but he demanded to know how it came about that the preaching of certain revivalists, and notably that of the early revivalists, appealed to an order of mind quite the opposite to that of the mind used to rhetorical culture and classical learning. The broker stopped, and, facing his companion, explained:

"The emotion of the ordinary revivalist and the emotion displayed by this new minister are not on the same level."

"You mean the one is dominated by a sort of blind feeling, the other by a conscious intelligence?"

"This new preacher is an artist in words."

"You mean," said the other, "that the ordinary revivalist daubs his colours on the congregational canvas while this new preacher blends his colours and uses his brush with skill and caution."

"He does all that and more. I noticed while he was preaching how every word fit the idea, how every sentence fit every sentiment. Things were unified. His whole sermon was as orderly as a musical composition and as harmonious as a beautiful picture."

"Do you think he was conscious of being the master of his sermon, instead of the sermon the master of him?"

"Impressional preaching is a good thing if the congregation is not critical. An audience of educated and experienced people have the critical faculty too strongly developed to be influenced by a preacher's impulsiveness, no matter how eloquent he may be. As soon as I know that a preacher is as critical as I am, I listen to what he has to say, ready to be moved by his words if there is anything in them superior to the kind of argument we hear every day. This new preacher is logical, but we who have lived on logic want something more. We want the thing which we do not possess."

"You mean the art."

"I mean the art if you care to call it by that word; the art that goes hand in hand with a sort of verbal inspiration, a sort of word-magic, the sort of thing no fellow can quite explain, no matter how we reason over it. You see, the thing is too simple to be explained."

"Too simple!" The broker's companion stopped suddenly and looked the other in the face.

"Yes, it is too simple! Have you forgotten your Emerson already? The simple is always the result of the complex."

They remained silent for some time, then the broker continued:

"In every art the finest things are the clearest things; they bear a vital exterior evidence, full of significant power. When any art fails to do this it is not fine art; it is crude art."

"You mean to imply that the majority of preachers fail to influence their congregations because of their want of such art?"

"The vast majority fail to impress their hearers, not from lack of sincerity, or honesty, or deep conviction, but from lack of this poetic art, which means beauty united to power, conviction united to what critics call the "creative faculty."

"I must admit," said the other, "that I rarely attend church simply to hear the preacher. If I know what he is going to preach about I usually know what he is going to say. I sit and listen to the old platitudes in the name of ethics, and am mighty glad when the sermon is over."

"This is true of the majority of church-goers to-day," returned the broker. "Most of us go to hear the music first; the sermon is thrown in to give the service some show of moral and religious sentiment. I confess I, too, went to church to-day to hear the music. Now I have forgotten all about the music and am still under the spell cast by the new minister, whose correct name I hardly know."

"And yet all the words he used in his twenty-minute sermon are to be found in Webster's Abridged," said the other smiling.

"Truth on Sunday requires Sunday clothes."

"You mean the common truths expressed by the ordinary preacher are too common to impress."

"The ordinary preacher comes before his congregation with the same sentiments, the same expressions which served him during the week. He has changed nothing. The people have put on their Sunday best, the beauty of the women has been enhanced by colour and elegance, the character of the men has been enlivened by a more fastidious attention to cut of attire, but from lack of this poetic art, which means beauty united to power, conviction united to what critics call the "creative faculty," the ordinary preacher fails to influence his congregation."

"That is a great point," said the other, musingly.

"Every intellectual effort sinks to the level of the commonplace," continued the broker; "but in these matters the simple and the common are as wide apart as two poles. Most people, in trying to be natural and simple, become ordinary to the verge of boredom."

"Do you think the homely truths have ceased to influence church-goers."

"A highly educated congregation demands something different. What we of the big cosmopolitan
cities want to-day is not household preaching, but household inspiration."

"What is your creed by the word 'inspiration'?

"Religious feeling united to intellectual imagina-
tion, added to a something which eludes definition."

"A sort of divine mood, in which the preacher and the
artist are one."

"Our senators, law courts, universities, studios, and
literary coteries contain more gifted men than the
churches."

"The fact is," said the other, with emphasis, "the
rapid progress made in the world of art and music in
recent years has made the efforts put forth by our
leading churches look small and insignificant in com-
parison."

"But they have clutched at music," said the broker,
"clutched at it like a drowning man at a straw."

"Yes, it is a grave error."

After a significant silence, the other said:--

"The mood evoked by music is transcendental. We
soar on airy wings while we listen, but we descend to
earth as soon as the last strains have ceased. Music
enthrals, but the trance is brief. The religious spirit
is very different. We feel it as a wakening reality. It
is something we take with us from the home to the
office in the City. Music is a passion, religion is a
principle."

"Is not fine music a good thing for the Church?"

"Its true mission is to open a way. Viewed in this
light, its effect is sometimes marvellous, but so is the
effect produced by an application of electric power to
the human nerves—a power which thrills, but does not
feed. Real religion is much more than a mental
stimulus."

"You mean to imply that the churches are depending
on music to take the place of effective preaching?"

"They are trying to feed the people on electric
shocks."

"And in the meantime the people are undergoing a
spiritual famine. Some churches offer a regular Sunday
banquet, where everything is present but the staff of
life. As matters stand now, music is the champagne of
the banquet, the sermon a friassee composed of fish,
flesh, and fowl."

"We have made great strides forward in every line of
accomplishment except that of original, true, and emo-
tional preaching," said the other, as if waking out of a
reverie.

"I agree," said his companion; "but emotion in it-
self is not an art, but a gift. The business of the
artist is to direct emotion, tone it into rhythm, and make
it effective."

"We are too young to remember the old-time actors
who went about clutched at it like a drowning man at a straw.

"I think a good deal of the trouble arises from the
fact that many of our pulpits are occupied by agnostics
who are groping for truth just like their congregations.
Their sermons are spiced with Spiritism, Theosophy,
and mysticism, and the sauce for this intellectual pudd-
ing is called Christianity. These agnostics oppose
nothing but real religion, for which they have neither
feeling nor understanding."

"You're right!" exclaimed the other. "And why?"

"Because the agnostic could not hold his position in such
a church six months if he did not flatter the divers opinions and
beliefs to be found among the leading members of his
congregation. Such a minister must be unreadable,
and correct in all the vague, innocently vacuous and
plausibly progressive, believing in everything, secure
in nothing. As soon as a preacher pleases all the
members of a cosmopolitan congregation he is certain
to have more illusion, no more flattery, no more
lying, no more respect from the world generally. In taking
away the grosser superstitions from religion our minis-
ters have taken away reverence and all the finer feelings
and sentiments that belong to the realm of the psychic.
There is no such thing as scientific poetry, no such
ting thing as scientific emotion, no such thing as scientific
religion."

"That means that no science will ever touch even the
hem of the garment of the soul," said the other.

"Quite so. Intellectual preaching is a religious
illusion, like operatic music is the church on Sunday.
These agnostics oppose nothing but real religion, for
which they have neither feeling nor understanding."

"Religious leaders have got hold of the wrong art," said
the other, with a luminous smile.

"Worldly art," said the broker, curtly. "Science is a
material state of the mind, religion a spiritual state
of the soul."

"The new minister possesses the last; it seemed to me
he filled the whole church with an aura of religious
intensity. He impressed all, even the most fashionable
and worldly."

"That because all great art is a psychic effusion."

They ceased speaking for a time. Then the broker
said:

"A word is but a spark of light; a fine sentence is
a thought made radiant. A splendid sermon is to a
congregation what the rays of the sun are to the things
of the earth. Plants grow aided by rain and sunshine;
souls develop under discipline and the right words
spoken at the right time. The new minister began his
sermon in a sort of gloom; the clouds gathered, and
at the right moment a ray of sunshine burst through
the lattices of sunshine to let us see that the sun exists
above the clouds, and that religious happiness is not an
illusion."

"Because people were never so fed up on worldly
illusions as they are to-day, and I fear we are all-fed optimists ready for the slaughter. We have listened
too long to empirics who come and feel our pulse,
look at our tongue, and then tell us, with a nonchalant
air that nothing the rain descended, with its
illusions of sunshine to let us see that the sun exists
above the clouds, and that religious happiness is not an
illusion."

"I am not sure but that an age of optimism is not an
age given over to pleasure," said the other.

"Many people are optimists from intellectual con-
sciences. Pride, ignorance, and vanity are at the bottom
of most of our optimistic pretensions, and if you look
at things closely you will soon see how most of our so-
called religious leaders are in exactly the same fix as
people are in giving up the old, while we take to the
kind of divine mood, in which the preacher and the
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you are dealing with a man of the world who knows how to lecture, but cannot preach."

"I make no profession of religion; my friends call me an agnostic; I have even been called a materialist, and when I go to church it is for the music. But I have never deserted myself. I do not profess to be spiritually contented. The man who is to influence me must, first of all, be convinced and contented himself. It is not possible to deceive a well-read agnostic.

"It all results from the absurd notion that a man ought to profess a spiritual optimism on a level, so to speak, with his wealth. or his position. The medical man succeeds fairly well, but the religious minister?" Why? Because few ministers in our day feel certain they possess a soul. Negative themselves, they fail to bring conviction to others."

"Besides that, I see a grave danger to the churches in the increasing habit of the members of society to go to church it is for the music. But I don’t care to give to something that is, or will be, popular."

"Preachers who attempt to reduce the spiritual to the plane of the material must always fail. It is madness to convince a man who is already a lover of self that he is going to live on unchangeable death. Preachers who do this may be sincere, while they are not. The new minister we have just heard is not one of these. What we want to-day is not the grosser proofs of immortality, but the finer, more spiritual proofs. We want to get hold of the true feeling, the aspiration of continued spiritual progress—I hardly know what to call it. I should be sorry to think that things go on after death as they do here; it would make me more selfish than I am now."

"And that brings us the subject of charity and utilitarianism."

"What in reality is the thing called utilitarianism?"

"In my opinion, it is a multitude of sins under a cloak of wholesale charity. It is so easy to give wholesale, so easy to order things by the gross, so bother-some to handle them in detail."

"Is not mechanical charity an insult to all the recipients?"

"It is charity without spiritual sympathy, it is goodness made automatic, virtue made hypocritically vicious, penny-in-the-slot religion, all the more dangerous because the machine works so smoothly."

"I object to it because it is so cheap," said the other with a bitter tone.

"What the wealthy utilitarian lacks is sentiment."

"But is he not often a sentimentalist?"

"Sentimentalities are distasteful to me. Sentimentalism is as crude as it is blind. This is why your wealthy parvenus give so much to public institutions. He thinks he is buying distinction. Note that he or she always takes care to give to something that is, or will be, popular."

"Don’t you think that as soon as the wholesale utilitarian philanthropist realises that giving to public institutions is a sign of decadent tastes, to say nothing about judgment, the custom will cease?"

"The custom will cease as soon as the custom is regarded as bad form. Society has a ban on the person who eats with a knife and drinks wine out of a cup. I see the day coming when the ostentatious giver will have no place in refined social circles."

"This brings us to a main point: the State will be compelled to maintain universities, libraries, and all institutions connected in any way with public utility. Individuals will cease to be utilitarians. The rich will turn their attention to work of a distinctly private nature. Struggling men and women of talent and genius will no longer be objects of charity; they will be sought out and made to realise that their efforts are not in vain; poets, artists, philosophers, scientists, musicians, preachers with a gift will no longer languish in obscurity. The gifted will take their proper place in the world’s work; they will cease to be the tools of cunning avarice and high-handed greed, the playthings of ignorance and pretentious fashion."

"You are touching the darkest blot on the social map," said the other, with sadness.

"Nothing mortified me so much as to be told by an Englishman that Europe absorbs our finest talent. I was angry. He then began to call the names—Whistler, Sargent, Shannon, Abbey, Henry James, Henry Harland, and others of whom I had never heard. I think so many dear ones do not repeat them. He wound up by saying Walt Whitman would have been far happier had he lived in England, where he would have had a public instead of a small coterie in his own country. Needless to say my anger gave place to shame and mortification. He had returned home a sad man, to say nothing of having grown wiser. My eyes were opened to the facts. Since then no one has ever caught me bragging about our culture."

"I heard the same sort of thing in Paris," said the Englishman. "‘You have the talent,’ they told me; ‘but you don’t know it when you see it.’ Your talent has to come here to receive the seal of appreciation. ‘Your typical millionaires,’ said a French writer, ‘cannot distinguish the difference between a prophet and the seal of an art academy; they have to be told the difference by the critics of Paris or by professional experts.’"

"In Berlin a German professor said to me, ‘America will never be a nation until you deliver your men and women of genius from ignominy.’ Through his big gold-rimmed spectacles the old professor gave me a keen, withering look—you know the military look they have in Berlin. It is useless to buck against that look; our ferrety-eyed Wall Street financiers cannot compete with it."

"Anglo-American society is in the zoological period, our pets are the one-pronged politicians, the spotted gazelles of Wall Street, and the two-pronged statesmen from the wilds sufficiently tamed at Washington and Westminster to eat pea-nuts out of the hand without biting the donors."
I FORESEE a craze in this country for Brieux. I notify with a naive but just satisfaction that I have foreseen it for some time. I first perceived its coming one day during an intellectual meal in a green-painted little restaurant in Soho. Whenever I go into Soho I pass through experiences which send me out again a wiser man. On this occasion I happened to speak lightly of Brieux to a friend of mine, a prominent and influential member of the Stage Society—one of those men in London who think to-day what London will think to-morrow, and what London thought to-day. He was visibly shocked by my tone. His inscrutable politeness withstood the strain, but the strain was terrible. From this incident alone I was almost ready to prophesy a Brieux craze in London. And now a selection of Brieux's plays is to be published in English in one volume, with a preface by Bernard Shaw. Within a fortnight of the appearance of the book the Brieux craze will exist in full magnificence. Leading articles will contain learned offhand allusions to Brieux, Brieux and Brieux, and not yet be compared and differentiated, and Brieux will be the most serious dramatist in France. I doubt not that Mr. Shaw's preface will be a witty and illuminating affair, and that it will show me agreeable aspects of Brieux's talent which have hitherto escaped me. I say 'his' talent if I have nothing to do with his intentions. He is a serious dramatist worth twopenny, then I will retire from public life and seek a post as third sub-editor on the 'British Weekly.'

Brieux is a man with moral ideas. I will admit even that he is dominated by moral ideas, which, if they are sometimes crude, are certainly righteous. He is a reformer, and a passionate reformer. But a man can be a passionate reformer, with a marked turn for eloquence, and yet not be a serious dramatist. Dr. Clifford is a reformer; and both are capable of literature where serious reformers produce their best work. I will admit even that Brieux, if he had confined himself to a pamphlet I should have liked even better than Mr. Shaw's preface. I do not say that this has nothing to do with Brieux's position as a dramatist. Brieux could have written a pamphlet on the subject of 'Les Avariés' which would have impressed me just as much as the preface I happened to read the play before I witnessed it. Indeed, if he had confined himself to a pamphlet I should have respected him more than I do. Brieux has never sharpened my sense of beauty; he has never made me see beauty where I had failed to see it. And this is what he ought to have done, as a serious dramatist. Violent reformers are unprincipled, and the reformer in Brieux forces the dramatist in him to prostitution. The dramatist in him is not strong enough to resist the odium of the reformer: which fact alone shows how far he is from being a first-rate dramatist. As a dramatist Brieux is no stronger, no more sincere, no less unscrupulous, no less capable of being the faithful Diogenes of the boulevard, such as Capus, Donnay, and the indefatigable Bernstein, so adored in London. And it is as a dramatist that he must be judged. Of course, if you wish to judge him as a reformer, you must get some expert opinion about his subjects of reform. I fancy that you will end by discovering that as a reformer he must be considered just a little crude.

I have seen most of Brieux's plays, and I have seen them produced under his own direction, so that I can judge fairly well what he is after on the stage. And I am bound to say that, with the exception of "Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont" (which pleased me pretty well so far as I comprehended its dramatic intentions), I have not seen one which I could refrain from despising. Brieux's plays always begin so brilliantly, and they always end so feebly, in such a wish-wash of sentimentalism. Take his last play—no, his last play is "L'Avarice," translated and produced by Mr. Tree and I have not yet met even an ardent disciple of the craze who has had sufficient effrontery to argue that it is a good play. Take his last play but one, "Suzette"—or, "Suzanne," or whatever its girl's name was—produced at the Paris Vaudeville last Autumn. The first act is very taking indeed. You can see the situation of the ostracised wife coming along beautifully. The preparation is charming, in the best boulevard manner. But when the situation arrives and has to be dealt with—what a mess, what falseness, what wrenching, what sickly smoothing, what ranting, and what terrific tediousness! It is so easy to begin. It is so difficult to think that a fine idea exists. A fine idea in a hotel bar will tell you a fine idea after two whiskies—I mean a really fine idea. Only in art an idea doesn't exist till it is worked out. Brieux never (with the possible exception above mentioned) works an idea out. Because he can't. He doesn't know enough of his business. He can only do the easy parts of his business. Last autumn also, the Comédie Française revived "La Robe Rouge." The casting, owing to an effort to make it too good, was very bad; and the production was very bad, though Brieux himself superintended it. But, all allowances made for the inevitable turpitudes of this ridiculous national theatre, the play was semile; it was done for! Certainly it exposes the abuses of the French magistrature, but at what cost of fundamental truth? The melodramatic close might have been written in the Isle of Man.

Take the most notorious of all his plays, "Les Avariés." It contains an admirable sermon, a really suggestive sermon by a right-minded man. Zealots may deny this as the same about syphilis as I did before. But what I say is that this has nothing to do with Brieux's position as a dramatist. Brieux could have written a pamphlet on the subject of "Les Avariés" which would have impressed me just as much as the preface I happened to read the play before I witnessed it. Indeed, if he had confined himself to a pamphlet I should have respected him more than I do. Brieux has never sharpened my sense of beauty; he has never made me see beauty where I had failed to see it. And this is what he ought to have done, as a serious dramatist. He is deficient in a feeling for beauty; he is deficient in emotion. But that is not the worst of him. Mr. Shaw, with all his deficiencies, is at least an honest playwright. And Brieux (speaking of course in a sense strictly artistic) is not. That he is dishonest in the cause of moral progress does not mitigate his crime. Zealots may deny this as loudly as they please. Nothing but to keep Brieux's plays alive; they are bound to go precisely where the plays of Dumas fils have gone, because they are false to life. I do not expect to kill the oncoming craze, but I will give it no quarter.

JACOB TONSON.

The February "Thrush.

In the spirit that offers any opportunity whatever for the present generation to find out what it wants in Poetry there is so much which is purely felicitous that I wonder anybody should be found insensible enough to the needs of poets to condemn such an undertaking or even to try it with indifference. When we hear a poet singing beside any gate into the meadow of the Muses it is at least a graceful act on our part to commend whatever we may believe about the chance the gate being charmed open. This, I am aware, may maliciously be misconstrued into appearing a plea for the publication of all the verses that anyone may choose to ramble into print. Well, no; I didn't mean that. I simply mean that the publication of however bad verses if the versifier possesses the power to make them live speaks a better language than the publication of however bad verses if the versifier possesses but a sovereign or so sterling. There is no academy in England to establish a formidable barrier against obvious pretenders; nor are we so satisfied with what we have seen of the infallibility of the French Academy that we would wish to set over us a body of that sort. We prefer to wander and pipe our tune where we will, and if some clear day we should discover ourselves to be far distant enough from Parnassus, we must seek what comfort there may be in the fact that we strayed freely. Notwithstanding our inordinate...
The Reviews at the end of the volume concern, among others, Tennyson, Du Maurier, Arthur Symons. The review of Hardy's poems is full of persuasive criticism in that it recalls to the reader's mind all the old-remembered charm of the Wessex novels, and even the "Sunday Morning Tragedy," there comes a desire to possess a volume which contains the "Fine Planters" and the "Revisitation," both of which are false notes or altogether tiresome. A prose idyll, "The Dead Village," by Francis B. Young, must on no account be overlooked between the verses and the reviews.

Beatrice Hastings.

Drama.

"The O'Flynn." (His Majesty's Theatre.)

SIR HERBERT TREE (in noticing the last play at His Majesty's I am told I committed the solecism of referring to him as "Mr. Tree") is still adding to his collection of curious parts. As the High Priest in "False Gods" and as Beethoven he was quite impressive; and it is not unreasonable to suspect that in producing these plays he was inspired less by the desire to make his audience happy than by the ambition to achieve a tour de force. This suspicion is confirmed by his production of "The O'Flynn"—an altogether worthless play by Mr. Justin McCarthy; designed solely to give Sir Herbert a big part. This it does, however, as a splendid fire. "The O'Flynn" is a romantic hot-potch that would be laughed out of court in any European capital but London, though it would doubtless succeed admirably in New York. Also it gives Sir Herbert just the part that he cannot play. He is repeatedly putting on an Irishman, a soldier of fortune, high-spirited, reckless and spontaneously jolly, dancing through the world and carrying off his impossible adventures by sheer impudence and bluff. The cast is not a verb to apply to sea-foam. I suggest that they overbalance all the other words. The poem is the author.

The title "A Born Princess" I dislike, and the first stanza I find tedious and artificial, but the rest of the poem is irresistible in rhythm and grace of language. Completely artificial and "Miss Morgan's "Morning," the idea of dawn creeping "nervously" among the stars, combined with the next assertion, "And one by one with ruthless touch pearl by pearl," is not strengthened by the interpolation of such a word as "stab," referring to the gleaming of neighbourly lights into the flashes outside the high priest's tomb among the tiny daughter of James I., who died crying, "I go, I go, away I go!" is one of the best in the collection:

"This wing-like cry, this answering word
To some remote and secret bird,
That, gazing with prophetic eyes
From the bright bowers of Paradise
Sees in the dreadful years ahead
Joy withered, mirth disowned and dead.
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..."
Protestantism, and James's ignominious flight at the Orange invasion—that one hopes against hope to find one of these happenings sincerely treated. It is a process to hope for so much from the author of "The O'Flynn." A puppet with a pole, drawn face and a wig of brown curls is brought upon the stage. From the respect paid to him by his Court the audience gathers that he is the type dreamed upon the playbill by James Stuart, "King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith." He is an object of devotion to the honourable, of contempt to the contemptuous; seized by gallant gentlemen and the London threat that unless the people of London grew less unruly he would remove the Court to Oxford, and the Lord Mayor's reply, "Provided your Majesty will leave us the Thames"; of the evening in the palace, when the Court witnessed the verdict of the great trial; and of the connivance of William at James' flight because it was not politic to take him prisoner. But, no—these are not romantic incidents. The mob of theatre-goers must be cajoled into swallowing their history, like children with a chocolate pill. The trail of the accursed Jacobite tradition is still heavy upon their minds. Their senses have been deadened by lack of the very necessity for thought in the theatre, and their critical imagination—assimilated by disguise. So be it. Let the dead bury their own dead. Only the art of the living can make history alive.

**Ashey Dukes.**

**ART.**

Art stranded in the Stock Exchange, looking up distractedly at its modern patron, is not an inspiring picture. An analysis of the new House of Commons shows that it contains one art and picture dealer, from which we may conclude that the interests of all other art and picture dealers will be fully protected. It would be curious to speculate as to what sort of bill we may conclude that the interests of all other gallery or to form the nucleus of a fresh chamber of horrors in an architectural atrocity specially designed and built for the purpose. Being a tyrant, this type of art patron makes no allowance for his own ignorance. He leaves his entire collection of city-brand pictures to the community in such a way that the authorities—good, easy men—have no choice but to accept it, a described bill, apparently, under the secret destruction of the offending portion of it.

**To hand one offensive party over to another would not, of course, improve the indefensible position of art in this country. The corruptions of the dealer-cum-city merchant system of picture collecting would continue to increase; notable bequests of the Tate type would also increase their far-reaching evil results; while indiscriminate money endowments would go on overcrowding the civic landscape with ugly buildings. But one consideration would justify such a proceeding. It would make a clearance once for all of bodies like the R.A., since the administration of such a bequest as now permits this inquisitive institution to exist and exercise such an evil influence on the art world, would pass into the dealer's hands. It is hardly necessary to point out that it is the Chantry money which has for years kept the R.A. alive and out of the workhouse. This money has enabled its members to buy each other's pictures, and thus to keep alive and soldiers in the dead hand. It is intended for the purchase of works of art. If proof of the maladministration of the Chantry Bequest is needed it may be had at the Tate Gallery. This gallery, it will be recollected, is the outcome of the benefactions of a certain tradesman named Sir Fred Tate. It was literally built of sugar. It has now become treacle through having fallen into the hands of the R.A. and being mainly used by it to store the purchases with pictorial lies, with the soulless and lifeless work of academical plodders, with that of uninspired painters who try to talk before they see or feel, from the machine-made pictures of Waterhouse, the fancy-dress ball crowds of Dicksee, and Sar gent's sensational "Carnation Lily," from the disgracefully drawn and painted "The Doctor," and the type so obviously on the verge of lachrymose sensibilities of the public; and from the made-to-sell work of painters maintaining the traditions of the Academy. It makes one ill to walk through this exhibition of debauchery in painting; to see room after room hung with pictorial lies, with the soulless and lifeless work of academic plodders, with that of uninspired artists; to see room after room hung with the work of the maladministration of the Chantry Request is made to the Chantry money which has for years been used to support this iniquitous institution to exist and exercise such an evil influence on the art world. If proof of this is needed it may be found in the Tate type would also increase their far-reaching evil results; while indiscriminate money endowments would go on overcrowding the civic landscape with ugly buildings.

**Turning to these pictures one regards with amazement the stuff which the combined judgment of the Academy has placed upon these walls. No critic with any artistic judgment or taste could take them seriously. Indeed, one would be surprised if he did not discover that the R.A. has done after he had become an R.A., and had ceased to express his artistically individuality, and had come to regard art as a commodity; from the machine-made pictures of Waterhouse, the fancy-dress ball crowds of Dicksee, and Sar gent's sensational "Carnation Lily," from the disgracefully drawn and painted "The Doctor," and the type so obviously on the verge of lachrymose sensibilities of the public; and from the made-to-sell work of painters maintaining the traditions of the Academy. It makes one ill to walk through this exhibition of debauchery in painting; to see room after room hung with pictorial lies, with the soulless and lifeless work of academic plodders, with that of uninspired artists; to see room after room hung with the work of the maladministration of the Chantry Request is made to the Chantry money which has for years been used to support this iniquitous institution to exist and exercise such an evil influence on the art world. If proof of this is needed it may be found in the Tate type would also increase their far-reaching evil results; while indiscriminate money endowments would go on overcrowding the civic landscape with ugly buildings.

**There is no need to dwell here further on the maladministration of trust funds. Perhaps, after all, the Royal Academy is not wholly to blame. It is, generally speaking, a noble body, it is entirely devoid of a proper knowledge of art and of the limits of its own strength and powers. Indiscretion and impudence have built up for it a reputation and a credit of the most profitable kind. In spite of warnings, in the face of criticism and indisputable fact, it still retains its hold on the public faith. And the public will continue to leave it in the possession of trust monies wherewith
to back its fancy in the matter of its own members' brushwork till it has completed its work and banished art from this country for ever. The aforesaid art-patron is also to blame for the state of the Royal Academy, and it would not much matter if he were handed over to the mercy of the dealer. But I, for my part, am not for retaining the city art-patron, save of Stewart, who bought all Fortuney's work, or part, am not for retaining the city art-patron, save Academy, and it would not much matter drinking fountains.

Several exhibitions have opened this week, but the only ones that call for serious attention are at the Baillie and Goupil Galleries. The Baillie Gallery has four interesting "one-man" shows. Robert Fowler exhibits some individual work. His textures are rapidly built up, and perhaps he is a little too fond of loading-up his canvases. But his pictures should be seen for their admirable effects of light and atmosphere. Mr. Bernard Harrison is a new man who deserves encouragement. His three Italian studies (14, 15, 16) are in particular very interesting and excellent work. His colour, however, is ugly. He must improve it. I was greatly struck with William Shaw's Turner. Though this painter has not yet got into his stride and is experimenting in all sorts of odd methods, and feels at sorts of strong influences from Turner to Cayley Robinson, he is on the way to the big achievement. He has taken into his text his version of Turner's "Phryne at Eleusis." He finds this picture—perhaps the finest in his length!—well, they do not exist. They are generally in the most abhorrence and disgust. He champions the moderns against them, and sees in one generation of painters little chance of his giving contemporary painters their due. This is temerity, indeed! May I assure him that there is yet a little chance of his giving contemporary painters their due as long as he is blind to the greatness of the old painters. He challenges him to mention a single picture in which "one of the faces of Madonnas is original, the rest having been added from time to time": the draperies in the sixteenth century, the high lights in the seventeenth, the landscape in the eighteenth, and so on. I admit that some of the Botticelli attributions are wrong, but none of the pictures given to this artist have been painted by half a dozen different hands, as he suggests. He has no doubt been misled in the transformation of a superannuation fund for the benefit of the workers of the society. It was considered that the said fund should be formed on a contributory basis. After the somewhat strained relations which have arisen between the committee of Management of the Royal Liver Society and a large number of the leading agents over the conversion movement, it is very pleasant to learn that the above conference was of a harmonious character.

HUNTY CARTER.

Insurance Notes.

This is the day of big concerns in insurance and other walks of business. Life. However we may like or dislike it, the day of insurance is coming on, and the public will, in insurance matters, be served in an ever-increasing degree by big offices of the omnibus character, transacting practically every description of insurance. This applies to industrial as well as to ordinary life, and also to fire and accident business. Such is the opinion of a contemporary, and we are not disposed to think otherwise.

The total premiums for business done in British offices under the Workmen's Compensation Act during 1908 amounted to £2,874,605, and on the year's work, after providing for outstanding claims and unexpired losses there was a loss of £90,981. It looks as if an advance in rates were needed to make this class of insurance worth the trouble.

Referring to the decision regarding the conversion of Friendly Societies into companies by the "Weekly Times," the "Victor Record" says: "This important decision should have the greatest interest for our readers. It establishes, and to the large surplus of £250,000, and the method of allocation of Management of the Royal Liver Society and a large number of the leading agents over the conversion movement, it is very pleasant to learn that the above conference was of a harmonious character.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters are omitted on this account.

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I hope you will allow me to take up the cudgels on behalf of the old masters, and particularly the old masters of the National Gallery. They apparently spur Mr. Huntly Carter to aance and disgust. He champions the moderns against them, and sees in one generation of painters better work than all the past centuries have produced. This is temerity, indeed! May I assure him that there is yet a little chance of his giving contemporary painters their due as long as he is blind to the greatness of the old painters? I challenge him to mention a single picture in which "one of the faces of Madonnas is original, the rest having been added from time to time": the draperies in the sixteenth century, the high lights in the seventeenth, the landscape in the eighteenth, and so on. I admit that some of the Botticelli attributions are wrong, but none of the pictures given to this artist have been painted by half a dozen different hands, as he suggests. He has no doubt been misled in the transformation of a superannuation fund for the benefit of the workers of the society. It was considered that the said fund should be formed on a contributory basis. After the somewhat strained relations which have arisen between the committee of Management of the Royal Liver Society and a large number of the leading agents over the conversion movement, it is very pleasant to learn that the above conference was of a harmonious character.

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superb condition, considering that five centuries have passed over them.

D. Triformis, in his article, describes that the Italian masterpieces of the Salting bequest are pictures which house-painters in Tuscan villages are turning out by the hundred. Such a statement hardly needs contradiction, as it is borne out by the technique of art that it is absolutely impossible to fake an old picture. Such fables are the property of the halfpenny newspaper. A man can be more or less unapparent of age in a picture than he can fly to the moon. The only thing possible is a silly, superficial resemblance, which, to the trained eye, is as new as the pictures in last year's Academy.

There are no "dreadful, uninteresting Dutch canvases." The attributions in this section are perfect, and every picture is furnished with its provenance. Indeed, it regrets the absence of many of the lesser known but exceedingly meritorious Dutch artists. Mr. Carter may see in the National Gallery collection of foreign treasures in its true light. It would be surprising to see that Mr. Carter should have been so entranced by the fervid eloquence of her letter to karate as to be unable to reply, because he found himself in this absurd predicament: they were, they said, quite unable to reply, because they were not prepared, in all those qualities which go to make a good picture, to men painting in the style of Terburg, Metsu, Vermeer, Teniers, Hobbema, Wouwermans, Van der Capelle, Van der Heyden, Rembrandt, Hals, Van der Velde, and a dozen others. He deliberately challenged the 18th century with his generation of modern painters. Let him prove his contention. It will be an extremely interesting discussion. Mr. Carter's "many gallery of great pictures," so staunchly restored French painting, one can only smile and beseech him to look at it again! Now, if he had challenged Vermeer, or any of Adriaen van de Velde, or any of the work of del Mazo, he would have supporters. But even this is open to discussion. It is quite possible that it came out of the smaller works. He evokes the art of the wrongs of men (the wrongs which had led to the demonstration I had expected I found only an almost complete her case against the militant suffragists. I therefore shall then be pleased (if you can give me space) to reply to her. Present at my happy position of being able to "agree with the whole world in all things," she had been profoundly convinced that the oppression which led men to revolt was grievous and intolerable, I should never have cited those cases as examples of violence which could not be considered "lawful"! D. Triformis will complete her case against the militants by an attempt to demonstrate that it is an essential part of the militant theory that it shall be tried by their peers (if I may say so) I perhaps love the principles of liberty and equality more.

D. Triformis has some pleasant gibes based upon the view that men are an "upstart" and women were forced to force my way, by force of violence, into the political fold. I have no claim to that distinction. As a man I am in the position of being able to agree with the whole world in all things, whereas I am quite aware may seem to her a somewhat absurd one. Let us suppose that some potent magician, by the mere waving of his wand, could effect so complete transformation in our political and industrial conditions that men thenceforth should be in all respects in the present position of women, and women in the present position of men. I think that this would differ from the nature of the labour the illustration too much, but, briefly, let us conceive this country governed by two Chambers, one a hereditary House of Ladies, the other a House of Commons consisting of women elected by women. Conceive not only the legislative but also the chief administrative function of government to be in the hands of women, to whom were assigned the position of the other sex. Conceive the ancient right of men to be tried by their peers to be subject to this extraordinary modification, that all men accused of crimes, of political offences, or engaged in civil litigation, with one another, or with persons of the opposite sex, should in future be tried exclusively by women magistrates, by women judges, and with women juries. Conceive that industrially the conditions were so changed that in Government employment, for equal work, men and women were working for Government contractors, and so employed indirectly by the Government, were subjected to starvation wages and all the other horrible conditions now attaching to the sweating labour of women. Conceive men excluded from some of the highest and most ennobling professions, while every mean and degrading occupation was open to them. Conceive that by factory law an Australian who is not respected for his sex were constitutionally that they were driven by hundreds of thousands to adopt marriage as a profession, or by tens of thousands to make vice a trade. Conceive mothers sharing with them only its duties and its burdens. And finally conceive that when men sought peaceably to lay their grievances before a woman magistrate, they were denied a hearing, and treated with contumely and violence. Would D. Triformis, under such circumstances, think that the wrongs of marriage for women and of the sweatshop wrongs of the people in Cromwell's time, that whereas he deemed it necessary to take off a king's head, these men should refrain even from breaking windows, or if they in some heinous feat. And if they went further—if they added methods of real violence—if they went, evanuously, as far in the paths of their forefathers as the obstinacy of Government mothers was, and their argument was that they were too feeble to put their hands to their wings against them? And if not, why does she condemn her heroic sisters, the so-called "militant" women, who in these few years have so greatly contrasted to the ordinary patience and fortitude with which they have endured such violence while committing so little?
To the Editor of "The New Age."

Until we reach perfection in human affairs discontent and rebellion against repression will remain a duty. D. Triformis observes human women. I know who would move into a new house with his family. His wife objected to an arrangement which placed the nursery over the kitchen. So you mean that another is led to proper understanding between the sexes by forcing them at the first signs of mental development, he is led to regard woman either as an angel or an animal, according to whether he is of an idealistic or materialistic temperament. What women have to do, then, is to prove themselves to this end. If superhuman efforts are required, for illusions (or prejudices) are not easily displaced. A great and sudden shock must be administered, so far as the "mob orator," the "demagogue," the "fierce suffragist." With the addition of the method of constitutional tactics will not eventually convert them; but I must confess a serious doubt. The average man could never be persuaded to take an interest in ordinary political methods adopted by women. The ordinary political methods of men are enough for him. Miltant tactics are at least interesting; moreover they expose the truly human qualities of women; and just as the methods of the "mob orator," the "demagogue," the "Limehouian Lloyd George have succeeded where all others would obviously have failed, I cannot but foresee a similar result for the agitation of the W.S.P.U.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Your contributor, D. Triformis, seems to have been led away into a serious error by his (or can it be her?) desire to deal trenchantly with the W.S.P.U. As a consequence, the article contains a number of errors. The latest edition of the "Scott Library," which made a "fierce" suffragist, I do not wish my sons and daughters to grow up in a world in which these things are possible; and I say, as it is, that the political equality which is essential to improvement is not to be gained by argument and persuasion alone, however long and laborious the effort. I believe the end is sure, and militant women have supplied it by finding a way to give the Government the choice between persuading and doing justice without injuring anybody but themselves.

E. Jacobs.

The WHYS of the W.S.P.U.

TO THE EDITOR of "The New Age."

I confess myself somewhat surprised that D. Triformis, with all the common sense we are led to believe is at his disposition, has not deduced from Miss Pennell's preface to the obvise to the attacks of the W.S.P.U., and the absolutely conclusive answer to her attack on the militant agitation. Very carefully and solemnly she has proceeded to that little point, hold it up to the clear light of academic consideration, and exclaim: "See, it is hollow, it is silly, it is false!" I am reminded of a passage in "You Never Can Tell":

Mrs. Clandon (emphatically): But I can prove to her that Socialism is a fallacy.

M'Comas (touchingly): "It is by proving that, Mrs. Clandon, I feel that I have young disciples.

Yes, she has proved the fallacy of militant action; she might similarly have proved the worthlessness of the half-penny musical comedies. I may say I would do so about half a column. Only it is not worth the trouble; someone would knock me on the head in a minute. He would call the halfpence press does exist for you, but for the public. However rotten it may be, the 'Daily Mail' has a circulation eight times larger than any other daily paper. And "musical comedies may be fundamentally weak and bad, but they draw larger audiences than any other form of play." Of course, it is answerable. Therefore I say to D. Triformis: "Your protestations are ridiculous, your argument is of no value, except with superior people such as yourself, who are in a minority, and who are already converted. Sentiment, its alternative, is necessary, and militant women have supplied it by finding a way to give the Government the choice between persuading and doing justice without injuring anybody but themselves."

PLEAS FOR THE PEERS.

TO THE EDITOR of "The New Age."

As Mr. Ross's articles in defence of the Peers seem to have come to an end, it is opportune to offer some remarks thereon. First of all, I would say that if the Peers are really such as Mr. Ross describes them, the sooner they are swept out of the country the better. According to Mr. Ross they are a highly privileged class, fortuitously privileged, who claim their privileges with insolence and in contempt of the feelings of others. Mr. Ross says that their superficial manners, as he has observed them in his shop, are charming. He does not pretend to know them intimately. He has not met Miss Robins, described in The Laws of England, in four bulky volumes. Ordinary people do not indulge in such literature.

Arthur D. Triformis is really a militant all the time. For we find her confessing that "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance," and that "woman is morally worshipped." With the addition of the equally distasteful girlichey that "she is morally worshipped," we see why the camp of the enemy spread out before us. For there lies the complete psychological explanation of the male anti." A perfect social system! It is, however, the proper understanding between the sexes by forcing them apart at the first signs of mental development, he is led to
whisper, how sharp and common they sounded when trying to keep the attention of a bored crowd! Oh, warriors of the law, did you see the way those faces lit up when they thought you would be of your progeny—that is to say, if the popular belief were true that your progeny is to be found among the peers, which is a fine rubric.

Mr. Ross frankly acknowledges that he belongs to the numerous class of persons who regard a lord merely because he has a title. Mr. Ross has therefore not been out to have his flag flying at the country squires. To him, your Lord Northcliffe, Bessborough, Lord Wolverhampton, or any other new peer, has greater social value (for that is all this wind of trifling amounts to) than the wealth, or acuteness or grit of the French M. Cambon in London, M. Cambon in Paris, or of Mr. Eder in Berlin. The French woman is "popular," because you can hardly chat confidentially with her. The Frenchwoman considers she is expected to amuse. Now, a stockbroker or other business man who has no direct connection with any nation, and who come over here "as waiters, as clerks, or as hairdressers," being employed as spies. From M. Lanoir he will learn that the members of the foreign section of the German Secret Police are drawn from "all sections of society," that women as well as men are to be found amongst such agents, who, moreover, are not confined wholly to individuals of low birth.

It is, of course, evident that if Lord Roberts' statement in the House of Lords is a correct estimate of the numbers of Germans in this country, namely, 80,000, "almost all of whom have been trained by the German Secret Police to act as spies in this country could not be considered. The danger to which Lord Roberts called attention was not in connection with the many thousands of non-combatants in the German staff of the German army are accurately informed of the whereabouts of all reservists. If war broke out we might quite certainly expect an invasion of 80,000 trained men already landed in the enemy's country. It is surely not unreasonable to hold the opinion that in place of treating with a great nation and its representatives in the same manner, as if they were not trained to become agents, yet used to stand as independent individuals. If, therefore, the whole setting of a poetic play seems out of date, this does not much concern us, because it is not the central point. Interests of the individual are often the emblems of isolated qualities rather than the individualities. If, therefore, the whole setting of a poetic play seems out of date, this does not much concern us, because it is not the central point.

GERMAN SPIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I ask for space in your columns to offer a few remarks on an article entitled "German Spies," which appeared in your issue of January 20? Mr. Eder has appeared as a powerful and recently published work. M. Paul Lanoir entitled "L'Espionnage Allemand en France," and I would recommend this book for his perusal. The "Count of Europe" both themselves about the lineage of the small fry at the legations, so long as they are amiable and well-mannered and do their duty! And if Mr. Ross has the chance of making a few enquiries in the right quarter about the British service, he will discover that the details of family are less considered than the more practical qualities of intelligence and commerce.

E. G. R.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Randall, in his article on Shakespeare's women, seems unconsciously to bring out clearly the sharp difference between the poetic and realistic attitude of art. Although what he says is true and apt as a reflection of the popular attitude, which persists in proclaiming Shakespeare's women as the embodiments of all moral perfection, yet one cannot help saying a few words about the writer after finishing the article—Oh, Philistine! Shakespeare's plays are poetic; that is, they take for their central interest moments of exalted emotion, during which fresh vistas are opened up, and which are to us as a glimpse of something vaguely felt to exist beyond a slightly opened door. Now, these exalted moments are only obtained by the intensification of the ordinary, by which end the plot, actions, and characters, with their morals and manners, are subordinate; the characters themselves are often the emblems of isolated qualities rather than individualities. If, therefore, the whole setting of a poetic play seems out of date, this does not much concern us, because it is not the central point.

Now, realistic art takes for its central point of interest the non-exalted moments of life, in which we are not lifted above life, but, as it were, more fully immersed into it. Poetic art introduces us, through the emotions, into the unknown—hence the mystic element of all poetic work; realistic art analyses the actualities of life. Here plot, actions, characters are the important point—and the latter should not be split up into embodiments of one quality, but should be the mixed human embodiments of many qualities. Had Shakespeare's plays been realistic, it would have been justified in challenging their morals, but surely he never intended to criticise or applaud life around him, but utilised it as he found it for his poetic art.

George Eliot complained somewhere that the Madonna face was insipid, and suggested weak and stupid women; but they are types and abstractions rather than individualities. So are the women in Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. Frank Harris' recent book resembles this article; one is irritated by the casual and inexact language. He does not analyse rather than on the essential poetic qualities of both, and one feels that his criticisms, though correct in a way, are out of focus. If, then, this review of round Shakespeare is valuable; but surely it has been rather overpraised.

H. FULLEY.
Men's League for Women's Suffrages.

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