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THE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

WE are not at all afraid of appearing as the apologists of Mr. Asquith, since it gives us a further opportunity of deprecating the misguided partisanship of Liberal journals like the "Nation" and the "Daily News." For the appearance of a breach of pledge in Mr. Asquith's deeds compared with his words the only persons to blame are the editors of these journals. It was they who misread Mr. Asquith's Albert Hall speech, and it was they who propagated the absurd notion that the King had signed a blank cheque for legislation by P.W.W. Mr. Asquith's own words at the Albert Hall were in one phrase open to misconstruction. He declared that his Government *would not assume* office without certain safeguards. Apart from the context, this could only mean that a condition precedent of his assumption of power was the possession of the safeguards. But a previous paragraph had defined the nature of the safeguards as "the authority of the electorate." The paragraph reads: "We shall therefore demand authority from the electorate to translate the ancient and unwritten usage into an Act of Parliament, etc., etc." In the absence of such "authority of the electorate," neither the King could fairly be asked to give guarantees, nor could Mr. Asquith be fairly expected to ask for them. Even Mr. Redmond admitted that.

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Having no party to support with lies, we are in a position to state the case impartially; and our conclusion in this matter is that Mr. Asquith is being unfairly treated by his nominal followers. The "Nation" and the "Daily News," it will be remembered, were intolerant last November of even a word of warning. Flushed with the prospect of an overwhelming victory, these fiery Ruperts refused, first of all, to examine the political position as it culminated on November 30th, and, secondly, to speculate on the chances of a defeat. THE NEW AGE alone advised what the "Nation" has at length come to see; namely, that the moment for attacking the Lords was the day following the rejection of the Budget. We understand that Sir George Kekewich, Sir Percy Bunting, and two members of the Cabinet (not Mr. Churchill and not Mr. Lloyd George) were in favour of the same course. But in the bellowings of the Liberal Press these voices were not heard; and the party went to its doom. What that doom was we again foresaw. Our forecast of the result of the election was that the Liberals would be returned with a composite, and therefore useless, majority of about a hundred. The "Daily News" was at the same moment prophesying a Liberal victory greater than that of 1906.

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It was on the strength of these intoxicated dreams of coming power that these journals began to talk big about demanding royal guarantees. They pictured themselves as the Barons at Runnymede extorting the royal signature to their preposterous demands. In the same false light they misread Mr. Asquith's speech as a threat to the same effect; and Mr. Lloyd George's Celtic language encouraged the delusion. What they do not even yet realise is that their dreams have not come true. Mr. Asquith realises it, the Cabinet realises it; but a handful of Radical members, together with these journals, have as yet not awakened from their lotus sleep. They are urging Mr. Asquith to make the same demands as he would be entitled to make if he had the authority of the electorate behind him; and they are actually angry that he should be sober while they are still all drunk. Let us put it to these people that they have indubitably lost, that the General Election has morally gone against them, that the country has not declared itself in favour of our plans, and that we have to make the best we can of so disappointing a result.

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If anybody is to blame we would blame the rank and file of the Liberal Party for having so hopelessly lost the election. It is useless to talk as the "Nation" foolishly talks this week of the "signal verdict" of the country, or of Liberals having "gloriously withstood" the forces of Unionism. The fact is that the rank and file of the Liberal Party have badly let down their leaders; they have been pusillanimous, mean, indolent, and ill-tempered. We are not drawing up an indictment of a nation, but we certainly are accusing the Liberal electorate of unparalleled cowardice in the conduct of the recent election. The Liberal Party, as Mr. Lloyd George boasted during the Budget debates, contains quite as many wealthy men as the Unionist Party; but they did not spend their money to anything like the

same extent. Nor did they spend their strength with liberality. On the contrary, they left their leaders and paid organisers to do all the work, what time they sat at home or in their clubs drinking cocoa and talking of what they would do when Mr. Lloyd George had won the election for them. This spectatorial attitude of garrulous reformers is typical of many advanced societies; but until the recent election it was not typical of the Liberal Party. Mr. Asquith has no need to feel under any obligation to a party that has betrayed him as surely as they affirm that he has betrayed them.

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We say all this in the hope that our words may have some effect on the new electioneering campaign that lies before us. Writing as Socialists whose desire to end the House of Lords is infinitely greater than the desire of the Liberals, we frankly declare that unless the Liberal Party are prepared to put more backbone into the coming election than they put into the last we have no intention of being associated with them. Rather than that, we should be prepared to enrol under our standard their most sincere fighters and leave the rest of their army to rot at ease. That, in fact, is the fate that awaits them unless they bestir themselves. Liberalism has been on its trial during the last four years; 1906 gave it a magnificent opportunity; the present year has already pronounced the threat of its doom. Should the next election confirm the judgment of the country, the Liberal Party will be swept away and its remains divided amongst the Unionists on the one side and the Socialists on the other.

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What is the position at this moment? We are writing before the division that may be critical on Monday; but the main outlines will remain unaltered. Mr. Asquith finds himself returned to office with the precarious support of eighty Irish members who care just so much for English affairs as Irish affairs compel them. Beyond the value they conceive they may extract for their support, their support is a mere broken reed. Without a shadow of sentiment the Irish are prepared to sell their votes as dearly as possible. We do not blame Mr. Redmond for the tactics he has adopted, since his position is as difficult as mortal man's has ever been. As taskmaster to Mr. Asquith he is himself under the orders of an even more severe taskmaster in the form of the Irish electors. They at any rate will have no mercy if he should return to Ireland having lost the substance of the Budget for the mere shadow of the abolished Veto of the Lords. At the same time, it is unfair to expect any English premier to steer his course by Irish stars alone. The plain truth is that under no conceivable circumstances can the House of Lords be destroyed by means of Irish votes. It would be felt to be treachery, and would be regarded as treachery whatever the logical arguments might be.

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Both Liberals and Irish have recognised this, in spite of the evidence of their words to the contrary. On the face of it, a clear majority of 124 would appear to justify the Government in proceeding with its Bill against the Lords forthwith. Per contra, such a majority might seem to justify Mr. Asquith in expecting the Irish to pass the Budget first and to proceed against the Lords afterwards. But neither of the parties is willing to accept the promise of the other, since each knows that the promise could not be performed. If the Irish refuse to pass the Budget until the Veto Bill is through both Houses, they will never pass the Budget at all; for the simple reason that the Veto Bill will not pass both Houses. On the other hand, if the Irish pass the Budget first and accept a promissory note for the Veto Bill, they will be exchanging their votes for nothing. Under these circumstances, the only course to pursue was the course devised by Mr. Asquith of running Budget and Veto Bill as a pair-horse carriage through the House of Commons. But even this must prove unsatisfactory, since the Lords would, when their turn to act came, pass the Budget and reject the Veto Bill, and thus leave the Irish bereft of recompense.

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How difficult it is for the Irish Party, whichever way they turn, may be seen by the prospect that awaits them if they should reject the Budget. If to pass the Budget without passing the Veto Bill would ruin the party in Ireland, wrecking the Budget, and with it the Government, would ruin their prospects of Home Rule from England. To depose Liberals is to elevate Unionists; and Mr. Redmond at least has less hope from the latter than from the former. Mr. O'Brien, it is true, is politically indifferent; and probably the real difference to Ireland is as much as no matter; but with the return of the Unionists Mr. Redmond's personal ascendancy vanishes. No Asquith no Redmond is the motto that must guide him. This alone accounts for the bewildering series of threats, followed by withdrawals, that has emanated from Dublin and from London. The Irish urge on Mr. Redmond the necessity for an ultimatum; but all that Mr. Redmond can deliver is a sort of an ultimatum—an antepenultimatum, in fact. So much for the Irish Party and its parlous plight.

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The Labour Party, on the other hand, if they have an easier position, have also behaved with far greater dignity. We do not know if the Labour Party have not, indeed, acted with more discretion, courage, and simplicity than any of the other parties. They have won in this crisis a distinction which we hope they may never lose. There was no doubt from the first that they were united, rank and file and leaders, on the questions both of the Budget and the Lords. They want the Budget passed and the absolute veto abolished; and they care not for the order, so that both measures are ultimately carried. More patriotic than the Irish, who care nothing for the Budget, the Labour Party has seriously regarded the passing of the Budget as a national necessity. Less sectional than the Irish, they have realised the futility of endeavouring to revolutionise the constitution with a majority of a score or so votes. (See for some wise words on this subject the editorial notes in the current "Socialist Review," edited by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.) If the Irish were weak-kneed about the Budget and the Liberals were weak-kneed about the Lords, the Labour Party have been strong in both; and their moral standing at this moment is higher than it has ever been, and well they deserve that it should be so.

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Having considered the state of parties, we may now turn to examine the possible course of events. It is scarcely conceivable that the Government can endure its position much longer. Even should the Irish refrain from putting it out of its misery, the constant anxiety lest its life, hanging on a thread, should be ended by chance must sooner rather than later persuade the Cabinet to dissolve. The moment for dissolution, however, if there is any choice, should be after, and not before, the veto resolutions are published for all the world to see. So much respite, we imagine, even the Irish will be willing to accord the Government, since it is to everybody's advantage, even if the proposals are not carried, that they should at least be known. And if known and published, there is no reason why the next General Election should not be fought on the Lords issue alone, and with a more satisfactory result. We said on the eve of the late election that there were too many issues for a clear decision to emerge; but from an election fought on the text of the veto resolutions, and with the Budget out of the way, there is no reason, save one, why a decision should not be clearly recorded. That single reason is that the electorate may not have made up its mind, and may, in fact, leave the parties evenly divided, as now.

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That, however, remains to be seen. We confess that we do not see yet any great indications of revolutionary zeal in the country at large. Almost all the perturbation is at Westminster, and is confined to Westminster and Fleet Street. But whether a first-rate

campaign on the sole question would not arouse the latent democratic feeling of the country is what only experience can decide. At any rate, we would be prepared to risk it if once the issues were made plain and were kept comparatively free from entanglement. The alternative to such an election is a frank admission that the whole issue of the Lords has been prematurely raised, and to drop it at once. But who would have the courage to do that? Here we are, it seems, with each of the great parties saddled with an Old Man of the Sea. The Unionists have their Tariff Reform proposals, which in essence as well as in practice are impossible. Intelligent Unionists *know* that there is absolutely no chance of their ever carrying Protection in this country. They may by some electoral accident secure a Parliamentary majority which their fanatics will pretend is a mandate for Protection, but in the face of the ineradicable hostility of manufacturers their proposals will either be defeated by public riots or emasculated by their own leaders. Yet for the sake of this Tartar the Unionists are prepared to postpone every other consideration. They neglect even the promise of social legislation, they drive their best men out of the party, offering them up as sacrifices to the Brummagem idol. And all the time they know their idol will never be enthroned.

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It is quite possible that the Liberal party may find itself similarly blighted by the question of the House of Lords. The last election resulted in a deadlock, which may conceivably be repeated as the result of the next. If that should prove the case, it will be the duty of the most honest party to declare both Tariff Reform and the Veto of the Lords as temporarily dead issues, and to proceed as if practically and politically they did not exist. Only by some such excision would it be possible to restore politics to the plane of reality. This would not prevent Parliamentary groups from agitating the subjects as often and as publicly as they chose ; but it should certainly make it impossible for any Ministry to include in its programme a proposal which had not only been proved impracticable, but which made every other proposal impracticable. The dog in the manger should be the last dog to be considered. Our proposal, therefore, amounts to this : that when once the Veto resolutions are tabled, passed through the Commons, and rejected by the Lords, the Government should then dissolve for a general election on the single issue, and when the result is known, abide by it. If the country should prove evenly divided, let the subject be dropped for another decade. If, happily, there should be an overwhelming majority against the Lords, why then the course would be clear.

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But we must object in advance to any Liberal toying with proposals for strengthening the Upper Chamber before its Veto is destroyed. When once its Veto is destroyed it may safely be reformed to any extent. A Chamber of Solons would, in fact, be highly desirable when once their power had been defined as that of criticism and delay only. And a considerable power it is, too. We are ashamed of so-called intellectual men desiring to have brute strength in addition to their wits. The great distinction of the Church is that its power has been mainly moral and intellectual, and its best leaders have been content to rest their claims on that. If we must give any encouragement to the House of Lords to contemplate their future condition, when deprived of the Veto, with equanimity, we can safely assure them that their power would be all the greater for being moral and intellectual. To that is added in England especially the enormous weight which social rank gives, a weight so great that even at this moment the word of a peer on any subject in the world commands more respect than the word of the greatest untitled mind in England. Is that not enough to assure the Lords of their present and future strength?

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It is quite enough, and we will hear nothing of any proposals, particularly from the Liberals, for strengthening the House of Lords before the Veto is modified. Any such proposals may fairly be regarded as sycophantic and reactionary. Certain Liberal theorists have caught the infection of fear which is spreading through the Unionist ranks, and are contemplating the creation of a Second Chamber elected and nominated and delegated after the pattern of Senates in other countries. But that is not the idea of English democracy at all. No country in the world can serve as the model of English government however often England has served as the model for them. On the contrary, it is just the fact that England has always led the constitutional way that entitles her to ignore the belated and, as it were, consequential experience of other countries. In this matter we are English nationalists of an even bigoted order. The fact that a bi-cameral constitution is regarded as necessary elsewhere is nothing whatever to us. When England has led the way such countries may be inclined to follow. For these reasons we deplore the latest advice of the "Westminster Gazette" which urges on the Cabinet the need for a strong Second Chamber in England. Let the demand come from Lord Rosebery or from Lord Lansdowne, as it assuredly will, but let it not come from the Liberal Party. What a tragical conclusion to the present campaign it would be if in consequence of the attack on the Lords that House was not weakened, but strengthened. And strengthened it surely would be by the creation of a Second Chamber of the Senate type in place of the hereditary House. In the last resort it would be infinitely wiser to leave things exactly as they are than to run the risk of making them ten times worse. King Log is much better than King Stork.

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An even more specious though less dangerous proposal emanates from the journal we have so often mentioned, the "Nation." It is that the whole question of the Veto of the Lords should be during the present session submitted to an *ad hoc* referendum of the electorate. There is only one adjective for such a proposal; it is demented. It would seem that the "Nation" has suffered so acutely during the present political strain that it is, to speak rudely, off its head. A referendum that left the constitution of the present House of Commons precisely the same would settle nothing; nor would the result weigh an ounce in the judgment of the House of Lords or of the King. And this is even supposing that the result of the referendum were a considerable majority for abolishing the Veto. But there is not the least likelihood that the result would be anything of the kind. It is much more probable that the results of the figures would be either similar to the present Parliamentary representation or a little worse. We, at any rate, would stake nothing on the result of a referendum; nor, in view of the deadly blow the referendum would strike at representative government, would we approve of it, even though we were sure of the result. The referendum is no way for democrats out of their difficulty. No; the plain way and the only way is that declared by Mr. Winston Churchill : "We have got to recur to the broad, simple principles of democratic government, which are understood by all free people, and which awake a responsive echo in the breast of millions of men." If we cannot do that on the question of the House of Lords, it is not democracy or democratic government that is wrong, and ought to be changed, but the moment and the issue that are wrong. If an election on the question of the Veto results in no clear decision, the question should be dropped, to give place to the resumption of social legislation for which the country is really waiting.

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We are sorry if we did Mr. Belloc an injustice last week in discounting his democracy as tinged with fanaticism; but he has only himself to thank for an impression which his speech in the House during this week has strengthened. Mr. Belloc knows that it is nonsense to speak of the House of Commons, as at present constituted, as more really representative than the House of Lords. Theoretically, of course, it is; and therein, as we said, lies its true merit. Practically it may be; and therein lies the distinction between itself and the House of Lords. But, here and now, the

House of Commons consists almost entirely of plutocrats or their nominees, who owe their position to money, and not to their representative character. Save for the Labour members and a few other members, none of the present Commons, Liberal or Tory, would keep their seats if their electorate had an absolutely free choice. Mr. Belloc went so far as to say that he himself occupied a "unique and individual position," which position was simply this, that he owed his election to his constituents, and not to his party. If that position is "unique," what becomes of the present representative character of the House of Commons? It is really a question whether the House of Commons does not stand in greater need of mending than the House of Lords of ending. We only decide on the latter because it is the condition of the former. When the Lords' veto is removed, the first use we should propose to make of our freedom would be to reform the Commons.

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We have a word to say in conclusion to political Socialists. We all know very well that the Socialist movement has suffered the severest depression during the last two years. Those who, like ourselves, have been in daily touch with it have known it best, and have suffered from it most. What have been the particular causes of that depression it is idle to speculate. The chief cause lies, we may be sure, in ourselves. From beginning to end the Socialist movement has been associated not merely with unpopular causes—causes quite relevant to the main purpose, but also with far more unpopular causes which have been quite irrelevant to its purpose. And in the majority of cases these causes have been stated in their most unpopular—and, indeed, repulsive—form; so that at length the Socialist and Socialism came to be looked upon as enemies, rather than as friends, of reform and progress. This isolated attitude, unfortunately, far from opening the eyes of Socialists to their true position, served only to convince them that they were right, and all the rest of the world wrong. Thus they became fanatics and faddists by their isolation. If the present depression has served to shake off from the movement these gloomy, ill-natured, and ill-balanced persons, then when next the Socialist movement becomes articulate and organised, its prospects will be so much brighter. If, on the other hand, faddists and fanatics still prevail in their ranks, the movement is doomed to continued obscurity. The augurs point at this moment to a renewed life for the Labour Party in particular and for the Socialist movement in general. Whatever the result of the next General Election may be, it will be bound to lend strength to the Socialist position. Should the Liberals be returned triumphantly, it will be only by the infusion of a strong democratic element that the official party will be prevented from making a present of their victory to the Second Chamber men. If, on the other hand, the Unionists are returned, the Socialist movement will be still more necessary to ensure the minimum of reaction. On either view, it is plain that Socialists will be needed. Let us hope that when wanted they will not be found engaged in mutual abuse and mutual extermination.

The Royal Veto.

FOR six months all the alleged Liberal newspapers have been in full cry against the veto of the House of Lords. Within the last few days they have run up against the veto of the King, and their bayings have sunk down into respectful silence.

We propose to attach little importance to the story which has been going round, to the effect that King Edward personally complained to his Prime Minister of the disloyal language held about his Majesty by our respectable contemporaries, the *Nation* and the *Daily News*. It must be so bitter to the footman soul to be reproved for an excess of homage; so distressing to the faithful hound to be chidden for slobbering on its master's hand; that we cannot bring ourselves to inflame the wound.

Our point rather is that it ought not to have been left to King Edward VII. to make such a complaint. If there had been a single genuinely Liberal newspaper any longer published in this country, it should and would have been the first to repudiate and condemn the odious attempt to represent the King as a secret follower of Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. George (we are confident without his consent) as the magnanimous protector of the King.

The language of the official Liberal press has been calculated to disgust the shades of the old Cavaliers, at least of that more manly section represented by Hyde and Falkland. "We are resolved to keep the King's name out of this dispute": "The quarrel between the two Houses must not be allowed to imperil the Throne": "We know that King Edward is on our side, but nothing shall induce us to say so": "We are determined at all costs to stand between His Gracious Majesty and the wrath of the nation:"—such, or very nearly such, has been the habitual language of the Cadbury press. "Perish the Liberal Party!—perish the liberties of England!—rather than let one unkind thought be entertained by peers or people of our Gracious Sovereign!"

The hypocrisy of such language is rendered more nauseous by the transparent double meaning. To their own supporters it says—"The King will pull us through." To the King it says—"Pull us through, or——!" It is an attempt to frighten the Lords by hinting to them that the King may be dragged into the strife; and to persuade the King that he had better throw the Lords to the revolutionary wolves, to save himself.

Now the King has refused to pull them through, and these descendants of the Ironsides with their cardboard Cromwell have meekly swallowed the pill.

To all who have not reason-tight compartments in their minds it must be apparent that an attack on the hereditary principle is an attack on the principle by virtue of which Edward VII. and not Mr. George Cadbury is King of England,—and Mr. George Cadbury, and not the writer, is proprietor of one of the finest businesses in the kingdom. Mr. Cadbury may see a distinction, which we do not see, between "political" and "social" heredity; between his own power as an employer and the Duke of Norfolk's power as a legislator. But even he cannot pretend to discern such a distinction between the Duke's power and the King's.

The distinction which has been latent in the Radical mind all the time is, in fact, not between the natures of the two powers, those of the King and of the Lords, but between their respective vitalities. In plainer words, they have been persuaded that the King's power was dead, while they have had to realise that the Lords' power was very much alive.

This is another illustration of the mischief to which attention was drawn in THE NEW AGE before the general election. The Radicals have let themselves be humbugged by the professional publicists. They have mistaken the clever paradoxes of smart 'Varsity dons for the law of the land.

For the last fifty years it has been the cant of the constitutional law schools that Great Britain was a republic. The King reigned, but did not govern. The Crown was in commission. The royal prerogative had lapsed into the hands of the Cabinet. The King's veto was obsolete. And so forth, and so on.

All that kind of talk was very well as journalism, of a smart but rather superficial order, as long as Queen Victoria sat on the throne. But it was never law, and with the accession of King Edward VII. it ceased to be even clever journalism.

As a matter of law, the powers of the King—and there is no such thing known to the constitution as the Crown apart from the person of the King—are to-day precisely what they were left by the deed which placed William III. on the throne. We might go further back, for we are by no means sure that the rule requiring that the Sovereign shall profess the

Protestant religion is not the one thing that really is obsolete. As a matter of law King Edward VII. can do most of the things that Charles II. or that James II. did. He is more dependent than they were on the goodwill of his Parliament; but with the Puritans outvying the Smart Set in their verbal expressions of loyalty, he is justified in presuming that Parliament may be trained to feed out of his hand.

The extent to which regal powers are exercised actually by the King himself, or effectively by his ministers, depends, even in an Oriental despotism, on the personal equation. Bismarck wielded greater power in Germany than Beaconsfield in England. And in the same way Edward VII. of England is a more absolute ruler than Nicholas II. of Russia—because he is an abler man.

The present King was hardly on the throne before it was apparent to every practical politician that he had no intention of being a *roi fainéant*. The first thing he took in hand was the termination of the Boer War, to the intense chagrin of Birmingham. He next quietly assumed the control of foreign policy on the retirement of Lord Salisbury. He has visited his brother monarchs, accompanied, not by the Cabinet Secretary of State, but by the Permanent Under Secretary, a marked repudiation of the claim of Parliament to control his treaty-making power. He has organised a rather elaborate network of alliances and understandings, which apparently include one with the Society of Jesus, by which England is to become the defender of the Papacy. And in all these proceedings he has carried the nation with him.

That is the whole point which we wish to make. Great as are his inherited advantages of rank and prerogative, the King could not do, and is far too sensible to try to do, anything to which his people as a whole were strongly opposed. If the English people were still Protestant, King Edward would not play into the hands of the Catholic reaction in Spain and elsewhere. And in the same way if they were strongly aroused against the House of Lords, the King would be perfectly prepared to carry out their mandate against that institution.

The mistake of the Massinghams and Gardiners, and of those who admire their pens, has been in supposing that they could bluff the King. The King does not judge the feelings of the country by their pythonic utterances, nor yet by those of the Amalgamated press. He does what we, in our humble fashion, try to do, he listens to all the words, and then he looks at the actions.

He sees that the town of Sheffield, after returning a bevy of members pledged to abolish the House of Lords, is proceeding, by the almost unanimous vote of its town council, to erect a statue to the Duke of Norfolk. He sees that when another peer went home after a successful lawsuit he was received by a popular procession, including the now inevitable Boy Scouts. He knows that when the House of Lords was first threatened some years ago, a few peers had only to intimate their willingness to act as mayors, for all the Radical corporations to grovel to them. He sees that the master passion in the British mind is snobbery, and he has not resisted the temptation to feed that passion. The towns have all become cities, the mayors, lord mayors, the chairmen of councils, knights; everywhere there has been a shower of titles and decorations and distinctions all tending to the one goal, the restoration of the kingship to the prestige and authority it enjoyed in the days of the Tudors, and of which no law has ever really deprived it.

It would not be fair to reproach the present King—if we intended it as a reproach, which we do not—with this reaction. It is largely the work of Disraeli. It is the realisation of his novels. It dates effectively from his proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. It fulfils a much older prophecy, that of the great Pitt, who predicted that the conquest of India would cost the English people their liberties.

For our part, we note it as historians, not as partisans. We note the evil, but we also note the good.

The thing for which the Radicals are really fighting is, of course, not freedom, but the right to damn those sins they have no mind to, or no longer have a mind to. The true spirit of the general election was revealed in that impressive episode which marked the return of Mr. Lloyd George for Carnarvon.

On this occasion a troop of quarrymen marched into the town, and resolved to celebrate the victory of Temperance in a Temperate spirit. To that end, they did not go home sober—that would have been mere temperance, with a little *t*. They decided to preach a more practical sermon; to give an object lesson on the aims and methods of modern Liberalism.

They began by marching round to all the beerhouses. Doubtless the way was familiar; there may have been old scores unsettled. They closed these houses by threats of violence. So far, so good; they had ensured their own sobriety for one night, at all events. Next, in the true spirit of the Temperance reformer, they decided to confer the blessing of compulsory Temperance on others, particularly their political opponents.

There were a couple of respectable hotels in the town, that is to say, houses for the reception of travellers. Most probably there were travellers staying in them, persons who imagined themselves to be free citizens, enjoying the protection of the law. The Temperance reformers convinced them to the contrary, with stones. They ordered the doors to be closed and the lights to be put out. They just stopped short of taking the inoffensive travellers to the town pump.

Now that kind of thing is civil war. We do not say there was no provocation for it. We do not defend the tactics of the brewers in this election. We abhor the petty persecutions of the parson and the squire. But we utterly decline to treat the Temperate quarrymen as representatives of Liberalism, or of anything but the most intolerant and intolerable Puritanism. And so far as we can see, it is against that kind of thing that Providence has raised up a deliverer in King Edward VII.

The Nonconformist Conscience is in the odious and ridiculous position of advocating one law for the poor and another for the rich, one rule for the subject and another for the sovereign. King Edward VII. may enjoy a glass of wine with his dinner, but no one else may. Lord Rosebery is to be hounded out of the Liberal Party for owning Ladas, and the owner of Persimmon is to be called on to save the Liberal Party. Bridge and billiards may be played in Windsor Castle, but dominoes and bagatelle may not be played at the Windsor Hotel. The King may go to the opera, but the working man may not go to a provincial music-hall.

If the Steads and Stigginses, and Cadburys and Chadbands, really persuaded themselves that King Edward VII. could be made the tool of their unchristian persecution, we hope they have now realised their mistake. If they hoped to frighten the country into thinking so, we hope they have now failed. There has lately been a good deal of the familiar talk about finding a Man. It looks rather as though the Man had been found at last, in the person of his Majesty King Edward VII.

To those who are willing to see the world as it is, and not as they would like it to be, it may be worth while to relate an anecdote which has not yet found its way into print.

On the death of Queen Victoria the workmen employed by a great railway company running out of London discovered, or remembered, that one of their number had been guilty of writing some disrespectful verses about the deceased monarch. In consequence their wrath against him rose to such a pitch that his life was in danger, and the officials of the company (less bigoted than their men) had to smuggle him off down the line, and find him employment at a distant spot, under a feigned name.

Now that is the material out of which some of our more enthusiastic readers imagine that they can make a republic—as Milton imagined on the eve of the

Restoration of Charles II. That is the nation which Messrs. Cadbury pretend to be holding back, like a hound in leash, from flying at King Edward VII. in the cause of compulsory cocoa.

A truce to these absurdities! In theory of course all educated men are republicans. But as long as we have got to live among savages and teetotallers, who can only be restrained from murdering us by their abject superstition, we ought to be very grateful to any one who will consent to play the part of idol, and especially when he plays it on the whole with such urbanity and common sense as the present King of England.

A Lenten Meditation.

By Rev. J. Drew Roberts.

SYMPATHY, the most exquisite, marked the intercourse of Jesus with all whom He met. And it was His habit to move freely among all. He had dealings, unlike His countrymen, with the Samaritans. He was said to be the friend of publicans and sinners. He was as much at home at the marriage festival as in conversation with the woman at the well. The attraction of this sympathy, most human, most divine, was felt by all. To all this, however, there was a very apparent exception. One class He denounced with language so terrible that even to-day custom cannot stale the sense of its relentless severity. He constantly and publicly spoke of the Pharisees, His religious leaders, as those whose religion was, to use His exact words, "play-acting"—a matter merely of gesture, form, and word. He said their prayers were a pretence; He said they were Atheists, in that they knew not God, and lived entirely for the praise of men. He compared them to vipers that stung and poisoned men. And, in an overpowering climax, He said that, as a class, they could not escape from hell's damnation.

This is more remarkable because then, at least, the word Pharisee had no unpleasant connotation. It is expressly said that they were popular. They stood for what was most stable and true, as it was thought, in the national life. They were very strict in the practice of religion, as they knew it, giving a tenth of all they had, down to the very mint that grew in the gardens. Only the other day a popular preacher lamented that he had few such Pharisees in his congregation. Rather than deny their faith, they had faced death and torture in the wars of the Maccabees. They were, in their personal line, temperate and self-denying. You can often estimate the quality of a community by the character of the best men whom it produces. And the Society produced the learned and pious Hillel, and such a teacher as Gamaliel could not have been, we should have said, altogether corrupt. Yet they were said by Jesus to be, as a class, hypocrites, and doomed to damnation. Patriotic, devout, strict, possessing men of wide influence and large learning, how was it, we ask, that they were told that the tax farmers and prostitutes would go into the kingdom before them.

It seems as if there met then in Judæa, in the person Jesus, and in the ranks of the Pharisees, two diametrically opposite conceptions of God, of religion, and of human life. There, in a way never to be forgotten, met the religion of the Spirit, and the religion of form. Now, it is evident that self-preservation is one of the strongest laws of life; with communities it is ruthless and instinctive. The social organisation will neglect a weak enemy, and, when possible, absorb a strong force. But when the opposing force is too strong to be neglected, too vital to be absorbed, then one or other must die. So it was then felt. "It is expedient," said Caiaphus, "that one man die for the people, and that the nation perish not."

Jesus himself foresaw the collision—most fatal, most inevitable. He foretold that the new wine of his teaching would burst the bottles of the old law. He knew what the favour of the common people meant to him in the eyes of the ruling classes, and how much it could be relied on in the hour of need. His teaching meant, if it were accepted, the breaking down the walls of a narrow Judaism, and the proclamation of a world-wide religion. But the truly patriotic Jew could not endure to think that he was as other men were, and that his nation had no special privileges or rights. No Christian, said Swinburne, can be a patriot. Here again was cause for opposition, deadly and irreconcilable. So the Pharisees resisted, actively and instinctively hostile to Jesus and His Spirit. And they used the weapons they possessed. Religion is one of the forces that move men largely and deeply. They had captured and tamed the revolutionary force, and now they turned it against the Truth, and the Truth in the person of Jesus did not prevail.

During this Lent sermons will be preached on the iniquity of the rulers of the Jews. Adequately as it may be observed at other seasons, the proverb, "De mortuis," will be consistently forgotten during Lent. Pulpits will resound with lusty blows dealt out impartially to Judas, Caiaphus, Pilate, and Herod. It is easier, as it is safer and more profitable, to attack dead rather than living persons in authority. And the piteous drama will be set forth in words to warn and console and to edify. Only no preacher will see or say that this tragedy is repeated from age to age, and is even now going forward. For He is still the despised and rejected by every Christian church and nation to-day, because the acceptance of His teaching is not to be reconciled with the practice of our existing systems in Church and State.

EXPERIMENT IN FREE RHYTHM.

I SING,
And as I sing I wonder if my song
Will ever be
Echoed down the aisles of time.
I do not spring
Upon the public mailed in melody.
No!
I babble like the brooklet free,
And halt, and waver, and onward go,
And sometimes rhyme.
"The poet in a golden clime was born,"
Said Tennyson; but he was wrong.
The poet seeks the golden clime,
And cannot wait to study rhyme
And rhythm, or the classic forms
When
His pen
Must earn his bread, and pay
His rent at once, or storms
Will lower o'er his fiery way
To Parnassus.
Any fool
Or eleutheromaniac
Can tread the track
And win the laurel, found a school,
And have his books reviewed,
And sometimes read,
And be the poet of a day,
(No more.)
If he will write like this, and shock the prude
Who only loves the verse-forms dead.
We,
The spirits free,
Who drag the heavens with reticular
Appliances, and catch
A star,
(Sometimes!)
Can never match
The bards who sang with measured chimes,
Who sculptured speech to shapes
Forlorn in majesty.
But as the soul
Jumps like the tortured flea,
Unequally,
We,
Being on the whole
Of a similar nature
To this poor creature,
Must do likewise, and thus we sing
In rhythms free,
Like this thing.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

The Persecution of Poets.

THERE are few nobler passages of English prose than that in which the author of *Ecce Homo* (Ch. XXI.) explains and urges home Christ's great rebuke to the Pharisees: "Ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them."

It is a passage which ought to be written in letters of blood over the doors of the Senate House at Oxford, the Manuscript Room in the British Museum, the offices of the Shakespeare Societies and Dante Societies, and all the other temples for the worship of the dead at the cost of the living.

Because, as Seeley demonstrates with irresistible and burning eloquence, it is the posthumous idolator who is the legitimate representative of the contemporary persecutor. He is, in short, the same man showing the same spirit in another way. It was the Jews who were most active in honouring Isaiah who were most active in crucifying Christ.

As Seeley points out, it is originality which always and everywhere alarms and fatigues and therefore angers the dunce, be he religious priest or literary prig or government official or plain man in the street. Born for routine, they can accommodate themselves to everything but freedom. And so, when the original man does break their fetters, they avenge themselves on his memory by forging out of the crowbars and files with which he made his way out of prison, fresh chains and bolts for his successors. They build a new prison for the human spirit, and blasphemously call it by the escaped Prisoner's name.

"They love the past only because they hate the present," is the appalling, but true, verdict of Seeley; who dared not put his name to the first editions of his book, for fear of the bishops and the dons whom it so scathingly reproved.

Unhappily rebukes like these soon lose their efficacy, unless they are constantly renewed, and pointed by particular instances. It is necessary to apply the moral, and to apply it vigorously, to the scandals of the passing hour. It is high time to tell the fools and knaves who subscribe huge sums for the purchase of a single faded canvas that they are nothing better than murderers of those painters of genius who are starving and sinking down beside their doors.

The latest and grossest exhibition of the detestable spirit rebuked by Christ is the banquet offered by a clique styling themselves the Poetry Recital Club, or something of the kind, to the descendants and connections—as many as can be raked together—of dead English poets.

The clique concerned in this ridiculous and offensive proceeding gained some notoriety last winter by pretending to organise a camp for poets in Morocco. There are poets in London, probably there are many, to whom a winter in Morocco would mean the difference between life and death. Inquiries made on their behalf disclosed that this pretentious project was an expensive trip of the kind regularly organised by enterprising tourist agencies for the benefit of well-to-do people with more money than brains. Among the attractions offered was sport, in the form of shooting wild birds and animals, an amusement to which poets are not addicted, as a class.

The present undertaking reveals even more distinctly the animus of the society. The families of men of genius are seldom their best friends, and are often their worst enemies. There is no need to illustrate a truism, but it must be fresh in the public mind that the funeral of the last great English poet was disturbed, and his dying wishes disregarded, by a priest acting under instructions from members of his family. We understand that it is the relatives of Swinburne, and not the friends who watched over him in sickness and in health for thirty years, who are to be invited to the degrading mortuary feast prepared by the Poetry Recital Club.

We repeat, in the words of *Ecce Homo*, that the motive which inspires this idolatry of the dead is hatred for the living who are their true kinsmen and spiritual heirs. It is wholly in keeping with Seeley's reasoning that this odious function should be presided over by a Cabinet Minister directly responsible for a peculiarly mean official persecution of a living poet—one whose poems little children sleep with under their pillow. We have no doubt that Lord Crewe's descendants will preside over banquets in honour of his victim.

We have not heard if invitations are to be extended to representatives of Marlowe, and Butler and Otway, and Savage and Chatterton and Thomson, but we take it for granted that places of honour will be reserved on the right and left hand of the chairman for the next of kin of John Davidson and Oscar Wilde.

R. M.

Feminism and the Franchise.

By D. Triformis.

IN considering the feminist movement, we must remember that this is not primarily a movement for the suffrage, and when stating our case for the suffrage we should be exceedingly careful to eliminate the domestic woman, her miseries, and her methods of revolt. The revolt of the married woman is purely a slave revolt. For the married woman there is necessity to arouse herself against her condition; but there is not one logical reason for her claiming the vote. The W.S.P.U. were aware of this when they framed their resolution to demand the vote on the same terms as it is or may be given to men; that is, on the ground of civic responsibility. Had they held to this limited but logically secure position, the issues to-day would have been very much clearer than they are. One seeks in vain now for a statement of the purely political argument; it has become everywhere confused with the feminist argument.

In the early days the W.S.P.U., while refusing, quite legitimately, to permit discussion on its platforms of the sex-revolt, made the great mistake of attempting to ignore that revolt altogether. Instead of frankly recognising it as a movement proceeding side by side but by no means identically with their own, they puritanically opposed it and boycotted the feminist exponents. They made enemies of some of the most brilliant feminists, and they called into being the feminine anti-suffragist, who seems to see less danger in things as they are than as they might be if the autocratic puritans ever got into power. With half the women in the country against them, the W.S.P.U. leaders grew unwary. When Mr. Asquith declared that the mass of women were opposed to the vote, instead of replying that that did not palliate the injustice of denying the vote to responsible women who did want it, they sought to prove that the mass of women were in favour of the vote. Thus, while declaring themselves a narrowly political and not a broadly sex-ethical party, they then strove by might and main to add to their numbers. There were not numbers of women to be found interested merely in the political justice of women's enfranchisement, but there were numberless women in revolt against sex-disability in the home, and these, by means of concession, were induced to join the W.S.P.U.

A remarkable change of atmosphere occurred so soon as the newly-won feminists began to invade the platform. The sex revolt could no longer be ignored. For instance, a book by a spinster, disparaging the holy estate as "a license for sexual intercourse," was reviewed in the columns of "Votes for Women." The work was hailed as notable and courageous; whereas a much earlier pronouncement by the feminist, Beatrice Tina, protesting merely against the abuse of marriage, had been officially boycotted and privately denounced.

Gradually the fortress of the political legion was given over to the feminists. Prodigious promises as to what would happen in favour of married women began to be made, culminating at last in the orgie of chimerical benevolence indulged in by Miss Elizabeth Robins, where such things as the safety of married

women from rivalry and a regular lien on the wages of a casual labourer were exhibited as involved in the winning of the vote. Many sound feminists now profess themselves as growing horrified at the prospect that the vote may be lost at length through the folly of the very persons whose business it is to leave feminism alone and attend solely to that which they set out to do, namely, to present the case for the vote. The W.S.P.U. should not properly number more than the women interested solely in the political justice of women's enfranchisement: in short, in that which may be granted immediately. No taxation without representation is irresistible reasoning, and must tell in due time. The principle has been already admitted, and public men begin to realise that to deny the principle in the case of women responsible to the State is a moral insult. We are prepared to hear the usual objection against minorities and constitutional methods—that these take so long to achieve any reform. But by whom and how else is this reform going to be achieved? Violence and large numbers have not really brought us any nearer. There is no sign that the Government is yielding.

The use of violence, apart from humane considerations, was a mistake on the part of the political women, because it induced (or forced) them to ally themselves openly with the mass of women whose revolt was not truly against disenfranchisement but against their ignominious domestic position. This alliance, for the sake of numbers, gave point to the accusation which became a commonplace—that the franchise movement was a fraudulent attempt on the part of women to gain political privileges in return for which they would and could give no guarantee of responsibility to the State. While we should be the first to avow that the position of all women would be improved by the removal of the sex disability in politics and that the vote is a symbol of the moral restoration of womanhood, that avowal involves no further admission. Decidedly we object to the illusory hopes held out to the married woman that when such women as pay taxes shall have the vote the conditions of marriage will perceptibly change for the better. Most, and the worst, of these conditions can only be changed by the action of married women themselves, organised or individual. The million and a half future women electors could not honestly promise any change at all, even if this million and a half were all bent in the same direction, whereas there is small evidence to indicate concerted effort towards the relief of married women. We object to the representations made to factory women to the effect that the feminine vote will give them wages equal to men's wages. That could only be brought about to a small extent by the fixation of the minimum wage for all workers. It is a delusive idea that the feminine vote will inevitably be devoted to this end. And suppose the minimum wage for both sexes were to be fixed, it is at least possible that men would be chosen and the women left.

All these representations may be magical in inducing large numbers to cry "Votes for Women," but they do not count with the Government; nor can it be said that the threat to the male elector of having to pay out pocket-money to his wife and at the same time perhaps to earn only as much as she herself "when women get the vote" is likely to urge him to rebel against a Government that withholds votes from women.

It may be well said that the few married women fighting for the franchise who thoroughly understand that they will get nothing but thanks for their assistance are entitled to the term "heroic"; and a factory woman helping with the same clear view of the facts is certainly a heroine. But the majority—those for whom the ideas of the lien, legal control in the home, legal right to deceased husband's estate, etc., were circulated—have no clear view of the facts. They, with their balloons of reasons why women want the vote, draw down angry ridicule upon the franchise movement. The W.S.P.U. should not be concerning itself with these women at all. They are the raw material for the feminist who must educate them to understand that what is due to their womanhood is a different thing from what is due to them politically.

The immediate case for the vote concerns politically only the million and a half women who are entitled to the franchise. On this stand, and on no other, may the case be maintained: that taxation without representation is unconstitutional. If it is true that going to prison for one's rights is a quick way of getting them, taxable women can resort to passive resistance. There would probably be a louder and swifter outcry among the electorate against the forcible feeding of passive resisters than against this torture applied as it is now to women summoned for violence.

Perhaps a less exciting method of winning the vote than the militant, the constitutional method is a far more glorious one. Within it are contained the principles upon which civilised nations may justly boast their superiority to barbarous races. It is made up of elements necessary to social perfection.

Vizier and Premier.

A Personal Reminiscence

By Allen Upward.

II.—THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

ONLY the other day, in writing to a former Foreign Minister of Greece, I had to draw his attention to the injury the Greeks do to themselves by mistaking France for Europe. Europe contains three Powers of the first magnitude and France is not even one of them. Neither is the French language a channel of communication through which public opinion can be reached and influenced effectually in our own country.

I am reminded of this standing aberration of the Greek mind by my own slip last week in writing of the new Prime Minister in Athens as M. Etienne Dragoumis, instead of Mr. Stephen, or Stephanos Dragoumis. The Greek *Stephanos* is, of course, far more intelligible for English ears than the French *Etienne*, and the interposition of the French language between the minds of the Greek and English peoples has a disastrous effect on the intercourse between them.

Mr. Dragoumis is one of the Greek statesmen who have always grasped the serious extent to which the welfare of Greece depends on her cultivation of European, including English, public opinion. For many years past he has been the leader of a small party in the Greek Chamber, numbering perhaps not more than a dozen, or six per cent. of the whole, but commanding a respect and authority out of proportion to its numbers, by reason of the exceptional integrity and ability of those who composed it. Among them was the author of a study of the national finances, published shortly before my visit to the country, which had been welcomed on all hands as the best contribution to the subject. Mr. Prosopapadakes (I must apologise for having mislaid his card, which renders my spelling of this name uncertain) was a frequent visitor to Mr. Dragoumis' hospitable mansion, where I have seen him in consultation with his chief late into the night. I shall be disappointed if his great abilities are not now engaged in the reformation of the Greek Budget.

Mr. Dragoumis, while excluded from office, rendered important public services outside, and his Parliamentary opposition to Mr. Theotokis did not prevent their practical co-operation. Thus the present Premier was the president and moving spirit of the Macedonian Association, an unofficial body which worked on behalf of the Hellenist cause across the frontier, there can be no doubt with the sympathy of the official Government. Mr. Dragoumis himself, I believe, was the real author of a pamphlet, an English translation of which was the first document put into my hands on my arrival in Athens, and which surprised me not a little by its friendly references to the then Sultan, Abdul Hamid II.

Mr. Dragoumis took the view—and it is this fact which becomes important at the present moment—that the cause of Hellenism had more to fear from the Bulgars than from the Turks. He may be regarded, therefore, as a sincere advocate of a good understanding with Turkey. But this policy, which I satisfied myself

was right and indispensable in the interests of the Macedonian Greeks, is naturally unwelcome to the Cretans. And as it is the Cretan difficulty which is just now threatening, Mr. Dragoumis is likely to meet with considerable opposition in any attempt to place the relations between Turkey and Greece on a firm basis of friendship.

Of his attitude towards the dynasty I am not able to speak with knowledge, but I think it may be taken that he is not likely to favour any extreme or violent course. The Greeks are disappointed with their royal house, and there was a time when I shared their feeling on the subject. But a longer and more careful study of the situation has convinced me that it is the policy of the great European Powers which is responsible for any failure on the part of the Greek sovereign, and that probably no one else in the same situation could have done more for his people than King George has done, and perhaps not so much.

The King is in a false situation, not of his creating. The Powers whose intervention finally secured the independence for which the Greeks had fought so heroically, imposed conditions on their protégés. In effect, what they did was to substitute a Pasha of their own for the Pasha of the Porte; and King George is that Pasha. The Greeks, it is true, were given a certain choice in the matter, but they were given to understand that they must accept a King who would be a persona grata to the protecting Powers. That was the price of the protection given, and having accepted the protection, the Greeks are disentitled to complain of the price.

In his capacity as Consul-General of the Powers, King George has sometimes taken a course bitterly unwelcome to patriotic Greeks. On the other hand they have received through him solid extensions of territory, and he has secured them from external dangers, even after a war provoked by themselves. But whether he has acted wisely or unwisely, he has acted in the spirit of the understanding on which his tenure of the throne depends. He has been placed in the difficult position of a buffer, and the nation from time to time has overlooked that such is his position.

It therefore seems to me unfair for the Greeks to hold King George responsible for the action of the European Powers. The King, I have some reason to believe, is quite as zealous as any of his subjects for the reunion of Crete. It is the Powers who have hindered that consummation, and it is to the Powers that the Greeks should address themselves.

The Foreign Offices of Europe are not run as a philanthropic, and still less as a democratic, propaganda, and it is foolish to appeal to them to set aside what they conceive to be their interests, for the sake of abstract justice. At the same time there is such a thing as public opinion, and the public opinion of Europe as a whole is more generous and enlightened than that of any single country. When the Turkish revolution took place, that opinion pronounced itself in an unmistakeable manner, and the most reactionary of the chancelleries were fairly swept off their feet by the current. The true wisdom of the Greeks would be to appeal to this great force, to educate it, to inform it, and so keep it on their side; instead of trusting to Court intrigues, and to dynastic sympathies which rarely influence state policy.

I must apologise to the English reader for what may seem a digression, but having on a former occasion adversely criticised the action of the King of the Hellenes, during the war in which I took part as a volunteer, I feel it stringently incumbent on me to record the different judgment I have since formed on his Majesty's course, at a moment when every expression of foreign opinion on the subject is likely to receive attention in Athens, and to have some influence, however slight, upon the public mind there. To swap horses while crossing a stream is a policy which it requires a very great deal to justify, and the Greeks ought to be very sure of the good will of the Turks, before they part with their European protector.

Mr. Stephen Dragoumis, in addition to being a statesman, is a scholar and a patron of scholarship. He is the financial author of the first dictionary of the Koutzo-Vlach dialect or language, a work which deserves to be carefully studied for the sake of the light it should throw on the relationship between Greek and Latin.

The choice of this eminent man to conduct the nation through a constitutional crisis is a tribute to his sterling patriotism, as well as to his high character and intellectual powers. But the fact that it is only in their extreme need that his fellow countrymen have turned to him shows that Greek human nature has not changed very greatly in the last two thousand years. What democratic institutions confer in freedom, they are apt to cost in efficiency. Mr. Draugoumis' political rivals, perhaps, are no less patriotic than himself. But they have courted the people, and in order to win and keep its favour, they have had to do what in the end has injured the country.

A nation in its choice of statesmen, a party in its choice of leaders, seems often like some foolish woman, who would rather be driven to destruction by a pleasant-mannered chauffeur, than be saved from it by a gruff-spoken one. It is the old comparison of Socrates,—when the ship's captain is chosen by the crew it is not likely to be for his skill in navigation. When the storm rises the crew makes a different choice, and the helm passes from the hand of Alciabides to that of Aristides.

Spendthrift Work-Hards.

By Bart Kennedy.

Now and then I think of the vast reward that is given by a grateful world to those who do the bit of toil that is necessary to make the wheels go round—and I am suffused with enthusiasm. The ambassadorial salary of the navvy, or the sailor, or the signalman, or the poet, or any other kind of working man, arouses my envy. Think of it! The signalman gets one pound of the best per week, and a bob or two over. And his work is of the most exacting and responsible order. He has to see that millionaires and dukes and Members of Parliament, and other top-notch people, travel in safety as they are dodging around to see that everything is all right on this our earth. And he gets for this one pound of the best per week, and a bob or two over.

It's a bit of all right, isn't it? One pound of the best per week, and the extra bobs! Were I a poet I would do a poem on it.

When I see the good old British nav. doing his bit of pick and shovel exercise I rejoice to think of the reward that is waiting for him at the end of the week when he puts his pick and shovel away to sleep till Monday morning. The dukes and millionaires, and lords and baronets and Jubilee knights, and all the rest of these very necessary people, are so kind to him. Oh, so kind! When I think of the kindness I feel tempted to go forth and get a job of navvying myself. The only thing that holds me back is the feeling that to do some navvy out of his soft and easy job would be base.

These huge rewards! These vast rewards! If you elect to do any of the work that is really necessary for the wheels of the world to go round, they will fall to your lot.

Isn't it a shame that the navvy should spend his earnings in old, or rather new, nut-brown beer in the pub on Saturday eve? Why doesn't he save up a bit out of his mighty salary so as to buy a mansion in Park Lane when he is no longer able to do his bit of pick and shovel exercise? Why doesn't he pay heed to the dulcet voice of the Right Honourable John Burns when the Right Honourable John tells him to refrain from putting down the nut brown? Oh, John! my dear John! the nut brown was made to be put down. Just try a pint, and tell me what you think after.

But seriously, why doesn't the navvy save? And

why doesn't the signalman save? And why doesn't the sailor save? And why doesn't the clerk save? And why doesn't the poet save? Why don't all working-men save? Why—oh, why?

Is it—can it be that they are reckless spendthrifts? It is a hard thought to think. Can it be that the signalman—with his one pound of the best per week, and the extra bobs—is an insanely extravagant person who will persist in drinking champagne? Can it be that this is the reason that these workers do not save? Can it be? I hope not.

Oh, why do you do it? Why do you fritter away your gigantic stipends on nut-brown nonsense? Why don't you pay attention to the frugal bishop, who gets his five thousand of the best per year, and a nice palace, for telling you to be good and not to put down the good nut-brown? Shame upon you, you spendthrift work-hards! Shame upon you, with a capital S. S—H—A—M—E.

I am pained with the deepest and profoundest kind of pain when I think of the ferocity of your conduct. And therefore is it that I impale you on the point of my trusty pen and hold you up to the reprobation of that grateful world that pays you so enormously for doing the bit of toil that is so absolutely necessary for making the wheels of the said world go round. Yes, I hold you up to the reprobation of the impeccably honest person who tucks in his swift million with his little flutter in wheat; and I hold you up to the reprobation of the bishop and the duke, and the lord and the baronet and the Jubilee knight, and the rest of the people whose reprobation is very much worth having.

As you know, for a long time I have taken your part. But I can do so no more. Conscience impels me now to thrust at you with my trusty sword—I mean my trusty pen. It is my mission now to bring you into the straight and narrow path. I will link my pen, so to speak, with the dulcet voice of the Right Honourable John in the endeavour to get you to drink nothing stronger than Adam's ale.

And then you will be able to save so much money that you won't know what to do with it. You will be able to invest in boxes at the opera; you will be able to go and do your little flutter at Monte Carlo; you will be able to drink cham—— Oh, I forgot, you've got to be teetotal. You will be able to buy fine houses wherein you can luxuriate out your green old age; you will be able—well, you will be able to do a lot out of all you can save out of your ambassadorial salaries. Quite a lot—with a heavy accent on the *lot*. Yes, with a good, big, heavy accent.

You won't need old age pensions, my good friends. That is, if you will only put away something out of the enormous lot you get for work. You, my dear navvy, and you, my dear signalman, and all the rest of you, listen: It will be all right—very much all right if you will only be saving and careful. It will—I don't think. Oh, excuse me! I meant: It will—I think. Oh, I think. Yes, I think. With a stout, heavy accent on the *think*.

So be no more spendthrift:
My good work-hards!

Little Edward.

"ARE you Little Boy Blue?"

"No," he answered, "I'm little Edward." And thereon we fell into conversation.

It was a bazaar, on behalf of a Roman Catholic orphanage; there were fancy dresses present. After a time a concert was announced to take place in an adjoining room. I detest concerts, but I went in to this. I hate concerts, as I have said, but I fear bazaars.

I went and sat on a red velvet chair in a bow window overlooking the sea. No one else was in the bow window. A man was singing a song. The audience appeared divided in opinion as to whether it was a comic song. In the middle of it a small boy, fancifully attired in a blue velvet robe, trimmed with white ermine, a blue velvet cap, trimmed with a white bird's wing, and white stockings and shoes, brushed past me rather unceremoniously, and sat down on one of the other red velvet chairs.

"Are you assisting in this bazaar?" I asked.

"I'm helping the lady that's got the flower stall. I've sold three bunches of flowers. I got sixpence each for them. I had to take the money to her. Oh, but she gave me some coppers for myself."

"That was good."

"Yes." Little Edward was twirling a minute fancy basket in his fingers. "At the last bazaar some of the boys sold baskets like this. I know a boy who sold three. I make baskets myself."

"That's very clever."

"We make them at school. It's easy enough. They give you the sticks, and you put them together like this, and then you have this coloured paper, and put it in and out between them. At the last bazaar we sold some—oh! ever so much bigger than this." Little Edward extended his arms. "That big! They were sixpence each. I shall sell this basket for a penny."

I began to suspect Little Edward. Had I fled from Scylla to Charybdis? Little Edward looked out of the window on to a terrace outside.

"There's a seagull, look!" I failed to see the seagull. "There, don't you see?" The seagull's head was just visible above the edge of the terrace. I made some remark about the seagull. Little Edward began to discuss the shooting of gulls and aquatic birds generally. According to him, when these birds are shot they instantly sink beneath the surface of the water, and are thus lost to the sportsman. I do not know whether this statement is true. My knowledge of natural history does not permit me to check it.

I think it was at about this point that a number of orphans and others came on to the platform, attired as Chinese, and sang. Little Edward listened with approval.

"It's a nice little concert, isn't it?" he said, as soon as the Chinese song was finished.

"Yes, very."

"We got up a concert, too. Oh, it was a very good one. And we blacked our faces, all over, you know, and under our chins, and our arms up to here." "Up to here" was Little Edward's elbow. "But what spoilt it all was that my sister wouldn't sing. She has the most beautiful voice of anybody. And I'd saved up my money and bought some concert-books; and we learnt some of the hymns in them. It was so good that we kept the little ones up to ten or eleven. Fancy!—Lily's only three, and we kept her up till eleven! We were upstairs, and they didn't know."

I was a little confused by this account, but I put on my best look of astonishment, tempered with mild dismay.

There was some more about this concert, which I found it difficult to get quite right in my mind. Little Edward described the erection of, I think, a stage, or theatre, out of pieces of wood. There was also an old red curtain. I tried to find out something more definite about the concert.

"Was it at the school?"

"No, it was in the playroom. But afterwards, when we were in the school, they broke it all up. They broke the wood."

So the stage was probably only a temporary arrangement, connived at by either the parents or the teachers of Little Edward.

I forget how we got on to the subject of the orphans, or rather the false boast of one of the orphans.

"Do you know one of those boys told me outside just now that he got a shilling a day. *I* don't believe they get that, in those orphanages." Little Edward looked at me, and seeing that I shared his scepticism, went on to speak even more strongly. "I don't believe they get a penny a day, nor yet a farden a day. I don't suppose they get a shilling a week."

I agreed that it was improbable.

Little Edward again became animated on the subject

of seagulls. He had taken part in the capture of five of these birds by means of nets. On this occasion—it seemed to be all one adventure—he had passed a night at sea, or on an islet which he called the Bass Rock. It was a fishing party, and they had cooked the fish in "a little fire" on the Bass Rock. So far I was able to follow Little Edward without suspicion.

Then, alas! he went on to describe the fish that his father—his father was one of the party—had lost. It was, oh! such a big bass, and it had carried off fishing-tackle, consisting of a cast with gut and swivels, which Little Edward valued at fifty shillings.

After that I was glad when Little Edward left me. And yet I was sorry; because I have no Little Edward to go bass-fishing with me, and to tell lies about it for my honour and glory, behind my back.

GEORGE KING.

Germans at Meat.

By Katharine Mansfield.

BREAD soup was placed upon the table.

"Ah," said the Herr Rat, leaning upon the table as he peered into the tureen, "that is what I need. My 'magen' has not been in order for several days. Bread soup, and just the right consistency. I am a good cook myself"—he turned to the Englishwoman.

"How interesting," she said, attempting to infuse just the right amount of enthusiasm into her voice.

"Oh, yes—when one is not married it is necessary. As for me, I have had all I wanted from women without marriage." He tucked his napkin into his collar and blew upon his soup as he spoke. "Now at nine o'clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much. Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea—that is nothing to you."

He asserted the fact so vehemently that Kathleen had not the courage to refute it.

All eyes were suddenly turned upon her. She felt she was bearing the burden of the nation's preposterous breakfasts—she who drank a cup of coffee while she buttoned her blouse in the morning.

"Nothing at all," cried Herr Hoffman from Berlin. "Ach, when I was in England in the morning I used to eat."

He turned up his eyes and his moustache, wiping the soup drippings from his coat and waistcoat.

"Do they really eat so much?" asked Fraulein Stiegelauer. "Soup and baker bread and pig's flesh, and tea and coffee and stewed fruit, and honey and eggs and cold fish and kidneys, and hot fish and liver. All the ladies eat, too, especially the ladies?"

"Certainly, I myself have noticed it, when I was living in a hotel in Leicester Square," cried the Herr Rat. "It was a good hotel, but they could not make tea—now. . . ."

"Ah, that's one thing I *can* do," said Kathleen, laughing brightly, "I can make very good tea. The great secret is to warm the teapot."

"Warm the teapot," interrupted the Herr Rat, pushing away his soup plate. "What do you warm the teapot for? Ha! Ha! that's very good! One does not eat the teapot, I suppose?"

He fixed his cold blue eyes upon Kathleen with an expression which suggested a thousand premeditated invasions.

"So that is the great secret of your English tea? All you do is to warm the teapot."

She wanted to say that was only the preliminary canter, but could not translate it, and so was silent.

The servant brought in veal, with "sauerkraut" and potatoes.

"I eat sauerkraut with great pleasure," said the Traveller from North Germany, "but now I have eaten so much of it that I cannot retain it. I am immediately forced to. . . . ."

"A beautiful day," cried Kathleen, turning to Fraulein Stiegelauer. "Did you get up early?"

"At five o'clock I walked for ten minutes in the wet grass. Again in bed. At half-past five I fell asleep, and woke at seven, when I made an 'over-body' washing! Again in bed. At eight o'clock I had a cold water poultice, and at half-past eight I drank a cup of mint tea. At nine I drank some malt coffee, and began my 'cure.' Pass me the sauerkraut, please. You do not eat it?"

"No, thank you. I still find it a little strong."

"Is it true," asked the Widow, picking her teeth with a hairpin as she spoke, "that you are a vegetarian?"

"Why, yes; I have not eaten meat for three years."

"Im—possible! Have you any family?"

Kathleen assured herself that it was the heated atmosphere which was making her flush.

"No."

"There now, you see, that's what you're coming to! Who ever heard of having children upon vegetables? It is not possible. But you never have large families in England now; I suppose you are too busy with your suffragetting. Now I have had nine children, and they are all alive, thank God. Fine, healthy babies—though after the first one was born I had to. . . ."

"How *wonderful*," cried Kathleen.

"Wonderful," said the Widow contemptuously, replacing the hairpin in the knob which was balanced on the top of her head. "Not at all! A friend of mine had four at the same time. Her husband was so pleased he gave a supper party and had them placed on the table. Of course she was very proud."

"Germany," boomed the Traveller, biting round a potato which he had speared with his knife, "is the home of the Family."

Followed an appreciative silence.

The dishes were changed for beef, red currants, and spinach. They wiped their forks upon black bread and started again.

"How long are you remaining here?" asked the Herr Rat.

"I do not know exactly. I must be back in London in September."

"Of course you will visit Munchen?"

"I am afraid I shall not have time. You see, it is important not to break into my 'cure.'"

"But you *must* go to Munchen. You have not seen Germany if you have not been to Munchen. All the Exhibitidis, all the Art and Soul life of Germany are in Munchen. There is the Wagner Festival in August, and Mozart and a Japanese collection of pictures—and there is the beer! You do not know what good beer is until you have been to Munchen. Why, I see fine ladies every afternoon, but fine ladies, I tell you, drinking glasses so high." He measured a good washstand pitcher in height, and Kathleen smiled.

"If I drink a great deal of Munchen beer I sweat so," said Herr Hoffman. "When I am here, in the fields or before my baths, I sweat, but I enjoy it; but in the town it is not at all the same thing."

Prompted by the thought, he wiped his neck and face with his dinner napkin and carefully cleaned his ears.

A glass dish of stewed apricots was placed upon the table.

"Ah, fruit!" said Fraulein Stiegelauer, "that is so necessary to health. The doctor told me this morning that the more fruit I could eat the better."

She very obviously followed the advice.

Said the Traveller: "I suppose you are frightened of an invasion, too, eh? Oh, that's good. I've been reading all about your English play in a newspaper. Did you see it?"

"Yes," Kathleen sat upright. "I assure you we are not afraid."

"Well, then, you ought to be," said the Herr Rat. "You have got no army at all—a few little boys with their veins full of nicotine poisoning."

"Don't be afraid," Herr Hoffman said. "We don't want England. If we did we would have had her long ago. We really do not want you."

He waved his spoon airily, looking across at

Kathleen as though she were a little child whom he would keep or dismiss as he pleased.

"We certainly do not want Germany," she said.

"This morning I took a half bath. Then this afternoon I must take a knee bath and an arm bath," volunteered the Herr Rat, "then I do my exercises for an hour, and my work is over. A glass of wine—a couple of rolls with some sardines. . . ."

They were handed cherry cake with whipped cream.

"What is your husband's favourite meat?" asked the widow.

"I really do not know," answered Kathleen.

"You do not know? How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"But you cannot be in earnest! You would not have kept house as his wife for a week without knowing that fact."

"I really never asked him, he is not at all particular about his food."

A pause. They all looked up at her, shaking their heads, their mouths full of cherry stones.

"No wonder there is a repetition in England of that dreadful state of things in Paris," said the Widow, folding her dinner napkin, "how can a woman expect to keep her husband if she does not know his favourite food after three years!"

"Mahlzein!"

"Mahlzein!"

Kathleen closed the door after her.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

LITERARY censorship in the intellectual centre of the world: I need hardly say that I mean Boston, Mass. Boston is the city of Harvard University. It is also the city of the "Atlantic Monthly." It is also the city of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes. Boston has a Public Library. It is supposed to be one of the finest public libraries in this world or any other. Great artists, such as Puvis de Chavannes and John Sargent, have helped to decorate the Boston Library. In brief, Boston and its Library are not to be sneezed at. A certain woman asked for George Moore's "Esther Waters," recognised, I believe, as one of the most serious and superb of modern novels. The work was included in the catalogue of the Library. In reply to her request she was informed that she could not have "Esther Waters" unless she obtained from the Chief Mandarin or Librarian special permission to read it, on the ground that she was a "student of literature."

* * *

I doubt whether the imagination of nincompoops and boards of management has ever devised anything more beautiful than this.

* * *

But the lady had a husband, and the husband, being a prominent journalist, had the editorial use of a newspaper in Boston. He began to make enquiries, and he discovered that many of the catalogue cards were marked with red stars, and that a star signified that the work described on the card was not morally fit for general circulation. He further discovered that works rankly and frankly pornagraphic and works of distinguished art were starred with the same star. Lastly, he discovered that the Chief Mandarin or Librarian, all out of his own head and off his own bat, had appointed a reading committee for the dividing of modern fiction into sheep and goats, and that the said committee consisted exclusively of Boston dames mature in years. He exposed the entire affair in his newspapers and made a very pleasing sensation. The first result was that his wife was afterwards received at the Library with imperial honours and given to understand by kowtowing sub-mandarins that she might have the whole red-star library sent home to her house if she so desired. There was no other result. The rest of reading Boston remained under the motherly but autocratic care of *ces dames*. Those skilled in the artistic records of Boston may remember that the management of the same Library once refused the offered gift of a statue of a woman holding a baby, on the sole ground that the woman was not attired.

* * *

I used to think that H. G. Wells, in that masterpiece of causticity, the Boston chapter of "The Future in America," had been a little harsh towards the city of culture.

* * *

The Californian correspondent who has been good enough to send me the above thrilling particulars, brings them forward to traverse my recent statement that in no other capital than London would a classical work be banned because its title contained the word "harlot," as happened to Balzac's "The Harlot's Progress," quite lately in Oxford Street. But his instance, though entirely delicious, is not to the point. The title of George Moore's novel does not contain the word "harlot," and the novel is not yet a classic. It will be.

* * *

I have already warned my readers to expect something unusually diverting from Mr. C. E. Montague's first novel, to be published this week by Messrs. Methuen. Not only all Manchester, but every neighbourhood where style is distinguished from syrup, and irony from facetiousness, is awaiting this book with interest. And if it does not come up to expectations, there will be a demand for sackcloth and ashes. The hero of "A Hind Let Loose" is an Irishman who came to Fleet Street, and in the Press advocated three different sets of political views simultaneously, none of which three happened to coincide with his own convictions. I have had no definite news of Mr. Montague's half-promised volume of critical essays, but I have reason to believe that it is on the way.

* * *

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just brought out a shilling edition of Ambrose Bierce's "In the Midst of Life." It is impossible for any person not blind nor perverse to admire the cover, but the enterprise as a whole deserves encouragement, which I have no doubt it will get.

* * *

The first act of Messrs. Nelson's dramatic venture of a series of new novels by expensive authors at the price of one florin begins next month. If the third act succeeds, the mandarins of the publishing world will have to reconsider their attitude towards the universe. Among the genuinely artistic writers whom Mr. John Buchan (the literary director of Nelson's) has commissioned to contribute to this series are H. G. Wells, John Masefield, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and himself. Mr. Buchan now exerts great formative influence upon popular taste.

* * *

I wish to mention that a complete and good translation of the full text of Hoffmansthal's singular and extremely Teutonic version of "Elektra" appeared recently in the French periodical, "Vers et Prose." The work is well worth reading in French by those who cannot read German. No literal translation of it is likely to appear in English. A perusal of the entire work will enlighten any Bostonian "students of literature" who may have been puzzled by the distressed ambiguity of London musical critics last week. The dear things—they found themselves in a situation highly delicate! I am aware of one "great daily" which shelved its regular musical critic for the occasion and gave the job to a gentleman with no English blood in his veins. The result was happily innocuous.

JACOB TONSON.

Nikolaew.

By Aage Madelung.

I MET him in the summer I spent in the forest by the great river.

Every time I returned from my shooting trips I saw him sitting on the bench outside the neighbouring log hut. He sat leaning his grey head against the wall and gazing thoughtfully into the white northern summer night.

My dog Pan was in love with his white bear-hound. He might be so tired that his legs gave way under him when we returned; but no sooner did he catch sight of white "Lajka," as they call the north-country dogs up there, than his weariness was forgotten in love-sick zig-zag bounds. . . .

But it so happened that Pan and I had been far up the river for a couple of days, in search of new shooting grounds. There had been no end of game, but still our fare had been very meagre. All my matches had exploded when I tried to light the fire, and we had to content ourselves with bread and water, though we worked hard. Pan, from sheer thirst, almost refused to chew the dry bread, but drank as often as he found an opportunity of doing so. . . . The sun hung down almost between the tree-tops and scorched one's skin till the pores were near bursting, while at night we slept in dew and chilly fogs.

Our feet got sore from much wandering, and on the way home Pan lost heart. He was done for, and would have to be left behind. There was no help for it. His heart had grown hollow in its shell. . . . . He would not willingly have parted from me. But he had to give in. Slowly he lay down, stretched out his neck, limply, and closed his eyes.

I lifted him up to my back, and stuck his hind legs into the strap of my shooting-bag, while I put his fore-legs round my neck, and held them there.

He was quite comfortable, and to show his gratitude he licked me behind the ears with his hot, feverish tongue. Who knows. . . . One day, perhaps, he might do something for me in return! And so I dragged myself homewards, with Pan on my back.

As we passed the neighbouring hut, the man with the bear-hound was sitting outside on the bench, as usual. For the first time he looked at me questioningly; but I felt not inclined to stop. Or, perhaps, it was rather my knees that continued to move of their own accord so as not to give way. . . . .

"Have you shot your dog?" he asked, half aloud, and without moving, as I passed.

"The devil, man! . . . ." But at that moment Pan jumped nimbly down from my back, and forgot everything else in playful love-bicketings with his "Lajka." Thereupon I stopped, went straight up to the bench, and sat down beside the old man.

"Excuse me," he said, conciliatingly. "I have seen a good many different kinds of hunting, but this much I must say. . . . ."

"My name is Nikolaew," he continued, gripping my hand firmly in the way they do in Russia when wishing to express something they don't put into words.

It was as I had expected—he was an exile.

That was the way we made each other's acquaintance. By and by we became friends.

Now and anon he would accompany me on my shooting trips, but without taking an active part in them. He did not care for small game. His bear-hound remained behind to guard the hut.

One day we had camped on the sandy river beach, and lighted the fire in order to cook our dinner and boil the water for tea. The snipes seethed and fried in their own juice, exuding white and aromatic from their plump breasts, which had burst when the dead birds fell to the ground.

One dines in a specially solid and contemplative sort of way when lying round one's own camp fire in the forest. Deep down in memory strange feelings wake to life, remembrances of primeval man and the bloody lusts of his heart. Something long forgotten and mighty plays like waves of gold through the heavy turmoil of the blood. . . The ore and dust of the soil flickers and trembles before the eyes. Solely under the open sky, alone, and far from the broad trodden road, man feels his own self when he puts his ears to the black and swelling earth! He is alone . . . . something that was, and is, and yet never has been. . . .

Nikolaew roused himself, spat the remains of the sugar into his hand, and helped himself to another mug of tea.

"It is strange," he said, half aloud, "with that lust of chase. It will rule the heart of man as long as he exists. And of what avail is it all? Who will remember us, where will the track of our war path be found, when earth rolls on through space, cold and dark, and with heart burnt out? . . . Some day, that will be. . . . And yet we go on chasing happiness, the new, the unattainable, the fleeting game, everywhere and for ever." . . . Nikolaew put down his mug and gazed across the river with half-closed eyes.

"And yet it avails!" he continued, in a hard voice, clenching his hand. "This, our instinct to possess life and make it perfect, can never die, even if earth be splintered into atoms and dispersed all over the infinity of space. . . . . When I thus look out over the river I feel a burning desire to hunt and be hunted for dear life once more, yes, for life's own sake! Some day it will end by my disappearing in the river again. . . . I'm sick of reporting myself every evening. . . . The time has come! The arrow of war is passing from hand to hand. . . . ."

"The arrow of war? Disappear in the river?" I asked, in amazement.

"Yes, I once saved my life in the Neva. It is long ago now. I have never told you about it. But to-day I happened to think of it. That, too, was a chase of life or death."

"How so?"

"I have told you that I was in prison for some years, and was later on exiled to this place. But if they had caught me then—in the river—well, I shouldn't have been sitting here now. . . . Later on they caught me, meanly, from behind, in the street; quite a surprise it was to them, as well as to me. But in spite of all their efforts, they could not sufficiently unravel my past, and I escaped on comparatively easy terms. . . . . Well. . . ." Nikolaew rolled himself a cigarette, slowly and carefully. . . . .

"We have told each other many a hunting tale by now. So why not add this one to the lot. . . . I happened to remember it, just now, when lying and thinking of sport in general, and seeing the river follow its deep, broad course. . . . You have guessed, of course, that I belong to the veterans of the Revolution . . . . that is a secret no longer. . . . . From time to time I used to stay in Petersburg, sometimes under the name of Petrow, sometimes of Iwanow, or some other name as common as my own. One day, just as I was going to leave my room at the hotel, there was a knock at the door, and an affected, scented monkey rushed in, exhibiting all the signs of joyful recognition. I saw, however, at once, what kind of fellow I had to deal with.

"'How do you do, my dear Nikolaew! Delighted to see you again! You understand.'

"He was bold enough to call me by my own baptismal name, right up to my face.

"'Excuse me, you are mistaken,' I answered, rather sullenly.

"'Mistaken? How can you say so? Don't you really know me again? Me, who knew both your mother and father! Don't you remember we were in the country together for a whole summer? Wasn't I delighted when I heard you had come to town. . . . Nikolaew has come to town, I was told . . . yes. . . .'

"'So you want to mystify me, eh? Perhaps you would like me to show you my passport in order to disclaim the honour of your acquaintance? . . . .'

"'Surely, I never would have thought it of you! Fancy forgetting one's old friends like that. . . . .'

"'Friends, do you say? Friends, be damned!'

"I could control myself no longer.

"'There's the door. Don't you understand! Be off!'

"I went at him, and he disappeared fast enough, squinting out of the corner of his eye.

"I was tracked, and had at most a day's respite before they would be at my heels. Towards evening they will take me, unless I am mean enough to give away my comrades. They are in no hurry. I'm in the trap, and they can clap the lid whenever it suits them. . . Well! a day's a day! Break or bear! I thought, as I opened the door.

"'But what about my trunk! Well, I shall have to leave it behind! There are shirts, collars, and two sets of underclothes in it. . . . No . . . nothing else.'

"When I reached the street I found another rascal waiting for me. One of those curs whose services are to be bought for a rouble or so a day. I recognised him instantly in the crush of the street. When you are forced to take an interest in them you at once scent them with every nerve. They stand out from among the indifferent crowd as most actors stand out from the reality they would represent. The reality is sublime—the copy almost never. . . . We then began walking up and down the Newsky and other places. It gets tedious in the long run, especially under such circumstances. The other fellow, of course, got more pleasure out of it, being in continual touch with others of the same pack. . . . . But if I go to see my former acquaintances I shall only bring disaster upon them. The Dvornik and the hotel clerk are all of them in league with him.

"Passing the great hotel, I walk into the bar as though to look for someone, and slip out of the other entrance, where the guests drive up. He stands close by, reading a playbill. I look at my watch, casually, and call a Lichatsch, the one that seems to own the best horse.

"'Halloa! You are not engaged?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Make your horse gallop,' I say, in an undertone, jumping into the open cab. 'Drive straight on!'

"He starts at a quick trot, making the pneumatic wheels dance and bound along the pavement. A moment after I half rise in my seat.

"'If you reach the Nicolai Station in five minutes I will give you five roubles extra.'

"He lithely swung his arms, and gave the horse a tap with the reins. The trotter bent its head almost unto its chest, and went forward at a mad pace. I had the money ready when, a few minutes later, I jumped out at the station. I reach the entrance of the arrival platform safely, and breathe more freely. . . . . But, just outside stands a cyclist, looking about him and biting his nails in a restless sort of way. So the other one had remained at the departure station.

"With an indifferent air I take out my notebook, pretending to be writing something in it, and pass by him so closely that I almost feel his eyes scorching me.

"'Hi, Lichatsch!'

"'Sir!'

"The same thing over again. We fly past all the carriages on the right side of the Newsky. Only the mad course of the horse is heard in the smooth, wood-paved street. . . . . I look back. The cyclist is lying close to his right hind wheel. With a movement as though I would hold my hat, I push it off quickly, at the same time gripping the coachman by the right arm.

"'Stop! Stop! . . . . My hat, you fool!'

"He tugs at the reins so sharply that the horse rears. The cyclist has not been able to stop in time. He tries to turn aside, but slips and falls. . . . Would that he had broken his kneecap!

"'Go on! Here are ten roubles. I'll give you ten more if you drive as though you were the Czar's state coachman! . . . . Drive on! I have an appointment with a lady on board the steamer! Never mind the hat! I've got a cap in my pocket! . . . .'

"We rush towards one of the stopping places of the river boats. No steamer is there. . . . . At the next stopping place one whistles for the third time! . . . . I jump off. . . .

"A few seconds later I have boarded the steamer, which is already on the move.

"But up there comes that cursed cyclist. He leans over the handle bar, almost horizontally, racing for the life of him. . . . . So he has escaped unhurt! I had hoped he would have broken his neck! I forced myself to breathe slowly, and at once accosted an overdressed, painted beauty, in order to distract attention from my person. . . .

"She remembered quite well having met me before.

"It was growing dark. The steamers and barges on the river began to light their lanterns.

"I stand talking gaily and flippantly with the lady, while my brain is working and my temples throbbing as if they would burst. He is, of course, waiting for me at the next stopping place. If I meet him again I shall shoot him or plunge my knife into his lungs. I can't endure to see him once more. Perhaps even the police and the gendarmes are there to arrest me. . .

"I take off my coat, and button my jacket, going aft as though to look at the screw. At the same moment I bend over and let myself drop headlong into the water.

"As long as possible I keep under water, swimming across the river with all my strength. I swim under water as long as there is a bubble of air in my body, then lift my head partly above the surface, and let myself drift slowly along with the stream.

"The steamer is no more to be seen. Each minute is precious. If I don't reach land at once they will get time to send hundreds of spies along the quays.

"I swim towards one of the stairs leading up the quay. There are people about. Let them stand there for all I care! If I don't get out now I shall get the cramp.

"The water trickles down my clothes as I come up, and the bystanders look at me, curiously and yet indifferently. None of them has anything to say to me. They are no concern of mine, and I take no notice of what they say.

"Now for a cab! They are always at hand. I creep into one, and feel, oh! so free and happy, to be alone once more! . . . . ."

Nikolaew lowered his eyes, looked down at himself. . . . .

"When I had seen my friends, and got some dry clothes, we, of course, took good care to conceal all trace of ourselves."

* * * * * *

We went home, silently.

There was a certain restlessness over Nikolaew during the time that followed. He would go on walking up and down at the same place. One evening, when we parted, he said:

"Russia calls! . . . . Good-bye! . . . ." He muttered something more that I did not catch. . .

Next day he was gone.

The country police were busy, but Nikolaew was gone. He had disappeared in the river.

I have never heard from him since. But if he is still alive his name will surely not be Nikolaew any longer. . . . . .

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

I fared along the futile ways of life
And trod on dead men's bones that at the fall
Of living feet dispersed in dust. The tall
Unearthly fir-trees shivered in the rife
And ghostly gloom that thrilled with secret strife
Of dissolution. No human voice could call
An echo from the grave, unmusical,
And viewless welkin heavy with no life.
O God, that death should be so dire, so dread,
That not one breath along the valley crept
Tenderly, mournfully, whispering sad sound;
That not one sunbeam lit upon the head
Of a wild herb whose hidden fragrance slept
Delicate and dead upon the lonely mound!

ALFRED E. PANDALL.

Some Considerations.

By E. Belfort Bax.

THE modern view of the reign of law in history, and of the "historical relativity" which is its outcome, often leads the unwary to a kind of mechanical fatalism in the estimation of historical phenomena. The truth that everything is relative to the general conditions of a period leads with some to a sort of sacramental necessity being assumed as attached to the whole of the concrete reality of an age which it is conceived *must* have happened so, and *could not* have happened otherwise.

For example, in discussing the question of the origin and success of the Christian propaganda in the lands constituting the Roman Empire, during the first three centuries of the Christian era, the average modern rationalist is apt to assume the Christian religion in all its aspects to have been the necessary form for the ethical and theological thoughts of mankind to take at this period; and hence that its success was, as it were, preordained by the general conditions of historical evolution. Now this view belongs to that order of ideas which consciously or unconsciously treats the real world as being wholely composed of, or dominated by, determinate and determining concepts, rules, and laws; in a word, by its logical aspect alone. This view ignores the truth elsewhere insisted upon by me with considerable elaboration (c.f. "The Roots of Reality"); to wit, that all reality consists *au fond* of two elements or aspects, an alogical as well as a logical; that the former can never be completely absorbed by the latter or legitimately treated as reducible under it, notwithstanding that in our experience we find both elements in indissoluble union.

Now, if we are to form a correct judgment upon the content of history as a real process in time, it is essential to distinguish between the element in that content which is determined by the inner necessity of the whole historical movement at the period dealt with, and that other element which, while forming part of the total result, is nevertheless *per se* accidental, and hence which might have happened otherwise—which, in short, belongs to the alogical side of the historical process.

Reverting to the instance before mentioned, which forms the main subject of the present article, as to the way in which we regard the functions of the Christian religion in history, the problem would seem to stand as follows:—In how far are we to attribute the success of the Christian Church in the Roman Empire to its answering to certain intellectual and moral aspirations forming part of the mental atmosphere of the then world, and hence in how far may we regard it as a necessity of the historical process itself, and in how far it was an event which consistently with the general trend of that process need not have happened or might have happened otherwise?

If we take an impartial view of the conditions of the first three centuries we shall find that the general consciousness was moving along certain lines, and was becoming dominated by certain beliefs and aspirations. The *serious-minded man* of all classes and of all countries (in the first and second centuries), coming within the range of the civilisation of the ancient world, was eminently introspective—*i.e.*, his chief object of interest was his own soul and its welfare, which he connected with some mystical relation it bore to the supreme power of the universe as personified by him. His whole theory of life was based on the supernatural and the belief in magic. Hence for him questions of God and personal existence after death were questions of very intense and practical moment indeed, just as for the serious-minded man of to-day are political and economic questions. Of the course of social life and thought from earlier times which led up to this state of things, of the contemporary political and economic condition which contributed to intensify the general intellectual attitude, it is unnecessary to speak here. It is sufficient that it existed, that notions derivable from this thought and atmosphere belonged to the social consciousness of the time, and that some religious system formulating them, together with the needs and aspirations bred of them, was inevitable. Every philosophical and religious theory of the universe which was then current endeavoured to meet these demands in its own way. Christianity did this, and gradually absorbed, or successfully competed with, the rest, owing to reasons which, with our scant and imperfect data, it is impossible at present fully to determine.

Now the main point of interest for us here is that the element of "inevitability" in the historical success of Christianity consisted solely in its expression of the aforesaid tendency of thought and aspiration. But there were other features specially characterising the Christian faith and church as such, which we have no reason to regard as inevitable—*i.e.*, as necessarily given in the conditions of the time, but which might well have been otherwise. First and foremost among the features which from out all the creeds and cults of the Roman Empire is peculiar to Christianity alone is the idea of religious intolerance, of compulsory assent to dogma, of disbelief in a theory as being criminal. There is no difficulty in conceiving that (let us say) the religion of Mithras, that Neoplatonism, that Manicheeism—all of which systems embodied the same general tendencies as Christianity—might have succeeded in ousting their rival. In fact, it is well known that there was a time during the third century when, to the modern scholar looking back, it seems to have been a mere toss up which the world should become, Manicheean or Christian. Now, had the former alternative happened —had, indeed, any one of these other claimants for the suffrages of the serious-minded man of the first three centuries succeeded in over-coming the Christian church—the element of dogmatic intolerance, and with it of religious persecution, which was otherwise alien to the ancient world, would never have arisen to stain the pages of subsequent history.

Another speciality of the faith propagated by the Christian church, but the inevitability of which cannot be concluded from the general historical process, is the imperfection of the character-ideal embodied in its central figure. I am aware that many hold the Jesus-figure to have been the great *pièce de résistance* of the Christian faith, that which enabled it to successfully outbid rival systems and cults. While it is often admitted that the morality of the Gospel discourses is not original, since it is to be found in earlier and elsewhere in contemporary thought, the Jesus-figure is supposed to have exercised a unique charm on that most uncritical stratum of the population of an uncritical age from among which the converts to first and second century Christianity were mainly drawn. It is possible that there may be something in this. But the relative success of other religious systems—the success of one at least very nearly approaching that of Christianity—which had no historical or quasi-historical figure as an object of devotion, would tend to show that such a figure was not essential or inevitable to the religious consciousness of the time. I therefore contend that both the principle of religious intolerance —*i.e.*, of the culpability of disbelief—and the Jesus-figure, with all its imperfections, belong to the accidental side of the history of the time, and not to its essential and inevitable trend, that they are special characteristics of the Christian church and its doctrine, and not given in the general tendencies of the age; and that hence we are justified in charging them, for good or evil, to the account of the Christian religion *per se*—namely, as a particular product of the human mind, and judging it with regard to them as an isolated phenomenon. It is from this point of view that I hold we are justified in pronouncing Christianity as on the whole a bad religion *ab initio*, just as I pronounce a man to be a bad man who has certain bad personal qualities over and above those attributable to his age,

class or race. But it will be said, What do you mean by alleging imperfection of the holy and sinless personality depicted in the New Testament? I reply, on holiness and sinlessness I am no authority as implying theological virtue which loses its savour for all but theologically-minded persons. But if challenged as to the super-eminent human virtues of the Jesus-figure as presented in the Gospels, I am ready with my answer. I do not rest my case on my non-appreciation of particular traits—*e.g.*, of a young person who at twelve years takes to "disputing" with his learned elders —or of the wisdom of heaven-sent teachers who use strong language at trees for not bearing fruit at the wrong time of year as a vent to their ill-humour at being unable to satisfy their hunger. Neither do I press home too severely on this occasion the question as to the reasonableness of basing a dogmatic estimate of personal character solely on an avowedly partisan recital* of certain selected events or speeches alleged to have happened or been made in a three-years' propaganda tour. What I do say is, that the character pourtrayed in the Gospel narrative, so far as one can form a judgment on it from the data given, conveys to me the impression of a real self-idolatry combined with a mock humility which is singularly unpleasing, and which, elevated to the rank of a model, has, I conceive, been a fruitful source of that vice of hypocrisy to which the Christian religion in all ages has so readily lent itself. In the above-mentioned impression I am so far from being alone that an eminent divine of the Scottish church, in an article in a leading review some two or three years ago, admits the self-idolatry, but saves his ecclesiastical face by trying to forge out of it an argument for the dogma of the divinity of Jesus. We are, says he in effect, on the horns of a dilemma—either Jesus was a vanitous person and a quite imperfect character, or else he was God, and as representing divinity in human form he had a perfect right to "put on side" (so to say). Our Scotch theologian, if I remember rightly, even adduces the case of the ambassador of a great Power who has to remind the foreigner perpetually of his importance and dignity. The naïve animistic suggestion of the eminent Scotch divine of the habits of thought of our savage and barbaric ancestors will hardly fail to excite a smile with many persons, I venture to think. But, anyway, the concession of the imperfection of the character from a purely human point of view is significant indeed as coming from a luminary of the Christian church.

Who of us have not known, or know of, propagandists of to-day who alike without personal exaltation, without parading the fact that they have no certainty of a night's lodging, and without ostentatious "humility," have carried on their work for a lifetime (*e.g.*, the protagonists of the Russian revolutionary movement)?

There is a third point regarding Christianity as a special and particular manifestation of the religious tendency of the age in which it arose over and above the necessities of that tendency itself, and which is also reflected in the recorded conduct of its founder. I refer to the apparently unacknowledged plagiarism of the precepts of the Gospel discourses, precepts which we all (at least up to a certain point) recognise. We all know that the morality called Christian had been preached before, and was being preached at the time by Stoics, Buddhists, probably by the Essenes, and certainly a little earlier by the Rabbi Hillel. Now, whatever may be the case with the other sources mentioned, it is hardly conceivable that a Jew of Palestine in the time of Augustus, interested in religious matters, should not have heard of the Rabbi Hillel and his teaching. Hence it is very difficult to acquit the author of the Gospel discourses of appropriating fine and noble ideas without acknowledgment.

The foregoing are certainly defects in the Christian system viewed as a special phenomenon of human culture. The reply of the Christian to such a criticism (apart from personal abuse of the critic, his usual weapon) I can very well foresee. "By its fruits ye shall judge it," he will say. (1) How came it that such an imperfect creed, as you picture it, gained over other systems also embodying the general religious aspirations of the first three centuries? And (2) how was it that such a creed purified and regenerated the world?

The rejoinder to the first question is that in the absence of any even approximately adequate data as to the inner social and intellectual life of the period, above all our almost total absence of knowledge of the feelings and aspirations of the masses, it is a sheer begging of the question to assume that the success of Christianity was due to its intrinsic merits. Even as it is we can see many external causes which undoubtedly contributed to that success (*e.g.*, a skilfully devised and carried-out system of agitation and organisation, the latter including eleemosynary relief). The conversion of the Roman world was a slow process, moreover, and its greatest numerical extension, it should be noted, took place precisely at a time when it is admitted by most Christians themselves that their religion had lost its original purity and was, indeed, advanced far in the path of corruption.

The second question, as to the purifying and regenerative effects of Christianity, may be answered by a simple denial of the facts. To make good this denial at the present time and place is obviously impossible, but the open-minded reader may be referred to two popular and succinct statements of the case from this point of view, in the late Cotter Morison's "Service of Man" and in Mr. McCabe's recently published work, "The Bible in Europe." In short, it can be very easily and conclusively shown that not a single one of the beneficent effects ascribed to the advent of the Christian religion in the Roman Empire are really due to it, but, in so far as they rest on facts, are traceable to quite other causes—causes in most cases already in operation before Christianity dawned on the world.

On the other hand, two things Christianity has undoubtedly given to the world, viz., religious persecution and religious hypocrisy. A Catholic bishop had the effrontery, after the murder of Ferrer, to talk in an encyclical about the antagonism of the wicked world to "Christ and his church." Yes, there has been, is, and will continue so long as a vestige of organised Christianity remains an antagonism between all that is best in the world, all that is worth living and fighting for in human affairs, and the solid phalanx of opposition to knowledge backed by cruelty, toadyism to wealth, privilege, and lust of oligarchic power, for which in the main "Christ and his church" have always stood. The men of movements are, after all, largely symbols. It may well be that the Idealist, the Socialist and the Freethinker, of the future will oppose to the memory of the self-praising Galilean of what by an arbitrary convention (as reckoning from the 27th year of Augustus, A.U.C. 753) we term the first century, that of the self-effacing Catalonian of what by the same reckoning we term the twentieth century.

* The unscrupulously partisan nature of the Gospel narrative is strikingly exemplified in the treatment of a rival agitator to Jesus. "Barabbas," whose name is now a byeword, but which simply means the son of Abba, is abusively styled a "robber," and is accused of "committing murder" in an insurrection. The data given would simply seem to indicate that this son of Abba was a leader of one of the numerous abortive émeutes occurring in Jerusalem at the time, and that his worst crime was probably an excess of patriotic zeal and religious enthusiasm. Insurrections are not generally made with rose-water, and that lives were lost in street-fighting is likely enough, but to charge "Barabbas" with "murder" looks like sheer malignancy. How about the attack on the persons lawfully engaged in earning their livelihood in the forecourt of the Temple by Jesus and his followers? For, as Mr. Sturt has recently shown, it is quite clear that this incident, if historical at all, implies the armed raid of a band, by whom the Temple authorities were for the time being overpowered. Would lives lost in this case have meant "murder"? It would seem from the narrative that the parallel between the cases of Barabbas and Jesus was obvious alike to Pilate and the Jerusalem mob.

Verse.*

THE author of "Home Once More" quotes a passage from an article in the "Nation" which struck me also at the time. It says: "The poetry that will prevail will be something less ascetically intent on the pursuit of beauty than the lyric of to-day, something that will not shrink from the most direct dealings with raw human nature, heart, mind, and spirit." Mr. Storey concludes with the hope that the critics will go on talking like that, and hold the poets to human life," so that poetry will once again prevail over prose, and become, as of old, the voice of the prophet. But Mr. Storey has made one great mistake. His themes are, as he says, human, but his treatment of them is not divine. Indeed, unless a poet is an artist, that is unless he is in complete possession of faculties which perceive the world and register his emotions in their own quaint, bland, and peculiar way, his appeal will be altogether lost. An artist, for instance, would not write such verse as "The Battle of the 'Bus":

> There are battles on the ocean,
> There are battles on the land,
> Causing great and wild commotion,
> Dealing death on every hand.

That is only doggerel. Even the fact that such verse may be written—it was not in this instance, however—under the stress of an emotion so strong that the natural indolence to write was overcome, can be no excuse. But I welcome Mr. Storey's book, because in it at least we find a man writing down his own personal experiences of life. It is evident that he has had a very hard struggle. He has been forced to live and work in the dusty and dirty purlieus of London, although he was born in the country at Wolverton, and is now apparently a bookseller in Oxford. This book is to be the forerunner of other volumes; but I hope Mr. Storey will go carefully through them before he commits them to the world, so that there may remain only what is essentially the product of his poetic impulses. Mr. Storey scorns the writers of rondeaux on ladies' eyelashes and other prettinesses. His own book is interesting above all these on account of the human appeal of the long blank verse poem which gives the book its title. The poem is autobiographical, and recounts Mr. Storey's early years when he was an apprentice in an engineering works, and how he was led to study the great books and poems in English. I think "Home Once More" is poetry because of its freshness, its manliness, and its simple joy in the countryside, and because it deals adequately with a theme which few poets touch or are qualified to touch. Elsewhere Mr. Storey may be mawkish and trite. If he can be made to concentrate more and to give out only the real and essential humanity, maybe his hope:

> The deathless hope that even I at last
> May carve my name upon the cliffs of life,
> Somewhere among the best names of my day,

may have some chance of fulfilment.

It is a human song, too, which Mrs. George Cran sings in the "Songs of a Woman"; but she is inclined to shrink from direct dealings with raw human nature, and to idealise her emotions. It is a matter of fact that this idealisation robs a lyric of its immediate appeal, although it may add to its merely decorative beauty:—

> All night I watched the stars that watched your dreams;
> The waxen roses that climb purely up
> To clasp your window know how glad I was
> To see the Dawn-wine brim within the Cup.
>
> That Cup is overbrimmed this hour and more!
> Come out and taste the dew, and see the mist
> Curl backward from the mountains. Oh, my love,
> The whole night long your mouth has been unkissed.

In this poem, however, there is a combination of idealisation and direct appeal which seems perfectly successful. It would be profane to recite in prose the theme of Mrs. Cran's little book, which can be read.

Miss Anna Bunston has chosen her title well—"Mingled Wine." She mingles her Greek and Latin and French and German wine with the wine that was vinted at Cana in the pages of her book. She writes with much grace, beauty even, and with great dexterity of verse; but one feels all the time that she is moved more by ideas, or by literature, or by the symbols of her religion than by the living web of things. It is a very wistful beauty that is gotten from looking back on the old stories of Greece; there is something hopeless in it. But surely Verhaeren has proved that hope is still in the world, and that a new mythology even may be created, a mythology of sensations brooded up in the contemplation of ships' masts and funnels, railways, and the throbbing telegraph nerves and the many-tongued rumour of the world. One never wants to "train" an artist, but with a poet like Miss Bunston one feels that there is so much accomplishment and grace of diction wasted by its withdrawal from the world and actual life, although even Miss Bunston looks at the world on her occasions. I quote one little song:—

> Blame the cuckoo that in June
> He cannot sing the April tune;
> Blame the flowers that at night
> The brightest is but pearly white;
> The earth that cannot keep till noon
> The kisses gathered from the moon;
> But never blame thy fellow man
> If love should end as love began.

Without being supercilious in the least, one can praise and dispraise Miss Bunston's verse.

Much the same things may be said of Mrs. Thicknesse's "Poems Old and New," but nearly all her poems are made out of her emotions. There are quite a number of simple and direct transcriptions which might be renderings from Heine:—

> WEARINESS.
>
> I would my heart that beat so oft
> Against thine own were still like thine,
> Where in the grave thy sleep is soft,
> Thy dreamless ease a thing divine!
> So sweet it were at peace to be,
> While overhead the skies would range
> Through all the seasons' mystery,
> In death's dim house secure of change!
> So still, so solemn in thy rest!
> I, toiling in the restless light,
> Would lay my head upon thy breast
> And share with thee the quiet night.

The minor poets seem to be afraid to look at life, and we can thank them only in so far as they render exquisitely or poignantly the incidents of their retirement. There is enough in Mrs. Thicknesse's book to thank her for it.

At the beginning of "Songs and Sonnets" Mr. Pearsall Smith has the delightful impudence to aver that even if his book should find its way to the penny box, it will always have one reader, who will find it fond and gracious to the mind, namely, himself! But for such dainty verse it is to be hoped that he will be cheated of his singularity, and that many readers will find the book, not the least attractive parts of which are some delicate versions from the Chinese.

Mr. Lance Fallaw's "An Ample Sky" contains verses mainly of Colonial inspiration, but though they deal mostly with themes taken direct from life, they do not, O, Perversity! move one much. They are very spirited and masculine, the work of a thoughtful and cultured man. Perhaps their lack of appeal is due to an indifference to the idea of empire. The "Library" suite is very pleasant reading.

Mr. Ellis throws his "Five Lyrical Poems" on the world as a feeler. He has six volumes of verse awaiting the response. The five wet one's curiosity, the "Nocturne" and "The Ship of Fame" especially. But the little plaquette seems to cry the need for stringent selection in the volumes yet to come.

"Thomas of Kempen," by James Williams, is a book of exceedingly well written "sermonettes in

*"Home Once More," by H. V. Storey (Shelley Book Agency, Oxford, 2s. net); "The Song of a Woman," by Mrs. George Cran (Mathews); "Mingled Wine," by Anna Bunston (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net); "Poems Old and New," by Lily Thicknesse (Mathews, 3s. net); "Songs and Sonnets," by Logan Pearsall Smith (Mathews, 1s. net); "An Ampler Sky," by Lance Fallaw (Macmillan, 3s. net); "Five Lyrical Poems," by V. L. Ellis (18, Whitcomb Street, 6d. net); "Thomas of Kempen," by James Williams (Kegan Paul).

verse," Latin and English, on texts taken from the "Imitatio Christi" :—

Dirige per viam pacis ad patriam perpetuæ claritatis, iii, 59, 4 (a).

Betwixt the midnight and the morning came
Sublimest thoughts that bore me far away
Beyond the dimness of the rising day,
And touched the common things of life with flame.
Perchance my dreams had been of love and fame,
Perchance of loss of them—I dare not say—
The thoughts that followed were so high that they
Imperious put all meaner dreams to shame.
The spiritual realm where Christ is King
Appeared a space, then vanished all too soon,
Until once more clanged fast the prison bars.
I saw the hem of God's own garment swing
Athwart the glory of the sun and moon,
Bejewelled with the planets and the stars.

A rare Christian singer and a sustained book.

F. S. FLINT.

Drama.

The New Repertory Plays:

Justice, a tragedy by John Galsworthy.

Misalliance, a debate by Bernard Shaw.

UPON the title-page of Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen" are the words, "I dedicate this drama to those who have lived it." Applied to anything but a work of art, such dedication would be an impertinence, even though the play had been lived a thousand times, and every word were taken direct from the lips of its characters. Life is full enough of formless tragedy, witless comedy, and witless farce. The mere fact of being is no sufficient justification for treatment in literature or upon the stage. But a work of dramatic art must stand in this intimate relationship to life. It must be, not imitative, but selective. It must interpret as well as describe. Its aim is the creation of an atmosphere in which tragedy is no longer without meaning, and in which comedy and the comic spirit may fulfil their destiny as critics of the passing show. Above all, the persons of the drama must be engaged not only in being but in becoming. The final curtain must see them changed. Both they and the audience must have learnt something.

Judged by this standard, what is the achievement of these two plays lately performed in the newest and most hopeful of our theatres? Of the two authors, the one is a tragic artist of great insight, possessed more than any other living writer of the discriminating temperament, who has hitherto held the balance between conflicting forces and movements as evenly as that pale blindfold Justice herself; the other a famous revolutionist and pamphleteer, a logician logical enough even for modern Germany, a wit keen enough successfully to break a lance with civilisation, yet deft and light of touch enough to be mistaken for a cynic, and withal first and foremost a sincere malcontent, a fine, passionate hater of things as they are. How comes it, then, that Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is a play for revolutionists, while Mr. Shaw's "Misalliance" is at best no more than an amusing dialogue for clever people, and at worst a quantity of superficial gabble? The answer can only be found by referring them both to the test of life. "Justice" and "The Silver Box" have been lived. But "Getting Married" and "Misalliance"—the very thought is a nightmare. They have only been talked.

This does not mean, of course, that "Justice" is necessarily a great play, although it does mean that whatever "Misalliance" may be it has nothing to do with dramatic art. The interpretation of life is not a lecturing business, but neither is it the photographic reproduction of assize court scenes. In some respects "Justice" is a bad play. It is a play for revolutionists because it states the problem of injustice so wonderfully, and states it, not by declamation, but by restraint. In the first act (an extraordinarily good first act) we learn that William Falder, a clerk in a lawyer's office, has stolen eighty-one pounds for the purpose of carrying off the woman whom he loves and rescuing her from a brutal husband. He is found out, arrested and sentenced to three years' penal servitude at the following assizes. The third act shows him in solitary confinement, and in the fourth, returning to the world after two years on ticket-of-leave, he finds everything against him, is arrested again for forging testimonials, and commits suicide. That is, baldly stated, the history of William Falder. He is no heroic figure pursued by Fate: nothing but a pitiful creature who is not wanted, an unsolved problem in a world too busy with its own affairs to study him. It is his life that is tragic; his death brings nothing but a feeling of intense relief. Nobody can touch him now. He has gone, as the old lawyer's clerk says, to gentle Jesus, and that is the only place for him.

But as a commonplace character William Falder is not alone. As usual, Mr. Galsworthy has deliberately chosen to write of everyday people. There is not a single person in "Justice" whose removal could be any loss to the world in any but a limited personal sense; no one (with the possible exception of the counsel for the defence) who could conceivably entertain a universally valuable idea; no one who could lead a movement or inspire human thought; in a word, no hero. Lawyers and clerks, judge, jury, and officers of the court; governor, warders, and chaplain of the prison—they all exist by the thousand, and they could all be replaced a hundred times a day. They go about their work as slaves of inexorable law. Their human feelings, their kindliness and sympathy, are the emotions of people who, in the midst of a world unknown, and therefore presumably hostile, find two friendly camps of men and women like-minded to themselves—the family and the office—and cling to both as instinctively as sheep huddle beneath a hedge for shelter from the drifting snow. There is no mystery and no surprise about them. We can see not only their part in the passing incidents of the play, but the whole round of their lives. They may be interesting or uninteresting personally, but their chief business in life is to be a part of the machinery of law. Out there in the problematical unknown world there are people who defy the machine, agitators who seek to change it, poets who sing revolt, artists who paint or write books and plays; but the machine takes no notice. It has no official cognisance of them. It rolls ponderously on. It rolls over Falder, and Falder is smashed.

The machine places him in solitary confinement for the first three months of his sentence, just to break him in and to assert prison discipline. It locks him in a kennel, but one of a row, all as machine-made as villa residences in Tooting. From time to time it pushes food through a hole, and through another hole watches him eat. If he makes a noise or disobeys the rules of the game, it puts him in a cell with bread and water. With perfect regularity it sends a doctor to paw him all over, and a hired priest to read the catechism, care for his soul, and explain the justice of these proceedings. But most of the time it is content just to leave him alone. And in the hour before the dawn we see William Falder, an indistinct figure in the grey light, leaning against his kennel wall, feeling along it with the vague, twitching movements of a blind man, pacing up and down with a soft pad, pad, faster and faster; then drawing irresistibly nearer to the door, hesitating, moving away and back again, and at last beating his clenched hands upon it, gaining the confidence of madness, battering fiercely until the madness spreads, until the creatures in the other kennels are roused, and an answering volley of thuds rolls down the corridor and fills the prison.

This scene is the triumphant justification of Mr. Galsworthy's tragedy, but it is also an impeachment of the modern theatre as a vehicle of dramatic art. The curtain falls, the auditorium is lighted, and the orchestra begins playing a selection of Spanish dances to cover ten minutes of chatter. At least we might be spared the Spanish dances, with that battering against the walls of society still in our ears. A representative gathering of the governing class, including no

doubt many politicians, justices, and criminal lawyers, sits "at the play." What will they do with William Falder to-morrow? What will come of it all? If "Justice" is no more to the audience than a painful story, with five minutes of horror in the third act, it has failed. It must enrage them.

I have dealt at some length with the third act of the play, for in spite of its loose and disconnected scenes it is clearly the vital issue. The trial scene of the second act, for all its realism, might almost be omitted altogether. It offers no surprises, tells the audience nothing new about the characters, and contains no real development of the drama. The evidence is a recitation of what was already known in Act I., and the speech for the defence (for the sake of which it appears to have been written) is unconvincing. The curtain might rise upon the judge's summing up and the sentence, just as well as upon the opening of the case for the defence. The case for the prosecution, it may be noted, is not heard at all, and is not referred to.

In his attempt to be fair to everybody Mr. Galsworthy has, I think, been unfair, and he cannot be entirely acquitted of special pleading. The whole treatment of Falder as a normally honest man, who commits his crime for love of a woman, is beside the mark when we come to the third act. The system of solitary imprisonment is a piece of abominable cruelty, apart altogether from the motive of crime. The problems of the class called criminal and of the process called justice cannot be solved by sympathy for the extenuating circumstances of an isolated case. But this special pleading matters little in dramatic effect. Falder himself matters so little. "Justice" is an interplay of forces rather than of persons, and it has moments of greatness.

Turning to "Misalliance," it is interesting to note the remarkable extremes with which the Repertory Theatre has opened. If Mr. Galsworthy's characters are commonplace, Mr. Shaw's are incredible. If the atmosphere of "Justice" is one of deliberate restraint, "Misalliance" offers compensation in the form of unlimited gush. If the persons of the one move tragically through a world too big and too strong for them, the victims of forces they cannot understand, those of the other are prepared to explain the universe to you in ten minutes. They know all about it. They are always cocksure. If Mr. Galsworthy's Ruth Honeywill is a pitiful, clinging figure, silent and passionate, Mr. Shaw's Hypatia Tarleton is "a glorious young beast," making wild overtures to the first strong man she meets, inviting him to chase her through the heather of Hindhead, assuring him that he will get a kiss and nothing more, and that he will have to fight hard enough for that. "A kiss and nothing more"! The last word in advanced thought. One can imagine Thomas Hardy listening to that line with a grim smile, pondering upon the advance since the days of "The Woodlanders."

But though there is much that is foolish and wearisome, there is nothing at all improper in "Misalliance." The young men and women get married quite correctly in the end. Indeed, for a Socialist playwright, Mr. Shaw appears to have an extraordinary passion for weddings. All his later plays may be defined as discussions on divers subjects, ending in marriage. "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," "Getting Married" itself, and now "Misalliance." Even the artist's widow in "The Doctor's Dilemma" managed to find a new husband before the epilogue. This is all painfully conventional, but at least the birth-rate is in no danger. The young women will all breed—"breed" is, I am sure, the proper word for Hypatia—heavily. As for the chasing through the heather, it grows a trifle monotonous. Julia Craven began it in "The Philanderer," and it has been going on ever since. The redoubtable Ann chased Jack Tanner across Europe in a motor car, and a lady in "Getting Married" (whose name I have forgotten) chased someone round the table with a poker. Always, of course, as a preliminary to marriage. The method varies, but the principle remains the same. Ann Whitefield one could forgive. She was amusing and something of a novelty. But Hypatia is unforgivable. Mr. Shaw has been trying desperately to "go one better" than his last effort, and he has only succeeded throughout the play in making advanced ideas repulsive. His earlier plays had one passion that made them fine—the passion of indignation. It was the only passion of their men and women—indignation against hypocrisy, against marriage laws, against prostitution, against poverty, dirt, and disorder. In "Misalliance," even this solitary emotion has withered. At best, its characters can only work up a little indignation against each other. The thing simply does not ring true.

It is good news to learn that the Repertory Theatre will revive some of his earlier work. "Misalliance" is singularly like a lukewarm hash of yesterday's dinner. It will, of course, enrapture the Shavelings. ("Shaveling," I may explain, is a diminutive now in use to denote an unfledged Shavian.)

As to the acting of the Repertory company, I can only say that in "Justice" it was so good as to be almost unnoticeable. It made the play real and living. "Misalliance" was admirably recited.

ASHLEY DUKES.

ART.

I FIRMLY believe that the majority of pictures in the world were painted by ghosts and ghouls, and all picture galleries are more or less mortuaries, haunted chambers, and foundling hospitals. I know this is an age of discovery and fraud; an age when the explorer and archeologist are delving deep into the carefully salted regions of the earth, and yielding untold gold to that unholy crew—the faker, the forger, and the dealer.

* * *

It is seldom the privilege of the critic to receive communications confirming his views. I am therefore glad to acknowledge some Press cuttings which have just reached me, and which may be quoted with interest. From one of them I learn that Sir W. B. Richmond does not attempt to blossom into notoriety with the conviction that the Rokesby Velasquez is genuine. On the contrary, he is assured it is a French painting, and one that contains pigments not used by Velasquez. From another cutting I gather that Mr. A. Stodart-Walker, chairman of the Scottish Association, hastens to inform readers of the "Evening News" that "Bangor Corporation have just been informed that a collection of 'Old Masters' presented by the late Captain Jones is spurious. The pictures, which number over 100, had been collected in various Mediterranean ports in the early 'fifties. Captain Jones catalogued them himself, attributing them to Rembrandt, Rubens, Greuze, and other great masters." This is, of course, another instance of a fool buying things that knaves have to sell. Obviously the proper place for Captain Jones' legacy is Davy Jones' locker.

* * *

Mr. Stodart-Walker then proceeds to deal with the question of spurious Old Masters, and suggests some of the difficulties, limitations, and sorrows of the collector and expert in their quest for the genuine thing. He mentions that imitation was particularly rampant in the Dutch and Flemish Schools, as a fact to be noted in these days of their great popularity. He explains one or two methods of faking pictures for "discovery," and points to the existence in Germany of a home for lost Rembrandts with "an innumerable staff of Rembrandt doctors who produce the Old Master with a liberality," and, I may add, a fidelity, "that is astonishing." He adds a few words of kindly appreciation of the efforts of directors of picture galleries to keep this industry afloat, and mentions how that good and great man, Dr. Bode, of Berlin, and the £8,000 Lucas-Luini-da-Vinci-wax-bust (not to say busted) fame has discovered 220 Rembrandts in twenty years.

But Mr. Stodart-Walker does not by any means exhaust his subject. He might, indeed, have gone further, and told us that when the Old Men were born the forger and the faker were born also, and have multiplied and flourished exceedingly ever since. He might have told us of the wholesale manufacture of old Italians in Siena; of Corots in France; of the wholesale forgery of the signatures of Delacroix, Daubigny, Millet, and other Barbizons; of the wholesale doctoring of Old Masters in France under the supervision and approval of the members of the Institute; of the existence in England of at least one forger of genius who turns out Turners and Constables that challenge the minutest examination; and of an equally remarkable faker who nets enormous profits plastering fresh paint on old canvas which the ignorant owners have repainted, together with the front of their houses and household effects, once a year or oftener, for the sake of keeping things clean and tidy, you know. And he might have pointed to the mania of millionaires, retired contractors and bacon-baronets for heirlooms, and the curious readiness of dealers to place heirlooms in their way.

* * *

As to the collector and the expert he might have reminded us that they are but human, and, being human, liable to err. He might have told us of the helplessness of the expert in the face of the wandering habit of pictures, of his inability to detect by a *coup d'œil* and sometimes even by a minute and painstaking examination the changes which have swept over them in their passage from country to country, from collector to collector; of his tendency to become dazed by the babel of conflicting opinion, to lose himself in the world-wide maze of contradictory attribution and re-attribution, and finally to be engulfed in the vortex of authoritative and unauthoritative judgment. If Mr. Stodart-Walker wants material for another article on the same subject I would strongly advise him to try the National Gallery, and sample the Lewes, Wheeler, Clarke, Walker, West, and Mackerell bequest pictures, and when he has decided upon those to go on the cinder-heap to the accompaniment of a Ruskinian oration, he could proceed to South Kensington Museum and exercise his judgment on that unweeded garden choked with a multitude of Salting, and other strange growths.

* * *

After this, if he desires a change, and also to swear fearful oaths, he could go the round of the exhibitions and realise what modern men and women are doing—and ought to be doing. He would discover Brangwyn busy giving a fine expression to the story of young Canada in a decorative frieze surrounding the dado of the offices of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway in Conduit Street; and F. Noble Barlow exhibiting some landscapes not untouched by a Barbizon influence, and interesting for the mystery and charm of their trees, in a new gallery at 123a, Victoria Street, which aims to widen the field of exhibitions and to break down Bond Street traditionalism and independence. He would doubtless be impressed by several things at the Exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, at the Royal Institute Galleries, notably the vibrating lines of the shortened sketches, and the "1800" by George W. Lambert; the very clever drawing by Eric W. George; the pastel and "Three Sisters," by Frank W. Carter; the very assertive and sensational work of Glyn W. Philpot, especially his "Manuelita" and "Mervyn Herapath," the sure touch and nervous handling of Alexander Jamieson's "The Artist's Father." He would consider these good because so much of the other stuff is insufferably bad—the work of painters with a wild vision or no vision at all. Though he would be too late for the Ridley Art Club Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, which lasted but a week, he might see by chance elsewhere J. L. Gloag's clean, strong, "Plain Woman," and H. B. Bellingham Smith's excellent achievement, "The Beach, Swanage," and his "Early Spring" and "Evening, Richmond," which showed far more intuition than so many of its companions. If he visited the Exhibition of the Society of Women Artists at Suffolk Street Galleries he would doubtless feel it his duty to point out that the chief interest lies in a room full of joyful art work. This room, he would say, "is indeed the feature of this exhibition, and it is not necessary for me to indicate any one case of jewelry, enamels, embroidery, and other work, since the exhibits generally are beautiful, and on a very much higher level than the paintings." Regarding the latter, his comments would probably be: "The Lesson," "very original composition, and nicely placed on the canvas"; "Winifred," "decidedly clever"; "In Kensington Gardens," "an original vision"; "At the Edge of the Hayfield," "charming colour"; "The Mother," "The Little Sister," and "The Last Generation," "all good"; "Pennyghael," "On the Cliffs," "The Beck Straithes," "exceedingly interesting experiments"; "the new canvases of Dorothea Sharp notable for their strong personal vision." If he did not say this, and maintain that the majority of the other pictures were either rock-paintings or essays on the limitations of the painters, it would be my humble duty to feel sorry for him.

HUNTLY CARTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—***Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.***

MRS. POTIPHAR AND MRS. GRUNDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Apropos of your article on "Mrs. Potiphar at Simla," the following letter has come into my hands. I send it you for publication at your discretion. T. L. K.

Dear Mrs. Potiphar,—I hope you will not mind my addressing you as one of my friends. I do count you among my friends, you know, although we have not yet met personally. When you come home and retire from Simla I hope to be able to ask you to one or other of my gatherings, or, at least to leave cards. It was a great blow to me to get your endorsing account of the Joseph affair. A thousand pities! It rather belittled you. It means, of course, that I shall have to work up a purity campaign. Such a labour! However, we must restore your prestige somehow. You are far too valuable to us in our battle against Man and His Empires, all built up on women's skeletons, for us ever to forget our duty to you. First, do permit me to suggest that you were just a tiny bit ill-advised to select such a cherub as Mr. Joseph. He was obviously the game for one of our dear innocent girls. What was the use of your tackling him before he was ever safely married at all? There is always time for you afterwards. *Now* he may take a bit of catching! I'm sending out a very fine selection of young ladies just up from the schoolroom. You know they are *so* clever at the one thing they *are* clever at. When one of them has captured Joseph, and fairly sickened him of home life, I will have you given the usual warning. Mrs. Joseph will pretend to be jealous of you, and will seek an introduction. She will drag Joseph to your dances, vowing all the time that she is heartbroken at his treatment of her. If he declares that he hates you, and would sooner stay away from your house, she will receive the news with a burst of the vilest temper, and give him to understand that she knows his little tricks. If that does not totally disgust him and turn him towards you, we shall know then that he is more wedded to his work than to woman. The case would thereafter have to be left to me. I have all the records of his family, and I see that his father was a *Jew*, my dear—Jacob, by name—and his mother, Rachel, was once charged with the theft of some statuettes! Still, Joseph himself is well on the way to being rich, and I sincerely hope it will never become necessary for me to drive money out of our hands. But now that we have beguiled men to build up an empire big enough to provide some real diversion for us in toppling it over, we do not want any Josephs propping it up against us, do we? It is hard enough that we still have to sacrifice our maidens to these great brutes of workmen, and really, if there were no prospect of the dear girls ever getting free of the annual nursery; if, that is to say, all the men were to refuse the boon you offer to their wives, I doubt but there would be a mutiny against legal marriage altogether; and you know how absolutely fatal to us that would be. It is only by binding the bonds of marriage more and more firmly that we can hope to produce the future generation of bigoted and licentious wretches, in whom all the repression their forbears have suffered shall burst forth and become our avenging weapon of vice and destruction. The Greek women avenged their sisters that way, so did the Romans in their turn, and so shall we in ours. Only—no precipitation! Andromache must bow and bend her head for a long

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time yet before we shall be really ready for Aspasia, the politician, to set city against city, let alone for lazy, conquering Thais. Volumnia long must weep at the knees of her husband ere men will start up to obey the jeering tongue of Cornelia and engage in the strife which weakens them for Fausta. How well women keep the women's secret, eh? You would hardly find a man in all England so informed as to have the least suspicion of women like our ever-respected Cornelia of Rome. Her method, my dear, was to keep well in with the Mrs. Grundy of her day. Even Aspasia, though lucky enough to be backed up by Pericles, the ruling power in Athens, was careful to cultivate the affections of the really married women, and never to offend where she might possibly conciliate.

But there, I may be boring you, dear Mrs. Potiphar. What I want to say is, in brief, that you must be more cautious. You know I will always support you and work up an interest in you by making you more or less taboo while you are on the warpath, and when you are past active service, I have always a welcome for you behind my church bazaar stalls. But two or three repetitions of the Joseph error would effectually put you out of action. If you lay yourself open to the scornful boast of a young calf like that, you will lose your connection. Do be cautious, and leave the good young man to his natural captor, the young lady from home! One last word. There is growing up in England a very powerful rival for you—a certain Mrs. Superman. Her lay is the same as yours, but far more subtle, and it has the additional advantage of novelty. Mr. Shaw popularised her, and she has already hundreds of disciples. I don't wish to seem unkind, but you know business is business, and I could scarcely be blamed if, supposing you failed me, I were to join forces with this remarkably successful strategist. She captures the strong, silent, woman-hating man in a twinkling. She appeals to him on his empire-building side, proposes to march forth with him to glory, and all that sort of thing, carrying the little supermen on her back—when they shall have arrived. Needless to say—but there, I mustn't run on too far. You understand!

The suffragettes are affording me invaluable help in drawing off attention. They only just sprang up in time. You know, to call oneself an "anti" is to be given carte blanche on the back stairs, and *we must have it.* That fool Joseph has caused an article to be written, in which the writer says: "The fall of the Roman Empire was ushered in by the growth of unwholesome female influence." Did you, by any remote chance, permit yourself to hint at anything? Remember, my dear, the long years we have suffered and schemed in silence. Remember the rigid conduct we have set ourselves and carried out against a thousand invitations to rebel prematurely, and spoil everything. Remember the millions of pains we have endured in our slavery to these men, who scorn us as inferior. Remember that they cannot go on without us, or with us. And laugh—but laugh silently. The end is in sight! Yours in the Cause!

DORCAS GRUNDY.

* * *

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Professor Herron seems disheartened in his "Interpretation of America." "The real America has passed from the memory of the living," he laments. "Even while his [Lincoln's] name is the nation's most familiar glory, he is as a stranger in a strange land." And again: "The declivity down which the Gadarene swine precipitated themselves into the sea is not so steep as is the descent of the nation from Abraham Lincoln to Theodore Roosevelt."

Sir, may another American say something? The world-soul does, indeed, sleep in America, as it does as yet everywhere else in the world. But it surges and struggles, and shows as many signs of waking there as I can find evident in France or in England. Be not misled by our poor Socialistic showing. Current Socialism finds us as yet chewing the cud of the democratic sustenance which preceded it in America, and which we must digest before we browse much anew. The America of the Wabash is America all right. But what, in the face of Thoreau and Whitman, does Professor Herron mean by saying that "New England was never other than what its name indicates"? For Whitman was not a New Yorker, remember. He was a "Long Island Yankee," and that's the real thing. Will you name for me two influences more potent than these which make for the spirit of democracy anywhere? And will Professor Herron pretend that these two stand for nothing of their human environment?

Our civil war was not the glorious moment—it was not the awakening which Professor Herron pictures. No, not though it made Lincoln! It was a leap in the dark for very life. It was the galvanised struggle of nightmare, with forces seen dimly, if at all, and by the only means possible to its somnolent condition; namely, arms. The awakening is yet to come! but it will come, and with no fever when it comes. There will be nothing hysterical or galvanised about it.

Professor Herron says that Messieurs Grierson, Binns, and he are about the only persons who see Lincoln to-day. Permit me to reply that not only in the States, but throughout the wide world, there is a greater host behind Lincoln, and a better armed host than ever there was in 1864. And that host is biding its time, as it should. There must be no more galvanised leaps in the dark. There is but one job before us, and that is to get awake! We shall see and know well what to do after that. KENNETH CRAUFORD.

* * *

MR. BENNETT'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will you allow me to say, in response to various inquiries resulting from the publication of your bibliography of my works, that none of the three privately-printed volumes of "Things which have interested me" is obtainable.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

* * *

A FALLACY OF MILITANCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

D. Triformis is satisfied that she has the victory, and so far as I am personally concerned, I am very willing to concede it to her, consoling myself with the belief that the case for militancy is strong enough to survive the defeat of so weak a champion as myself. However that may be, I am sorry that I entered into controversy with her, because I learn that she is an ardent worker for the Suffrage on constitutional lines. It is surely a pity to waste time doing battle with comrades in the cause, and D. Triformis is evidently a bright exception to prove the rule that the scorner of militant tactics is at best the idle and luke-warm supporter of the suffrage. When the sun of Women's Suffrage before long rises, I am sure that the voice of neither militant nor constitutional Chantecler will be heard claiming sole credit for the miracle. Even though our sense of comradeship be now troubled a little by tactical differences, yet when the fight is ended we know that each section will hasten to share the laurels of victory with joy and gladness and without greed; perchance even laying them at the feet of the great Destiny of which we are all but imperfect instruments. After, with the weapon of the Vote in our hands—eyes opened and arms strengthened by the winning of it—shall we not stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight against inequality, injustice, and wrong? E. JACOBS.

* * *

DAVID BARLAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reply to Mr. David Lowe's inquiry in your last number about the poetry of "Evelyn Douglas," this information may perhaps help him in securing a copy of the book.

There is an article, "John Barlas's Poetry," by Henry S. Salt, in "The Yellow Book," Vol. XI., October, 1896. This contains lengthy quotations from "The Golden City," "Santa Cecilia," "Le Jeune Barbaroux," "Phantasmagoria," "The Mummy's Love Story," and "Love Sonnets." Mention is made of the difficulty of obtaining any of the eight volumes issued between 1884 and 1893, but Mr. Salt states that there is a complete set in the British Museum, and that some of the volumes were (in 1896!) on sale by Mr. F. Kirk, 42, Melbourne Street, Leicester. I believe they were collected and published in a single volume later. If Mr. Lowe has not read the article alluded to above it would give me pleasure to send him the "Yellow Book" containing it, if he would care to see it.

8, Colville Gardens, W. RUSSELL F. WILKINSON.

* * *

BAVARIAN BABIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

With reference to the article in your issue of last week, entitled "Bavarian Babies," I beg to state that, in my lowly opinion, I consider Miss Katharine Mansfield has given quite a wrong impression of the home life of these people. As one who has lived among them for some years, may I say that "a bundle of twigs tied with strong string" would be found in about 1 per cent. of the homes, and then only intended for the delectation of the boys.

Of course, in some of the other German States the birch is greatly used, and it is no uncommon thing for a housewife to birch the bare back of her maidservant or daughter; but this does not apply to Bavaria. May I ask in how many English homes does not the mother lay her children across her knee? With regard to the moral of the story—if any—I would not comment upon it; my action would be as superfluous as that of the man who blacked his coals with lamp black. VIDI.

* * *

FABIAN ELECTION POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As a General Election between now and the autumn is almost a certainty, I should be very glad to hear from any Fabians who are favourable to an early meeting of the society for the discussion of its policy and tactics at such election.

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