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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Lords have done their best to make the question of the Lords supreme as an issue before the country, though not, of course, in the form suggested by the Liberal Party. Throughout the long discussion of its own reform inaugurated by Lord Rosebery practically nothing was heard of the real question at issue, namely, the relations between the two Houses. The merits and demerits of the hereditary principle and the relative advantages and disadvantages of unicameral and bicameral conditions occupied ninety-nine hundredths of the consideration of the Lords. But for the speeches by Lords Morley, Crewe, and Courtney, a listener to the whole debate might have concluded that the Lords were spontaneously moved to their own reform, and were not, in fact, engaged in producing for future electoral use an alternative to the reformatory plans of the Radicals.

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We have no objection to these tactics provided they are unsuccessful. The Lords have a perfect right to preserve themselves if they can. What, however, needs to be pointed out is that the questions the Lords have raised as problems are either irrelevant or for the moment premature. And Liberals would do well to bear this in mind. For instance, the immediate problem before democracy is not so much the problem of single or double chamber government as the problem of government by the Commons or by the Lords. We could wish that this issue were a little clearer, but time will certainly make it so. Meanwhile the discussion of the former question at this moment tends to divert attention, and consequently lucidity from the latter. And in this respect we quite agree with the "Nation" in regretting that Sir Edward Grey should have fallen into the trap set by the Lords.

* * *

The hereditary principle, however, is a little nearer the heart of the matter, and the discussion of this may be tolerated without peril. It is not only the chief acknowledged weakness of the House of Lords (acknowledged, that is, by the Rosebery party), but it is also the chief obstacle to the grand experiment of democracy. Negatively defined, democracy is simply the absence of class rule, and in this sense even the participation of an hereditary House in legislation is undemocratic. Though, therefore, it could be shown that the hereditary ruling class had all the virtues of Seraphim, the idea of democracy would nevertheless be opposed to it.

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Mommsen in his "History of Rome" makes a fine distinction between institutions of a class and institutions of a democratic or popular character: "According to the same law of nature, in virtue of which the smallest organism infinitely surpasses the most artistic machine, every constitution, however defective, which gives play to the free self-determination of a majority of citizens infinitely surpasses the most brilliant and humane absolutism; for the former is capable of development, and therefore living; the latter is what it is, and therefore dead." In illustration of this Mommsen adds a footnote of peculiar significance, and referring to the emancipation of slaves in the Southern States of America—that great act of democracy, carried through as it was by the greatest democrat the world has ever seen—Abraham Lincoln, did, in fact, determine the whole of America's future from that hour. As an absolutism admitting the status of slavery as an institution, the United States had before it a perfectly mechanical future, calculable almost in terms of foot-pounds; but so soon as democracy won, the potentialities of American history became as varied as those of a living organism. The absence of class-rule gives an open field for the free play of intelligence and will.

* * *

The immediate results of democratisation may well appear to be an argument against democracy. Nobody can pretend that the condition of the American negro under democratic freedom is in many respects superior to his condition under slavery. Similarly it is easy enough to prove that the feudal system in England gave advantages to the labourer which were far in excess of those he enjoys to-day. But this is reckoning by the visible material and immediate results of emancipation only. Few American negroes, though economically wretched in their freedom, would return to slavery though their chains were to be gilded. As one of them said: "There's a kind of looseness about this yere liberty that I kinder likes." And no agricultural labourer of our extensive acquaintance would deliberately restore feudalism even to secure himself a certain protection for the rest of his life. There is, of course, no arguing about these things; they are the simple

dogmas on which democracy rests. And we may therefore be quite certain that no matter what the immediate results may be, the abolition of the power of an hereditary House, the House of a Class, would meet with the inward approval of the vast majority of men.

* * *

The choice is obscured, as we say, by the obvious demerits of the alternative to class-rule. Lord Salisbury, among others, during the debates of last week took occasion to criticise the methods and composition of the House of Commons. Nothing, in fact, is easier. The House of Commons is in only one sense a perfect Chamber: its composition is determinable by the general electorate. In every other respect it is inferior to the House of Lords, as a frail organism is inferior in every respect but life to an artistic machine. Fools, cranks, and criminals are not merely tolerated in the Commons, but they are even encouraged; and their presence often lowers the tone of thought and discussion in the popular Chamber to that of the Stock Exchange or of a club smoking-room. Fortunately, a higher public tone is insisted on among its leaders, who on the whole do observe the courtesies of civilisation; but these are frequently imperilled by the blatant vulgarity of their more extreme adherents. As for the composition of the Commons, it is largely plutocratic, and of the less cultured variety. Moreover, its legislative ability is of a low order. Only on the rarest occasions is anything great conceived. For the most part, its reforms are petty, ungenerous, and usually extorted.

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Contrast these characteristics with those of the House of Lords, and you see at once that on their surface merits the Lords have nothing to fear by the comparison. The House of Lords maintains its atmosphere at a higher degree of lucidity than prevails in the House of Commons. Its superior dignity goes without saying; and its comparative efficiency is proved by the celerity and ease with which it performs its share of legislation. Note, too, how the "backwoodsmen" are kept in the background, lest they should compromise by their too frequent appearance the reputation of their House. In the Commons it is usually the backwoodsmen who make the loudest noise, and thus attract the largest share of public attention. We can name five score of Commons' backwoodsmen; but which of our readers could name offhand half a dozen peers of the same type? That result has arisen from design as well as instinct, and is all in favour of the appearance, at least, of the House of Lords. But that distinction of Mommsen's must be kept in mind. By virtue of its principle of life the House of Commons has the future before it. The House of Lords has only the maintenance of its past.

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For this reason we are not disposed to regard as imminent the reform of the Lords by themselves. Not Lord Rosebery for all his influence will be able to induce the peers to abandon the hereditary for the elective principle. Consequently, we must assume the Lords to remain what they are, a body of legislators ruling by virtue of their class and birth; and it is with the relations between this body and the popularly elected body that the Government proposes now to deal. There is for democracy, as we have seen, only one relation possible in the absence of complete abolition; it is the subordination of the Lords to the will of the elected House. And that, we are glad to see, was the reply both of Lord Morley and of Lord Crewe, to the arguments of the Peers. The sole remaining question in our minds, however, is how to do it effectively, how to do it so that the job will last. And it is at this point that we find ourselves out of agreement with some of our friends. For they are inclined, we think, both to overestimate the actual forces behind them and to underestimate the forces against them.

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This is evident from their continued talk of guarantees. With a perfectly organised country behind them, Radicals would not need to plead or bully for guarantees. Guarantees would be forthcoming without demand, if, even, the Lords did not make them unnecessary by a voluntary surrender. It is the doubt that exists in the articulate mind of the country that is reflected in all this talk of guarantees. And it is to that doubt that we would put an end by a vigorous and single-pointed campaign such as Lincoln carried out before slavery was abolished. Pending such a campaign, the action of the Coalition in the House of Commons has no more than a tactical interest. It is politics, but it is not democracy; and at politics the Peers can play quite as well as Liberals. However, the issues will be a little clearer in a few days, by which time the text of the Government resolutions will be published. May we suggest that these should be printed on leaflets by the Liberal Publication Department and circulated broadcast as an invitation to the nation to follow the discussion?

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Mr. Massingham complains in the "Nation" that the present Liberal leaders are more inclined to please their political opponents than their political followers; and he instances the tactics of the Government on the Veto and the increased Naval Estimates. Regarding both, however, we are inclined to think that the Government have acted expediently if not by principle. Their chief defect has been that of refusing to take their friends into their confidence. On the question of the precedence of the Budget or the Veto, for example, the Government, we maintain, had a good case for putting the Budget first. The only argument against that case was the Irish Party, which has proved so far final. We still think, however, it will be a blunder to fight a General Election on an unpassed Budget as well as on a rejected Veto; and we are glad to believe that the Irish will see this at the last minute. As for the increase in the Navy Estimates, the considerations are a little more obscure. Mr. Massingham sees the advantage of disposing of the Navy as an electoral cry, thereby silencing scaremongers of the Blatchford type. But he does not see, nor did Mr. McKenna enlighten us, what views of foreign politics are involved in the increase.

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All we can do, as fair-minded people, is to put ourselves in the place of a Cabinet responsible not merely to the Liberal Party but to the country at large. What would England have its Government do? Undoubtedly the country would hail with enthusiasm the general limitation of armaments, the establishment of an international tribunal, and the creation of a world-police. But the country does not believe that these are immediately possible owing to the unwillingness of other countries to co-operate. Rightly or wrongly, the general view is that the rest of the world is not ready for the realisation of our own desires for peace. Consequently we must maintain our strength at an unchallengeable height. We confess that the only defect to our minds in this reasoning is its effect on our propaganda of peace. While we are relying on force, we neglect to prepare strenuously for reliance on reason. But that is due largely to the fact that instead of supporting peace our pacifists make war on war; a proceeding as useless as it is stupid. With the exception of the Labour Party, which, to its credit, maintains constant relations with the Labour parties of other countries, most of the so-called Little Navyites have no sort of bond of union with other countries. They rely merely upon their own sentiment to avert war when it threatens, never dreaming that the maintenance of international peace requires as strenuous (and, let us add, as expensive) a preparation as the conditions of war. If wars must be "engineered," so too must peace; and in the absence of the latter we must fall victims to the former.

* * *

The Labour Exchanges inaugurated by Mr. Churchill appear to be already justifying some of the hopes and few of the fears of their promoters and enemies. So long as they are regarded as merely a device for increasing the mobility of labour they have their place, and will continue to have their place under any system of industry. But even if the percentage of their suc-

cesses should prove to be double or treble their present promise, we cannot hope that they will solve the problem of unemployment. What few people realise is the fact that a margin, sometimes greater, sometimes less, of unemployment is absolutely indispensable to modern private industry. Paradoxical as it may sound, without unemployment there would be no employment—of the private order, that is; since labour would then become a monopoly with which only the State could deal. Mr. Buxton promised on behalf of the Government further instalments of the Minority Report on the Poor Law. These will infallibly work out in the direction above indicated. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

Foreign Affairs.

The German Social Democrats are pressing the Prussian and German Governments hard. In all the political moving and countermoving the Social Democrats have scored every point. Their leadership is magnificent. It is a pity the Labour Party cannot be led by such men as Bebel and his lieutenants. In Germany the reactionary parties are beaten in every political manœuvre. In England the Labour Party is tricked at every turn either by the Tories or the Liberals. Mr. Robert Blatchford becomes the tool of Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Balfour, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Keir Hardie are the faithful henchmen of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Robert Blatchford calls for "uncompromising independence." His "independence" takes the form of writing political pamphlets for the Tory Party. Mr. Keir Hardie asserts the "uncompromising independence" of the Labour Party. This "independence" is shattered to atoms by such a ridiculous exhibition as the Fair Wages Division. These pitiful incidents do not occur in Germany because the Social Democrats are intelligent and able men. The Franchise Bill has passed its third reading, but the Government has been forced to agree to the secret ballot, though the system of indirect voting has been upheld.

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The Social Democrats are continuing their determined agitation against this Bill. They have also carried a remarkable motion in the Reichstag. The German Chancellor at present is responsible to the Emperor, and not to the Reichstag. The Social Democrats proposed a resolution that a Bill should be introduced making the Chancellor responsible to the Reichstag and liable to impeachment. This motion was accepted by a narrow majority. Nothing will happen immediately, but it is a sign that the personal rule of the Kaiser is being steadily undermined. The German Chancellor has introduced a Bill admitting Alsace-Lorraine into the German Constitution as a federal province. The Bill provides for equal, secret, and universal franchise. The Prussians are naturally asking why Alsace-Lorraine should have a measure of electoral freedom which has been denied to Prussia! The "North German Gazette" described Herr Ledebour's speech, which was printed in last week's New Age, as treasonable. "Vorwarts" alleges that the Social Democratic leaders are to be prosecuted for their share in organising and conducting the franchise demonstrations. The German authorities would be very ill-advised to initiate such prosecutions, as an acquital would be certain; or popular indignation would be uncontrollable at a worked-up conviction.

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The Duez affaire is a tangled skein. There is no doubt that M. Millerand's position is not very satisfactory. It is supposed that he has been instrumental in shielding M. Duez and his accomplices from prosecution. The delay in removing M. Duez is one ugly feature of the case. The Government's attitude cannot be commended. M. Briand gained a Parliamentary victory, but victory of that character may result in an electoral defeat. Electors do not understand "tactics" when national honour is involved. M. Duez and his bedsheets at £160 a pair may cause a reaction in favour of Catholicism and Royalism. The Government has a bad record. The income tax and old age pensions have been delayed in the Senate with the connivance of M. Briand's Government. The Senate amended the Ballot Bill out of recognition, and defeated the decision of the Chamber to apply the new death duties towards old age pensions. The Government had a majority in the Senate, so that it cannot be acquitted of complicity in these dilatory proceedings. On the whole, the French elections point to some startling changes in the representation of parties.

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Europe has had a week of diplomatic canards. There have been rumours of a Russo-Bulgarian Alliance, a Turko-Bulgarian war, a Turko-Bulgarian alliance, a Balkan League, and an Austro-Russian *rapprochement.* Whoever has been responsible for circulating these reports has failed to elicit any response. There is some evidence that Austria and Russia are striving to reach an agreement; but the newly acquired affection of M. Isvolsky for Count Aehrenthal is not wearing well, because the fair charmers at Berlin are so active in displaying their superior virtues to the latter. Another *ballon d'essai* was the suggested Anglo-Japanese-American alliance. The Manchurian railway neutralisation project annoyed Japan; but the United States is being pushed on by the railway financiers, according to the "Neue Freie Presse," who are interested in the maintenance of their railway concession, which will shortly lapse. The neutralisation scheme is due to "time being of the essence of the contract." Unless neutralisation is agreed upon, China may seize the opportunity to play Russia, the United States, and Japan off against each other. The mail from the Far East has brought the text of the speeches made by the murderer of Count Ito and his accomplices before sentence was passed upon them. They used similar language to Dhingra, and justified their act on the ground of patriotism. "We have perpetrated a crime, sacrificing our lives, for the sake of the peace of the Orient and the independence of Korea. We were not actuated by personal sentiment." It is somewhat awkward for the teachers of patriotism that their lessons should be used to glorify murder and assassination. But there is no escaping the logic of the argument that a Korean who is a patriot is taught by patriotism to destroy those who oppress his country.

* * *

The bureaucracy which is misgoverning the British Empire has concocted another sedition ordinance. The *locus* this time is Southern Nigeria. No act of sedition has been committed in Southern Nigeria during the fifty years England has ruled. These are the terms of this precious document:—

> Whoever by words, either spoken or written, or by signs, or by visible representation, or otherwise, brings, or attempts to bring, into hatred or contempt, or excites, or attempts to excite, disaffection, disloyalty, or feelings of enmity towards his Majesty or the Government established by law in Southern Nigeria, or attempts to promote feelings of enmity between different classes of the population of Southern Nigeria, shall be punished with imprisonment, which may extend to two years, or with fine, or with both imprisonment and fine.

The reasons for suddenly rushing this ordinance through are most discreditable. There have been large defalcations of public funds, preceded by an expropriation of natives, whose houses were situated by the racecourse and interfered with the view of the races. Lord Crewe has sanctioned the setting up of an established church with a grant-in-aid of £480 per annum plus £5,000 towards the erection of the new church. Those concerned in the defalcations have vanished. Mass meetings of native taxpayers have been held to protest against this official corruption, but without avail.

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Mr. Reginald Enock has brought forward a novel theory of Imperialism. He suggests that the English Government should exploit the real estate of the Empire, and not leave the development of its rich natural resources to private companies. He argued that every municipality in Britain should acquire an area of the free land in the oversea dominions and hold

it in perpetuity as a heritage of the people. Certainly the Empire would then be an Imperial democracy, instead of a means of profit to "the Anglo-Judaic plutocracy" which is the curse of society. The County Council of Surrey would administer the industrial development of its province better than the Rothschilds or Wernher, Beit and Co. administer their concessions and mines. The treatment of the natives would be more humane.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

Mr. John Redmond.

IN the course of the constitutional struggle which has now lasted over nearly six months, the country has discovered that it possesses two statesmen who know their own minds, and are prepared to take a definite line. One is King Edward VII., and the other is Mr. John Redmond.

Mr. Lloyd George's Budget contained a distinct assertion of principles of taxation which, if they did not amount to Socialism, at all events were recognised by the enemies of Socialism as a step in that direction. Handicapped as those proposals were by an unfair attempt to "tack" a vindictive piece of teetotal legislation, they had no fair chance of receiving that general support from the country which every truly democratic measure is always certain of receiving in this country. The People's Budget would have swept the country; the Puritan's Budget met with rejection.

At the present moment that Budget is in a state of suspended animation, owing to the veto of the Irish Party. Mr. Redmond's policy throughout has been perfectly reasonable, sincere and straightforward, and his declarations have been the only utterances which the public has been able to rely on. He has declared that his party dislike the Teetotal taxes, but that they will submit to them on condition that the Liberal Party stands by its pledges. By taking up that attitude Mr. Redmond has rendered a greater service to Britain even than to Ireland, and it is amazing that any Labour member should be found to complain of it.

Were the Labour Party led by a statesman of Mr. Redmond's courage and clearness of conviction, instead of grumbling at the Irish Party, the Labour men would thankfully fall into line with them, and thereby further strengthen the hands of the only champion whom the British democracy can trust at the present moment. One or two Labour members have distinguished themselves by not going to a royal garden party. Are they aware that it is more than twenty years since the Irish Party definitely cut itself adrift from the flunkeyism of the Viceregal Court in Dublin? The independence of the Independent Labour Party is still a very modest thing beside that of the Nationalists.

The quality that distinguishes Mr. Redmond's party from the Liberals is chiefly courage. It is courage in which the Ministerialists have been wanting throughout. They have let slip opportunity after opportunity. They lost the final one on the morrow of the election. The "Daily News" has not obscurely hinted that it was the King, and not the Prime Minister, who changed his mind about the famous "guarantees" of the Albert Hall pledge. If that were so, the courageous course for the Ministry would have been to resign the moment they found the guarantees were not forthcoming. No adviser whom the King had called in would have ventured upon a fresh dissolution while the Orkney and Shetland return was still outstanding. For a few days the Cabinet was master of the situation, and hardly any reasonable demand could have been refused. Now it is too late, and another election has become not only practicable but inevitable. For the third time within little more than four years the Liberal Party will go bleating to the constituencies for a mandate and a majority to deal with the Lords, and the constituencies will respond by saying:—We are sick of giving you mandates that you disobey, and majorities that you dare not use.

Already a grave note of warning has been sounded in the quarter which the Ministry can least afford to disregard. The "British Weekly" is a religious rather than a political organ. It represents all that is most influential, and on the whole deservedly influential, in Nonconformity. Its readers are neither the most ignorant nor the most extreme section. Its editor has accepted a knighthood from Mr. Asquith. And now the "British Weekly" has condemned the Liberal Ministry as one of broken pledges and of opportunists who have missed their opportunities. Ministers have sacrificed everything to their Teetotalers, and now even the Teetotal Conscience has withdrawn its confidence in them. If they go to the country without the hearty support of the Nonconformists their fate will be pitiable indeed.

The "Daily Chronicle," which still perseveres with the ungrateful task of defending Ministers, has recently adumbrated a scheme of reform of the House of Lords which, it is suggested, will be laid before the constituencies by Mr. Asquith. Assuming that the constituencies can ever again be induced to put faith in any declaration of Mr. Asquith's, this programme is perhaps the least attractive that could possibly be offered to them. It is a purely parochial measure, inasmuch as it ignores the whole question of an Imperial Senate. Now it is significant that all the Colonial statesmen who have contributed to the discussion have taken the same line as THE NEW AGE in proposing that the Upper House (as it would then be worthy to be called) should be Imperialised by the admission of representatives from over sea. Sir Pieter Bam and Mr. Pember Reeves are of one mind as to the general principle. And the important consideration just now is that such a programme would command the confidence of the Irish Party, and should command that of the Liberals.

Every self-governing Colony—and we might safely add India as well—is in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. The late Cecil Rhodes, the founder of modern Imperialism, contributed £10,000 to Parnell's fund. Consequently every Colonial representative could be relied on to support the Irish demand. In addition, every Colony is Liberal. At the time of the Jubilee procession, when all the Colonial Premiers rode through London, every one was a Liberal Premier. There are no hereditary Chambers in the Colonies, no Established Churches, there is no feudalism, and very little clericalism outside the Roman Catholic ranks. Consequently the Colonial representatives, as a body, might be relied on to be generally on the side of progress. The English Liberal statesman who, knowing that, does not strain every nerve to obtain the inclusion of Colonial members in the Upper House must be, like Viscount Morley, a "true Conservative"—but a very untrue Liberal.

Mr. Redmond's last pronouncement is as straightforward, as wise, and as courageous as his previous ones, and may be taken to settle the fate of this Ministry and Parliament. He foresees an election, and he foresees defeat, and that being so he desires to get it over as soon as possible, in order to prepare for the future. The responsibility for this failure rests not on him and his followers, but on the Cabinet, and the section to whom they have surrendered.

The original policy of Mr. Asquith, after his party's defeat at the polls, there can be no doubt, was to frame such a general scheme for dealing with the House of Lords as might have commanded the confidence of the country, and possibly even met the approval of the King. Unfortunately he had to deal with followers who cannot work a sum in simple subtraction, and who believed that 270 was more than half of 670. This tyrannical minority believed itself strong enough to overpower King, Lords and Commons, to say nothing of the country, and carry through a greater revolution than the one of 1688. They have had their way, and by the time the dissolution comes Mr. Asquith and his colleagues will have drawn about £2,000 apiece in salaries, and burdened the country with a bloated naval armament.

That will be the net achievement of the present "Government." R. M.

The Right and Wrong of Marriage.

By Allen Upward.

THE Royal Commission now examining into the divorce laws affords an illustration of the difficulties which hamper every effort in the direction of sane legislation in this country.

The most prominent of the proposals before the Commission is one to grant the poor the same facilities as the rich in obtaining divorce. In principle no one can, and no one dares, to maintain that there should be one law for the rich and another for the poor. That being so, there is no apparent reason why an Act for the purpose of equalising the conditions should not be passed through both Houses of Parliament without opposition to-morrow or next day; and that is what would be done in any community entirely or mainly composed of people who were in their right mind. The appointment of a Royal Commission, therefore, is evidently due to the existence of some obstacle beneath the surface. It is, in fact, due to fear of the Pale Person

The Pale Person is the sunken reef that obstructs the navigation of all social and political reformers. In the present case we have to do with the ecclesiastical Pale Person, embodied in Lord Halifax and Lord Hugh Cecil and the Bishop of London. In the eyes of this party all divorce is unlawful, and having had to give way in the case of the rich, they are all the more anxious to make a stand in the case of the poor.

Many of the other proposals may be considered more open to criticism from a sensible standpoint. But such criticism or opposition is not the real object of apprehension. The Commissioners, and the witnesses before them, pretend to be discussing these reforms on their merits; but it is a pretence. What they really have in the back of their minds is the religious sentiment, represented by the party already indicated, supported on some points by the Free Church Council.

To put it plainly, there are in this country two diametrically opposite views of marriage, and a third view which occupies a middle place, and has been predominant up to the present. And the real question for the Commission is how far it is possible to make one view prevail over the others. These views may be described as the natural, the ascetic, and the puritan.

The natural, or heathen, view of marriage is, of course, that it is a means of obtaining children, in the interest alike of the parents and the commonwealth. Few persons are aware of the extent to which this view has survived among the working classes, and in outlying regions, beneath the Christian surface of society. There is a folk-law, older than any book-law, and representing the primitive law of Europe before its conversion to Christianity; and this folk-law lingers in the customs of the populace.

The natural view of marriage underlies the custom of betrothal, followed by coition. A young man and woman come together, as it were, to ascertain whether nature intends them to be husband and wife. If the result is favourable they proceed to a formal marriage, as a rule in time for their child to be "legitimate" according to the law of the State. If the coition proves unfruitful, they separate, each to go in search of another mate. Such is the custom known to exist in Wales, in Scotland, in many parts of England, and probably in Ireland, although to ascertain its full extent it would be necessary to have statistics of the births which occur in less than nine months after marriage.

Now by far the most striking fact disclosed before the Royal Commission is that the proportion of divorces closely corresponds to the number of children of the marriage. Divorces are most numerous in the case of childless marriages, that is to say, unions which are not marriages at all in the sight of nature; and where there are many children divorce practically does not occur. There could be no stronger evidence that the folk view of marriage is the sound and right one.

The folk law of divorce is well remembered, if only for its quaintness. The husband leads his wife into a market-place, with a rope round her neck, and sells her, with her own consent, to another man, for some nominal consideration, such as a shilling or a pot of beer, the ceremony operating as a divorce and re-marriage at the same time. There can be no doubt that this procedure has come down from pre-Christian times, and cases are on record of its being resorted to in the nineteenth century. It seems to have everything to recommend it, more especially the fact that it does not leave the divorced woman without support. There could be no better reform than to legalise this ancient custom, merely changing the venue from the market-place to the police or county court; but it is to be feared that no such simple and sensible proposal would have the slightest chance of acceptance.

Another custom which still survives in the Forest of Dean, and probably elsewhere, is that of assigning a wife on lease for a term of years. This is done when the husband is going to seek work elsewhere, and it has the advantage of providing for the wife's maintenance in his absence. A solicitor at Monmouth informed me that he had been asked to draw up a lease of this kind, and he was required to put in a proviso that the children of the union should be the property of the lessee. While answering legal queries in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News* some years ago, I received a question arising out of such a transaction, sent in perfect good faith by a correspondent who evidently believed that the contract was perfectly legal. The clause as to the children is instructive as showing that here again the parties to the union are not thinking of sensual indulgence, but of the procreation of offspring.

The ascetic, or strictly Christian, view of marriage is that it is the regulated indulgence of lust, an evil in itself, but a lesser evil than promiscuous fornication or tormenting desire. Paul puts it that it is better to marry than to burn, and the Church of England lays equal stress on the two objects, or excuses, of marriage, the procreation of children and the regulation of concupiscence.

The history of this view of marriage is worth tracing, because Christian morality in general is derived from two very different sources, which have been constantly confounded, and notably so by Nietzsche.

Asceticism, as distinguished from puritanism, may be traced back to India, where the Fijian custom of killing off the aged was replaced, perhaps in Dravidian times, by the slightly milder practice of turning them out into the forest to perish as their strength decayed. The religious spirit of the Hindus invested this custom with the character of a voluntary preparation for death, or rather the next life. At a certain age the householder handed over his worldly affairs to his eldest son, and retired into the forest to acquire merit with a view to his future transmigration, by passing the remainder of his time in semi-starvation and meditation.

There is no need to dwell on all the ways in which the ascetic idea penetrated the conscience of Europe. First came the Buddhist teaching by which all mankind were urged to embrace the ascetic life, no longer as a preparation for a single change, but as the means of reaching the end of all changes in Nirvana. The Stoics, and still more the Cynics, made the attempt to reconcile the Buddhist ideal with the European spirit, more materialist than the Hindu, and busied with this life rather than the one to come. The direct channel through which asceticism entered into Christianity, however, was the Essene sect of Jews.

The Essenes were distinguished by their belief in an approaching catastrophe, the end of the world, a belief still surviving among the Plymouth Brethren and other small Christian communities. With them the ascetic life was a preparation for this great change. That is the view which meets us in the Christian gospels, and especially in the Sermon on the Mount. Indulgent on

many points pertaining to the Mosaic ritual law, the morality of the gospels, and indeed of the whole New Testament, is strongly biassed against marriage, as an institution clearly superfluous on the eve of Doomsday.

The failure of this expectation left the Christian Church still in a highly anti-social frame of mind *as regards marriage*. It may be laid down as the one cardinal principle which distinguishes Christian from natural morality, and the Christian from the man of the world, that the Christian professes to consider this life as having for its chief end preparation for the life to come. It follows from such a view that marriage is still tolerated rather than encouraged. Even the Protestant and Puritan Bunyan makes his Christian forsake wife and children in order to save his own soul.

The extreme example of the Christian life was furnished by the hermits of the Dark Age, who faithfully reproduced the original condition of the Hindu ascetics of whom they can never have heard. A not less striking parallel is that between the Hindu householder, retiring into the forest, and the series of Saxon kings who laid down their crowns, to go and spend their last years in a monastery at Rome. There could be no clearer testimony to the source of Christian asceticism.

The ascetic life, originating in the perfectly natural way we have seen, has proved to have a singular attraction for others than the aged and worn-out. We shall probably be right in thinking that those whom it fascinates are occasionally men and women of morbid temperament. Regarded as voluntary madhouses, the Catholic monkeries and nunneries seem deserving of the utmost respect. It is otherwise, of course, when they degenerate into prisons for the unwilling, or almshouses for the lazy; and they call for the very strictest supervision when they presume to undertake the responsible work of education. It would be difficult to exaggerate the evil done by so-called Protestants, whose insane railing against the religious life in general has rendered impossible the formation of a sound public opinion on the subject of monastic schools and orphanages.

It is significant that the Catholic Church names the monastic class "religious," and speaks of taking the vows as entering into the religious life,—thus recording her sense of the true Christian teaching, and marking the "secular life" as a compromise with the world.

The Evangelical Churches, as it happens, use very similar phraseology to distinguish the Christian by conversion from the Christian by canon law, the former being said to have "got religion." Yet there is a vital difference between the Evangelical and the Catholic morality, and it comes out most clearly on this very question of marriage. The difference is ab initio.

Just as asceticism is connected with old age, so puritanism is connected with youth. It may be traced back to the ordeal through which the boys of many a savage tribe are compelled to pass at the age of puberty. The young Red Indian, like the aged Hindu, is sent out into the forest to fast and meditate, as a preparation for rebirth. But in the American case the anchorite is "born again" only in the Christian sense of a spiritual change. Nothing can be closer than the external resemblance between the two trainings; nothing can be farther apart than the underlying motives. Asceticism is a training for death, but puritanism is a training for life; one looks heavenward and the other earthward.

Such is the explanation of the opposition between the ascetic and the puritan view of marriage, and of that fundamental antagonism between Catholic and Protestant morality which has been felt rather than understood.

In face of the anti-militarist preaching of our own Puritans, it is amusing to recall that the original puritanism of savage and barbarous races was entirely military in its purpose. Puritan morality, in short, is athletic morality, and the restrictions it imposes are imposed in order to promote the physical health and strength of the devotee. The oarsman in training for a race, and the prize-fighter in training for a fight, live according to the strictest precepts of the Nonconformist Conscience. Nor is this truth altogether lost sight of by the Sunday School teacher, in his insistence on the worldly advantages of living a "good life." In the same way, although the Nonconformists have shown some jealousy of the Boy Scout movement, on account of its supposed militarist tendency, we find hardly a line in General Baden-Powell's book which might not have been written by Mr. W. T. Stead or the author of "What a Young Girl Ought to Know."

The great puritans of the pre-Christian world were the Spartans, who submitted to a rule of life almost monastic in its severity, and certainly much stricter than that observed by any Protestant sect, solely in order that they might be more formidable to their foes. The standard of the ancient Romans was at least as strict as that of the English Puritans, and, combined with their liberal policy towards alien immigrants and subject races, it gave them the empire of the Mediterranean world.

Zarathustra appears to have done for puritanism what the Buddha did for asceticism; he erected it into a proselytising religion. His most famous converts were the Jews, who absorbed the puritan spirit from their Persian masters, and infused it into their religious and political economy. Like other religions, Judaism is burdened with many useless survivals in the form of arbitrary and meaningless tabus, but on the whole its morality makes for health and racial longevity, as the history of the Jews has amply proved.

It is hardly necessary to remark on the conflict between this Zoroastrian-Jewish morality and the Buddhist-Christian ideal, which fills so much of the New Testament. In the end the Church emancipated itself from much of the ceremonial law of Judaism, but on the other hand puritanism ousted asceticism as the general rule of Christian life. Even the celibacy of the clergy was instituted by the Roman Church for prudential and political reasons, rather than from any ascetic motive.

Zarathustra himself was a man of northern race, and may be regarded as practically a European. Accordingly we find that in exact proportion as Christianity receded from its original seats in Asia and Africa, and invaded the Baltic basin, so did the Zoroastrian, or Aryan, ideal assert itself, till it finally broke with asceticism altogether in the Lutheran revolt. That revolt, it is not enough remembered, was essentially a protest against the morality of the Catholic Church, and not against its superstition. The first doctrine which the Protestant rejected was the forgiveness of sins. At the same time the underlying spirit of the revolt was shown in the attack on monastic life. It is true that the monks and nuns were accused of being false to their vows, but what the Protestant really objected to was the vows themselves. His aim was not to enforce a stricter standard of purity, but a laxer one. He drove the inmates of the cloister out into the world, and ordered them to marry. It is the same anti-Christian feeling which inspires the anti-monastic preaching of the English Protestant to-day.

Men's motives are mixed, even as their blood is mixed, and thus there is an ascetic element in English Puritanism, and a puritan element in English Catholicism. But, broadly speaking, the Evangelical Churches (including the Evangelical party in the national Church) represent the Zoroastrian ideal, and the Anglicans represent the Christian ascetic one. The question of celibacy throws them into sharp opposition, as we see in their respective attitudes towards the remarriage of divorced persons. But from neither can we expect a fair and candid consideration of the whole subject, because both approach it under the influence of religious sentiment.

During the present generation, therefore, it seems hopeless to attempt to frame a scientific law of marriage. We do not desire, indeed, to legislate for the Pale Person, who will always be at perfect liberty to impose whatever restrictions he pleases on himself. The question is how much liberty to live reasonably the Pale Person can be induced to grant to us. That is the question for the Royal Commission, and we must leave it to its unhappy task.

Architects and the Public.

By W. Shaw Sparrow.

THERE has been for at least a century far and away too much freedom in the public arts of building; public, because architecture, whether good or bad, is never private or concealed, unlike books, which can be hidden in boxes and cupboards, unlike pictures, which can be either stored in dark lumber-rooms or painted out, and unlike music, which is silent without interpreters. And because architecture is for ever on view in its permanent exhibition in the open air, we know at once the people to whom it belongs, whether they love art and cultivate the mind without loss of manliness, or delight in makeshifts, in hurried ideals, fretful economies, and habits of weak compromise.

For these reasons, no doubt, architecture ought to be put under a proper kind of national discipline, in order that it may be guided by the best minds in its great function as a public historian. Underbred manners and the over-weening bombast of trade customs should not be left undirected in the meaner kinds of building, to the injury of towns and of country nooks, if only because unhandsome places keep away the money that holiday-makers bring and spend. But it is clear also that when art is put under official routine there is a grave fear that its work will be stereotyped, hardened into a frigid monotony. Who can imagine Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Plato, at ease and wide awake in a department of the London County Council? He would wish to go home, like Emerson's little boy when a circus tried to amuse him. And is it at all likely that architects of genius would be taught the time of day by any official clockwork devised by men who are not their equals in artistic perception? A War Office in the domain of art would be terrible.

The discipline we need here is not that of the lay-figure minds of officialism. It should be wielded mainly by those who have the greatest knowledge and experience of architecture as a national education, since we need at all times the best design and work to be got within the limits set by a policy of finance. It is to the Royal Institute of British Architects that each town should look for help and guidance. But, first of all, certainly, there should be a congress to unravel intricate questions: What must be avoided; where do the many needs of art and civic policy conflict; which are the most pressing requirements of town-planning, and by what sort of committee should watch and ward be kept over plans designed for public squares and thoroughfares? Wrong discipline here would be worse even than no discipline, from which we have suffered too long. And hole-in-the-corner politics in bricks and mortar have already come by their own in the London County Council.

Unhappily, too, architects are unable to protect themselves. Union is the last necessity that artists think about. They look at things from so many points of view that they talk and wrangle far too much, till their energy for action becomes as futile as evaporated steam. Then they say: "We're artists, individualists." A moment later, having forgotten that remark, they add: "We haven't a chance; there are so many forces against us." Just so. The unorganised go down before the charging big battalions. As authors fear publishers, yet never set on foot a publishing firm of their own, so architects, despite their poor hopes for the future, neither become their own contractors nor try to encounter with practical courage the tactics of competing shop companies bolstered up by advertisements. Odd and pathetic! Why is it that artists cannot produce a strategist, a great organiser, their own Lord Kitchener?

Consider the following facts. We have in Great Britain at the present time artist-craftsmen as good as any to be found among their forerunners. Yet their work is known to very few home-makers. They have not the reputation of third-rate cricketers and pugilists. And it is their own fault. Each one, isolated, is in competition with many large factories, which turn out for advertised sale many tons of work in his own line, but of very inferior merit. Little by little he does attract a client, but his outlook is cramped, narrow, and vague. To attack single-handed a great competing trade is plucky, but futile. *Why* should he fight alone? He ought to belong to a guild of artist-craftsmen, having in all big towns its own workshops and public showrooms. The best in the home arts cannot possibly thrive if it remains unpublic, little known; and since architects and craftsmen are scattered and distributed, they should organise at once and be men. I receive letters now and again from all parts of the country asking me questions about house-furnishing. "Who makes the best table glass?" "Where are the finest carpets to be bought?" "Please send me the name of a first-rate architect living not far from this neighbourhood." "I want the address of Mr. Gimson, or of another great maker of furniture." These questions, and many others, all poke fun at the far-scattered disorganisation of the household arts, as distinguished from factory trades for the home.

Further, why is it that so many persons employ builders rather than architects? And why do rate-payers, even in these days of jerry-building, buy houses without good advice from an architect? I have put these questions to many layfolk, and the answers have been always the same. I am told that builders are better known, that they are practical, and that really an architect's position and charges are very hard to understand. More often than not I find a layman has consulted Whitaker, and finds that an architect's fees include *five per cent. on the total cost of production* if that cost exceeds £1,000. And I notice that men of business object to that uncommon usage. An architect, they contend, is a financial adviser, and as such he should not earn his bread by a percentage on the cost of production. He should be in a position to suggest alterations to accepted plans without provoking suspicion in a client's mind. If the act of spending money is to increase a man's income, why should a client trust his adviser? The progress of building-work, as a rule, suggests a good many modifications, involving extra expenses; and your client is likely to say to you, "Well, yes; I suppose we ought to do these things; but, then, they try to feather your nest; you get 5 per cent. of the extra cost."

These are the views expressed by men of business, practical men of the world, and I cannot see that architects will gain by holding opinions of a different kind. They serve to live, they live to please; but what can they lose in prestige if they fix minimum fees for this and that, and then win for themselves reputation rewards like those which fall to the lot of great barristers and painters?

In the fifteenth century an architect was engaged for a single job, he got a fixed salary with board and lodging; he was fined if he took more than a given number of holidays in a quarter; and all this old discipline would be of use now to young men, for too much freedom at the beginning of a career in art unfits the mind for concentration. Few young architects know the dogged self-control required week by week for months in the writing of a book. That is one reason why success prompts them to undertake many commissions at a time, and to employ many assistants in large and expensive offices. This error of judgment is noticed and disliked by laymen. A country gentleman said a little time ago: "If I buy from Tadema a beautiful picture of Roman life, and pay him £3,000, I know for certain not only that the work is entirely his own, but that he has given to it months of undivided thought and loving care. On the other hand, if I build myself a house for £60,000, I am likely to hear that my famous architect at the same moment has several such houses in hand, as well as a large public building. Is that any pleasure to me? Am I satisfied with occasional visits from my chosen servant? I would sooner pay him four or five thousand pounds and have all his time for a year. I am afraid of a large office staff in architecture, as I am of school pictures by Rubens."

That is a criticism that architects should weigh with care, because the best patrons demand most for liberal payment. Is the profession of architecture then outside the common etiquette of business among good employers?

The Awakening.

(In Westminster Abbey.)

By Judah P. Benjamin.

A SONG OF DEMIURGUS.

When the Erl king dreams
All the elfins laugh,
When the Eagle screams
Then the goblins quaff
From brimming horns the wine of death,
And madness rules the earth.

When the banshee sings,
In the gloom of night,
O'er the graves of kings
In the glow worm's light,
The demiurge wakes from his trance
And leads in Mammon's mighty dance.

Then all around, around they go,
Was ever death exalted so!
In folly's maze they whirl and sip
The sweets from passion's poison lip,
And in a madding circle swing,
Like some great dragon on the wing.

Now once again the banshee sings:
'Twill be when three the New Year brings;
Now once again the elfins laugh,
'Twill be when Eagles rule the half
Where once by Mammon's mighty jaw
Fashion and greed defied the law.

A VOICE FROM THE POETS' CORNER.

Saviour, Saviour, out of the rock of sorrow
All the fountains of the world do flow;
Behold the plough of anguish in each furrow!
The people weep while desert wastes they sow.

Saviour, O Saviour! all the great are reaping
In Mammon's fields the sheaves of golden grain,
With want and hunger all the world's a-weeping,
While festive music drowns the voice of pain.

A VOICE FROM THE PIERIDES.

The soul of melody is hovering nigh
With melancholy smile and tender sigh;
Around the ruins of memory she lingers,
And with Æolian fingers
Touches the worn and weary strings
That sleep in windless aisles on high.
Over the ruins of souvenirs she sings,
And with a breath of rapture flings
The magic tones through field and air,
O'er valley, stream, and haunted hills,
That wrap the wingless soul's despair;
And with her mystic lute she fills
The sleeping world with dreams of light.
Through endless regions of the night.

First Judge:
Is it time for judgment, O ye shadows,
That glide beneath the moonbeams' chilly glow,
Musing in mute remorse through silent naves
In frenzied doubt 'twixt twilight and the morn?
Is it time for judgment, O ye phantoms,
Whose thought in wisdom's muteness now exists
But as a sleeping thing roused by soft airs
That play upon the heart-strings of despair?

Second Judge:
Is the dispensation closed for ever
That stamped with pompous pride your haughty brows,
Your bloodless hearts, your pulseless love and praise,
Your lives without a breath of passion pure?

Third Judge:
Is this the dawn or twilight's brooding wings
Folding in owl-like stillness o'er the dead
To compass yet another dreary age?
Is this the dawn, or has another night
Begun a cycle of delirious sleep,
Winding in serpent-coils these mouldy shrouds
Around the listless bodies in the tombs?

First Judge:
The sap that fills the coursing veins with fire,
The eye with light, the lips with life and love,
Is wanting here amidst this halting throng,
Whose shapes are void of vision, for they dwell
In souvenirs that flash across the mind
Of far-off scenes and incidents of time,
Where mortals merged into immortal things;
These reminiscent shades no will possess
To mind the ship of fate, whose sails are set
To catch all winds, both fair and foul, that blow.

Second Judge:
See! their eye-balls roll, their lips are parted
To speak the words that none shall utter here;
Their boneless fingers clasp the crumbling shrouds
And tattered robes that fold the famished throng.

First Voice from the Tombs:
My crown is turned to spikes of steel
That rust in furrowed ruts of pain.
Upon my throbbing head I feel
The hail of heaven's rain.

Second Voice:
The musk that from my mantle wove
Illusive scenes of scented state
And honeyed compliments of love
Sicken my soul with hate.

Third Voice:
The rubies and the opals on
My crown are turned to serpents' eyes,
That cast a horrid light upon
The shrouds of bloody dyes.

Fourth Voice:
The ermine's cold as snow and hail
Upon the lonely mountain height,
The purple of my robe is pale
As lilacs in the night.

Fifth Voice:
Sighs, laughter, pain and pleasure seem
Now near, now distant, things appear
Far off as in a mystic dream,
And fill my soul with fear.

Sixth Voice:
Take off the mantle and the crown,
This sceptre is no staff of life;
The passing show that brought renown
Has vanished in the strife.

The Abbey slowly fills with spirits rising for judgment.

First Voice:
Their names, their titles! What are these skulking forms
That stalk like human wolves aroused too soon
From lethargy and license of the maw
After a night's debauch? Where stand their names
In bloody dyes stamped on the book of Life?
In what season, century, epoch trace

The foulness or the failings of their rule?
What are their names, their titles, their accounts,
And who those forms that with uncertain gait
Advance with jealous look and halting step?

SECOND VOICE:
Kings and knights and knaves of valorous mien,
Mailed warriors who wielded battle axe
And vengeful sword and sabre flings of death,
Bold captains of the nation's burnished fleet,
Bronzed by the sun and surf of distant seas,
And queens and queenly beauties and their friends,
Learnèd and ignorant, worldly and wise,
Bishops and ministers in mimic state,
Whose robes were modelled in the offices
Of faith and fashion—here they waiting stand;
Victor and vanquished now in wistful pause
Waver like beams of light on silent wolds,
When as the scudding drifts with boreal chill
Veil the last rays of autumn's dying year.

FIRST VOICE:
And who is this, the palest of the pale,
Last of the languid host who trembling walks
Supported by two forms in tattered folds
Of faded tartan tints that trail the ground?
Her pallor e'en exceeds in bloodless hue
The famished faces loosed from hungry vaults
Gliding in mute expectancy and awe,
Like dreams embodied on abandoned shores
Beside the haunted desert of the soul.

CHORUS OF VOICES:
Hark, how the trump is sounding loud and long!
Under the vaulted nave, o'er tomb and aisle;
In solemn pomp, softly the dying wail
Sweeps o'er the phantom multitudes re-born;
The willing marble thrills with sacred sounds
That echo through the cloisters of the dead;
And sweeter now, in pæans and in hymns,
Celestial voices breathe o'er vaulted crypt
A breath of holy passion and relief.

A VOICE FROM THE POETS' CORNER:
Oh, how this music moves the longing heart's desire,
And old and wistful dreams revive with heavenly fire,
Now through the mystic aisles the wondrous echoes roll
That bring the heart relief and raise the fainting soul.

[*Marie Stuart appears, supported by two forms in shrouds of tartan.*]

FIRST JUDGE:
Approach! Approach the altar's sacred bar
Whence flows the aura of the word divine
That giveth peace and will and love and life;
Advance and take thy place for evermore
Among the children of the heavenly rest.

VOICE OF THE SEER:
None speak, but thought takes form and all desires,
Yearnings, covert and covetous, that slept,
Rise up like bees o'er bowers of empty bloom
To seek for nectar where the canker worm
Has taken all the sweetness from the flower;
In whirling circles dart, in magic maze
And wild confusion, hissing through the air,
The spectral thoughts rush in, and out, and round,
Belched from the bonds of dreadful destiny,
As ribs of steel burst from the seething steam.

The clammy mould that binds their aching brows
Grows heavier with increasing dust of years;
In pyramidal calm and dread repose,
Illusive images distress and quail
The soul by awful sights that rise and fall
Where gaping vistas without end dissolve
On surging seas of phosphorescent light,
That glimmer on the tidal waves of time,
Or sweep eternal through night's dreaded gulf.

[*Henry VIII. appears, supported by two forms in bishop's robes. They stagger up from the depths of the Abbey through the multitude, who gaze in silence and horror.*]

SECOND JUDGE:
Here they come! Stand aside! Let them come up!
Give them room to move, as they walked the earth,
Freely, without hindrance; for they are robed,
And would walk as they once did, in glory.
Give them full room and let the mournful shades
In proud procession glide, till they attain
The final realm of Mammon, dust and ashes!
Hail to the pomp of Time's illusive show!
They have a mien and meaning all their own;
Such pride belongs to avarice and dreams
Of conquest and the sights and sounds of sense;
The tinsel on their robes has colour yet,
For such is sight and form, illusion's work,
And precedent and all that bears its name;
But limp the garments hang, all substance gone,
That caused them like the peacock's plumes to swell
And form an arc of green-eyed vanity.
Dreams within dreams, shades upon shadows fall;
The pallid pomp of power, once pitiless,
Comes like a gliding plague to fill the air
With the old odours of anointed things
That call the spirit back to form and sense
And all the worldly state possession claims.
Oh, what a waking dream that lets us look
With open eyes on pride so ghastly grown!
That lets us stand upon a brink and gaze
At the dread chasm that separates our age
From sceptred horrors in such spectral forms.

CHORUS OF VOICES:
Waft them away beyond oblivion's brink
And in Nepenthe's name a censer swing
In smoke of incense with the odour gone,
To wrap in sable hues the fading hosts,
And waft them from the shores of Life and Time.

A VOICE:
Let us go hence; this is no place
To sit and see such phantom pageants move
Like vapours rising in the moonlit air
From depths that hide the frail and frightful forms
Of soulless eyes and bodies without heart.
God in His wisdom bids His saints return
At a fixed hour; the limit of endurance
Is writ upon the scroll of Fate's decree;
Our songs have been as whispers in a night
Of long and wistful silence; let us up,
And go where we can see the light of dawn!
Cycles of time and ages move around
The centre of fixed periods, æons move
On æons, and the Law eternal reigns
That was, that is, and shall be evermore.
As ripened fruit into the apron falls
The hour of holy promises at last
Falls in Time's lap, and then the waiting soul
Eats of the heavenly manna of the word.

TO FRANCIS GRIERSON.

Thy feet have found the pathway thro' the maze,
Nor strange to thee, World-wanderer, is the road
That leads thy trusting steps to the abode
Of all creations empery. There stays
Some magic with thee from thy early days,
Some tender touch an angel hath bestowed
To keep thy Spirit young, a love that glowed
And glows in glory still about thy ways.

At thy right hand a cherub, at thy left
A seraph with a song serene; and thou,
O soul, that knows not pain nor any fear,
Hast made their lore and love the mystic weft
Of all thy weaving, worthy to endow
The form of Truth herself till she appear.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

The Philosophy of a Don.

I.—Concerning Heretics.

THERE comes a time in the history of every man—and, I suppose, of every woman, too—when he, or she, feels the need of a theory of life: what people call a creed or a philosophy. The helmsman, or helmswoman, must know whither he, or she, is directing the boat; a mere pulling of the oars, be it ever so vigorous, is not of much use.

I feel that I have reached that time; for I celebrated my twenty-fifth anniversary last month, and simultaneously my election to a Fellowship at St. Mark's College, Oxbridge. Therefore, I consider that the moment has come when I ought to record, for the benefit of my contemporaries and of posterity, my attitude towards the universe.

I will begin with some well-considered criticism of a character that has become somewhat too common of late—a character to whose activity on the stage of modern life may, I hope not unjustly, be traced most of our modern problems, perplexities, and sorrows—I mean the Heretic.

The dictionary definition of a heretic, I find, is "a person who holds principles at variance with the established, or generally received, principles of thought or conduct." This seems to me both prolix and inadequate. I would rather venture to describe the heretic as a person who suffers from an incurable proclivity to make decent people's flesh creep; which is an uncharitable and abominable pastime—unsocial, unChristian, unEnglish; in one word, ungentlemanly. For, I take it, it is the essence of gentlemanliness to walk soberly between the traces of tradition; it is the essence of heresy to be for ever kicking over the traces. It is the essence of gentlemanliness to practise an economy and secrecy of the emotions; it is the essence of heresy to do both its laughing and its crying aloud in the streets—or, maybe, on the stage. It is the essence of gentlemanliness to spare other people's feelings; it is the essence of heresy to outrage those feelings. A gentleman, I admit, may be eccentric in externals; but in all the things that matter he is a conformist. To him self-restraint and even self-suppression are qualities of greater value than self-expression or self-assertion; and reticence a far higher virtue than the habit of gush and gossip popularly called eloquence.

Now, the heretic is the very antithesis of all this. He is aggressively scornful of received opinion. He will have nothing to do with recognised standards of thought, except to denounce and defy them. The view that every sensible man of the world holds is precisely the view he is determined to contradict; his self-appointed part in life's solemn melodrama being that of denier of all commonly accepted creeds, conventions, and traditions, and disturber-in-chief of all equanimities.

To the heretic, whatever is is wrong, and he does not hesitate to say so, for his courage is as amazing as his want of tact, and both are nicely calculated to irritate his opponents and to make his friends uncomfortable. He seems to have been born crying "No!" and to have never got over it. He readily acknowledges the authority of law—upon others. *They* must be moralised into automata; *he* is to be allowed to go his own way—undisciplined, undecalogued, unsubdued, and unfettered: a lion among men—a law to himself and a nuisance to everybody else.

The natural measure of the heretic's success is the amount of repugnance he inspires in others. In the good old days he performed a social service of some value: he supplied the fuel Inquisitorial bonfires were fed with. Now he is simply treated as if he carried in his pocket the germs of all the plagues that have ever afflicted humanity. He moves through life mysterious, un-understood, unloved, and alone, neither giving nor receiving sympathy; an object of universal suspicion—most cordial when least declared—in short, as a sort of glorified pariah. It was, no doubt, of him that the poet said:

> You say that the highest are ever alone,
> Like the peaks and the stars that are lonely.
> We agree that the region you claim as your own
> Be not only your own, but yours only.

My friend Shav is one of these melancholy solecisms, these proud outcasts who live and move and have their being alone. He is not content, like the cultured comedians with whom our playgoers are so well acquainted, to attack the light foibles, the little peculiarities, and the microscopic sins of the daily routine. No, Shav's condemnation is built on a far grander scale. His shafts are directed not at the abnormal and local, but at the normal and the eternal. Nothing, or very little, in the whole world pleases him. He is an impatient, impetuous, and impenitent anti-everything. Recklessly, lightly, supermannishly he drives his critical chariot over all our cults, crushing under its irresponsible wheels all our cherished beliefs and making havoc of all our established moralities. The impression of anyone who accepted Shav's valuation of things—if anyone could be found so superlatively foolish—would be that this island of ours is the saddest region in the whole of the solar system. Everybody here seems to him to be either a rogue, or a downtrodden victim, or, at best, a lunatic.

In brief, Shav is a heretic of the largest, most unsparing, and most unelastic type. This will become abundantly clear from the following Platonic dialogue which I had with him the other day.

"The part of heretic," said I, "has often been a famous, and even infamous, part in the world's history, and certainly, Shav, you have some of the courage and bad taste required for playing it. But those who have played it successfully had something more than that."

He naturally wanted to know what that additional attribute was. Whereupon I spoke thus:—

"You cannot criticise others effectively unless you yourself have some settled ground of criticism. If you are bent on exploding conventions, the first thing needful is to have your feet set firm on fact. And that means recognising the indestructible and eternal realities which always lie at the root of the destructible and ephemeral conventions. When Archimedes offered to move the earth he stipulated for a place to stand on."

"I don't quite see why you should drag poor Archimedes out of his grave," said Shav, with a laugh. "I don't at all approve of the hyena-like habit you dons have of exhuming old Greek and Roman corpses to prop up your arguments with. It isn't nice. But let us go on with our discussion. You people talk about indestructible realities and facts. Very well, I presume I am as real and indestructible a fact as yourselves. I have my convictions, you have your conventions. You may be right, or I may be right; or we all may be right, or we all may be wrong—which, by the way, is much more likely. Anyhow, that question does not affect the case in the least. To be on good terms with yourself—that is the one and only thing that matters."

"In the same way you might argue," said I, "that a freak, because it is as real a fact as the type which it disgraces, should presume to be taken as a fair representative of the type itself."

"You are a victim of your own metaphors, my dear fellow; what you call a freak I would call an individual. Of course," he added, with a smile of exasperating tolerance, "I do not expect civilised people to appreciate the difference. Civilised people are like so many millions of eggs laid by one great goose—all encased in conventional shells of the same colour and pattern; all smooth, bald, and uniform. If, by some untoward

temperamental accident, one of the embryo goslings ventures to break through its shell and to behave like a creature not absolutely devoid of individuality, it is at once pounced upon by the other goslings as a freak—a presumptuous, precocious, horrid, unbearable offspring of an addled egg! 'Let everyone be like everyone else'—this is the Alpha and the Omega of your civilisation. *Degeneres animos timor arguit:* civilised people lack even that lowest form of moral courage which enables a savage to be immoral—they have no individuality!"

"What, then," I asked, "is that boasted individuality, and what the happiness derived therefrom?"

"It is the highest form of mind to be found on this terrestrial plane," Shav replied; and then he added, modestly, "And on this plane it is very God."

"Oh!" said I, with a gasp.

"Yes," said he, with a smile; "individuality, as my moral adviser puts it, is the very life-blood of greatness. Let all your activities come from your own being—stamp upon things your own image and superscription, deify yourself; and though the world may despise you, deride you, excommunicate you, crucify you, in the end it will forgive you all your superiority, adopt all your heresies, make complete surrender, and worship you. All the dogmas of to-day were once heresies. So says my moral adviser, and I think he is right. But, even if the world never does any of these fine things, it makes little difference. We cannot all be happy. Some of us must be content with being merely great."

I ventured to hint at the existence of such a thing as common-sense. "All other gifts," I pointed out, "are of secondary value; for if they are wedded to common-sense they may be productive of something useful, but if divorced from common-sense they are barren and dangerous."

Shav laughed—the merry, irritating laugh of obstinate unconviction.

"Common-sense," he said, "is safe; it cannot fall, for it has nothing to fall from. It is the lowest floor of intelligence—the floor on which all the slowest minds of the age meet and bore one another to smug, sleepy self-complacency. Progress has no deadlier enemy than your common-sense. The whole of history proves it. Common-sense was the Athenian jury which sentenced Socrates to death; Christ was crucified by the common-sense of the Synagogue; and it was common-sense that denounced Darwin in our own time. Common-sense is the eternal Pharisee."

"Still," I urged, "you must have some fixed standard of judgment. Common-sense, it seems to me, is just that."

"That is just what it is not," retorted Shav. "Even the ground floor is liable to earthquakes. To-day's common-sense is not the common-sense of three hundred years ago. Three hundred years ago it was common-sense to believe that the sun goes round the earth, and Galileo was very nearly roasted alive for daring to differ. To-day it is common-sense to believe that the earth goes round the sun, and the Zetetists—if you have ever heard of the tribe—are laughed at as monomaniacs for venturing to hold the opposite view. It all comes to this: common-sense will never accept a truth until it is vulgarised into a truism. It puts me in mind of that toothless, decrepit old beast in the nursery tale that could not eat his fodder until it had been thoroughly masticated by his more vigorous neighbours. In one word, my dear fellow, common-sense is an ass!"

"That may be so," said I, undismayed, "but you must remember that the world is ruled by that ass. When you are at Rome, you must think, or at least act, as the Romans do. Try to hide it as much as you like, I know, Shav, that you would hate to be cut off from the world. You love the world, and you cannot live without an audience."

"Why, I love the world well enough as a listener. I don't want it for a master. The world is all very well in its proper place . . . ."

"Which, I suppose, is to provide a conventionally dull background for your luminous personality," said I, sarcastically, for I can be terribly sarcastic when I am roused.

"Precisely," he answered, serenely. "These are the first sensible words you have spoken for a week."

With that he left me.

Well, for my part, I am glad to be able to say that I have nothing in common with Shav and his heresies. I am not great enough to be careless, nor small enough to be reckless of public opinion. I have a certain character for respectability to maintain, and I cannot afford the luxury of individuality. I am a don.

Impressions of Italy.

By Francis Grierson.

I.

THE bane of the modern travelling world is to be found in the tendency to see people, climate, countries, and art through someone's tinted spectacles, and, above all, by the aid of someone's guide-book. Italy has suffered more than any other country from the guide-book pest. Few sightseers are able to give you a vivid personal impression of people and things in this country. Even learned travellers before coming to Italy think the proper thing to do is to steep their minds in books about this or that art, this or that city, until they are so full of the opinions and sensations of others they have no place for personal feeling or personal opinion. It would be instructive to find out how many Anglo-Americans have steeped their brains in Ruskin before coming to Italy, how many Germans have been hypnotised by Goethe's impressions, how many novel readers have made themselves drunk on Madame de Staël's Corinne before seeing this most individual of all countries.

The only people who escape this blunder are the French. It is all but impossible to fool a Frenchman in this way; he persists in being influenced by his own impressions. He makes use of a guide-book only for the routine details. Another fatal drawback is to come to Florence expecting to see the Florence of Dante. There is about as much relation between Dante's age and the present as there is between Shakespeare's age and the age of Dickens. The fact that Italians dress like other people and in the modern fashions ought to be sufficient to bring people to their senses in this matter. What concerns me when I walk in the Lung Arno is what the living people look like, what they are doing, and what they think. Americans too often come to Italy possessed with the rage of Ruskin, not at his best, but at his worst. Foreign visitors rarely see a thing as a whole. Their impressions are just as often wrong as right, and some of the supposed authorities are positively colour-blind. There are writers on Italy who are unable to distinguish the difference in shades of trees, hills, sky, and atmosphere. The actual colour of the olive tree, seen at a little distance, is not green but a neutral grey; seen close at hand it becomes a grey-green. The cypress at a little distance is what artists call a terre-vert, and under a cloudy sky a cypress grove comes much nearer being black than any shade I ever saw in the Black Forest of Baden. There is what one might call a fixed orthodox superstition about Italy. The superstition is imbibed not in Italy, but long before people come here. This perversion teaches the horde of visitors to smile or weep at the wrong things and in the wrong places. Ruskin's exaggerations have had and are still having much to do with this far-fetched sentimentality. Ruskin, in about eighty per cent. of cases, is admired not for his real beauty as a writer, not for his rare æsthetic penetration, but for his errors of judgment. As for the lesser writers, most of them spoil a good thing by trying too hard to depict what is perhaps beyond anyone's powers to adequately depict in words. Italy is at once illusive and real, and to describe things as they are writers should be artists and poets, with a strong sense of the real. Italy is too clearly wrought, too positive, too realistic to be treated

metaphysically. Abstruse ethical criticism renders the subject still more illusive. The Italians come to the reality through the medium of poetry, music, and literature; they have never been much influenced by the abstract methods of the cold north nor even by the cold logic of the French, and the present renaissance is appealing to the scientific and philosophical mode of thought in a manner which is quite new to Italy. But while the Italians are becoming more scientific they remain at heart poets and artists because the Italian temperament cannot, even if it would, get rid of pure literature and poetry. If I were asked in what country the social movement is going to bear the best fruits, Italy would be my answer. The social changes occurring here will develop more than ever the native genius of this wonderful race, and give both the race and the genius new opportunities for individual effort, new inspirations that may surpass anything yet known in Italy.

II.

Great writers begin by demolishing something—an old system, an old lie, or an old superstition. Giovanni Papini proved no exception to the rule. Before turning his attention to philosophers in general he delivered himself of a load of opinions and judgments about Italian philosophers of the last century. He weighed them, and found them wanting. Then he began his summing up to a jury, composed in this instance of young Florentine minds, free and unencumbered by yokes of prejudice and illusive ideals. The jury returned a verdict of philosophical homicide in the first degree, but instead of condemning the culprits to be hung they were permitted to remain unmolested and fry in the olive oil of their own estates. This they did, and in spite of an abundance of the best oil in the world they were not long in being reduced to cinders, the proverbial dust and ashes condition of old ruins and empires. Then Papini turned his attention to the north, where he struck the trail of the most formidable denizens of the metaphysical jungles, bearded some in their dens, slew others with pebbles, and hung Hegel in effigy by one of his metaphysical hairs. He was not afraid to wrestle with Spencer and fence with Schopenhauer. Signor Papini has, says Professor James, "a real genius for trenchant and untechnical phraseology." This is because he is always himself. One of the secrets of his success is his originality. Giovanni Papini, like many of his co-workers in Florence, began by a blank refusal to bow the knee to any philosophical idol erected on the already sky-high Tower of Babel conflicts.

A writer in "La Revue" thinks that Papini was nourished on Nietzsche, Taine, and Professor William James; and the Harvard Professor in his turn hails Papini "as the most radical conceiver of pragmatism to be found anywhere." This is saying much, but it is an opinion uttered four years ago in "The Journal of Philosophy," and I have good reason to believe that it does not cover more than half the truth to-day. Papini is much more than a pragmatist. He is not to be pinned down so easily. The correct label for his philosophical luggage would have been Renaissant Italy, viâ Paris, Bâle, Harvard, and London. I regard the author of "The Twilight of the Philosophers" as a practical idealist, but I shall not attempt to define the actual boundary of his intellectual possessions. He is too young to have explored them all. The forests of his imagination harbour ferocious beasts yet to be tamed or annihilated, but he will hardly take the trouble to do much taming. Nietzsche spent no time at such a process, and why should Papini? Our age is not one that lends itself to philosophical compromise, and science is inexorable. We are being forced along instead of being inveigled and persuaded as of old. Poets are now indulging in polemical warfare, in which poetic insight takes the place of the old agnostic denials and negations. I cannot trace any affinity between Taine and Giovanni Papini. Taine was an unimaginative Frenchman, whose talent lacked poetry to turn it to genius. The Harvard Professor is in the same category with Taine; he possesses everything but that special poetic feeling and insight which give creative power. Papini is not a disciple of Nietzsche. The difference between the two is the difference between the Teutonic or Slavic temperament and the Latin, refined by a long and slow process of Tuscan and æsthetic development, and besides this the Italian writer is not a disciple, but an originator.

Papini is endowed with a powerful imagination. Taine was weak where Papini is strong. A French Protestant who writes about poets, artists, and thinkers is never impressive. Protestantism in France is an abnormal growth. Among the hundreds of French Protestants I have known in Paris all were incapable of illuminating complex questions of art and morality. Taine's mind was never wholly developed. He thought he could find wisdom in psychological systems. With his nose eternally in books he grew to manhood ignorant of the world and with about as much passion as a marble figure. Taine was a militant Amiel without Amiel's personality. Bourget took some hints from Taine's psychology, but he has produced no vital impression on readers in search of vital originality. No poet could think of becoming a disciple of writers like Taine and Bourget. And Papini escaped because he is too much of a poet to fetter himself with the chains of a cold and futile system of reasoning.

From the France of our day there is not much that a genius like Papini could take. Brunetière set out to be a philosophical critic, but Sully Prudhomme knew as much as Taine and Brunetière rolled into one. Philosopher, poet, and metaphysician, he had the true creative faculty, but he was not ambitious, and did not seek to have his writings known outside France. Taine and Brunetière kept up a constant tappage about their names, and, of course, young and impressionable minds could not fail to be more or less influenced by this tappage. It is always so. Writers who begin with a following usually end without any. Real fame, like genius, is slow. How could a writer like Signor Papini borrow anything from Brunetière, who was a Catholic with a penchant for Puritanism, and who did his best to turn virtue into intellectual vice. He was one of the few Frenchmen since Pascal who was without that characteristic quality, l'esprit gaulois. Taine wrote *at* Frenchmen, while Brunetière preached *at* them. The Latins hate this kind of thing. The real spirit of France has been, and will always be, opposed to puritanism, in whatsoever form it may present itself. As for the "Revue des Deux Mondes," under Brunetière, I could never get over the feeling that it was compiled by masculine old maids for anæmic academicians. What in the name of philosophy and humanity could young Italy get from such writers?

In his book, the "Crepuscolo," Signor Papini says that pragmatism means for him the bringing of our spiritual powers into use; he thinks we should make the world over anew, and not stand idly and contemplate it. The common denominator to which all forms of human life can be reduced is the quest of instruments to act with. Papini believes in turning the actual world into as close a copy of the ideal as we possibly can. In a brilliant article in the "Leonardo" Papini touches a new note in European philosophy. Why should not the divine attributes of omniscience and omnipotence be used by man as pole-stars by which he may methodically lay his own course? Why should not divine rest be his own ultimate goal, rest attained by an activity in the end so immense that all desires are satisfied and no more action necessary? The unexplored powers and relations of man, both physical and mental, are enormous; why should we impose limits on them *a priori*? And, if not, why are the most utopian programmes not in order?

Professor William James, in discussing this question, thinks that the programme of a man-god is one of the possible great type-programmes of philosophy; he thinks that in the writings of the young Italian our English views might be developed much farther, and he finds in them a tone of feeling well fitted to rally devotees and to develop a new militant form of religious or quasi-religious philosophy.

The Luft Bad.

By Katharine Mansfield.

I THINK it must be the umbrellas which make us look ridiculous.

When I was admitted into the enclosure for the first time, and saw my fellow-bathers walking about very nearly "in their nakeds," it struck me that the umbrellas gave a distinctly "Little Black Sambo" touch.

Ridiculous dignity in holding over yourself a green cotton thing with a red paroquet handle when you are dressed in nothing larger than a handkerchief.

There are no trees in the "Luft Bad." It boasts a collection of plain, wooden cells, a bath shelter, two swings and two odd clubs—one, presumably the lost property of Hercules or the German army, and the other to be used with safety in the cradle.

And there in all weathers we take the air—walking, or sitting in little companies talking over each other's ailments and measurements and "ills the flesh is heir to."

A high wooden wall compasses us all about; above it the pine trees look down a little superciliously, nudging each other in a way that is peculiarly trying to a *débutante*. Over the wall, on the right side, is the men's section. We hear them chopping down trees and sawing through planks, dashing heavy weights to the ground, and singing part songs. Yes, they take it far more seriously.

On the first day I was conscious of my legs, and went back into my cell three times to look at my watch, but when a woman with whom I had played chess for three weeks cut me dead, I took heart and joined a circle.

We lay curled on the ground while a Hungarian lady of immense proportions told us what a beautiful tomb she had bought for her second husband.

"A vault it is," she said, "with nice black railings. And so large that I can go down there and walk about. Both their photographs are there, with two very handsome bead wreaths sent me by my first husband's brother. There is an enlargement of a family group photograph, too, and an illuminated address presented to my first husband on his marriage. I am often there; it makes such a pleasant excursion for a fine Saturday afternoon."

She suddenly lay flat down on her back, took in six long breaths, and sat up again.

"The death agony was dreadful," she said, brightly; "of the second, I mean. The 'first' was run into by a furniture wagon, and had fifty marks stolen out of a new waistcoat pocket, but the 'second' was dying for sixty-seven hours. I never ceased crying once—not even to put the children to bed."

A young Russian, with a "bang" curl on her forehead, turned to me.

"Can you do the 'Salome' dance?" she asked. "I can."

"How delightful," I said.

"Shall I do it now? Would you like to see me?"

She sprang to her feet, executed a series of amazing contortions for the next ten minutes, and then paused, panting, twisting her long hair.

"Isn't that nice?" she said. "And now I am perspiring so splendidly. I shall go and take a bath."

Opposite me was the brownest woman I have ever seen, lying on her back, her arms clasped over her head.

"How long have you been here to-day?" she was asked.

"Oh, I spend the day here now," she aswered. "I am making my own 'cure,' and living entirely on raw vegetables and nuts, and each day I feel my spirit is stronger and purer. After all, what can you expect? The majority of us are walking about with pig corpuscles and oxen fragments in our brain. The wonder is the world is as good as it is. Now I live on the simple, provided food"—she pointed to a little bag beside her—"a lettuce, a carrot, a potato, and some nuts are ample, rational nourishment. I wash them under the tap and eat them raw, just as they come from the harmless earth—fresh and uncontaminated."

"Do you take nothing else all day?" I cried.

"Water. And perhaps a banana if I wake in the night." She turned round and leaned on one elbow. "You over-eat yourself dreadfully," she said; "shamelessly! How can you expect the Flame of the Spirit to burn brightly under layers of superfluous flesh?"

I wished she would not stare at me, and thought of going to look at my watch again when a little girl wearing a string of coral beads joined us.

"The poor Frau Hauptmann cannot join us to-day," she said; "she has come out in spots all over on account of her nerves. She was very excited yesterday after having written two postcards."

"A delicate woman," volunteered the Hungarian, "but pleasant. Fancy, she has a separate plate for each of her front teeth! But she has no right to let her daughters wear such short sailor suits. They sit about on benches, crossing their legs in a most shameless manner. What are you going to do this afternoon, Fraulein Anna?"

"Oh," said the Coral Necklace, "the Herr Oberleutant has asked me to go with him to Lansdorf. He must buy some eggs there to take home to his mother. He saves a penny on eight eggs by knowing the right peasants to bargain with."

"Are you an American?" said the Vegetable Lady, turning to me.

"No."

"Then you are an Englishwoman?"

"Well, hardly——"

"You must be one of the two; you cannot help it. I have seen you walking alone several times. You wear your——"

I got up and climbed on to the swing. The air was sweet and cool, rushing past my body. Above, white clouds trailed delicately through the blue sky. From the pine forests streamed a wild perfume, and the branches swayed together, rhythmically, sonorously. I felt so light and free and happy—so childish! I wanted to poke my tongue out at the circle on the grass, who, drawing close together, were whispering meaningly.

"Perhaps you do not know," cried a voice from one of the cells, "to swing is very upsetting for the stomach? A friend of mine could keep nothing down for three weeks after exciting herself so."

I went to the bath shelter and was hosed.

As I dressed, someone rapped on the wall.

"Do you know," said a voice, "there is a man who *lives* in the Luft Bad next door? He buries himself up to the armpits in mud and refuses to believe in the Trinity."

The umbrellas are the saving grace of the Luft Bad. Now, when I go, I take my husband's "storm gamp" and sit in a corner, hiding behind it.

Not that I am in the least ashamed——

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I HAVE just been reading a prose book by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, "Art and Life" (Methuen and Co., 5s. net). Previously I had never been able to make much of Mr. Sturge Moore's activities in literature. He was connected in my mind with precious occasional periodicals, to which I used to subscribe in the hope, always dashed, of finding something splendidly new and powerful therein. I have tried to read his verse, and I have read some of it, with no effect. He appeared to me to belong mentally and emotionally to the class of Mr. Laurence Binyon, the class which is tormented by a praiseworthy ambition to say stylistically what it has to say, but which in my opinion is somewhat handicapped by having nothing whatever to say. You can always distinguish this class in newspaper criticism by the careful and earnest praise lavished upon its work. It is invariably credited with "the true poetic mission";

if it writes music, its music is invariably called "musicianly." You must have noticed this in the Press. Hence I approached "Art and Life" with misgiving, if not with prejudice, although the book was recommended to me enthusiastically by one of the first bookmen in these islands.

* * *

Mr. Sturge Moore gives the greater part of his book to an exposition of the theories and beliefs of Flaubert, and quite a little space to William Blake. He is extraordinarily interesting—and confusing. And more than either, he is stimulating. All novelists, all creative artists who take themselves seriously ought to read "Art and Life," except those who have wide acquaintance with the vast French literature relating to the practice of literature, and in particular with the correspondence of Flaubert. To those who possess this acquaintance, Mr. Sturge Moore is not necessary, but even to them his enthusiasm will be stimulating. His value is that he causes you to think again, and again, about what you are trying to do when you write creatively. His value is that he would make the English artist a conscious artist. He does, without once stating it, bring out in the most startling way the contrast between, for example, the English artist and the Continental artist. Read the correspondence of Dickens and Thackeray, and then read the correspondence of Flaubert, and you will see. The latter was continually preoccupied with his craft, the two formerly scarcely ever—and never in an intelligent fashion. I have been preaching on this theme for years, but I am not aware that anybody has been listening. I was going to say that I was sick of preaching about it, but I am not. I shall continue, and I trust that Mr. Sturge Moore will continue.

* * *

So much I say in favour of him. I could say a good deal against him. He does assuredly get out a few really illuminative remarks concerning Blake, but I cannot see that he arrives at anything original about Flaubert. The valuable part of the book consists in his vague enthusiasm, and in the multitudinous extracts he gives from Flaubert. To a reader not familiar with French literature about literature Mr. Sturge Moore may well be a wonderful revelation. Really, he is only a populariser, and not a very good one. The book, if it has any arrangement at all, is exceedingly badly arranged. And, save what I have learnt from the publishers' advertisement on the cover (which is well written), I doubt if I have even an obscure idea of what he considers his message to artists to be. The unhappy thing is that Mr. Sturge Moore has no constructive talent, and that he cannot think clearly, nor prosecute an argument. He is cloudy, and he is fragmentary. You live in a mist with him. Nor can he write. He composes with meticulous care. And you would assume from his enthusiasm that he had a natural taste for style. But he has not. He is continually passing sentences which no one with an ear would by any possibility of carelessness tolerate. For example: "When the work in hand is to set experiments on foot . . . ." Conceive it! The Blake portion of the book is even worse written than what precedes it, and is probably more youthful. At the end of an elaborate and somewhat precious paragraph, I am staggered by this: "And, of course, the style of 'Milton,' 'Vala,' and 'Jerusalem' is nowhere compared with our authorised version of the book written on the banks of Chebar." He might as well have said that the book written on the banks of Chebar had spread-eagled the field. It is difficult to respect the artist in Mr. Sturge Moore, but I like, and I am grateful to, the enthusiast in him.

* * *

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has produced an article entitled "The Novel—Present and Future," in which he reviews the recent works of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Mr. Desmond Coke, Miss Marjorie Bowen, and some others, and comes to a general conclusion. Part of his conclusion is this: "But we have very few novels that are written slowly, with brooding earnestness, and from the depths of the heart. We have very few writers who will be content to say their say in a small number of books. And so, out of the great output of fiction, only a book here and there has the faintest chance of a long life." It is astonishing that a critic with the *nous* of Dr. Nicoll should put himself to the trouble of setting down this kind of thing. Anybody could have said it, and been certain of its truth, without opening a single new novel. Was any other age ever different? Will any other age ever be different? When was the golden age of fiction when novels were written "slowly, with brooding earnestness"? Did de Maupassant, who wrote 200 stories, eight novels, and oddments, in twelve years, write slowly? Did Balzac, who wrote the whole "Comédie Humaine" in twenty years, write slowly? Did Zola? Did Gautier? Did those favourites of Dr. Nicoll's, Dickens and Thackeray, write slowly? Did Scott write slowly? Does Dr. Nicoll? It ought not to have escaped Dr. Nicoll, who with a little casual aid from Mr. Thomas Seccombe once produced a whole history of English literature, that writers who have anything to say generally have a very great deal to say. The powerful, the really original creative writers, have certainly not been content to "say their say in a small number of books." Why should they be? But the strange subconscious jealousy of impotent uncreative writers must needs carp at profuse production, merely because it is profuse—and beyond them! If they could only taste for ten minutes the sensations of an artist who cannot make a channel wide enough for the crowded ideas that are always bursting their way out of him, they might possibly deviate less from plain common-sense.

Jacob Tonson.

REVIEWS.

NOVELS.

The Island Providence. By Frederic Niven. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Calico Jack. By Horace Newte. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

The first of these is a dull story with an ugly allusion; the second is a dull story with ugly allusions. Perhaps the distinction of demerit belongs to Mr. Niven; his ugliness is the more primitive. Doubtless each of these people with the craving to write believes himself to be a realist. The difference between them and the realists is that whereas the latter, when dealing with unpleasant incidents of life, are able to maintain their position apart from the vileness they depict, our two authors are not.

Mr. Niven, at his worst, is unquotable. His mind is not above psychologising a baby's thoughts or putting that baby to shame for a laugh from whatever public he may have. He thinks a five-year-old boy noted the "little flat breast" of his girl playmate. As an example of Mr. Niven's dull incompetence, we quote the following description of the child's imaginings when he was lost:—"He bethought him of the old man of the bees. He had but little hope left now (of finding anybody at home), for he thought that the old man of the bees was a man likely to be fit for transportation ere the inundation of the rioters." Pretty precocious for a fire-year-old! But Mr. Niven has invented a new expression. "Ravenning's bearing was vocal of commiseration"; and again, "He thought her back was vocal of wounded kindness."

"Calico Jack" is alleged to be a history of music-hall people. Even if, like his stage-struck hero, Mr. Newte has never personally met any but the most disreputable artistes, had only had the chance of playing in a fifth-rate sketch at low-class halls, and had had to content himself with observing the "big stars" leave and re-enter their dressing-rooms, still he must have guessed that these haughty persons led a rather different private life from those in the profession who would book with "Calico Jack" and his like. Why, even if all Mr. Newte's information had been gleaned in some bar or other down at Hoxton, he must have heard of good halls and of clever performers. But apparently the Coliseum and Miss Vesta Tilley are out of Mr.

Newte's experience. An honourable artiste is unknown to him, and there is "only one decent agent." We are informed that all or most of the characters have their counterpart in music-hall life. Maybe; it is impossible to say what there may not be in the dregs of any profession. But let us consider whether Mr. Newte, in his capacity of literary entrepreneur, is capable of representing his submerged acquaintances even as favourably as they should be represented. We will suppose this author does not wish us to take a disgust at his hero, who is himself so disgusted with music-halls. But how does Mr. Newte describe the young man? "His being welled with happiness." "Now and again when he was mercifully free from anguish (he had been poisoned by fish or pork) his being would ache for Susie." "He had been moved to the depths of his being." His being was a thirst for her." "The raw spirit had the immediate effect of stimulating his longings for Susie." Could anything or anyone escape vulgarisation under an author with a style like that?

Storm and Treasure. By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen. 6s.)

This is a story of the revolt of La Vendée against the Revolution. It is interestingly done. The style is ambitious, after Meredith, and Mr. Bailey has the good sense not to permit devotion to carry him so far as to fatigue his own talent. We have a complaint against the author's treatment of the Vicomte de Jan. M. de Jan among men is a man; among the theatrical pair of creatures who fall in love with him he becomes limp. Compare the bearing and conversation of M. de Jan in the company of his father, the fascinating old Count de Champtocé, or while with Jerry Wild, with his demeanour whenever any one of "the sex" appears. The difference is as between a bottle of sparkling wine and the fag-end of anything one cares to name. The introduction of Lucile Colet into the Sussex chapters is inartistic. She does nothing which influences the drama, but merely wallows about in her "luscious womanhood," a blot on an otherwise fair and noble scene. (By the way, Mr. Bailey uses "womanhood" when he means woman's body, and this is tediously luscious!) Yet, curiously, although Lucile is certainly the "ramping young beast" of the two feminine characters, it is the virginal Yvette Barsac who brings with her the more vulgar savour of sex into the crimson pages of war. She dresses as a soldier and brags considerably, but no one will be astonished to behold her final lapse into the baldest sort of clinging femininity. And poor M. de Jan, with these two tagging after him all through the war, is hard put to cut a gallant figure. He seems to dwindle and become, like Lucile and Yvette, altogether too small for the stirring scenes. His end is dreadful, among the gold cups and other treasure of Tiffanges with domesticity yawning wide for him.

Jerry Wild, the English secret service agent, however, atones for anything that is boring in "Storm and Treasure." From entrance to exit he is welcome, with his clear-eyed view of things as they are and his irresistible impudence. He accompanies the Grand Army of the Vendée through its incredible (but historically true) adventures. Jerry remains sane when all the human world is crazed by blood and misery. M. de Jan, struggling and overborne by a battling mob, sees Mlle. Barsac flushed and trembling. He looks in her eyes and finds them aflame. "To Nantes! To Nantes!" she yells, and rushes by him. "He heard a voice, a real voice," says the author: "'Now, for a neat young gentleman, you're in a pretty mess.' Standing upon earth that swayed and fell like the sea, M. de Jan clutched the hand of Mr. Wild." The appearance of Jerry always means a clean relief of some kind, either from blood or grease or the equally appalling women. Mr. Bailey feels bound to make a mock sacrifice of Jerry to the prejudices of the fair reader. Durand, citizen representative, preaches marriage to Mr. Wild, and labels the incurable bachelor "superficial." Nevertheless, Wild actually escapes.

Miss Marjorie Bowen, the author of "I Will Maintain," has made the bold venture of discarding the love interest in her novel. The result is a dignified success. Would that our numerous men writers had her courage. Affecting to despise the Fair Reader, they garble the best of subjects in her service. "Storm and Treasure" must be recommended with an excuse for this prevailing chivalry. Then we may say that it stands high among the best modern novels.

Beauty for Ashes. By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

Eleanor de Kay is a modern young "lady." Snubs the young man whom we all know she will ultimately marry in quite *the* way in certain circles. "Oh, please don't worry about compliments, Mr. Scott-Mahon" (*Him*). "That sort of thing is so played out, isn't it? And you know quite well that we neither of us want a bit to talk to one another, except that mother wants a chat with Lady Hill." Ye-es! But Humphrey has totted her up—"tall, dark, graceful—in a word, distinguished." And he walks home very angry, and sits through dinner in a sullen and persistent silence which bodes nothing less than matrimonial chase and capture for the elaborate Eleanor. The chase is long and far afield, and Desmond Coke is charming enough not to show us the capture. Only Lady Hill whispers to somebody: "Well, *I* believe that Humphrey's return may not be quite unconnected with our dear Eleanor."

Humphrey had been by way of wanting to be a Socialist, but his author has other views for him. Keeping up the Scott-Mahons of The Priory is one's first duty. As to Socialism, soon after leaving Oxford "experience matured Humphrey's views, and his love of liberty and self-realisation had made him understand the horrors of a potentially big nature cramped hopelessly by its environment. To help without (Socialistic) cant in this sort of work seemed to him a useful thing." So he deserts his aged father and the country dstricts, perfect as these are, and tears down to the East End. Incidentally, Eleanor is interested in the East End—from a distance. Eleanor maliciously spurs him forth to the slums and a life of endeavour, and herself stays at the Carlton when in town. After a condescending visit to Archer Lane she nearly loses him to a little Cockney girl; but the author sees to that, too. Rosa is a true woman, and when she finds out that Humphrey's fancy for her is not prompted by real love, whatever else may be its cause, she breaks off the engagement he had made with her after Eleanor proved so supercilious. So the ancestral mansion is *not* sold for the benefit of the poor. Desmond Coke has dark-age views upon other subjects than Socialism. We hear, for instance, that "love's bare proof is jealousy." Humphrey's secession from the East End is worth relating. The poor old father dies in loneliness, and Humphrey stands once more in the great rooms of The Priory. "Generations of Scott-Mahons, all in his Aunt Jane's voice, cried 'Duty!' to him with insistent scorn; or so it seemed to Humphrey, for conscience has a million disguises." This poor creature—this stagnant, contented, typical Scott-Mahon—one is glad to think was at last set free of the Ashes of illusion, Socialistic and altruistic, and let continue his run after the Beauty, Eleanor.

Lord Loveland Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The baser part of the multitude delight in degradations, apart from any hatred; it is the satire they best understand," wrote George Eliot. When enjoying the sport of man-baiting, the human mob has usually invented some charge against the creature it wished to see stripped and degraded—some religious or moral shortcoming in him, however slight, sufficed as justification to coward consciences. The popular authors of "Lord Loveland" evidently consider the conceit of this young marquis ample reason for putting him in the pillory for the delectation of their readers. We will treat the motive as sincere. We have not the illusion that certain authors write "down" to their public. Authors write what they must. Show us the public, and we will tell you what the author is. Insincerity never won a public yet. Loveland is cousin to Lady Betty, whose American husband, Jim Harborough, "works at

an idea" which shall cure the marquis of his fancy that all America is waiting for him. The noble idea is to write letters to New York society people, hinting that a person pretending to be the Marquis of Loveland is likely to arrive in the States. C. N. and A. M. Williamson seem absolutely unaware that this was a caddish trick. When Loveland, reduced to being a waiter, is stared at and baited by a crowd of Society ruffians, one man—by neat compliment a journalist—becomes uneasy at the exhibition of the marquis "taking his punishment." But this whole book is one long, stark, staring exhibition of the marquis taking his punishment! C. N. and A. M. Williamson are certainly blind to the fact that the thing is revolting, and we leave it to psychologists to explain their flight of imagination which took in a glimpse of decent taste as exemplified in the attitude of the journalist. When the marquis has "learned his lesson" of Christian humility he, as a reward, is married by (still neater compliment!) a sweet young authoress of twenty-three and already making fifteen thousand pounds a year by her writings.

OTHER BOOKS.

East London Visions. By O'D. W. Lawler. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

We regard this book as the first fruits of Francis Grierson's "The Valley of Shadows," with this difference, that Grierson is visible in the light refracted from the illuminated event, but this man throws a glamour round everything. Grierson saw the Real in the Obvious, while this man sees only the Symbol and its attendant beauty. There is a proffer being made to certain souls, a truth is trembling on the verge of utterance, and these "East London Visions" are stammering at it. It was not for nothing that the author failed to explain the Ruby Height of Colour to the lady of Venice; it is characteristic of the Keats type to identify Beauty with Truth, and fail to perceive that Beauty is a veil. To the worshipper, The Symbol; to the worthy, The Sight. The book is fascinating as an autobiography, and there are passages, as in the chapter on The World Elements, that are masterly in their expression of visualised fancy. We find the humour incongruous, stiff in the knees, and awkward; it does not move harmoniously with the narrative, and is therefore defective in style. The book is imaginative, poetic, but it shows us a soul slinking through life, screening itself from experience by a visionary serenity. Hunger and misunderstanding this man has suffered, but not felt; nothing has roused him. The dreams have not crystallised or dispersed. He is an eye, not a soul. The preface, with its symbolic interpretation, is pretentious nonsense.

Tolstoy's Emblems. By Walter Walsh. (Daniel. 1s.)

These similitudes, torn, as it were, from Tolstoi's works and arranged in three groups—Religious and Theological, Social and Political, Art, Science, and Ethics—are distinguished by no particular merit save that of being Tolstoyan. The compiler is the usual sympathetic and eulogistic admirer of the great Russian, and he has succeeded in doing for him what most compilers do who reduce their subjects to scraps, made him fairly meaningless. It would seem from the extracts herein gathered as though Tolstoi understood nothing about art, seeing that to him art is an infection and is easily understood by all, nor about science, seeing that to him science is merely a pretence; nor about doctors, seeing that to him doctors are the emblem of hope; and so on. The best we can say is: they are Tolstoyan extracts to be read by full-fledged Tolstoyans.

Economic Sophisms, or Fallacies of Protection. By Frederic Bastiat. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

The Cobden Club has been well advised to publish M. Bastiat's ruthless and humorous exposure of the economic sophisms of the Protectionists. The Protectionists of 1910 are as destitute of real argument as those of 1845. Only a doctrine grounded upon the sands of fallacy could have so long persisted, as most minds prefer the fallacious to the logical method of analysis. The advocates of colonial preference and the revival of home agriculture by means of duties on foreign corn would do well to consider the passages in "The Arsenal of the Free Trader": "If anyone tells you that the basis of the food of the people is agriculture, reply: 'The basis of the people's food is corn. This is the reason why a law which gives us, by agricultural labour, two quarters of corn, when we could have obtained four quarters without such labour, and by means of labour applied to manufactures, is a law not for feeding, but for starving the people.' . . . If you are told that the wages of labour should rise with the increased price of provisions, reply: 'This is as much as to say that in a ship without provisions everybody will have as much biscuit as if the vessel were fully victualled.'" An excellent book for clearing the Protectionist mind.

The Chronicle of a Pilgrimage. Paris to Milan on Foot. By Harold Munro. (Brown and Langham. 2s. 6d.)

The chief fault of this tramp across Europe is that the author was too intent on the guide book which he evidently carried in one hand and the note book in the other. Thus, with one exception, he contrives to overlook those points of interest which guide books do not contain. He passes through Fontainbleau and revives memories of Napoleon and the Court of Versailles, but is silent concerning the great painters who were connected with the place. And so he passes through France, Switzerland, and Italy, missing out the uncommon things. The exception is the scenery, for which he has sympathy and feeling; he describes it, if not with inspiration, at least in an interesting way.

Drama.

The Madras House, a Comedy by Granville Barker.

IT is possible that the literary historian of the remoter future, engaged in inventing a theory and writing a book about it, will hit upon the idea that the plays ascribed to Mr. Granville Barker were not written by him at all. He will, no doubt, hold strong views upon the question of whether Shakespeare was Shakespeare, or Bacon, or a trust. (It is only fair to assume that, in the absence of further evidence, this latter controversy will continue until Doomsday.) Perhaps he will even be concerned to prove that Bacon was an illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester—a fascinating speculation with regard to the Virgin Queen. But if the same historian condescends to literary research in the Edwardian era, and has an oblique mind and a nose for ciphers, he will probably discover that by discreet manipulation of the thirteenth letter of the thirteenth line of every speech in "The Madras House" the word SHAW appears upon each page. Overjoyed, he will then contribute a lengthy article upon the subject to the "Thirtieth Century Review" (I am sure that our spinsterly "Nineteenth Century *and After*" will be making desperate efforts to keep up with the times), and, having reaped twenty guineas or its equivalent in the Communist State, will turn his attention to other authors of the Shavian school. In case he should happen upon this issue of THE NEW AGE in the British Museum I desire to inform him that his discovery has been anticipated. The word SHAW is assuredly there. He may abandon his ciphers, and seek a more useful occupation.

I do not mean to imply that "The Madras House" is, as some critics have suggested, an imitation of "Misalliance." That would be too appalling. It contains a vast deal of fine and individual work. It has one central idea, while Misalliance has fifty or none. Its dialogue is free from trivialities, and its third act is the most masterly effort of the new technique. It is also painstaking. It would not be surprising to learn that "Misalliance" was dictated by Mr. Shaw to a shorthand writer in the course of a wet Saturday afternoon, but the author of "The Madras House" clearly laboured at its birth. Its characters talk, on the whole, honestly. One feels pretty certain that they are not

chattering for effect. They are all trying to get at something in life as they sit there in committee upon the problem of sex.

A few glimpses of strikingly different aspects of the problem serve them as texts; the unmarried daughters of a house at Denmark Hill, an unmarried mother in a drapery establishment, some dressmakers' *mannequins* lately arrived from Paris, and a rather indefinable modern wife. These are presented respectively as a crowd of rapidly fading spinsters, a mysterious and transient figure in mourning, three bodies beautifully draped, and a musically-voiced woman of the intelligent upper middle class, quite at home in a subdued drawing-room decorated with perfect taste. Woman, that is, contemplated from different angles.

Five men confront the problem. First there is Henry Huxtable, proprietor of a drapery establishment in Peckham and of the house, wife, and daughters at Denmark Hill, *with* a view of the Crystal Palace. Henry Huxtable is troubled, not only by this multitude of possessions, but by the fact that, late in life, he has begun to develop unsettling views. He has recently "heard himself talking," and doesn't like it. Then there is Philip Madras, his nephew and a candidate for the London County Council. Philip habitually treats women as if they were men, and as a result finds his life rather lonely, even with his wife Jessica. But it is Constantine Madras, Philip's father, who has found the real solution of the woman question. He was once indiscreet enough to marry into the Huxtable family, but has long since deserted his wife. Now he has turned Mahommedan and set up a harem on the banks of the Euphrates, where he can return to his family every evening after the serious work of the day, and devote women to their proper use. Mr. State, an American, who is negotiating for the purchase of the drapery business, begins by considering the women's movement romantically in its relation to dress. He would have every woman insist upon being gowned like a duchess. Major Thomas, the fifth member of the committee, is "the average sensual man," always in complications with women, and no doubt seriously envious of Constantine's polygamous ménage.

The third act is ostensibly a meeting called to consider the transfer of the Madras House to Mr. State, who will work it as a drapery establishment upon modern lines. Actually, it becomes a discussion of sex. Philip Madras is irritated and bored by the subject. The undue attention given to it annoys him. He resents it as an untidy feature of life. His father, Constantine, as a Moslem, professes abhorrence of the European treatment of women. London, with its impudent flaunting of sex attraction in the streets, offends his soul. Sex-conscious Europe appears to him as Babylon might have appeared to a Jewish prophet. Woman is not kept in her place. She is allowed to distract. She interferes with the orderly work of the world. How can the worker of normal instincts be expected to serve the State efficiently when temptation calls to him at every street crossing? Not prostitution as commonly understood, but the very presence in public of a race of beings with artificially heightened attractions, practising seduction while they profess reserve. In such a system he finds an insult alike to the scientific and the contemplative mind. His remedy is withdrawal to the East, where women are neither discussed nor exhibited in public, but reserved for purely domestic purposes within the hours of leisure.

This point of view practically monopolises the third act of the play. Mr. State finds its novelty attractive, and adds it, so to speak, to his mental repertory. Henry Huxtable, fascinated by villainy, forgets that Constantine has married and deserted his sister Amelia, and surrenders to furtive admiration. After all, the Euphrates is the Euphrates, and Denmark Hill is Denmark Hill. True, from the one there is a view of the Crystal Palace, but the other commands the towered mosques of Babylon. Constantine has a pull over him.

Indeed, Constantine gets things far too much his own way. The whole scene owes its effectiveness and plausibility to the fact that the only women appearing in it are the *mannequins* of the dressmaking department, who parade the stage at its opening. Visualising their sensuous poses, and influenced by their radiation of sex, the audience is almost hypnotised into acceptance of Constantine's view of women, and of his plea for treating them as slaves. This is a triumph for Mr. Barker as a stage craftsman, but not as a dramatic artist. I suggest that his group of types is incomplete. The five men who dominate the play represent quite fairly a number of different casts of mind. They can be reduced, to all intents and purposes, to three—the voluptuary, the romanticist, and the worker. Well and good; that covers a great deal of ground. But what correspondingly distinctive types has he to offer among women? There are the *mannequins*, decorative animals; Miss Yates (the unmarried mother who disappears after the second act), a rather independent, self-possessed enigma; Amelia (Constantine's deserted wife), tearful and miserable; and Jessica Madras, little more than a fastidious nonentity with a certain amount of brains and all the congenital laziness of her class. Not one of these is given an opportunity, even if she had the power, to state the case from her own standpoint. The play is all about women, and it contains nothing but the views of men. That is its real weakness. Constantine is an out-and-out hominist; where is the feminist to face him? I suspect that a Suffragette could give him a bad quarter of an hour. She would certainly destroy the heavily Eastern atmosphere of the third act, and wipe out fifty *mannequins* in a sentence. "The Madras House" would then be robbed of some amusing speeches, but it would be a much better play. Mr. Barker may not believe in the feminist, but it is his business as an artist to give her a chance.

On reflection, I think that an intelligent feminist would not trouble to argue with Constantine at all. She would box his ears, which would be drama. It would also lift the play at once on to a higher artistic plane. Constantine with his ears boxed would be a very different person from Constantine lolling in an armchair, delicately poising a Turkish cigarette and puffing out polygamy. He would have to face a practical emergency, and that is just what none of the characters in this latter-day, disquisitorial drama have to face. All their emergencies are intellectualised, and they meet them by fencing. Constantine, for instance, meets his wife in the last act, and carries off his scene with her with the utmost self-possession, crushing her by his brutal cleverness. In a serious situation there is no brutality like the brutality of wit. The wretched woman merely breaks down and weeps, leaving Constantine to return to his Euphrates, while Philip Madras and *his* wife stand before their drawing-room fire, fishing for a philosophy of life.

This play is at once fascinating and disappointing. It never stirs one. In its atmosphere emotion withers. Its characters are too shadowy, too accommodating; their life too much a note of interrogation. Constantine is the most distinctive personality, but there is always the suspicion that Constantine is a fraud.

This brings me to the most serious weakness of the new dramatic technique which Mr. Barker practises so ably. It is this: that characterisation cannot be fully achieved by speeches. Three hours is much too short a time for an audience to learn about the persons on the stage merely by what each says. Besides, the audience knows already that speeches are not necessarily sincere. In Parliament, in the pulpit, in congresses and public meetings it has learnt to discount their value. The insincerity need not even be conscious. The weakest men are often the best talkers; they bluff the world. Richard the Second, in time of peace, might well have appeared a strong character. It was in time of trouble that he failed. If you want to know what a man is like, you do not listen to him. You watch his behaviour in an emergency. Did not Schopenhauer say that a man's face only expresses his thoughts when he is alone, or believes himself to be unobserved—that at all other times he wears a mask? The crisis in drama—the dramatic event, in short—has the same effect of self-revelation. Take such a masterpiece of action as

"Rosmersholm." Rosmer was a good talker. If he could have been put upon the stage, without being submitted to the test of a crisis, should we have known anything about him? He might well have bluffed the audience for four acts, and created an entirely false impression. On the other hand, Rebecca West, in the same play, talks extraordinarily little. Yet she is a far more vivid, actual woman than any in the plays of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Barker. She meets her emergencies quietly as they arise. As she sits at the head of the table in the first act, Rosmer on her right, Rector Kroll on her left, silently watching them, she gives the key to her part in the drama. In the moment when Kroll turns away to the window, and she exchanges a word or two with Rosmer in an undertone, using the familiar "Du," she tells the whole of her history. And when the critical moment comes she does not make speeches. She just packs her portmanteau. In a play at the Repertory Theatre, Rebecca West would talk a great deal, but she would not explain herself. The dramatic issue would be destroyed by words, and her personality obscured by over-intellectualisation. The truth is that life is too short for the discussive method on the stage. This method is a healthy and natural reaction, a protest against the fatuities of a drama without ideas at all, but it will not produce great works of art. In the case of "Misalliance," and in lesser measure of "The Madras House," the proper comment would seem to be a variation of Judge Brack's cry at the close of "Hedda Gabler": "People don't *say* these things!"

"The Madras House" was extremely well played. Whatever the Repertory Theatre may do for the drama, it has already formed a remarkable school of acting.

Ashley Dukes.

RECENT MUSIC.

"Elektra" has been the most prodigious success. Nothing like it has been written, or is ever likely to be written again, unless Richard Strauss is redundant. Its financial success compares with the box-office arithmetic on Melba nights. Even the King had to go. What does it all mean? Who likes it? I am sure not 1 per cent. of the vast audiences that fill Covent Garden understands one jot of what the music is driving at. And the music is driving at something. It drives at the most colossal human tragedy the mind of the artist has ever conceived, and it indicates that tragedy in music of terrifying power and beauty. Strauss has gone further than he has ever gone, further in several directions. He has concentrated more agony into music than he has ever done, as the subject of course requires. He has written into it more tenderness, more beauty (I had almost said sentiment, but I don't want to be misunderstood) than he has ever done in anything before. And this is the great and startling surprise of the opera.

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Rot of the most irritating kind has been written by funny paragraphists about the size of the orchestra, the new instruments required, the bizarre effects to be heard—nonsense that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most abandoned charlatan. Instead of which the music is almost decorous. I have only heard "Elektra" twice, and I have not yet seen a score, but my present impression is that it is, judged strictly as music, the greatest opera since Die Meistersinger; dramatically miles ahead of anything in the Ring, although technically it is Wagnerian drama extended and developed.

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It is, of course, as unlike Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" as possible, and the Frenchman's opera, notwithstanding all its epoch-making, is sentimental in comparison. From amidst all the ordered chaos of the music one can remember a few things: Elektra's recognition of Orestes, for instance, to which there is music of thrilling beauty. Nothing in opera has been heard to equal it since "Parsifal." But to Wagner the music of Richard Strauss bears merely a technical relationship. Everything else is different. Elektra, bereft of her reason, dances madly to her death to music of the wildest ecstasy. Wagner's brain could not have expressed such delirium. It is the sort of thing that will never be written again, not even by Strauss. I do not feel competent to say anything more about it at present.

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The late Mr. William Blake once observed that exuberance is beauty. This ever-fascinating piece of mysticism occurs to us in examining the recent progress of Hubert Bath. Like all people of genius or folly, he has his artistic limitations, and it is my sincere regret that he is at present working (to judge merely from his public work) far too comfortably within those generous limitations. I should like to see him more frequently hit a boundary. It has been suggested to me, in conversation, that his choice of subjects: Rossetti, Fiona Macleod, and ribald doggerel from the Ingoldsby Legends—a few that occur to me offhand—shows a certain exuberance of temperament. But I do not believe this is precisely the sort of exuberance praised in Mr. Blake's aphorism. Mr. Bath writes some "pot-boilers," which he himself would be the last to take seriously. I do not know whether this can be classed as exuberance, but no one who knows anything of professional life can blame him for that.

* * *

His present danger, however, lies in the fact that the public is beginning to take seriously some things which are not of his best. The Leeds Festival people have put on his "Wedding of Shon Maclean." Now this is a very jolly piece of music, much jollier than "The Dream of Gerontius" or "Everyman," for example, and more suitable for festivals. But festivals happen to be anything but festive; they are the occasions when all the ghastly dreams of all the Gerontiuses are related to spellbound audiences, sometimes in bumptious Odes, and they go on being told and told over and over again with the monotony of clockwork. It is doubtless a good thing for the musical morality of Leeds, but if Hubert Bath will tell me, the next time we meet at Gambrinus', *why* this work was included, I will retell the story in this paper, if it is interesting.

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A festival in England is nothing if it is not academic. Yet I suspect it was merely because this music had those "elements of popularity" which the academics pretend to turn their backs upon that it was included in the programme at Leeds. Here we come to the conclusion that Bath is writing down to the academies, do we not? I do not think he is deliberately or consciously doing so. "The Wedding of Shon Maclean" contained, in addition to a good deal of original and amusing music, some sentimental weaknesses which just prevented it being the best thing of its kind done in England. But the subject was a crude one, the libretto being a clumsy ballad of pawky humour. Bath's music nearly saved it. "Look at the Clock," first produced by the Queen's Hall Choral Society a few weeks ago, is a subject (taken from the Ingoldsby Legends) of the same "humorous" type, a type of humour not now tolerated even in the schoolroom. Again, his music to this is very jolly, and the brilliant little overture nearly saves the words. It will be nearly as popular as the "Wedding of Shon Maclean," and add much to Bath's reputation in the provinces. But where is the real Hubert Bath? Where is the youth that wrote the music to Fiona Macleod's "Moon Child"? I am sad at the retirement of that rare personality from the field. The present *alias* is not a good one, and I fear Hubert Bath does not know it. It merely serves a purpose which could be just as well achieved by other people, and I can only conclude that his chiefest limitation lies in not knowing his limitations—and in not understanding Blake. Other people could write "Look at the Clock," but nobody else could have written his music to Fiona Macleod's prose.

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I am told that Mr. Runciman in the "Saturday

Review" has called "Elektra" "students' music." Only last night a friend reminded me that there comes a time in our lives when we can no longer appreciate novelties. HERBERT HUGHES.

ART.

CONTINUING his quest of the historical old master in the Gallery nicknamed the National, the observer whom I left last week getting into a great state of excitement with the Memmi-like things having no kinship to those of the Uffizi, and with the Giottoesque things that belong not even remotely to the Giottos of Padua, and with other things in which there is as much Byzantine tradition as in the rind of a Stilton cheese, comes in due course to Pierpont Morgan's £100,000 altarpiece. (Quite lately I gave the sum paid for this Raphael as £70,000, and for the "Ansidei" as £100,000, through being misinformed by an official. The sums should be reversed.)

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On looking at the lunette which represents a third of the picture and its price, two suspicions enter his mind—either that Raphael did not paint it, or, if he did, he was inexcusably drunk at the time. For it is impossible to suppose that Raphael did not know that a sky should be an azure sky and not a ground of thick blue mud, that the flying figure on the left should be an angel and not a putty-face ballet-girl in a fit, that the draperies should be worthy of a painter and not of a peasant, that the cupids' heads should not have jester bells round their necks, that the colour of the angels' wings should not be dark and dirty but complementary to the draperies, that the sleeve of the left angel should not be red with a yellow light or yellow with a strawberry shadow, that floating ribbons should be soft and joyous and not ugly black lines zigzagging across the canvas. He cuts it off with the screen in the centre of the room, looks at it carefully, and sums it up. "An exquisitely-constructed atrocity. A hodgepodge of idiot detail painted to amuse the inmates of a lunatic asylum. The whole thing is so bad I wonder people have the insolence to talk favourably of it. They do so to keep the price up. But apparently Mr. Pierpont Morgan, or the enlightened gentleman he employs to lavish his money on dealers, is quite willing to accept this as the best Raphael could do in the way of a lunette, and to ignore the obvious fact that it does not by any means match the lower portion of the picture." This lunette represents £30,000, and there are in England men and women that a tenth of the sum would set free to produce work beside which the lunette would fall dead as rubbish.

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Then he turns and glances at the "Ansidei Madonna," Raphael, representing the £70,000 plunge of Boxall, R.A. He shudders, and passes on to the £30,000 Darnley Titian. He reflects: "Granting even that it has one or two beautiful features—that, for one thing, its texture, or what can be seen of it under the dirty varnish, is very wonderful, that in spite of having been rubbed and scraped to death, some of its original qualities are still apparent—is it worth £30,000? It is not miraculous, like the Velasquez portrait in the Uffizi, which is, indeed, worth many thousands." He notes, again, the once gorgeous "Ariadne," which Ruskin mentions in his charge of vandalism against the National Gallery, and recalls his words where he says bitterly, "I returned to England in the one last trust that though her National Gallery was an European jest, her art a shadow, and her connoisseurship an hypocrisy, though she neither knew how to cherish nor how to choose, and lay exposed to the cheats of every vendor of old canvas—yet that such good pictures as through chance or oversight might find their way beneath that prosperous portico, and into those melancholy and miserable rooms, were at least to be vindicated thenceforward from the mercy of republican, priest, or painter, safe alike from musketry, monkery, and manipulation."

Leaving this dishonest Titian which represents the master not as a great colourist but as a painter suffering from incurable colour-blindness, he comes to one next to it obviously trying hard to be honest. "The Portrait of a Poet," though buried under a thick coat of varnish, has for quite a long time been trying to identify itself. It has been rechristened repeatedly, now appearing as a genuine Titian, now as a genuine Palma Vecchio, and now as a genuine Giorgione. This astounding honesty entitles it to the credit of having begun life in a painter's studio. The pitiful attempts to label it will serve to indicate the true basis of our old-master worship. We are in love with commercial names. Certain famous pictures in the National Gallery are famous by reason of their names. Remove the names and keep them removed, and the Gallery would be closed in a week. Who would look at old masters without a name? Who would trouble to buy, beg, borrow, or steal them? Who is going to fake, forge, or copy nonentities? What would connoisseurs do who exist solely to christen, and christen, and christen old masters? Their occupation would be gone as surely as Othello's.

* * *

The passing of the New Gallery has been deplored as a national calamity, and set down, as usual, to the credit of a long-suffering and uncomplaining public. No one has dreamt of attaching any blame to the grotesque conduct of Messrs. Halle and Comyns Carr, whose management of the gallery in the interest of art and artists, not to mention their own social circle, is a matter calling for serious attention. On my own part I shall inquire into the present system of organising and managing big exhibition galleries, and among the questions I shall put are, Why do these galleries show such a lack of discrimination in those they invite to sample and applaud their ware? Why do they neglect the new and unknown man? Why do they neglect the Press? Why, for instance, does the Water-Colour Society's Gallery, 5a, Pall Mall East, compel me to interview money-takers and superannuated soldiers whenever I wish to give it half a column of free advertisement?

* * *

The French impressionists and neo-impressionists were entirely concerned with light and atmosphere, but the subject which the late J. Langton Barnard, whose paintings are at the Baillie Gallery, sought to treat was weather. In the treatment of the complexities of this subject he seems to have been impelled by some abstract conception rather than by the painter's clear vision of contrast and harmony. Perhaps, as the biographical notes would seem to suggest, he was more of a scientist than an artist, and devoted himself to theories and experimental research rather than to the expression of flashes of intuition. In any case his works are numerous and varied, and something more than a rough statement of meteorological fact. The exhibition of water-colours at the gallery of the Old Dudley Art Society takes one back to the time when Girtin broke away from tradition, passed beyond the Indian ink sketch and the stained drawing, to the secret and mystery of the great water-colour school, and links that school with the present. It is one of the commonplaces of criticism to say the works exhibited here are for the most part old-fashioned. True, none of them are violently up-to-date. In them are the light and colour of the earth and sky nicely caught and carefully transferred to paper. They are just the sort of thing for people with jaded nerves who are seeking a change from the strenuous Titians and the squeaking minnows elsewhere. As an impressionist, Henri le Sidaner, at the Goupil Gallery, does not appear to be saying anything new, but rather editing what has already been said and putting it ship-shape for the market. He is a very clever and capable editor who states technical principles clearly, makes an emphatic assertion of essential ideas and ideals, brings out telling points, and seizes familiar scenes and incidents. Even his mistakes have brains behind them. The perspective of "Le Palais Royale" is very wonderful, but the colour is a

little too hard for evening effect. The shaft of the fountain, for one thing, is too black. I have often seen "La Seine" as he describes it. That evening blue atmosphere is charming—very successful. "La Boulevard" is by far the best thing here. It is a big conception fully expressed. It is a finely-balanced composition. The painter has dipped his brush in vibrating atmosphere. The whole thing is complete. Stand back, and what eloquence and radiance that magic daubing acquires. There are three other important pictures. They will all repay careful study, especially from a point of view of impressionist technique.

HUNTLY CARTER.

INSURANCE NOTES.

SINCE January we have expected what has now happened. It was quite evident to those in touch with the inner rings of insurance that the decision by Justice Joyce would be looked upon by the Liverpool group of "sports" as an opportunity for testing the legality of the Royal London conversion, which preceded the historical decision. Before Mr. Justice Eve in the Chancery Division, Mr. McGlade a Liverpool member, raised an action against the Royal London Mutual Insurance Co., seeking to restrain the defendant company from soliciting, issuing, or continuing policies of insurance, or undertaking risks on lives other than those allowed by Section 8 of the Friendly Societies Act, also from carrying on any insurance business other than as a friendly society. It was contended that the company had chosen to insert in its memorandum objects which the old friendly society did not carry out, and therefore it was not legally incorporated according to the Joyce judgment.

* * *

In giving his decision, Mr. Justice Eve said that if the circumstances of the case had been similar to those of the case decided by the Court of Appeal, he would have had no alternative but to follow that judgment; but the circumstances here were different. The action taken before the Court of Appeal was one taken before the registration of the friendly society as a limited company, whereas in this case the company had been registered before the plaintiff moved. The real foundation of the plaintiff's case was that the incorporation of the defendant company ought never to have been registered; that the only authority the society possessed was to register as a company limited to the provisions of Section 8 of the Friendly Societies Act, and that therefore the society was doing that which it had no authority to do. The question was whether he could go behind the certificate of incorporation and investigate the conduct of those who had registered it, and say that their authority was limited to the registration of another kind of company, and did not extend to the present company. He did not think he could. He must assume the company was authorised to be registered, and so, assuming that, he held the certificate of incorporation was inclusive. It had been argued that it would be competent for the Court to recognise that the company was registered, and still to say that it was not entitled to exercise these excessive powers, but he did not think a company could be half one thing and half another. He refused the motion for an injunction, with costs.

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While not disposed to admire Mr. Justice Eve's argument, we are glad he has decided in favour of the Royal London. An adverse decision would have caused enormous confusion and endless litigation. After all, Mr. Justice Joyce has educated the world on this subject, including the Registrar, and the Royal London conversion was incorporated in ignorance. We wonder if the Liverpool group in their well-known quest for truth and justice, will rest content!

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We are trying to get more information for the reader who wrote us regarding the Taverner Pensions, but in the meantime we should note that an important case arising out of the administration of the Taverner Old Age Pension Scheme has occupied the attention of Judge Emden. The plaintiff, Mr. Hadler, claimed pension money amounting to £4 16s. 6d., and a second amount in the senior section, as a foundation member of £2 5s. 5d. Mr. Cecil Ince, on behalf of the plaintiff, said it was a question whether the case ought to have come before a Civil Court at all. Some 7,000 persons at the present moment were paying money into what was called on old age pension trust, which, speaking in all sense of the responsibility which ought to rest on counsel in these matters, was little less than a swindle. It was a scheme which had been criticised and denounced again and again by the public Press, and the attention of the Public Prosecutor had been called to it, and yet the defendant was circulating pamphlets all over the country appealing largely to the religious side of the poorer people, and asking them to contribute to a scheme which was actuarially as unsound as it possibly could be. The claim was paid, and the matter was not discussed in Court. His Honour said he did not think he could exercise the power as to extra costs, because the case had really not been tried to give him all the material to be able to exercise that power.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ORDER OF THE SERAPHIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Allen Upward, in his second instalment of the "Order of the Seraphim," appears to have fallen into the popular error of regarding the words "Socialism," "Humanity," and "Altruism" as synonymous with "sameness." The tree, he argues, is symbolic of human life: individual life, yes; social life, no. In every form of organic life there is, of course, division of labour; certain parts of the organism develop certain specific functions, but the fact that the roots of the tree tend downwards while the branches reach upwards is not to be interpreted as the roots being sacrificed to the branches; on the contrary, the roots' only means of survival lie in the earth; and far from being sacrificed, they find their fullest expression there. So much for the life of the individual tree. In the life of the human individual there is the same division of labour; certain organs develop certain functions, and the interference with such functions, whether natural or artificial, results more or less in disorder, and the general injury of the whole organism. But when we come to the social life of a community, the tree ceases to be representative. It is neither natural nor beneficial for man to express himself in a downward direction rather than upwards; unlike the roots of a tree he requires light and air in order to survive at all. The analogy between the social life of humanity, with its network of artificial laws controlling impulse on every hand, and non-human life contending only with natural law is not legitimate, nor is he able to draw comparisons between anthropoid apes and pigmies. For such comparisons to be of value, one must distinguish between anthropoid and anthropoid, pigmy and pigmy, savage man and savage man, civilised man and civilised man, and in the latter case the first factor to be taken into account is the artificial conditions prevailing at a given epoch upon the lives and characters of the individuals comprising it. As an evolutionist, I am surprised that Mr. Upward should have ignored the well established principle of the adaptability of life to its environment. A plant finding itself in an impoverished soil, deprived of light and air sufficient for its fullest development, is a very poor specimen of its kind; transplant it into favourable conditions and it blossoms out into healthy, robust life. The same law is operative in human life. If Mr. Upward continued, for example, that slum life represents a necessary division of labour, beneficial to the social life of our kind, and analogous to the roots of a tree, I beg to enter a most emphatic protest.

E. ROGERS.

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MR. BAX'S CONSIDERATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with interest the article in THE NEW AGE for March 3rd, by Mr. B. Bax, entitled "Some Considerations." I should be obliged if you could find space for the following brief reply to some of his statements.

(1) His chief point against Christianity I take to be the imperfections of what he calls "the Jesus figure." His disbelief in the perfectness of the character of Jesus is based on these reasons:—

(a) That it is not fitting that a boy of twelve years old should "dispute" with the learned elders. But St. Luke says nothing about "disputing"; he says that "Jesus sat in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions"—a very different account!

(b) Mr. Bax then says "that a heaven-sent teacher should not use strong language at trees for not bearing fruit at the wrong time of the year." Mr. Bax has missed the point of the story, which was miracle and parable combined. The tree was a type of profession without practice, for while it was covered with leaves yet no fruit was to be found upon it, although the time for fruit had already come.

(c) Mr. Bax declares that "the character portrayed in the Gospel narrative conveys the impression of a real self-idolatry combined with a mock humility which is singularly unpleasing"—to Mr. Bax! I do not know that he can expect any answer to that statement except this: that Mr. Bax regards as "unpleasing" a character which millions of men and women of all ages, races, and temperaments have regarded as perfect in its combined lowliness and dignity.

(2) Mr. Bax says that "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."

This, I am afraid, is simply untrue. Rabbi Hillel probably originated the golden rule, and there may be other current sayings of the time embodied in the Gospel narrative; but Christian morality, as we find it stated, e.g., in the Sermon on the Mount, and in our Lord's parables, is a new morality, unique in kind and original in source.

Mr. Bax concludes by saying that "two things Christianity has certainly given to the world, viz., religious persecution and religious hypocrisy." I can't agree. The world persecuted Christianity before Christianity persecuted the world; and the hypocrites we have always with us, among professed agnostics as among professed Christians.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Bax's bitterness against Christianity is the result partly of his ignorance of what Christianity is. He does not appear to know his New Testament. Till he has studied that more thoroughly he is not entitled to judge Christ or Christ's religion.

Perhaps some misfortune in his own life has subjected him to the persecution and hypocrisy of professing Christians. I hope Mr. Bax will forgive me suggesting so personal a motive, but, unfortunately, only too often our opinions are influenced by private considerations.

E. H. DUNKLEY.

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MR. HUNTLY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Carter's controversial ingeniousness amuses me. The more I disagree with his contemptuous attitude towards the old masters, the louder he proclaims that I endorse every syllable that he has written on the subject. When arguments fail, I suppose this is the only refuge. It reminds me of the attitude of the Liberal newspapers during the election. The more soundly the Liberal party was walloped, the more strenuously did the party organs proclaim a stupendous triumph. Will he send along that Great Western Railway engine? Latest type, please!

He declares, somewhat loosely, that I claim to be the one man in the world who can detect "fakes." May I inform him that anyone who has made even a cursory study of old pictures can detect them? I am sorry to have to trample on his pet illusions in this manner. He will be surprised to hear that it would take a Rembrandt to "fake" a Rembrandt, a Titian to "fake" a Titian, and so on. It may seem very strange, but it's perfectly true.

In last week's article he seeks to mitigate his Philistine attitude towards some of the greatest paintings in existence by criticising Margaritone, Spinello, and Gaddi (13th and 14th century painters of the greatest historical interest) from the point of view of a painter of to-day! Is this as far as he can get? Or will he continue on the same lines until he comes to the Titians, the dreadful and uninteresting Dutch canvases, the Velasquezes, the Holbeins?

Yes, in the place of his generalities about studying old masters in their own country, will he, in a fit of self-revelation, be definite on precisely those points upon which I first challenged him? They are these:—

1. His apparent contempt for Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," and a portrait by the same master.
2. His statement that all the "early" masters but three are merely instances of the restorer's ingenuity.
3. That Dutch canvases abound which are dreadful works of art.
4. That Velasquez's "Venus" is a half-burnt, atrociously restored French painting. Who is this hitherto undiscovered French master? Without a doubt, this is the most important art "find" of the century!
5. That Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" is technically bad.
6. Will he mention the bad things which swarm on the line like vermin?
7. And the dark corners which conceal the good things?

I await his explanation. I was perfectly definite in my objection to these statements, and expect him to be equally concise in defending them.

In your issue of March 10th Mr. Carter asks, quite innocently: "Do the old masters help or hinder the most modern painter? Have we any old masters which can help him? Are they of use in forming a judgment and taste in art matters?"

I will answer these questions with a question: Has he ever heard of the Slade School of Drawing?

HUGH BLAKER.

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ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As an educationist of many years' standing, and one who thoroughly endorses the principle that "the school should exist for the child," I have read with much interest Mr. Allen Upward's "Practical Prospectus" in last week's NEW AGE.

While agreeing in the main with the writer's aims, I think I perceive by the light of experience (and this constitutes my sole claim to criticism in this case) one or two weak points in the proposed scheme which, with all diffidence, I should like to remark upon.

Mr. Upward proposes to provide a school for "the exceptional boy—the boy who is too good" for the ordinary school. Now, I have not yet met with any parent, intelligent and thoughtful, and intellectually ambitious, who did not set out with the hope that his son would prove a Superman. But, supposing the claims to superiority to be submitted to, and endorsed by, unbiassed judges (and who would undertake the scrutiny?), do such boys exist in sufficient numbers to support a school of any importance? Rare they must be, or where is the superiority? This it was, probably, that induced the lady quoted by Mr. Upward to resign a thriving school in favour of some employment where "at least she was doing no harm." If it were a question of curriculum, could not this have been altered to meet the conscientious scruples of the principal?

And, granting that a sufficient number of bona fide cases be found, one wonders what would be the effect on the mind and character of the boys, who understood that they belonged to a school for superior or exceptional boys; and what the training for life would be in such a dead level of superiority.

No; the trouble does not lie in the curriculum, but in the fact that, hitherto, education has recognised, and almost exclusively addressed itself to, the conscious mind, while the inspiration and intuitive faculty, on the exercise of which all creative work depends, is left in abeyance, or is even paralysed, either by the overwhelming rush of external stimuli or by the dulness of mere routine work. If once this truth were realised, and teachers understood the true relation of the analytic and synthetic processes our educational science would become an art, for on the one hand the individual would "come by his own," and on the other the rubbish of scholasticism would be automatically sifted from the curriculum, for only that knowledge would be imparted which was seen to have a high psychologic value.

Thus the normal boy would become the Superman, and the fond hope of the parent would be realised—a hope, by the way, not unfounded, although so often illusory; for who does not realise that the child of a pre-school age is as far superior in originality and brilliancy to the average schoolboy as the Superman to the normal man?

Coombe Hill School, Westerham. HANNAH CLARK.

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SOUTH AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A correspondent in last week's NEW AGE has hotly criticised my comments upon the "Times" South American supplement. He denies my allegations that the workers are badly off in South America, that the trade unions are weak, that the system of justice is a fraud, and that repression of advanced thinkers has taken place in the Argentine, and various other matters.

I re-assert all these statements. The condition of the workers on the Brazilian rubber plantations, in the Peruvian, Chilian, Bolivian silver mines, on the Argentine plantations, in the Argentine frozen meat trade, in the mines in Rioja and Catamarco, on the Peruvian rubber plantations, etc., are shocking. The trade unions organised a general strike; but the strike was not a success because of the number of workmen outside the unions. A resort to a general strike, moreover, is hardly a fortunate example of industrial peace and welfare!

As to the rich classes, it is undeniable that "the white slave traffic" is largely with Brazil and the Argentine. Need I say more?

Anybody who has been connected with cases requiring the taking of evidence on commission in South America knows that the system of justice is a sink of corruption.

The terrorist régime in the Argentine during the state of siege was commented upon in many newspapers sent to me, and your correspondent's denial is so vague that I cannot accept it. The majority of English people might be willing to suppress all Socialist papers, but that would hardly be a ground for justifying such a procedure.

The phrase, "living in a hell," had more particular relation to the state of things in Peru.

My comments had no definite target, and were not specially directed against the Argentine Republic, but were dwelling upon the unanimous silence in the "Times'" South American supplement as to the economic status of the workers.

Let me cite one instance of how things are done in South America: A Presidential decree absolutely suspended the law of civil marriage in Paraguay in 1899!

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

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"TOLERATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My, as I thought, innocent little letter in THE NEW AGE of February 24th has called forth some so severe animadversions from the outside Press that I must beg of you a few lines' space to correct a misinterpretation.

The impression it has conveyed to my critics appears to

be that I am advocating a general auto da fé of Catholics at the earliest opportunity. How such an impression arose I am at a loss to understand.

My remarks were called forth by a "note" of an able and esteemed contributor to THE NEW AGE, who, with all his merits, has one slight obsession, to wit, a constantly recurring dread lest the poor Papist (for whom he has a special sentimental regard) should be intolerantly dealt with.

All I observed was that so far from the existing French law being too severe in placing stumbling-blocks in the way of Catholic propaganda, there were many persons who thought that too much latitude was shown in this direction. Can you blame Socialists and Freethinkers who regard the "morality taught by religion," understanding by "religion" Christian dogma, as fundamentally rotten, for seeking to shield, not adult persons—there the principle of toleration may expediently come in, I admit—but young and immature minds from being infected by such dogma?

We often hear in the present day talk about the "intolerance of Atheism." Well, so far as I am concerned, the only intolerance that I defend is intolerance of intolerance. Organised dogmatic theology is, in its very essence, intolerant, and hence has forfeited, ab initio, all claim to toleration, save such as may be dictated by expediency. If by the phrase the "intolerance of Atheism" be meant the recognition of this, it might be well if we had a little more of it.

The dastardly murder of Francesco Ferrer last autumn only shows that at the beginning of the twentieth century the Catholic Church still retains its worst poison fangs. This event is surely an object lesson against a fatuous and maudlin toleration of an organisation and its teaching which even to this day enshrines such criminal possibilities.

E. BELFORT BAX.

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THE PERSECUTION OF POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Our attention has been drawn to a ridiculous and offensive article under the above heading published in your paper above the initials "R. M.", which may or may not stand for "Ridiculous Monstrosity." A presumably Socialistic, if not literary, journal might have had the honesty attached to decent journalism to become better acquainted with other people's motives before villifying them. Such an article shows a singular lack of intelligence, discretion, and discernment. We have nothing further to add to this opinion of what a candidate for "literary scavengership" has thought fit to say about a distinctive literary event which is producing excellent results. THE DIRECTOR P. R. S.

Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "Why Politics Lag Behind," Morning Leader, Mar. 19.

BARING, MAURICE, "Diminutive Dramas: After 'Euripides,' 'Electra,'" Mar. 17.

BELLOC, H., "Five Little Towns: The Fifth Town," Westminster Gazette, Mar. 18.

BENNETT, ARNOLD, "The New League," Daily Chronicle, Mar. 19.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "New Light on Turner," Saturday Review, Mar. 19.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "Patience: An Exposition of Philosophy," Clarion, Mar. 18.

BURKE, JOHN BUTLER, "Lord Bacon and the Cambridge Style," Outlook, Mar. 19.

CANA, FRANK R., "The High Commissionership in South Africa: A Plea for its Abolition," Pall Mall Gazette, Mar. 18.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Doors of Evil," Daily News, Mar. 19.

CLARKE, M. E., "Les Dames de la Croix Rouge," Evening Standard, Mar. 18.

DICEY, Prof., "The French Senate and the House of Lords," Times, Mar. 14 and 15.

DOUGLAS, JAS., "The Joys of Melodrama," Morning Leader, Mar. 14.

EDGCUMBE, Sir ROBT., "Who Wants 'Reform' of the House of Lords?" D. Chronicle, Mar. 18.

FYFE, H. HAMILTON, "By Train de Luxe to Khartum," D. Mail, Mar. 14; "Khartum To-Day: The Garden City of Africa," D. Mail, Mar. 16; "Slatin Pasha," D. Mail, Mar. 18.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN, "Gentles, Let us Rest!" (a paper on the position of women), Nation, Mar. 19.

H. M. W., "A New Style of Party Leadership," Nation, Mar. 19.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "Labour's Sorry Plight," Clarion, Mar. 18.

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS, "George Sand and Her Circle: A Brilliant Group of Lovers," Literary Post, Mar. 15.

GUEST, Dr. HADEN, "The Doctor in the Slums," Christian Commonwealth, Mar. 16.

HANDS, CHAS. E., "The Magic of Property: Its Effect on Political Opinions," D. Mail, Mar. 14; "The Magic of Property: Prosperous County Cork," D. Mail, Mar. 17.

"HUBERT," "Wages for Wives: The Latest Woman's Agitation and Some Fallacies on Which it is Based," Sunday Chronicle, Mar. 20.

HUME, MARTIN, "The Elizabethan Literary Man," Literary Post, Mar. 15.

JEFFERIES, the late RICHARD, "Winter and the Birds" (hitherto unpublished essay), Pall Mall Gazette (literary supplement), Mar. 18.

JOWETT, F. W., M.P., "The Enemy at the Gate," Labour Leader, Mar. 18.

LANE, Mrs. JOHN, "The Article of Insult: The Social Value of 'a' and 'the,'" D. Chronicle, Mar. 17.

LANG, ANDREW, "On a Brass Door-Knocker," Morning Post, Mar. 18.

LIPSETT, C., "A Frenchman on India: A Criticism of British Policy," Morning Leader, Mar. 18.

LUCY, Sir HENRY, "On Cutting Off the Nose to Spite the Face," Observer, Mar. 20.

MACDONALD, JOHN F., "Another 'Affaire': The Amazing M. Duez," Morning Leader, Mar. 16.

MACDONALD, J. R., M.P., "What's the Matter with the Party?" Labour Leader, Mar. 18.

MACPHERSON, HECTOR, "The Wastage of Child Life," Reynolds's, Mar. 20.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "The War Budget: Liberals and the Navy Estimates," Morning Leader, Mar. 14.

MATHERS, HELEN, "An Ugly Phase of Womanhood," Literary Post, Mar. 15.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "The World's Trade: The Part Played by British Shipping," D. News, Mar. 17.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "Wheat and Wheat Taxes," Morning Leader, Mar. 17.

MOUNTMORRES, Viscount, "Helping the Helpless: Saving the Human Wrecks on the Embankment," D. Express, Mar. 18.

NEALE, ARCHIBALD, "The New Feudalism," Morning Leader, Mar. 19.

NUNN, THOS. HANCOCK, "The Social Welfare Movement: The Co-ordination of Local Work," Westminster Gazette, Mar. 16.

O'CONNOR, T. P., "Irish and Radicals: Some Misunderstandings that Need to be Removed," Reynolds's, Mar. 20.

PEARY, R. E., "The Discovery of the North Pole," Literary Post, Mar. 15.

PERRIS, G. H., "The Cost of Provocation: Labour's Reply to the Navy Estimates," Labour Leader, Mar. 18.

PETT RIDGE, W., "No Thoroughfare" (article on the training of lads), D. News, Mar. 14.

PUGH, EDWIN, "All is not Vanity," Morning Leader, Mar. 18.

REEVES, The Hon. W. PEMBER, "A New Second Chamber," D. Chronicle, Mar. 14.

REVEIRS-HOPKINS, A. E., "Pottery and Poetry at the White City," Pall Mall Gazette, Mar. 18.

SHORTER, CLEMENT, "The Captive Napoleon," D. Chronicle, Mar. 18.

SPIELMANN, M. H., "When Painting Becomes Art," Morning Leader, Mar. 15.

THOMSON, ALEC M., "Westward Ho! The Awakening of China," Clarion, Mar. 18.

TITTERTON, W. R. "Munich and the Average Man," D. News, Mar. 16.

WALKER, NANO H., "The Wife's Allowance: A Married Woman's Grievance," Morning Leader, Mar. 18.

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