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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LORD ROSEBERY may protest that his resolutions had no electioneering intention, but the world will not believe it. Such a coincidence as the passing of the Lords' resolutions and the appearance of the Government resolutions on the very same day would appear, if without intention, to be miraculous. By another undesigned coincidence, we suppose, the two sets of resolutions will appear on rival platforms throughout the country; and by still another the Unionists will be found supporting Lord Rosebery's resolutions, and the Liberals Mr. Asquith's. However, there is this to be said. The resolutions are neither good electioneering, nor do they provide a real alternative to the Government proposals. It is not good electioneering to admit at the outset the indefensibility of what you are about to defend, and the reform of the House of Lords is not an alternative, but it may be a supplement to the restriction of its veto.

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The Government resolutions are on the whole satisfactory. Notice has been given of several friendly amendments intended to ensure an unmistakeable meaning; and the Labour Party proposes to move a radical alternative, chiefly, of course, to please its more violent friends. On the face of the resolutions, they appear to be both more simple and less unreasonable than the Campbell-Bannerman scheme. The Lords will have no power whatever over Money Bills, but over other legislation they will have a considerable power of delay. Bright's image of the saucer as representing the functions of a Second Chamber will apply to the proposed state of things very well. Bills can be poured out to cool for a period of at most two years. No great heat can be retained so long.

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Now that the resolutions are published they have only to be incorporated in a Bill and carried into an Act. But there's the rub. What are the means to be employed? It is clear, we think, that legitimate power does not exist in the present situation to enable this to be done by the present Parliament. The present Parliament, whatever our friends may say, was not returned to effect a constitutional revolution. At most it was returned to reverse a constitutional revolution, and this would be accomplished by the statutory abolition of the Lords' veto on Finance. The further step requires a further sanction. Without that sanction, as we have urged before, the step that might be taken would be in danger of being retraced; and a revolution that may be undone should never be done. Hopes, we observe, are still being nursed that the King will come to the help of the Radicals when the Lords reject the resolutions; but we may as well warn our friends that these hopes are quite vain. There is no royal road to revolution. Either it must be accomplished by and with the consent of the people, or it will not be accomplished at all.

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This undoubtedly means an early General Election, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who is always the Cabinet's first fine careless rapture, has practically announced it. Nothing, in our view, is better to be desired by honest reformers who believe in the soundness of their cause. Only it must be an educational as well as a partisan election. Not only is the future of the Liberal Party at stake, for if the Liberals lose now they lose for ever, but the future of democracy is also at stake. The electorate must be made to understand that the removal of class domination is essential to popular government, whatever the nature of the class in question may be. We ourselves should oppose the domination of the working class on precisely the same ground on which we oppose the Lords; the one is a class no less than the other. And it is in the name of national democracy that the present battle must be fought. To this end every other consideration may fairly be asked to stand aside—Socialism, Tariff Reform, Home Rule, and the Budget. Whoever mentions them during the election will be obscuring the issue.

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We are very glad to see that these things are being recognised by the Liberal journals and by Labour politicians. The "Nation," having endeavoured in vain to lead its party on various wild-cat adventures, is now soberly repeating what we have said from the outset. The absurd notion of a Referendum has been abandoned, and the party has been asked to prepare for an election on the single issue, and the Government to clear the Budget out of the way before the dissolution. Local associations are further exhorted to begin their electioneering at once. This is common-sense. Now, may we draw the attention of the Progressives to an article by Captain Mozley in the April "Contemporary," which reveals the weak places in our armour. The concluding table of percentages of Progressive supporters at the last election should indicate very clearly where our propaganda should be directed. In Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and the industrial North the percentages of Progressive voters in the 1910 election were respectively 80, 93, 85, and 82. These can scarcely be improved upon. But the percentages in the South-east, the Central and Western, and London were respectively 13, 44, and 45, and it is in these parts that our weakness lies. In 1906 the same districts polled 59, 73, and

67 per cent. of Progressives respectively. Can we, at the coming election, return to these figures? Perhaps not, but it is quite possible to do much better than was done at the last election. These three districts together return 328 members, of whom in 1906 the number of Progressives was 223. Last spring this number was reduced to 114. It should surely be possible by a vigorous and concentrated campaign to raise this figure to at least half of the representation (164), thereby increasing the Government majority by a clear 100. We suggest that in the coming campaign the best speakers, organisers, and candidates should be concentrated in these weak places, that local associations be formed or resumed, that Liberal purse-strings be loosened to enable literature to be scattered wholesale over these constituencies. Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and the North will take care of themselves.

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It would be a thousand pities if by internal dissensions the Labour Party were to be disabled from carrying on its work during and after the coming General Election. Yet such fate seems to be awaiting it at the hands of the so-called advanced sections which constitute part of its rank and file. What is the trouble? Of all people, we of the NEW AGE may surely be considered immune from the charge of blind admiration of the Labour Party. Yet we confess that in the present crisis we have no fault to find with them. Reason is a hard thing to come by, and sweet reasonableness still harder. Nevertheless, we will venture to beg the Labour Party's critics to endeavour at least to put themselves in imagination in the place of the men they criticise. From the moment of the introduction of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, last summer, every subsequent step in the Labour Party's progress has been inexorably marked out. On the reception of the Budget by the Labour Party depended not merely the tactics to be adopted during the remainder of the session, but the attitude of the party during the last election and during the coming election. It was quite within the Labour Party's right to reject the Budget as inadequate—as a mere sham and a poisoned sop. That was the opinion of Mr. Grayson and Mr. Hyndman; it was also the opinion of many of the rank and file of the Socialist and Labour movements. Nobody, however, will pretend that it was the opinion of the vast majority either of these movements or of their sympathisers. On the contrary, we contend that the Labour Party was well within the approval of nine-tenths of its supporters in accepting the Budget as in the main consonant and agreeable with their aims.

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If proof were needed of this, we could turn to the electoral results. Mr. Grayson, who took the line of damning the Budget up hill and down dale, was defeated. So, too, was Mr. Hyndman. So, too, was every candidate who expressed the same views. Clearly, then, whatever value as propaganda the expression of these militant ultra-critical views might have, as politics they were disastrous. As the result of taking the moderate and practical line, the Labour Party, on the other hand, was successful at the polls—more successful, that is, than they would otherwise have been. So far they were justified by the events. But having once endorsed the Budget, it must really be maintained that they had no option but to support the policy resulting from it. As everybody knows, the constitutional question was never sought by the Labour Party—it has been thrust on them; and it was thrust on them as the result of the very Budget they had supported. Was it to be expected that having cheered Mr. Lloyd George to challenge the Lords they should run away so soon as the Lords took up the challenge? That would have been unforgiveable treachery, from which the Labour Party would never recover. As an honest party, they were bound to see the Budget and all its consequences through to the bitter end.

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All the loose talk of the Labour Party losing its independence and of its alliance with Liberals has no more meaning than this: that the Labour Party is honestly keeping its pledge to see the Budget through. And if, as a consequence of seeing the Budget through, the House of Lords must be attacked, why so much the better; two birds may be killed with the same stone. Moreover, its critics are not only inconsistent, but they are also without any common policy of their own. Mr. Hyndman, for example, would have nothing to do with the Budget, but he was quite prepared to accept the challenge of the House of Lords. Mr. Grayson, on the other hand, will have nothing to do with either. Neither the Budget nor the House of Lords has any interest or value for him. As for Mr. Blatchford, neither the Labour Party nor the Socialist section of it owes his opinions any respect after his faux pas of January last. And who besides these three is of any account in the criticism of the Labour Party's present policy?

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Some twelve or fifteen months ago THE NEW AGE was knocking loudly enough at the Labour Party's door for the admission of Socialist candidates, and when that failed was urging on Socialists the necessity of forming an electoral party of their own. With what result? Mr. Grayson certainly supported us for a while, but neither Mr. Hyndman nor Mr. Blatchford had a word of encouragement to say—in public! Both, we presume, had other fish to fry. Well, the position has changed since then. The Budget has intervened, and a constitutional question of vast democratic significance looms on the horizon. In our view, democracy is of more immediate importance than any other issue, and we will not tolerate any confusion of the question. The abolition of class privilege is the first condition of economic reform, and we should have thought that a student of Marx would have recognised this. Again, we have to confess to the Labour Party of what weak material their present opposition is made. Socialists who knew their business would long ago have ceased to hammer at the iron doors of the Labour Party. There is only one thing to be done if Socialists desire representation: it is to do what the Labour Party themselves had to do, namely, to organise on their own behalf, and run elections independently. We know very well that the Liberal Party never did open its doors to Labour members. Such as found their way in were swallowed up. So, too, have the Socialists been who have found their way into the Labour Party. So, too, will they ever be. Their only hope is to win fairly, as Socialists, off their own bat, and any further whining outside the Labour Party's portals must be regarded as simply political mendicancy.

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Take, for example, the Social Democratic Party, of which the directing heads are Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Quelch. This body has been in existence for thirty years without ever returning a single member to Parliament. Whose is the fault? Mr. Quelch attributes the blame mainly to the public, "the most conservative, most servile, and least class-conscious subject class." But it is the bad workman who finds fault with his tools. The proper reply to Mr. Quelch is the resolution carried last week at the annual meeting of the S.D.P. by 108 to 43 votes, to the effect that the S.D.P. had been ploughing the sands and was still as a party "outside the working classes altogether." So they are, and so are all doctrinaires and fanatics, and so may they always be. The first business of a party in politics is to obtain votes by fair means. If votes are not to be obtained by fair means, then let them remain a propagandist and educational body, dispensing with representation. If, however, they are to be obtained by fair means, then let them be. Only the first condition is surely that the fair means shall be employed by fair-minded men. Few of the Socialist "leaders" realise that the chief obstacle to the success of their cause is themselves. Unlike the Labour leaders, they have led their followers into the wilderness, and are now complaining that the Labour leaders would not accompany them.

One-House Rule.

By Wordsworth Donisthorpe.

THE current prattle about a Second Chamber is described by Mr. Asquith as "dialectical chaos." He and Lord Crewe may be taken to represent the permanent beliefs and temporary intentions of the present Government. The Liberal leader in the Lords, having driven to the House in what he would no doubt describe as a unicaballine conveyance, "wished to say," and in fact did say, "His Majesty's Government are in favour of a bicameral system in this country." He furnished two reason, which, as Judges know, was a mistake: (1) "The two-chamber system is the one which suits this country best"; (2) "The majority of the inhabitants of this country hold the same view." That remains to be seen. The Prime Minister gives other reasons. He desires "full opportunities to secure adequate delay and to avoid the risks of immature consideration, and to allow time for public opinion to crystallise and become articulate." He sees the "evil of a House of Commons outstaying its authority and passing laws which the people never ask for." And yet he exclaims, "Under the present system you have a chronic deadlock between the two Houses of the Legislature." Mr. Asquith is a lawyer. He is aware that certain judgments of the High Court are "appealable" (such is the jargon) to the Court of Appeal; that is to say, from the Lower to the Upper branch of the Supreme Court. What would he think of a demagogue who went about lamenting and denouncing the "chronic deadlock" between the two branches? And yet he says, "this absolute veto upon legislation must go." Legislation! A Bill sent up from the Commons! And what is this veto? And what is an Absolute veto as distinguished from a Relative one? This is not a question of State Function: it is a question upon which advanced social reformers can agree, whether Socialists or Individualists. Let us discard the verbiage of the politicians, Mr. Asquith's dialectical chaos, and state in clear terms the questions before the country.

1. Is a Legislative Court of Appeal of any kind desirable?
2. If so, should it be a committee of the single-chamber or a separate second chamber?
3. If the latter, should it be elective? And if not, upon what basis of selection should it be constituted?
4. What should be its functions?

These questions may be difficult to answer, but they are not difficult to state. Prudens interrogatio dimidium scientiae. And first as to a Revising Body, a House or Committee of Reconsideration and Delay, a brake on the legislative wheel—can we not take a lesson from the history of law? Lynch law has been defined as "rough and ready justice." Rough and ready it is; but is it always justice? Again, in some ages and countries, the judge listens more or less patiently to the wrangling litigants, and decides accordingly. In more civilised countries experience has shown the wisdom of appointing trained and calm advocates, one of whom says all that can truthfully be said on one side, and the other on the other side, both emphasising the strong points of his case, and ignoring the weak. In this way the Court is able to take a more comprehensive view of the merits of the case. The system of Party politics is based on the same principle. When a Project of law or Bill is before the country or before the House, one Party should say, and does say, all that can be said in favour of the measure, and the other Party properly says all that can be said against it. Not a stone is left unturned; and in this way the country, which is the final arbiter, is enabled to form a sounder judgment of the project than it otherwise could. Such is Party government. For good or ill, Democracy has come to stay. Wingless Victory is with the people. But the people is not a class, whether Lords, Loafers, or Labourers.

Another lesson to be drawn from the practice of our law courts is this: When, owing to local popular pressure, to magisterial prejudice, to defective or insufficient evidence, to unequal forensic skill, a decision has been come to which appears to be unjust, an appeal can be made to a higher tribunal, and a more careful and deliberate opinion obtained. If the decision of the Court of First Instance is sound, it will be upheld; if unsound, it will be reversed; and the delay will in either case have done little or no harm. All civilised States ("except Greece and Costa Rica") have provided for a Legislative Court of Appeal. Even the U.S.A. in the fever-heat of revolutionary change saw the wisdom of establishing a Senate, a Second House of Revision, deliberation and possible delay.

Cromwell's lament over his lost Lords has been trotted out so recently that I need not refer to it; and similar vain regrets are chronicled in Roman history, when the unrevised plebiscitum became the law of the land; when the steadying influence of the Senate had been swept aside.

The "blue-coated minion of a bloated aristocracy" who orders us off the grass becomes an angel of light, an upholder of law and order, when we are being hustled by an angry mob. I see Socialists of the future mourning the loss of the drag on the legislative coach, the absence of some constitutional check on the mad impetuosity of a puritanical Single Chamber; when, carried high on a wave of sudden enthusiasm, the cranks, fanatics, and popular preachers shall have closed all our public-houses, draped all our statuary, bowdlerised all our dramas and even classical literature, put down juvenile and even "senile" smoking, and suppressed all music-halls and racecourses. Yet such results of intemperate haste, of gusts of popular passion and of virtue in a hurry, are far from improbable.

There is another curious trait in frail humanity which ardent reformers would do well to study: the final arbiter, Vox Populi, is the most conservative voice in the country. Witness the Surprising History of the Swiss referendum, which the dear good "Spectator" is yearning to adopt in England. Hailed by all advanced politicians as the great engine of rapid and prolific reform, what did it accomplish? The massacre of every single project of law nearest their hearts. Again, the Second Empire was based on and shored-up by the plébiscite. The elephant that can trample on your enemies can be trained to trample on you.

Allowing, then, that some kind of Chamber of Reconsideration is desirable, should it consist of a Committee of the Single Chamber or of a separate and independent House? If, as some say, the House of Commons is the cream of the national wisdom, if it is the concentrated essence of the popular Will (be it good or bad), it would seem that a small Committee elected by that House from among its own members would be a doubly distilled quintessence of that Will. If the country is tepid, the House of Commons will be warm; and the kernel Committee will be red hot. To appeal from the larger body to the smaller would be to appeal from Philip fairly sober to Philip fairly drunk. Who would have cared to appeal from the National Assembly to the Comité de Salut Public? Not I.

It would seem, then, that the Chamber of Revision and Delay should be a separate branch of the Legislature, free from the infection of the hour. In other words, it must not be elected by the people either directly or indirectly. How then can it be constituted? Age has been proposed as a test (suggested by Gerousia and Senatus), but what New Thing, however excellent, would or could wriggle through the House of Fogies? The Japanese require as one of their qualifications for the Upper House the possession of considerable wealth. Others say that past experience in administration is evidence of capacity. Lastly, there is the hereditary peerage. Educated men do not relish the idea or see the fitness of their being told what to do and what not to do by fledgling peers from the Oxford Union Debating Society, or by actress-running old viscounts. In theory it is offensive, but in practice it is

improbable that any Act of Parliament has ever been marred or mended by such nominal legislators. I once proposed to set up a Third House of Revision, consisting of the inmates of Bedlam. In plain terms, it matters little whether your brake is made of iron or wood, of gold or leather, provided that it answers its purpose. And this brings us to the fourth question: What are the proper functions of the Second Chamber?

A project of law is sent up (or down) to the House of Lords. Let it be again thrashed out and passed, or amended and sent down (or up) again to the other House for reconsideration. If after that, Mr. Asquith's "chronic deadlock" is the result: let the Bill be hung up. Let the Lords say, We do not like this Bill, we believe the Country would not like it; therefore the people must first be consulted and its will ascertained; there is not the least need for the Government to resign; there is not the least need to dissolve Parliament; there is no call for hurry, still less for panic. Let the project be one of the planks—perhaps *the* plank—in the platform of the Party fathering it. The proposed measure has been thrashed out in the House of Commons; it has been thrashed out in this House; it will be thoroughly, even turbulently thrashed out at the bar of the democracy and in the Press between now and the General Election; till when it can wait. Hang it up "in some conspicuous place" so that the wayfaring man, though a voter, can run and read. The Absolute veto, if it means anything, means the right of the Second Chamber to exclaim, "Take it away; put it at the back of the fire; it is an unclean thing; we won't have it now or at any time." But there is no such Absolute veto. The government Don Quixotes are girding at windmills. Not a single peer has claimed such a power or such a right. Therefore, although it may be well to have an intelligent House of Revision, an unintelligent House is better than none. I am far from suggesting that the present House of Lords is unintelligent; on the contrary, it is, man for man, on a far higher plane of culture than the House of Commons. To supplant it by a House of Fogies, a House of Bedlamites, a House of Millionaires, or a House of Damned Superior Persons squeezed out of the Universities, the Bar, the Church, and the Fabian Society, would be a foolish and a useless bit of constitution-mongering. The Upper House, as at present constituted, has grown up with us; it is the outcome of our follies and our virtues; it is, with all its faults, an organic growth, not a plaster cast; it is a bit of old England; why not let "pretty well" alone? At the same time there can be no harm in pruning our fig-tree; cut out the dead wood and let in fresh air, dig it round about and put in what gardeners call "a bit of good stuff." Lord Rosebery's scheme seems to be a move in the right direction; but he must leave out his Mayors and local Magnates and all persons owing their position to popular election. We will have no "democratic whitewash." But the Chamber of Revision must be made stronger, not weaker, and better fitted for the work it is intended for. The "limitation of the veto" is a catch-penny cry without any meaning whatever. It is not true that "the House of Lords has the power of compelling the Liberal majority to choose between abandoning legislation and dissolving Parliament." The peers make no such claim, and have no such desire. They claim the right and the duty of protecting the people against the folly and precipitancy of its own servants. And the people claim this right and this duty on their behalf. Let us hear no more nonsense about "money-bills," "fiscal measures," "the national purse-strings," etc. Every sane reader of history knows that the original claim of the Commons—a natural and proper claim—was to refuse supplies to the Government for purposes of which they did not approve.

It meant that neither Kings nor Lords, nor both together, should levy taxes without the consent of the taxpayer. It never meant; it was never intended to mean, no sane and honest person ever believed it to mean, that the Lords had no right to protect the taxpayer against the extortion and extravagance of a misrepresentative and spendthrift government. The Lords were guilty of gross dereliction of duty when, in 1908, they passed the Old Age Pensions Bill, *if* they believed that it was bad and not really desired by the people—and the majority of those who spoke on the subject *said* so. I said at the time ("The Standard," July 17, 1908), "the Unionists will soon be clamouring for a House of Lords Reform Bill, the first clause of which will restore to that House the legal right as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature to withhold its assent from any Bill whatever to which its concurrence is desired." The time has come. If the Upper House is smashed from outside, it will not be because it is too obstructive, but because it is too complaisant; for any reason. Perhaps it is too late to enquire whether the Lords ran away from the post of duty through sheer cowardice, or because, as some say, they were not unwilling that the maintenance of the very poor should be shifted from the backs of landowners, who had borne the burden from time immemorial, to the backs of the general taxpayers, without so much as "by your leave." The pitiful fact remains that they did run away.

The people want the safeguard of a Chamber of Revision which can and will do its duty. If the hereditary peerage is a bruised reed, it must go; but if so, we will have a stronger not a weaker bulwark. We mean to keep and preserve our "chronic deadlock" as a sea-wall against the billows of fanaticism, mawkish philanthropy, ignorance, despotism, political corruption, hypocrisy and humbug of every description.

Individuals are of little account in this matter. Turn out when you will, bring in whom you will, but leave us a Chamber that dare, can, and will exercise the veto. So much for the political aspect of the hereditary principle.

The ethical aspect is not now under consideration. But this much may be said. Few thoughtful persons object to titles of honour. They are cheap prizes bestowed on those whom the Country delighteth to honour, as a reward for services rendered and for value received. But the value of such titles is lessened by making them hereditary. A hereditary Poet Laureate or Astronomer Royal would be a laughing-stock. And the average Englishman's love for a lord, qua lord, is contemptible. We all worship Lord Alfred Tennyson, and we ought to have been allowed to worship Lord Charles Darwin and Lord Herbert Spencer. But "unto the third and fourth generation"! do the facts (admitting splendid exceptions) warrant us in gilding every first-born successor of a great citizen and pretending that he also is pure gold? The result of the insane pretence is snobbery. England is a nation of snobs—and more especially of snobbesses. The French made a mistake in abolishing titles; what they should have done was to make every mayor a marquis. We are learning wisdom. And now I cast my vote for the House of Lords, swept and garnished, with its gilded legislators nicely brushed-up and ironed-out.

TRANSMUTATION.

LAST night the gadding crowd brayed out
  Under the cynic stars,
And to the music of the spheres
  Added these mystic bars:
For he's a jolly good fel-low!
For he's a jolly good fel-low!
For he's a jolly good fel-el-ow!
  And so say all of us!

The magic music floats for aye
  Through heaven's eternal hall,
And many a yearning planet thrills
  To earth's soft madrigal:
For he's a jolly good fel-low!
For he's a jolly good fel-low!
For he's a jolly good fel-el-ow!
  And so say all of us!

E. H. VISIAK.

A Boy's Confucius.

"GIVEN a world of knaves,—to educe an honesty from their united action," says scornful Carlyle. The problem before the ruling class of this country may be stated in rather similar terms: Given a rotten mob,—to convert it into an army for the defence of our wealth and privileges.

Given a nation with a religion which no thoughtful man any longer believes, with political institutions which no brave man can respect, with a morality which is hypocritical cant, and a social system founded on greed, fraud and oppression—to bring up the rising generation so as to be at the same time stupid enough to leave all these evils undisturbed, and yet smart enough to defend them against foes within and without, that is to say, against Surendra Nath Banerjea, Mr. Keir Hardie, the German Emperor and Senussi.

The last and most promising effort to solve the problem stands to the credit of Lieut-General Sir R. Baden-Powell, K.C.B., editor and, one hopes, part proprietor of that very successful boys' paper the *Scout*.

The Boy Scout movement is an attempt to save the British Empire by providing British boys with a Confucian morality, independent of religion, and the beginnings of a military training on more intelligent lines than those of the old boys' brigades and cadet corps; the whole pill being gilded for the boy's acceptance by being presented in the form of an attractive game.

The aim is low, and therefore the more likely to be reached; the means are thoroughly beneficial in themselves, irrespective of the aim; and the response from the boys has been so eager and general that the movement has already assumed national importance. For that reason it demands criticism, and deserves friendly criticism. Its author has already had one serious warning of the consequences of disregarding reasonable complaints, and for his own sake it is well that he should be informed that there is still a great deal of dissatisfaction with the business management of the organisation, and that influential personages are watching the movement with the intention of stepping in and taking over the control, if its founder takes up an impracticable attitude, and ignores proper representations, whether on the subject of general policy or practical details.

No one man, however estimable his character and aims, can expect to be trusted with irresponsible authority over hundreds of thousands of other people's children, least of all when he embarks on the perilous ground of religion and politics. General Baden-Powell has shown a praiseworthy desire to put himself right with the public by enlisting the aid of local councils and committees; he will have to realise that men whose support is worth having in that way, or as scoutmasters, will expect his office in Victoria Street to be conducted on rather different lines to the War Office in the palmy days of the Duke of Cambridge.

It will scarcely be believed that, at the end of two years, the Boy Scouts headquarters has not yet proved equal to the task of drawing up a clear and business-like manual or code of regulations for the guidance of boys and scoutmasters who wish to form a troop or patrol. Various circulars and booklets are issued, some apologetic in character, and apparently intended to be read by parents; others in the nature of advertisements of the *Scout* paper, or camps run in connection with it on rather commercial lines; and some containing fragments of the rules, with references to other publications.

The one which purports to be, but unfortunately is not, complete and exhaustive, is the shilling book, "Scouting for Boys." It seems to be the intention that every Scout should purchase a copy of this work, but the general design makes it more suitable as a guide for scoutmasters, who are addressed in the book itself as "instructors." Such as it is, it remains all that a busy man, managing a large troop, has to refer to, or to show to boys inquiring as to the conditions of enlistment.

The revised edition, dated 1910, contains 300 pages of miscellaneous matter, arranged as a series of "Camp Yarns," with hardly an attempt to bring together in a clear and consecutive shape the information which either boys or scoutmasters require. The first Yarn is taken up by a general introduction to scouting, dealing chiefly with Mr. Kipling's tale of "Kim," and Sir R. Baden-Powell's Mafeking experiences. The second Yarn brings us, at p. 19, to the Scout's oath, which reads as follows:—

1. To do your duty to God and the King.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To obey the scout law.

What the scout law may be is not revealed to the sufferer till he reaches the fourth Yarn, at p. 48, when it proves to consist of nine rules or exhortations to good conduct, most of them repetitions of each other, or of the oath itself. Indeed, the Christian boy who has bound himself to do his duty to God might be excused for supposing that all other moral obligations must be included in that, or be contrary to it. However we are not now criticising the ethics of this book, nor its English, but merely its fitness to serve as a manual for practical use.

Going back to the second Yarn, we find remarks on practical scouting, mixed up with directions how to light a fire, an account of chivalry, and life-saving, and various moral exhortations, all excellent in their way. The Union Jack appears to be a fetish with Sir R. Baden-Powell, and at p. 26 we are instructed in the tremendous importance of hoisting it with a meticulous observation of the difference between the "hoist" and the "fly." For fuller information we are referred to Chapter IX.; in the meanwhile Yarn 3 is about to reveal to us that the correct hoisting of this flag is one of three essential qualifications, without which no boy can become a Scout at all.

It is at p. 30 that we at last learn something practical. After a page of definitions, we are given, in the following order (1) Power of Scoutmasters; (2) Tests for Scouts' Badges, (a) Tenderfoot, (b) Second Class Scout, (c) First Class Scout. Next comes a confused description of the metal fleur-de-lis badge and label as worn by various ranks. The corporal is authorised incidentally to wear a white stripe, and the patrol leader is left in ignorance as to whether he is to wear one, two, three or none. In practice we believe some wear two, some three, and some none.

Then comes a long string of "badges of merit," elsewhere styled "proficiency badges." Eight are given here, six others at the very end of the book, and more are being continually announced in the *Scout*. The book does not mention that these badges are made of worsted, nor does it give the prices of any badges. Probably the worsted ones are free. There seems to be a suggestion that only 1st class Scouts should wear the latter, but they have in fact been issued to all classes.

At p. 39 we come again on the scout's oath, followed by the salute and secret sign. The uniform follows here, pp. 41 and 2, while some additional advice as to clothing is reserved for p. 203.

We have probably said enough to show the want of method which marks this volume, and the needless trouble caused to headquarters as well as to scoutmasters and boys by the absence of a proper manual. There are other faults in the book of a more serious character.

The subject of ancient chivalry is touched on here and there, with much repetition, and some contradiction. The legend of King Arthur is given as though it were sober history, and the absurd statement is made that St. George was the patron saint of the Round Table. On p. 214 the boy reader is left with the false impression that the English won the battle of Fontenoy; and that is all the worse because he seems bound by the Scout's Law to uphold that view henceforth against any one who "talks badly of his country," by attributing the victory to the French.

On p. 266 a recapitulation of our past conquests is marred by a boastful tone towards other peoples, and by another historical inaccuracy. "The French Emperor," we are told, "had medals got ready to com-

memorate the capture of England." Napoleon, at the time these medals were struck, was, of course, merely First Consul.

The author mentions on p. 281 that the only flag which private individuals are entitled to use is the Red Ensign, but does not inform us by what authority (if any) Boy Scouts are to hoist the Union Jack.

The ground of politics is full of pitfalls for a soldier, and General Baden-Powell is evidently quite ignorant that a professed Socialist is Governor of Jamaica, and that Lord Milner has pronounced the Conservatives responsible for much Socialist legislation. The attack on Socialists, pp. 283-4, is as needless as it is unfair, and the charge against them that "they do not read h'story" comes unfortunately from a soldier whose own impressions of the history of Napoleon are so open to correction. Not more happy is the reference to agitators growing "fat," on p. 288, neutralised though it be by approving quotations soon after from the Right Hon. the President of the Local Government Board and Mr. Will Crooks. Had the gallant author referred to Shakespeare he would have seen that it is not the fat agitator, but the lean and hungry one, who is to be feared. In the meanwhile what has this silly exhibition of class ignorance and prejudice got to do with scouting for boys? Surely if the General has any confidence in his own prescription, he should believe that the boys who pass through his training will emerge with sufficient manhood to resist the wiles of any agitator of the wrong kind.

The finest feature of the movement is its democratic character, and antagonism to class feeling. From all sides one hears the same tale of the grammar school boys fraternising with the council school boys, and soliciting that not merely the troops but the patrols shall be composed of all mixed together. This admirable impetus is due to Sir R. Baden-Powell himself, and is an infinitely better antidote to Keir Hardieism than any disparaging remarks about agitators. On that account I feel sure that the General will show himself worthy of his own doctrine by purging this book from needless causes of offence.

The ground of religion requires even more delicate walking than that of politics, and it is perhaps a tribute to the unsectarian character of the movement that the Bishop of London should have felt himself called on to start Church Scouts alongside of it. The compliment paid to the Roman Church in this book by naming its adherents before those of the Protestant religion established by law (while such bodies as the Wesleyans and Baptists are ignored) is probably due to the author's desire to stand well with the English Court. Apart from that the general tendency is certainly to deal with religion on a broad and unsectarian basis, and to base morality on non-Christian principles. I have not noticed the name of Christ once in the General's book, and Jews and Mohammedans are mentioned with respect.

The inevitable result is to give the movement rather the appearance of a basilatrous one. The King, as it were, steps into the vacant place of a personal embodiment of the Divine Authority. And it is significant that this is precisely what happened in the Roman Empire, with which Sir R. Baden-Powell compares our own. In seeking to arrest the decay of the British Empire by substituting king-worship for Christianity, and secular puritanism for Christian morality, the author of "Scouting for Boys" is treading in the steps of Augustus and Macænas.

On the whole, and after making every deduction, the movement deserves all the encouragement it can get. Its grand merit is its exaltation of intelligence and initiative over drill and routine. It is as free from cant and proselytism, so far, as it is possible for any movement to be in a country so over-ridden with both. I sincerely trust that Sir R. Baden-Powell will continue to rise to the height of his great responsibility, and that the splendid organisation which he has created will neither be wrecked by red-tape of his own devising, nor captured by clerical or political strategists to its undoing and their own.

ALEXANDER VAUGHAN.

The Philosophy of a Don.

II.—Respectability.

THERE is a type of man—meek, sleek, reverent, and prudent—who is never known to disparage anyone or anything, because he does not feel deeply enough about anyone or anything; who is particularly careful to preserve every man's good opinion, because he dreads adverse criticism; who may go through life making mental notes on his surroundings, but who never publishes those notes for fear of wounding his neighbour's susceptibilities and of having his own wounded in return; who, in brief, obeys scrupulously the injunction of a well-known Eastern sage: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The vocabulary of that type of man is innocent of negatives. His conversation is free from invectives. He is not even familiar with the rudiments of the science of vituperation; and the obnoxious ejaculations pooh! bah! pish! or pshaw! are known to him only by disrepute. Existence, which to so many of his fellows is a fierce football scrimmage, to that kind of man is a stately and graceful minuet. He is a character whom my friend Shav likes to denounce as a coward. I prefer to describe him as a man of breeding; and surely I ought to know best, for I am one of these innocuous and amiable individuals.

No philosopher has yet done justice to the type of which I have the honour to be a humble representative. No poet has yet sung our praises. No publicist has yet suspected the heroism and the beauty of the soul that lies hidden under our unassuming exterior. That is not surprising, for, as a class, we are inarticulate, and consequently ignored. But, I am persuaded, we have only to explain ourselves to enter into our inheritance. Firm in this belief, I will endeavour to describe our main characteristics and to remove some of the fallacies that have hitherto deprived us of our due share of recognition. The task is all the easier because our class is singularly free from perplexing varieties. To know one of us is to know all. A singe introduction is sufficient to procure an entrée to the whole set. I beg leave to introduce the reader to myself.

Nietzsche says that the free man is a warrior. That is, perhaps, the grossest of those pernicious fallacies to which I have already alluded. Being an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar, I presume I am a free man in every sense of the term. Yet the god of peace has no more importunate worshipper than myself. "Give peace in my time, O Zeus: peace with honour, if possible, but in any case peace!" This is my daily prayer. But I am not, on that account, to be confused with the mass of vulgar corybantists who go to and fro in the earth fomenting international friendships. My love of peace arises from no narrow, nebulous, altruistic craze. It has nothing to do with morbid philanthropy. It is inspired by no delusive expectation of an impossible Millennium. It is simply a matter of temperament and taste. War is too loud for my nerves. I dislike all that is emphatic. Strong convictions jar upon me as painfully as do high-pitched notes or over-pronounced colours; and anything partaking of the nature of an enthusiasm is apt to upset my digestion.

Of all the twenty-four hours I like best those which belong neither to the day nor to the night—those brief interludes of truce in the perennial struggle between light and darkness when all sounds are hushed and all hues are subdued into a harmony of dim and tranquil compromise. Twilight is the flower, noontide the sere leaf of the day. Who that is encumbered with the doubtful blessing of a soul knows not the sense of mystery and suspense which broods upon things as the evening spreads its grey softness over the earth? In my boyhood this vague interval between the world of deeds and the world of dreams—this misty borderland which divides the domains of two hostile Powers—used to fill me with a strange, foolish, unutterable melancholy. I experienced that curious old sorrow which young souls seem to borrow from Grandmother Night. Now I love that hour above all the hours that are upon

the face of the clock. It still fills my heart with sadness; but it is a sadness that does not kill joy; only soothes it to rest. I am now able to appreciate in all its fulness the beauty of an hour that belongs neither to light nor to darkness, an hour that hovers reasonably, wisely, irresolutely between extremes.

Emphasis in locomotion is another of my favourite abominations. Of all hateful things none is more hateful to me than hurry. I never travel express. I prefer a more ample, dignified, Trollopean style of locomotion. When I decide to go upon a journey I carefully choose the slowest train and the longest route; for, as an experienced young lady of my acquaintance once remarked, "It is not the getting there, you know, that really matters, but the going." Besides, in so travelling, I find that the anticipation is more lasting and the disillusion not less certain. Therefore, why run?

Once settled in my carriage, I lie back in my seat at a comfortable angle—as obtuse as human anatomy and railway economy will permit—and gaze through the windows at the passing clouds, trees, and telegraph posts, reflecting deeply upon what has gone before, speculating lazily upon what is to come next, counting up the fulfilment of hopes that are past, and stoically preparing myself for fresh disappointments.

From all this it will become clear that I am a philosophical rather than a commercial traveller; and my favourite mode of locomotion might perhaps not inaptly be compared to that of a highly sophisticated, slightly tired, contemplative cow, ruminating at leisure over the boundless pastures of creation. Indeed, were I entirely free to choose my own vehicle, I would never travel except on donkey-back. That, I understand, is the form of peregrination best suited to philosophical meditation, and on that account is generally favoured by the wise men of the East. But here in England donkeys, though not unknown, are never used for riding purposes. Therefore, the sight of an Oxbridge don moving down Piccadilly astride an ass might appear somewhat original; and to avoid the imputation of originality has always been one of the principal aims of my life. I shun conspicuousness as diligently as other men court it. The thing is not so easy as it may seem.

Inconspicuousness does not consist simply in not being prominent. A deep ravine is quite as conspicuous as a lofty peak. Some people, of course, are born inconspicuous, just as some people are born princes, poets, or cooks. Upon others inconspicuousness is conferred by a sort of tacit plebiscite on the part of their discerning fellow-citizens. A few achieve obscurity by their own unaided efforts. It is not, naturally, for me to say whether I am one of these self-made nonentities. I well know that people like to see talent tempered by modesty. I think, however, that I may, without doing violence to any of the recognised laws of decorum and good breeding, describe some of my efforts towards the attainment of undistinction.

In dress I affect the neutral grey or the non-committal brown, and in debate I love to listen gravely to both sides of a question, and to take the one which is approved by the majority. But even then I always qualify my assent with that blessed word "perhaps." For although I may have opinions, I never allow them to degenerate into convictions.

"I would thou wert either cold or hot," said to me my friend Shav one day.

"I am quite content to remain tepid," I replied, with my habitual complacency.

"Have you no principles?"

"I have a few; but I rather distrust them. I am practical. I cannot measure an action until it is actually done. And when it is done I like to look at the profit and loss resulting therefrom before I pronounce upon its morality."

"You are, and will always be, one of the semi-colours of life—a piece of conventional mediocrity with a blameless record, a spotless collar, a prosperous banking account, and a stiff outlook," he informed me kindly.

I smiled, for I saw at a glance that this portrait of myself, like all the portraits drawn by my gifted friend, was a grotesque, extravagant, and wholly misleading caricature.

"What if my record is blameless, my banking account prosperous, and my collar spotless?" I demanded. "Cannot a fellow be respectable if he is so minded?"

"Respectable!" he cried, with quite unnecessary warmth. "What, in the Devil's name, is the use of Respectability if thou inwardly art the pitifullest of all men?"

"My dear Shav," I said, "you are, as usual, exaggerating. I do not think I am the pitifullest of all men. As to the use of Respectability, it is exactly the same as the use of ancestors—it enables those who have some to look down upon those who have none. But the question of utility is really quite irrelevant. The truly respectable man does no more think of the use of his respectability than the truly healthy man thinks of the use of his stomach."

"But you are not a healthy man. You are only a wobbler!"

"You are at liberty to call me a wobbler, a trimmer, a time-server, a Laodicean, a fashionable preacher, or a member of Parliament if you choose to be rude and uncharitable. I would call myself an English gentleman and scholar. I have a sense of proportion and a healthy horror of superlatives—that is all."

"But don't you believe in anything?"

"Oh, yes. I believe in the golden mean. It is, on the whole, the safest thing to believe in. As the Poet has said:

> He that holds fast the golden mean,
> And lives contentedly between
> The little and the great,
> Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
> Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
> Embitt'ring all his state.

"I see. Your Golden Mean, I take it, is another name for what used to be called the Golden Calf," said jesting Shav; and would not stay for an answer.

It was perhaps as well, for I had no answer ready. I am not built on Shav's lines. I have neither his trenchant tongue nor his bad manners. What in him arouses indignation, in me arouses either nothing at all or only amusement. And where he hates mediocrity because it is mediocre I like it because it is, so often, comfortable. Why should I not? I have no valid reason to suppose that I was brought into this world with a divine commission to make myself disagreeable to my neighbours. I have no desire to pose as "a devil of a fellow, dancing gaily and supermannishly over all the established moralities." Such a performance may be tolerated, even applauded, in a man of genius. But it would come with an exceedingly ill grace from a don.

I do not belong to the species of the rhapsodists, the reformers, the saints, the seers—men who pretend to reveal to the world a new light, a light kindled by the intensity of their own emotions and generally repaid by the flames kindled through the just resentment of the world. In common with the rest of my Oxbridge colleagues, I am a priest of Respectability, not a dancing dervish, or "shaker of things." Whether this is the best of all possible worlds or not is a question which I cheerfully leave to those who can boast a wider acquaintance with worlds. My own experience is confined to this planet; and, on the whole, I confess that I have found this planet as good a planet as might be expected. No lawless dithyrambs, no audacious, subversive speculations in philosophy, finance, or faith shall ever receive any countenance from me. Let others affect martyrdom; for myself, I am unworthy of the honour.

Were it not too presumptuous, I would say that my attitude towards life and its affairs is the attitude of an aristocratic legislative assembly—like the Sanhedrin or the House of Lords. I am no belted earl, nor a baron, nor any brahman; yet by disposition and education, if not by birth, I am a noble statesman,

> And noble statesmen do not itch
> To interfere with matters which

are better left alone.

Enemies of the Poor.

THE world is approaching a strange conflict—the struggle for supremacy between scientific efficiency and human inefficiency. One prophet of inefficiency and humanity is Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The prophets of efficiency and inhumanity are the vast body of the governing and professional classes. The mechanism of scientific apparatus is being rapidly substituted for the natural processes of human effort. Under the cloak of scientific utility the democracy is being hemmed in with every kind of regulated device. The vivisectionist, under the pretence of curing the world of its bodily ills, has established the principle of operating upon a low form of life to preserve a higher form of life. Some eugenists have carried the same theory the step further of urging that unfit parents should be forbidden to procreate children. Society is steadily being swung round to the point from which civilised mankind started. The vivisectionist and the eugenist will soon be preaching the slaughter and consumption of human life for the nobler advantage of humanity.

This may seem a grave exaggeration; but, after all, those who defend cruelties on the ground of the higher good must meet the logic of their case. Everyone would grant that operations performed upon rabbits, cats, and dogs in the name of science would be the height of cruelty were they practised for private amusement. That will be accepted by all reasonable persons. Equally, though perhaps more disputably, most people would agree that the prevention of propagation by unfit persons, remembering the only way by which such prevention could be legally or morally enforced, would be a social wrong unless unquestionable public good could be shown to flow therefrom. To disable the unfit from procreating, by means of personal segregation or physical operation, for reasons of private malice or spite would be unthinkable.

There remains to be considered what the Romans called the public good as the one valid reason for the legalisation of what would be regarded as private enormities. Is there any limit to which the logic of this proposition can be confined? Assuming the scientists and medical men who are seeking the cure for cancer discovered (perhaps quite truly) that cancer could be stamped out were they allowed to inject human blood into the diseased frame of the cancerous patient, would the vivisector then claim the right to drain criminals who were to receive the death penalty of their blood—always for the public welfare? If the reply is yes (and there is the instance of the Philippine prisoners of war), the logic of this demand can easily be pressed further. Supposing the injection of human blood set up some unknown irritant, but the drinking of human blood did not, would the scientific physician recommend his patient to quaff draughts of blood? Certainly he would. Thus society, in the name of civilisation and the public good, would be encouraged by its scientific guides to acquire the unquenchable thirst of cannibalism! Those who may urge that the drinking of blood and the consumption of flesh are different in degree should reflect upon Shylock's dilemma when he claimed his pound of flesh under a bond which contained no clause about blood.

The eugenist seemingly stands in a humaner position. His plausibility is more deceiving, but the rays of logic soon lighten the dark places of his reasoning. The doctrine of eugenics has divers interpretations. That there is any exact definition accepted by every eugenist is doubtful. To avoid confusion, let me define eugenics as the improving of the stock by the weeding out of the unfit. To this definition let me add a method—by means of preventing the unfit being in a position to transmit their unfitness. My definition, rightly or wrongly, runs thus: Eugenics represents improvement of the stock by the weeding out of the unfit; that is, by preventing the unfit from transmitting their unfitness to future generations.

How is that to be avoided? Some people glibly advocate that one section of the unfit, known as "the unemployable," should be cast into a lethal chamber. Other more careful thinkers suggest that idiotic, epileptic, consumptive, or insane adults should be forbidden by law to have children, or that their children should be destroyed. The slightest analysis of what underlies the theory of eugenics soon brings the inquirer into a realm of thought where the destruction of human life can be deliberately recommended on utilitarian grounds. The maze of the eugenist morality is more easily unravelled than the tricky fallacy of the vivisectionist. The eugenist is sooner faced with his invasion upon human and social rights than the vivisector, who protests, with an absurd solemnity, the superiority of a human being over a rabbit!

Is the statement that "the vivisectionist and eugenist will soon be teaching the slaughter and consumption of human life for the nobler advantage of humanity" so grave an exaggeration? Vivisection and eugenics are, too, most sinister infringements upon those social rights of mankind which are the only possessions of the poor. This steady sapping away at the roots of society, for the abolition of cannibalism and preservation of their children are the principal benefits the common people have gained from civilisation, may cause that rebarbarisation of society which has been prophesied by some acute observers. The bureaucrat may put the unemployable in a lethal chamber, but he will put civilisation in the same lethal chamber. The eugenist may slaughter in public abattoirs the unauthorised children of licentious, consumptive, or lunatic parents; but he will check the intellectual progress of civilisation for ever. The vivisector may swamp the bacillus of cancer and other diseases in doses of purified blood; but he will engulf civilisation in oceans of blood.

The basic principle of "the public advantage and welfare," upon which vivisection and eugenics are founded, is, by the natural sequence of demonstration, swept away. It is the scarlet sin of the end justifying the means in a newer and more attractive raiment. The end, in fact, never does justify an evil means. Should the means be evil, the end must be evil. The end, on the hypothesis, was to cure cancer. The means—admittedly an evil one—was the drinking of human blood, resulting in an evil more terrible than the end which was to be justified by that means. These clever pretensions of scientific men are generally the crudest fallacies; but, worse than crude, they are also the cruellest in their consequences.

A pleasanter example of this delicate examination can be found in Nostradamus; but the topic is the ever popular one of marriage and love. The scientific reactionaries' most astounding imposition on the poor was the institution of marriage. Aristocracies have never been affected by marriage, while the middle classes were touched as much or as little as they pleased. Marriage was supposed to be a moral institution for the welfare of society. The Countess of Champagne, in presiding over a Court of Love in the twelfth century, treated this theory with scant ceremony, in deciding the question, "Can true love exist between man and wife?" In a beautiful garden, surrounded by her ladies, on a May afternoon in the year 1174, the Countess pronounced this judgment:—

> We declare that, in the opinion of all the ladies here present, love cannot extend its privileges to husband and wife. Lovers grant each other everything of their own free will, and are not in any way constrained by feelings of necessity, while it is the duty of husband and wife to submit their wills one to the other, and never to refuse each other anything.

Can anyone challenge the truth of this ruling? Those scientific rogues who established matrimony would have killed love, except that the aristocracies of the world treated marriage as a mere social convenience. But the institution of marriage killed the ennobling and intellectual influence of love among the poor classes, and turned the relations between the sexes into mere sexual gratification. It was a most ingenious and well-planned attempt to keep down the poor by robbing them of the noblest civilising influence in the world.

C. H. NORMAN.

Architects and Clients.

By W. Shaw Sparrow.

IT is a common complaint among layfolk that they do not know how they are to choose an architect, how they can single out a good and thorough adviser from the many who are inefficient. They are not critics of art, and they have learnt from the talk of friends, as well as from books like J. J. Stevenson's, that architects cannot be judged by the patronage they win, because those who have the business gift of obtaining commissions are sometimes without talent for creative work. What, then, is a layman to do? He sees, no doubt, that many an architect has honours after his name, F.R.I.B.A., or A.R.I.B.A., but he rarely knows the meaning of those titles or for what they were granted. Are they bought by annual subscription to a society? Have they the real distinction of R.A. and A.R.A.? Or, again, do they denote the passing of difficult examinations? If so, why is the fact not advertised in popular books of reference, like Whitaker and other perennials?

It is not surprising that laymen are puzzled and discouraged. The Royal Institute of British Architects should awake and put itself abreast of the times. For the arts which it represents belong to the people—are, in fact, the most needful of all the arts. Yet the masses are left in ignorance of the most elementary facts. There is far too much repining among architects and far too little rational action. Their main object is to serve the nation, though they often think and speak like their professional newspapers, books, and magazines, which laymen find as dry as the Sahara. If they take no steps to direct and improve public opinion, how in the world can architects hope to be understood and encouraged? What has their Royal Institute done for the people? Why has it not organised groups of popular lectures, and kept them busy from September to May? The bad trade among architects, constantly mentioned in letters to newspapers, arises mainly from a want of fellowship between them and their paymasters, the people.

To bring about a feeling of mutual confidence many things should be done at once. For example, the R.I.B.A. ought to set on foot a system of architects' registers for all towns, each register of names to be approved by a careful committee, then placed in view in local post offices and in other public buildings, so that everybody may consult them. To be enrolled on a town register an architect would have to prove his integrity and merit by submitting credentials and working drawings to the committee of the R.I.B.A.; and if the State empowered the committee to grant degrees both for architecture and for house furnishing, the register would be invaluable as public guides. Thirty years have passed since the late J. J. Stevenson pointed out the muddled prospects of house architecture, finding language less violent than that of Fergusson. Let us hope that something will be done now and at last to put method and forethought into the national relations of architecture and the public.

There is yet another matter to which the R.I.B.A. might give practical thought, namely, the stereotyped woes that an architect has to hear with patience when he begins to work for a new client. There is very often a lady who believes that a man knows nothing about cupboards, nor the needs of children, nor the whims of modern servants, nor any other detail in the familicity of home-making. When a woman believes that, an architect has a hard time, for he is told that the female mind untrained can design better plans by far than men produce for houses: and how is the lady to be undeceived?

Now, a tradesman would meet that difficulty after his first encounter with it by having compiled and printed a neat little pamphlet on the essential points in house building, to be sent to each new client. Information of many sorts would be given, all practical and brief; and the tradesman, you may be sure, would be an astute Professor of Cupboards. The R.I.B.A. has not issued a pamphlet of that kind for its fellows and associates. Why? There is an official paper on the fees of architects, but not on the hindrances to success. Is it then easy to put money in your purse when the same hitches arise with each new client almost?

One trouble of frequent occurrence is enough to poison life for an architect; it is the common belief that his work ends when the shell of a building is completed. The embellishment of rooms, the choice of furniture, are taken from his enjoyment, and handed over to some shopkeeper with such a small amount of knowledge on any one subject that he has courage enough to be a specialist in a great many. This happens very often, and fine houses are then spoilt as works of individual taste and distinction.

Yet the fault lies with the profession of architecture as at present disarranged and disjointed. A master builder in the old days had under his control admirable handicraftsmen; men of every kind, whom he used as a composer now conducts an orchestra. There was general harmony; and hence the complete unity of effect in Elizabethan and Jacobean houses, where every detail was in keeping with its environment and with the costumes worn by women and men. Such homes are symphonies in the petrified music of architecture. And the art governing them recalls to memory Newman's definition of logic as the great principle of order in thinking; it reduces a chaos into harmony, it enables the independent intellects of many acting and reacting on each other to bring their collective force to bear upon the same subject matter. If architecture is to be again an inestimable gift to our homes, the logical faculty must prepare it for our use, gathering together into co-operative guilds the best artist-craftsmen, and uniting them in the fellowship of common effort with their great director, the profession which architects follow. And every care must be taken to make their own aims and the right ideals of thoroughness in art thoroughly well known to their patrons.

Stevenson complains that a client learns so much during the work of building that he feels dissatisfied with the finished house. What he learns arrives too late to be of use. His architect teaches him bit by bit, without preparing his mind with a good practical lesson in a well-written essay, printed and bound. As soon as an architect has finished his plans and elevations he calls on his clients and explains their meaning, always with a practised eloquence of hand and speech. It never strikes him that the plans are too small in scale for the inexpert to understand, and that the persuasion of descriptive words may deceive as well as convince. Not five laymen in a hundred can read plans aright; not one in two hundred can realise to himself what a ½in. scale design will appear when magnified into a real house. How absurd, then, to lay so much stress on paper plans, when it would be so easy to enlarge them full-sized on the site itself with rolls of tape and a packet of large pins.

Much might here be said on a theme that takes rank as the most important of all the sides of architectural study. I mean its effect as helping to safeguard the dignity and beauty of ripe serene styles. These noble instruments have never been exposed to dangers of a piece with those which beset them now. Vulgar slang is found everywhere in buildings, often accompanied by a not less vulgar attempt to be new and original. Quite a large number of architects forget that traditions of art are like traditions of language, not a hindrance to original genius but a help, inasmuch as they free the mind from the creating of that which ought to be common to all, namely, the method and habit of using a well-developed instrument. Every style is the result of a growth over centuries, and within its flexible genius any number of new things can be said with distinction.

Italy and the English Novelist.

By Riccardo Nobili.

WHEN Carême, the esteemed chef of Prince Talleyrand, was borne to his grave a sympathising friend, wishing to pay a proper tribute to the departed king of French cookery, remarked that Carême, who prepared excellent meals for so many peace congresses and diplomatic gatherings, was, perhaps, the only factor of peace during the Napoleonic period. In fact, his dishes were likely to alleviate the mental troubles of those who held the fate of Europe in the hollow of their hands; and, who knows, his presiding over the dinners of potentates and princes on the Plaine des Virtus in the year 1814 might have furnished the conciliatory element that favoured less dyspeptic conditions to defeated France.

May one be allowed to ask what has spoiled, of late, the digestion of some English writers who, on visiting our country, persist in depicting an Italy of their own particular fancy—a strange unreal Italy—that seems the result of a Daltonic visualisation combined with dyspeptic perspective.

An indigestible risotto may, for instance, have given Edith Wharton the idea that Parma "lacks the engaging individuality of some of the smaller Italian towns." Has she been there at all, we wonder; has she walked through the characteristic and picturesque streets of that city? If so, why has she not caught the strange artistic aroma of Parma; not seen the magnificent and characteristic Duomo, ignored other interesting churches and palaces, buildings of the style of the Pilotta of Ottavio Farnese, private mansions like those of Count Sanvitale, Dukes Grillo, Soragna, Prince Pallavicini, Count Testa, Linati, etc., to say nothing of rare works of Correggio and masterpieces of Bisone and Blanchina known to any tourist who has visited Parma in the brief interval between trains? What bad dish of maccheroni or Neapolitan pizze may have altered the well-balanced mind of Mr. Arthur Symonds, who, as a witty Italian writer observes, insists on going about Naples as if he were under the chaperonage of Mme. de Staël; and what unsavoury excess of garlic has induced the superficial Hutton to assume the attitude of an exotic Cato every time he speaks of Italy? As for Maurice Hewlett, on coming to Italy he apparently mistakes third for first class, and insists upon dining in Florentine restaurants with such a menu as "pasta con brodo, veal cutlets, olives, and a bottle of right Barbera"; let him first discover that Barbera is a Piedmontese wine, and have a tête-à-tête with our obese flasks of generous Chianti, and we may hope he will see Italy at last. In vino veritas.

Not that we object to being talked about and criticised. We believe that we have yet many things to learn. Naturally a country like ours has to learn from outside experience, but when it comes to be judged by writers of freakish knowledge and doubtful culture we believe it is at least our right to laugh.

For this, and no other reason, the letter of protest addressed by Mr. Nathan, as Mayor of Rome, to the Director of the British School of Archæology might have been spared. The letter of Mr. Nathan, semi-officially requesting impertinent foreigners to mind their own business, sounded to us petty and un-Italian. The circular manifesto sent to certain papers by Mrs. Edith Wharton is a monument of ignorance and misplaced sympathy—but for the miserable sum of 600 dollars asked to defray the expenses of the committee, which should save Italy from barbaric Italians, this circular would sound like a piece of American bluff. Should the up-to-date criticism on this supposed barbaric deed be sanctioned by a Ruskin, a J. A. Symonds, a Carmichael, or a Norton, to whom our country owes so much, it would have been our duty to investigate—not to resent—the accusations. But in dealing with these neurotic critics Mr. Nathan, as a Mayor of Rome, ought to have remembered that a few steps from the Town Hall dwell Pasquino and Marforio, the stonified jesters of the Urbe, and that by his official resentment he was robbing them of a capital chance for a pasquinade.

What value may we give to English novelists who have shown such a lack of artistic sense as to write fiction on Italian life which they do not understand? Their types are intended to represent Italians, but, in fact, when not lords garbed as ciociari for a fancy ball or brigands for operatic stage, they are characters that escape all comprehension of our Latin temperament. Such types are to us as near to Italians as the true Britisher is to the "Punch"-like caricature which, rigged out in over-sized checks, is understood to typify Englishmen in vaudevilles and comic opera.

While none of these writers that have so lightly depicted Italian life possess the idiom in which to write a novel in our language, we may say that many Italians, from Ruffino to the present day, have contributed to English literature; and I am thankful to be able to say that not one of them has shown such a dearth of artistic temperament as to be allured to deal with English society in fiction.

The excellent translations of our best writers of to-day—Fogazzaro, Serao, Grazia Deledda, Zuccoli, the truest expression of Italian character—are hardly comprehensible to English readers. The heroes and heroines of our best fiction are too true to life to be believed genuine by a public accustomed to gross imitations: Italians heroically framed by Ouida; characters compounded either in honey or high melodramatic juice of Marion Crawford's novels; the would-be Italians of Mrs. Humphry Ward, dramatis personæ either diluted in tea or breathing spirits, when not teetotal; the arch conventional types of Mrs. Wharton, who, as a writer of Italian life, seems to be under the odd spell that to produce a real dago one has only to tack an Italian name to a Brown or Smith and change the abbreviation Mr. into Signor.

Such deplorable descriptions of the Italian genus have misled a great many readers.

Unfortunately for Italy, these English writers of fiction have lately turned their activity to the æsthetic freak of saving us from home barbarism and destruction. Hardly a day passes that we are not made the target for their discoveries. To say that there is no truth in what they assert would certainly be the highest piece of chauvinism an Italian could attain; but we may also say to these "serotinous" savers of our country that in such a deed we can claim somewhat the part of eldest brothers. Their protection so rapidly extended toward the safety of Italian monuments, is a thing of later time, a product of late civilisation. In Italy such protection has been the preoccupation of centuries, just as for centuries there have been laws intended to protect monuments, which fact proves that if in our country there have been barbarians, as in every country, we also had legions of enlightened minds striving to save art and historical relics from destruction. In the Roman time restrictive laws were so respected as to annoy Julius Cæsar in tracing new streets and portici for the city, and as to force a tyrant of Nero's quality to a ruse. When wishing to baffle municipal laws—ne aspectus urbes deformetur—the despot recurred to the expedient of setting fire, as if by accident, to the quarters of the city he wished to beautify. The Renaissance had the greatest cult for historical relics, and through this second period of life of Italy the Medici family had the merit of compiling the first law intended to protect monuments and impede the exodus of masterpieces from the country.

It is true that a Pope of the Barberini family, Urban VIII., declared the Coliseum a public mine for stones, and became such a curse to Roman antiquities as to generate the saying, "Quod non fecerunt barbari fecerunt Barberini," but it is also true that he was somewhat an exception, the blot being atoned for by names like Leo X., Aldobrandini, and Cardinal Pacca.

We have a history of artistic protests that descends from Petrarch to Ænea Silvio Piccolomini, a history that includes names of artists that run from Raphael to Canova. To come to Italy for a short stay, to rely on impressions often gathered without mastering our language does not give us full justice, and places the critic on the level of an ordinary tourist. Such tourists are the descendants of those that under the Roman Empire were—if we may believe Procopius—shown the boat, still moored at the border of the Tiber, with which Aeneas had landed at the place where the Eternal City was subsequently built; the same ones to which Lucian* alludes with these words: "What would our Greek guides do if they had not a stock of fables and legends to hand to foreigners visiting the city, when these visitors will not accept the truth even if offered them gratis?"

Centuries have passed since the odd comment of Lucian, and yet some of our critics and tourists still adhere to fables and legends in preference to the real thing. Will they some day discover that Italy is not only the tomb of a glorious past, but also the abode of a new active nation that in her right to exist and progress cannot allow her forty million of inhabitants to live in unhealthy, if picturesque, quarters, masquerade to fit an absurd background of fiction, and adapt themselves to the sentimental fancies of the mythical heroes and heroines of "Italy as she is written"?

History Repeating Itself.

I LIKE truisms when they are true, so I begin with one: To every age its style and symbol. The drawing-room table was rightly regarded as symbolic of the Victorian era; a good, round, solid chunk of wood was representative of the established position and entrenched virtue of the owners, and in the hands of a Hercules was either a shield or a missile. We, of course, are a scientific people, and just as Wordsworth and Tennyson, to quote two of Edward Carpenter's examples, turned out good, round, solid chunks of wood by the gross, so our modern poets are pathological in their subjects and scientific in their treatment. We have exchanged the operating for the drawing-room table. I remember reading a poem (unpublished, it is true; "'twas caviare to the general") which began:

> My pulse was beating thirteen times an hour,
> My temperature was twenty in the shade.

I admit that I did not like this poem: my sense of propriety in art revolted at the poet's treatment of a psychic state; but I could see that the scientific spirit had received expression, and that a poet's equipment did not in these days consist of an imagination, a vocabulary, and a quill, but was a collection of thermometers, dynamometers, and, I hope, hydrometers to measure the water on the brain. Any doctor would have diagnosed the case instantly, for the symptoms were so exactly stated; and if he were of a poetic turn of mind he would have quoted the words of Browning's Karshish:

> 'Tis but a case of mania—subinduced
> By epilepsy, at the turning point
> Of trance prolonged unduly some three days.

Diagnosis is the method of science, just as excision is its most favoured means of cure; and our modern poets are writing elegies in memory of their vanished appendices, their twisted colons, and in praise of the pleasures of ovariotomy. If the drawing-room table was the paramount influence in art in the time of Victoria, as Edward Carpenter truly declared, the operating table is no less potent in these days to eviscerate its admirers.

What, then, is to be done with a poet who is not scientific? I know one who knows more of Bagnigge than of Spencer Wells, who has never netted a star with the aid of Sir Robert Ball, and who would not dig for fossils under a Clodd. He is the least weather-wise of poets; he sometimes reads the forecasts of the Meteorological Society, and is delighted when they are justified by the event. He knows nothing of topography, for his only interest in the country is to lose himself in it, hoping always to get out of it. He does know the difference between a rose and a geranium, although he has never been to Kew Gardens; but he cannot tell you what is the difference. He had some morals once, but with the perversity of genius he misapplied them, and they pined for want of encouragement. I doubt if he knows English; certainly his grammar is slipshod, and he would read a leading article with as much pleasure as one of Burke's magnificent speeches. He does not even understand poetry. for many of his opinions I have heard from University Extension lecturers. With all these disqualifications in my mind, I was naturally astonished when he calmly told me that he intended to finish Coleridge's "Christabel."

"I don't care a blue curse for anybody," he said. "I know nothing of Westmoreland, Cumberland, or Dunderland, or wherever the scene is laid. I have no Dorothy Wordsworth to count the dead leaves on a tree for me, or watch the changing face of the moon in a drifting sky. The only woman who might have helped me to accuracy has gone to Persia to buy a cat. I shall not worry myself about Coleridge's ideas of the finish of his poem. He was a genius in what he wrote, and an ass in what he projected. I happen to know how the story really ended, and I shall write it to please myself. It may be prose, or it may be poetry, I don't know the difference; but I can assure you that if Dr. Garnett was right when he declared that the first part of 'Christabel' was full of magical felicities, some commentator yet to be will discover as many magical infelicities in my conclusion. I think that I shall have the thing published as a Governmental Report on the State of the Soul in the Northern Counties, or it may be useful to the Tariff Reform League as showing the awful results of alien immigration."

I awaited the result with some interest, for he was so unlike Coleridge that the ambition to rival him was sure to produce something interesting. He was not even an Unitarian, although, as his brother had only one leg, he sometimes called himself an Unipedalian. Coleridge, the Hamlet of poetry, with his scholarly mind, his brief military and unofficial medical experience, his literary love and faith in metaphysics, his apothecary's vice, to have his unfinished masterpiece completed by a man who was as ignorant of almost everything that made Coleridge the broken torso of an idol!

Within a week I met him again, and he thrust a manuscript into my hands, saying: "Here, read that! It isn't up to much, but it is as good as a Laureate ode, so it ought to make me famous." I did so; and this is how the poem began:—

CHRISTABEL.—PART III.

So Bracy the Bard went sadly forth
To ride to the castle that threatens the north.
Two steeds he took, with trappings proud,
And the youth, his beloved, the truly vowed
To song, the sweeter for being young.
But Bracy looked with a burdened eye,
And thought of the serpent he saw among
The bright green herbs where the dove did lie.
But that his heart was liege and leal,
He would not have ridden from Langdale Hall,
But have chanted a solemn song to call
The woe from the wood that marred the weal
Of the gentle lady Christabel.

O Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
He stooped to pat the mastiff bitch
That troubled the air with her ancient scritch.
Then lifted his leg o'er the horse's back,
Turned its head to the mountain track
And slowly, sadly, rode away,
To carry the word of the aged knight
To his aged friend without delay.
Bid him bring his array, and come
To carry his daughter safely home
On a pacing palfrey purely white,
To clasp a parted hand and be
At one with a friend in constancy.

* Lucian, "Philopseudos IV."

"What do you think of that?" he asked, as I looked up.

With the caution of a critic whose judgment was in a state of suspense, I said: "Coleridge could never have written that."

"Of course, he couldn't," was the confident retort. "He was a bad horseman, and my knees are as strange to the saddle as to a 'cello. Therefore, my imagination of the rhythm of riding is undisturbed by any reminiscences of fact, and my readers will be obliged to go to the doctors for treatises on abrasions of the skin."

"Of course," I said, "it has got something of the atmosphere of Coleridge . . . ."

"I used his phrases," he chuckled.

"But your lines swing along faster, your sentences are longer; they show a tense nervous energy and driving power that differs as much from Coleridge's limber lines and supple sentences as you do from him."

"I am not trying to copy Coleridge," he said, "but to finish his poem. Get along with it."

I read about another forty lines, and came to this:

> The day was dull, with thunder dark.
> A wet, chill wind upraised the stark
> And barren branches heavily.
> It laid the grass in furrows bare,
> As tho' a ploughman loitered there
> And let his horses wander free.
> A heavy day of misery!
> The towers boomed with bells to fright
> The thunder far, and let the light
> With warm embraces love the land.
> The sky was black, the sky was grey,
> As winter were loath to move away,
> His aspect changed to drear from grand.
> But here a bud and there a shoot,
> And timid green grass about the root
> Of a stately tree made April plain.

"It's very nice, of course," I murmured; "but don't you think it is too positive in utterance to be in any way similar to Coleridge? Allowing for a moment that he would have interrupted a ride by sixteen lines of iambic description, don't you think he would have preserved the mystical atmosphere by a more interrogative or suggestive expression? These positive statements banish the illusion of mystery."

"Put interrogation marks at the end of each sentence, and go on," he commanded.

I read on, and paused at this speech of Lord Roland:

> Ho, Bracy, Bard Bracy, your horses fleet
> Have carried you hither with strain and sweat,
> But come you with peace? The young man bears
> The harp of the minstrel, and Bracy wears
> His singing robes, tho' his hair is bound
> With the priestly fillet around and round.
> What bring you in haste, what is the sign
> Ye bear from your lord, Sir Leoline?

"Of course, you know," I said, "that Coleridge intended Bracy to have a fruitless journey, that he imagined Lord Roland's castle to have been washed away by a flood, so that Bracy would have discovered only the spot whereon it stood."

He grunted savagely. "I wonder that he didn't want to wash the spot away," he said. "I told you that Coleridge was an ass in what he projected. A castle is a castle, not a rabbit-hutch."

I tried to be patient. "Of course, if you are determined to be literal and to stick to fact, you will. But poetry, particularly after Coleridge, demands fancy, and a less certain and definite expression than you seem capable of."

"Maybe, maybe," he assented. "I call the thing 'Christabel,' not a poem about her. Anyhow, it would have to be a mighty big flood to wash away a castle. Did Coleridge's fancy go on to imagine Lord Roland in an ark, and living on one olive leaf every six weeks?"

This seemed to me to be impertinent. Coleridge, after all, is a genius admitted and recognised by everybody; but my friend the poet is unknown except to a handful of nobodies who do not like him. Such a question as he asked, remembering Coleridge's elevation and my friend's insignificance, savoured of blasphemy, and called for immediate correction.

"Don't be flippant," I said, sharply. "Coleridge had too much fancy to follow an imaginary fact to a logical conclusion, and, as he was a profoundly religious man, he would never have made such an irreverent use of a Bible story as you imagine. Until you have been recognised as an unfulfilled promise of genius, as Coleridge was, I object to your familiar assumption of equality with, if not superiority to, him."

He looked surprised at this, and I flattered myself that I had made an impression; but he only said: "So, so! Proceed you with the poem."

I read on to another speech by Lord Roland:

> "What can this be?" he cried aloud.
> "Had I a child, I should be proud
> To rescue her from all distress,
> To shield her from the villain's touch
> Of shame, or sortie. Never such
> Has graced this hall, for never wife
> I took, nor will not in my life.
> Your lord and I were wed together.
> Tho' parted by the floating feather
> Of evil fame, no woman could
> Be kith to me in brotherhood.
> Lonely still would be my lot
> If Leoline had not forgot
> The slight offence that parted friends.
> I go to him to make amends,
> To knit again our ravelled souls
> Into one pattern. Geraldine,
> She is not, tho' she would be, mine.
> Yet I will go with what consoles,
> A troop of knights, to Langdale Hall.
> I pledge myself beyond recall
> To marshal her where'er she will,
> And if we meet the villains, kill!
> But most, I go to clasp the hand
> Of the friend of my youth, Sir Leoline."

"This is too much," I said, impatiently. "The pathos of a parted friendship is a fit subject for poetry, but reunion is a platitude without emotion or meaning. How can you pretend to complete Coleridge's work when you destroy the tragedy of separation by a conventional closing of the breach? There is no poetry in joy, and Coleridge knew it; he wrote what he considered, and Lamb considered, to be the 'best and sweetest lines he ever wrote' about the rifted hearts of friends; but he never projected a reconciliation, for he knew it had no value in poetry."

"You may be right," he replied, musingly. "But Coleridge always regretted the breach; felt the loss of his friend, but could not regain him. I thought he might sleep more easily in his grave if someone told him that friends are easily restored to each other when the barrier of pride is broken or overleaped. Still, it isn't poetry, so out it goes."

I read on into the next canto, which was full of magic and medieval superstitions, with not a line about the internal organs or the mysteries of sex, until I came to this incantation of Bard Bracy:

> By the Lord of Light and the Giver of Flame,
> By Him who lives without a name,
> By the word unspoken, the power unknown
> That thrills in the light and draws to the stone,
> By the Mystery veiled, by the Truth untold,
> I conjure, command you, here unfold!
> Veleda, Veleda, give me power,
> Veleda, Veleda, within the hour!
> Ere the day be dead let the deed be done,
> And dawn be bright with the Rising Sun.

I would read no more. As a Christian man and an admirer of Coleridge, I could not bear to see his mystical poem degraded by the introduction of magic and the black art. I, too, have the customary reverence for science, and it is intolerable to me to find anyone using the old myths about a Druid prophetess seriously or powerfully. With the deliberate intention of preserving modern poetry from the contamination of medieval magic, I begged my friend to destroy the manuscript and write no more. I think that he will take my advice. When Coleridge first published "Christabel," it was condemned as "the best nonsense-poetry ever written." If my friend be a genius equal to Coleridge, history has simply repeated itself, and a poet may be born from the persecution of the worshippers of poetry.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

Modern Realism.

By Frank A. Swinnerton.

TEN years ago, when a man used the word "Realism" he meant Zola and George Moore—although, as a rule, he had not read the works of these writers, and if he had done so could only appreciate the fact that Zola, at least, described certain revolting scenes with minute particularity. Thus the word was used as a final condemnation of the purely photographic, with a bias towards the ugly. Realism was ugly, and crude, and —this was most important of all—it was essentially untrue. The opponents of this Realism might have quoted, and very likely did quote, the French aphorist's remark that "Fiction (which is to say, a work of imagination) has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than fact." In their violent resentment against Zola, and in the field of drama against Ibsen, the public forgot that both of these writers were poets who were deliberately applying themselves to the examination of our daily life with the idea of presenting a picture from which a hard moral could be drawn. Theirs was not Gissing's attitude of deploring acceptance; it was a definite holding up of facts from which might be drawn the comment, "We must alter this." But even apart from other differences, which are manifest, the medium which Ibsen chose demanded greater selective ability. Zola had not that ability in any large degree; he was a great clumsy writer who was not quite sure when to stop, and who went on after his point had been made. On the other hand, Ibsen, whose influence upon subsequent writers has been too great to be estimated, was a master in the art of selection. His extraordinary command of dramatic technic is the thing which at first baffled his critics, and prevented them from finding his plays dull; and finally established him in a position which he could never have attained by his knowledge, his truth, and his persistency.

It is to Ibsen that we in England owe our increasing appreciation of the realistic method. He did not write as did the first naïve, unconscious realists—because it was natural to write of the things they knew; nor as the later realists did, who were confused into thinking external aspects more real than anything else, for the reason that matter-of-fact has a great appearance of solid work. He discovered that Realism was not, and could not be, the simple copyist reproduction of manners; and he was not misled, in spite of his bias in that direction, by the apparent sincerity of ugliness. Accordingly, Ibsen chose a "practicable" theme: his sense of the stage showed him that this must be dramatically effective as well as "possible" in the immediate sense of that word. He combined dramatic effectiveness with a certain heightened truth to externals, and also—which had not been done before—with conscious truth to essential nature. That is to say, he got away from the stage convention that drama must deal, in highly charged and almost rhetorical language, with adolescent or illicit love; and he rediscovered the important fact that the lives of ordinary and extraordinary people were things which might be projected into drama without the aid of that sentimentality which made earlier dramatists gloss their plays with an atmosphere of unreality, and end them with saccharine.

This, then, was the beginning of modern Realism. It was the attempt of a man of genius to understand men and women by intuition and observation, working jointly, but through no medium of sentimental parodying of moral justice. Ibsen knew as an observer, and as one who applied his knowledge to his art, that if you do certain things certain inevitable results will follow. In his dramas, ordinary people are shown doing things which scientific analysis cannot deny that they would do; and extraordinary people are shown doing things which, according to the standards of probability of the best imaginations in modern Europe, are not only highly interesting, but convincing. But this was not all, for his sense of form made him realise that the entire action of the play must take place, as it were, under the eye of the audience. Accordingly the characters are more cleanly chiselled than ever before, to the verge almost of pedantry in some cases; every speech is at once true to type and individual, and significant in relation to the dramatic development; and the play is packed, not padded, with consecutive and ever-progressing interests, from the rise of the curtain to the conclusion. The moral is implicit; it is never laboured. It is not a moral such as the monks of the middle-ages used, which was nothing more than salt to a succulent morsel; equally distinct was it from the ceaseless preaching to which our more "intellectual" dramatists are trying to accustom us.

From Ibsen, modern Realism has developed steadily. It is still difficult for writers to overcome their natural sentimentality; it is still more difficult for readers to grow out of theirs; and it is ten times more difficult to get publishers to shake off their belief in the unsaleability of realistic fiction, or to get theatre managers to experiment publicly with a realistic play. The result is a rather uphill fight, in which we may see that, having gained acceptance by means of other works, such novelists as Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. Arnold Bennett are writing books which they conceive to be realistic; while such playwrights as Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Granville Barker, Miss Elizabeth Baker, Mr. Charles MacEvoy, and Mr. St. John Hankin have gradually been producing plays which in their turn deserve the realistic label. I do not include Mr. Bernard Shaw among these writers, because, although he has been a leader of the realistic movement, I am not aware that he has ever written anything that could be described as realistic.

The feature to be noticed in the works of most of these writers is that for the most part they are treating highly fantastic subjects in a very natural way. All the characters behave as real people behave, and speak in a way which shows that the writers have studied what they would be at. But, one and all, they have found the prime difficulty of Realism—the subject matter. The result is, as it were, an extremely naturalistic treatment of the abnormal. Mr. Bennett, in "Anna of the Five Towns," fails through the lack of interest in his subject matter; Mr. Galsworthy was betrayed into several falsities in "Strife," which otherwise was a very notable production; Mr. Wells, in his brilliant journalistic works about "Kipps," and "Tono-Bungay," and "Ann Veronica," makes up incidents as he goes along, and gets an extraordinary patchwork of things which are excellently true, things which are amazingly unsubtle, and things which are the merest caricature and improvisation; and Mr. Barker has to bamboozle us into accepting the events upon which his play, "Waste," hangs, by some of the best and truest scenes in the whole of modern drama.

Evidently, then, we are not yet convinced of what Realism is. We have learnt that it means discarding the sentimental dénouement; that it means the use of absolutely natural conversation and details in the machinery of the work. We have learnt, further, that the conversation must answer to that prime need of all imaginative work—selection. But we are not clear about the subject matter. For it is not sufficient to string brilliant scenes together as Mr. Wells did in "Tono-Bungay," and it is obvious that Mr. Wells ought to convince us more completely than he does of the inevitability of the events in "Ann Veronica" (which, indeed, is only occasionally realistic, and is more often caricatured); it is not sufficient for Mr. Galsworthy to hand us "The Country House" and say, "This is true; I wrote it in blood and tears," because while we may agree that the incidents in "The Country House" are true, and while we may consider it almost a great book, it is pertinent to remark that the principal characters are lookers-on only, and that Mrs. Pendyce is really the one living person in the story. Moreover, Mr. Galsworthy errs upon the side of over-detachment, and contrives to make us feel that we are looking on at a frightfully interesting show of puppets. His conversation is almost the best to be found in modern novels, and his sense of form is admirable; but

his interest in persons is diminishing, and his love of type and elaborate self-disclosure is becoming pronounced.

Many modern writers are already revolting from the realistic because they see it going down a blind alley. They say: If Realism is this thing—of what use is it? It is, of course, very clever to describe a scene in extraordinarily minute detail, so that (supposing the author has himself the vision) I can shut my eyes and see it. But, as Smee says in "Peter Pan," "O tempra, o mores, o ky bono ky!" We come now to the point. There are certain things which will never grow stale; they are open to external treatment, and they will get it. The first of these is man, or (as in "Ann Veronica") woman, in relation to environment. That is to say, men and women in business, in social life, and in domestic life. Very likely the last form will always hold its chief place, although, as our social sense is developed, the second and third forms may be merged into one another. I do not think it is necessary to be a rebel in order to be interesting, although rebellion is certainly in the air at present as a sure means of arousing interest. On the contrary, novelists will probably concentrate upon the delights of normality, and they will perhaps effect a genuine revolution by this method, far more definite, and even more sincere, than those in use to-day. The second subject is broader, and less concentrated—man in relation to women and in relation to other men. Here it is possible that love stories may be written in an unsentimental fashion, and the present tendency to write as though love is either passion or mawkishness will gradually fade away as authors see less distorted the part that love plays in life.

The remaining subjects (and those specified open up a field that is very large) are, like the occupations of the man in the play, "various." But under the realistic style, novels will not be the things they were under the régime of Walter Besant, James Payn, Charles Gibbon, and so on. Because Realism in both novels and plays is the result of a very widespread tendency in modern life to question and to test everything. Mr. Granville Barker wants plays to embody great social ideas; he says he wants a play setting forth the principles of the Minority Report. That, of course, is extreme; but I think that whether we like it or not—at first—we are going to have a very powerful drama and novel upon realistic lines. That is to say, we are going to have books and plays about ourselves, about the way we think, and feel, and act. Some of us, doubtless, will be very shocked; and we shall have a counter-revolution in favour of pure idealism. But while the realistic play and novel has been, and perhaps is at present, unbeautiful, it will not remain so. We really shall have people writing who care what they say, not boomsters or those whose imaginations are not strong enough to appreciate the commonplace. The modern drama and novel, if they are to be of value, must sound the note of optimism. They must not simply say, "This is rotten"; they must also make *us* say, "We must stop this," or "This is a thing to do," or "Here is something in our lives that is really beautiful." And we, for our part, must determine to take an interest in life. The dying novel is a thing which took us away from life; it harrowed us with stories of murder; it sapped our sense of reality by stories about clergymen's daughters and handsome young killers of birds and beasts. We are getting more human now; and authors are saying persistently to themselves: "Is this true to the situation, to the people, to my scheme?" Even sentimental books nowadays are giving us interludes of reality, and very likely the most popular kind is giving us reality with interludes of sentiment. I think that is a healthy tendency, as it must be healthy when men of imagination concern themselves with daily affairs.

You must remember that Realism does not mean squalor; it means the substitution of the events of our real lives for the events of our sick dreams. If, for the moment, it is hesitant, or if it is dealing with exceptional problems, that is because Realism is still in its infancy. It is still a little inclined to muffle its principles of selection, and to be unimaginative. But if you think, you will understand that it does not need as much imagination to invent improbable things as it does to create a little microcosm of real people doing real things. Because in Realism the author's technical skill must be almost perfect, or he will be pounced upon by the superior for poverty, or lameness, or falsity. Whereas in sham, or purely romantic work, there is a different standard of truth. The author gives his imagination full play in romantic work; he says, "Let's pretend . . ."; and only somebody who has very great technical experience can find him out. In Realism, on the other hand, which means the writing about things that are happening now, to you, and your friends, and the people you see in the omnibus, everybody is his critic; he must write only about the things he has experienced, by observation, by sympathy, by emotion; and he must concentrate his imagination upon it so that other people *know* that what he has written is—imaginatively—true. And in order that the author may effect this his Realism must be Romance. That is not merely an attempt to be paradoxical: it means that our authors must have the genuine romantic vision; they must go out not merely to weave their fancies around life, but to recreate life in their own brains. For the sin of Realism in the past has been that it was a matter of observation alone, the copying down of observed phenomena. It must now be raised to a higher plane; authors must understand, and create, before they express.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I HAVE read with very great interest Mr. Maurice Baring's new volume about Russia, "Landmarks in Russian Literature" (Methuens. 6s. net). It deals with Gogol, Tourgeniev, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and Tchekov. It is unpretentious. It is not "literary." I wish it had been more literary. Mr. Baring seems to have a greater love for literature than an understanding knowledge of it. He writes like a whole-hearted amateur, guided by commonsense and enthusiasm, but not by the delicate perceptions of an artist. He often says things, or says things in a manner, which will assuredly annoy the artist. Thus his curt, conventional remarks about Zola might have been composed for a leading article in the "Morning Post," instead of for a volume of literary criticism. Nevertheless, I cannot be cross with him. In some ways his book is illuminating. I mean that it has illuminated my darkness. His chapters on Russian characteristics and on realism in Russian literature are genuinely valuable. In particular he makes me see that even French realism is an artificial and feeble growth compared with the spontaneous, unconscious realism of the Russians. If you talked to Russians about realism they probably would not know quite what you meant. And when you had at length made them understand they would certainly exclaim: "Well, of course! But why all this fuss about a simple matter?" Only a man who knows Russia very well, and who has a genuine affection for the Russian character, could have written these chapters. And I am ready to admit that they are more useful than many miles of appreciation in the delicate balancing manner of say an Arthur Symons.

* * *

Mr. Baring raises again the vexed question of Tourgeniev's position. It is notorious that Tourgeniev is much more highly appreciated outside Russia than in it. One is, of course, tempted to say that Russians cannot judge their own authors, for there is a powerful and morally overwhelming cult for Tourgeniev in France, Germany, and England. I have myself said, sworn, and believed that "On the Eve" is the most perfect example of the novel yet produced in any country. And I am not sure that I am yet prepared to go back on myself. However, it is absurd to argue that Russians cannot judge their own authors. The best judges of Russian authors must be Russians. Think of the ridi-

culous misconceptions about English literature by first-class foreign critics! . . . But I am convinced that Mr. Baring goes too far in his statement of the Russian estimate of Tourgeniev. He says that educated Russian opinion would no more think of comparing Tourgeniev with Dostoievsky than educated English opinion would think of comparing Charlotte Yonge with Charlotte Brontë. This is absurd. Whatever may be Tourgeniev's general inferiority (and I do not admit it), he was a great artist and a complete artist. And he was a realist. There is all earth and heaven between the two Charlottes. One was an artist, the other was an excellent Christian body who produced stories that have far less relation to life than Frith's "Derby Day" has to the actual fact and poetry of Epsom. If Mr. Baring had bracketed Tourgeniev with Charlotte Brontë and Dostoievsky with the lonely Emily, I should have credited him with a subtle originality.

* * *

About half of the book is given to a straightforward, detailed, homely account of Dostoievsky, his character, genius, and works. It was very much wanted in English. I thought I had read all the chief works of the five great Russian novelists, but last year I came across one of Dostoievsky's, "The Brothers Karamazov," of which I had not heard. It was a French translation, in two thick volumes. I thought it contained some of the greatest scenes that I had ever encountered in fiction, and I at once classed it with Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme" and Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment" as one of the supreme marvels of the world. Nevertheless, certain aspects of it puzzled me. When I mentioned it to friends I was told that I had gone daft about it, and that it was not a major work. Happening to meet Mrs. Garnett, the never-to-be-sufficiently-thanked translator of Tourgeniev and of Tolstoy, I made inquiries from her about it, and she said: "It is his masterpiece." We were then separated by a ruthless host, with my difficulties unsolved. I now learn from Mr. Baring that the French translation is bad and incomplete, and that the original work, vast as it is, is only a preliminary fragment of a truly enormous novel which death prevented Dostoievsky from finishing. Death, this is yet another proof of your astonishing clumsiness! The scene with the old monk at the beginning of "The Brothers Karamazov" is in the very grandest heroical manner. There is nothing in either English or French prose literature to hold a candle to it. And really I do not exaggerate! There is probably nothing in Russian literature to match it, outside Dostoievsky. It ranks, in my mind, with the scene towards the beginning of "Crime and Punishment," when in the inn the drunken father relates his daughter's "shame." These pages are unique. They reach the highest and most terrible pathos that art has ever reached. And if an author's reputation among people of taste depended solely on his success with single scenes Dostoievsky would outrank all other novelists, if not all poets. But it does not. Dostoievsky's works—all of them—have grave faults. They have especially the grave fault of imperfection, that fault which Tourgeniev and Flaubert avoided. They are tremendously unlevel, badly constructed, both in large outline and in detail. The fact is that the difficulties under which he worked were too much for the artist in him. Mr. Baring admits these faults, but he does not sufficiently dwell on them. He glances at them and leaves them, with the result that the final impression given by his essay is apt to be a false one. Nobody, perhaps, ever understood and sympathised with human nature as Dostoievsky did. Indubitably nobody ever with the help of God and good luck ever swooped so high into tragic grandeur. But the man had fearful falls. He could not trust his wings. He is an adorable, a magnificent, and a profoundly sad figure in letters. He was anything you like. But he could not compass the calm and exquisite soft beauty of "On the Eve" or "A House of Gentlefolk." . . . And now, Mr. Heinemann, when are we going to have a complete Dostoievsky in English?

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

Althea. By Vernon Lee. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

Whenever we have to review the work of some popular author whose previous books we have not read very critically our cautious practice is to consult the opinion of some of our contemporaries. We usually choose the "Daily Telegraph" for our oracle; firstly, because we are certain of getting there the largest quantity of appreciation of current literature, and, secondly, because the "Daily Telegraph" appears to us to be the inventor of current criticism from which most of the other journals have merely copied as their powers permitted. To the "Daily Telegraph" therefore we went for guidance in our task of criticising Vernon Lee's latest publication. Concerning this author we learned that a new volume of essays from her pen "is always sure of a welcome from all readers who appreciate literary artistry"; that "Vernon Lee is a writer whose gift of style is such as to render her musings always attractive to the reader with what may be termed a literary palate." A little perplexed about this last, but persuaded that it probably meant a great deal, we cut the pages of the Introduction. We were rather disconcerted to find Vernon Lee confessing to a complete change from her former psychological state. So far as her younger mind was concerned, she informed us, it had ceased to exist "like certain insects organised to live only a few days." We had now to consider a person between whose attitudes towards the world lay all "the difference between the attitude of youth and of mature age." However, upon reflection we considered that the reviewer of the "Daily Telgraph" whom we had taken for support, referred particularly to the literary style of Vernon Lee and her gift of selection. These qualities, if real, were more likely to improve than to deteriorate with maturity of experience. And moreover, we thought, we should certainly lose nothing by hearing the later and more definitely realised opinions of anybody, let alone those of an author possessing refined taste and elegance of expression.

We have (and we know it) become prejudiced against introductions to books by the recent reading of so many which are an impertinence in the reprints of classical works. So when we found ourselves blinking at the second prefatory page to "Althea" we set no importance on the fact. It might have been habit. "Yet, taken as a whole, the ideas and tendencies distributed among my half-dozen speakers are my own ideas and tendencies . . . balanced . . . impressions, fluctuating, consecutive," etc. Then, over page: "Some of us professed unbelievers have traversed sloughs of despond by no means inferior (Sic! This is a boast; and surely superiority in sloughiness is to be as low down, as inferior as possible, to all other sloughs) to those of the orthodox." "Of the real Baldwin, the Baldwin of my younger ideas and aspirations, I have long since taken leave. May I become worthy to live with my thoughts in the presence of my other friends who surround Althea." Since Vernon Lee had distinctly told us that all her half-dozen characters merely expressed their author's own opinions, we came away from her last hope fairly confused. However, we worked it out. Vernon Lee is everybody in the book; therefore she is the mature Baldwin and Althea as well, and all the other friends, and she hopes to become worthy to live with herself.

We came out of the mist of the Introduction to the first scene of the symposium, where we found Vernon Lee arranged as Althea, Baldwin, and a small boy, Harry. Now, we said, now for the style which we were promised should be so attractive to "what may be termed a literary palate." Let us say at once that our particular palate rejected the style of Vernon Lee. The very first sentence set us gasping for breath. "'I want you to explain,' said Althea, as the park gate swung behind them, and they emerged into a high-lying, half-reaped field, where the big horses were being led away in the distance, leaving the stranded reaping machines, with their sharp red profile, grotesque against

the pale sky." Where is breath, where balance, where is Althea by the time one gets to the pale sky? That is a corrupt and very inflated style. "And the reason why I am . . . perhaps harder than need be, almost," went on Baldwin, as they left the cornfields behind them, the big beeches and isolated ash-trees, and made their way towards the sea, Althea's little brother hanging on to her arm, and the fox-terrier running on in front; "the reason why," etc., etc. Again: "Certainly," answered Baldwin, as he looked at her tall, majestic figure, standing out in the arch of the porch, framed in against the background of pale green grass, of white sky and sea. "Certainly," etc., etc. "Essential items of a scene," said the "Daily Telegraph." We should regret to see the veriest knicknack of a scene on a Japanese fan niggled like that between the first and second words of a platitude.

Althea explains her attitude towards worldly people: "Of course," she added, shading her eyes as she looked at the sun-permeated masses of unreaped barley, yellow hazes of stalks spiked with long, stiff, interlacing beards, and at the shining stubble, on which the great pale cornstalks stood, placid and majestic, with something, as she had remarked, that reminded you of the Venus de Milo; "of course, I seem to have no right to speak on the subject. I'm so solitary and rude, and unable to sympathise, and people bore me so. . . . Of course I am like that, but I've always thought it must be because I'm selfish and stupid . . . and am generally all wrong, you know. . . . But now it is you who are harsh and impatient with these poor people," etc., etc., etc. Baldwin, the mature, the serene, replies: "It's just because they are, as you say, quite good, that they seem to me contemptible. They are incapable of doing a nasty thing themselves . . . yet they live surrounded by people who are perpetually doing and saying nasty things, and they merely shrug their shoulders and say, 'There's a great deal that's good in poor So-and-so, after all.' They are mischievous because . . . ," etc., etc.

One of the journals which apparently models its criticisms upon the "Daily Telegraph" compares Vernon Lee with "Lamb, Hunt and Hazlitt, derived as these are from the Augustans, Addison and Steele"! Another is reminded of R. L. Stevenson and Emerson. Let us compare our author with merely one writer, a woman, Madame Emile de Girardin, who writing close upon a century ago, in a style irreduceable even in translation, recorded her impressions:

"The tiresome people lull genius to sleep, and do not corrupt it; but the world! . . . the world! . . . it makes us to resemble itself; it pursues us unceasingly with its irony, it attacks our heart; its incredulity wraps us round, its frivolity withers us; it casts its cold glance on our enthusiasm and stifles it; it sucks up our illusions one by one, and scatters them to the winds; it strips us, and when it sees us as miserable as itself, disenchanted, withered, heartless, without virtue, without belief, without passion, and icy cold like itself, then it throws us among its elect, and says with pride: 'You are one of us, go!'"

At the risk of being refused the distinction of possessing "what may be termed a literary palate," we declare that we find in the essays of Vernon Lee neither nectar nor ambrosia, but something of the consistency of strong-minded pudding. And, to abandon the diction of the "Daily Telegraph," we think that this author has nothing notable to say. Her new style therefore is characterised by pretentiousness, flatness and inelegance. She writes scarcely one rhythmical sentence in thirty pages. With a bathos which should distinguish her even in an age when the "Daily Telegraph" roars every author gently as any sucking dove, she, avowedly, has arranged a symposium of puppets to pipe forth nothing but the "ideas and tendencies" of Vernon Lee. For immodesty of the mind we have never heard of anything to equal that. And what are the ideas that take ten puppets to express them? The following extract is supposed to have been spoken by Althea, and to sum up her "philosophy": "Now I think that one chief utility of what we have called spiritual-mindedness is to reclaim from this destructive administration of worldliness so much moral and intellectual soil which may be as good, and better, than that which happens to be deliberately cultivated for the production of the useful instead of the useless or harmful." Thus Vernon Lee borrows and elaborates the dictum: "Ye are the salt of the earth." And with *all* its grammar the paragraph is not meant to be funny. Yet we cannot help recalling the Duchess' advice: "Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

L'Inghilterra d'Oggi. By G. Bevione. (Milan: Bocca. Lire 5.)

"La Civilità Contemporanea," contemporary civilisation, is the name given to a series of interesting works published by Bocca Bros., of Milan. The fifth of the series, "England of To-day," has been written by Signor Giuseppe Bevione, who resided in London for several years, and acted as English correspondent for the well-known Italian newspaper "La Stampa." The work for the most part obviously consists of special articles contributed to his paper; but it is none the less interesting on this account. Under the five divisions of life in London—the Theatre, Sports, Journalism, and the Web of Empire—we find fifty-four different subjects brought up for review, surveyed with that penetrating psychological glance which is so difficult to find outside of the Latin races, and dismissed briefly but decisively. Signor Bevione has more authority to speak about us than most foreigners, for having lived in the midst of us he has acquired a knowledge of our so-called barbarous tongue (barbarous, that is to say, to those who do not know how to use it). Bank holidays, Hyde Park, Clubland, and a few other items may be passed over: it is when we come to the article dealing with Mr. Wales's "The Yoke" that we may more particularly detect the traces of the shrewd observer. And we can sympathise with the author when he relates his experiences in a Bloomsbury "boarding," for have not we lived at one time or another in a Bloomsbury "boarding"? The literary production of a well-known politician next appears, barely disguised as "Il libro di Bottomley," and we have a sympathetic description of Mr. Frank Harris.

"Chesterton," we murmured at times, as we read page after page. "Yes, G. K. C. is about the only man who could do something like this in English. Not quite the same, though . . . he lacks something. . ." And we read on. Then (p. 343) we had our first great shock, and another idol was dashed suddenly to the ground and shattered in fragments. A good matter-of-fact description of the various London newspapers leads up to the following:—

> A real crusade for the redemption of the article in English journalism has been undertaken by a writer who is now famous in England—who has become so through journalism—G. K. Chesterton. In a volume entitled "Tutto Considerato" (All Things Considered), there has been published a selection—which must be the very flower—of his articles contributed to the "Daily News" and the "Illustrated London News," among other papers. Chesterton earns a great deal of money by his journalism. In closing his book I ask myself, in perplexity, what luck he would have in Italy with similar articles. Certainly, unless he had some special influence, no hospitality would be accorded them, even in the columns of an obscure provincial Italian paper. Perpetually hovering between the most absurd paradox—which is hurled at the reader without the slightest attempt at logical justification—and the most commonplace truisms (which are proved over and over again with a wealth of argument that makes the reader smile), Chesterton is merely a buffoon who ends in smoke. He makes his reader dizzy, both when he is uttering some enormity and when he is wasting a column or so in explaining and proving what is known even to backward boys in the elementary schools. . . . The "Daily Mail" Almanac speaks flatteringly of Chesterton as "the most scintillating and epigrammatic of living journalists."

No; a man is not a journalist merely because he writes in

the newspapers; he is a journalist if he can enter into the very heart of the events that reality brings about every day on the face of the earth. English newspaper writers of the old school entered thoroughly into the meaning of all such events, renouncing even the pleasure of being themselves, of making their own names known, in their intense desire to be well informed themselves and to convey their information to others. But the English writers of the new school do not trouble about events and current questions; having made their appearance through reaction, they strive to keep themselves free from all contact with reality and actuality. When they do introduce an event into their writings, they dismiss it in two or three lines, making it clear that, since they are writing for the newspapers, they must use something of the sort for a text, but nothing more, and that their real aim is to play the rôle of dancer on the rope of paradox, and to act the clown amid an atmosphere of humour.

Really, this thing had to be said sooner or later; but we are glad that it came from such an impartial authority in the first place. Not that we think Mr. Chesterton and his imitators will cease from playing the rôle of dancer on the rope of paradox for a considerable time to come. But some day the rope will break.

The Goddess Girl. By Dorothea Deakin. (Cassell. 6s.)

If the Goddess Girl were removed altogether from this book it would be vastly more readable. She is an American out hunting for an English country house with a husband attached. Miss Deakin's naïveté in assuming that this type of person might under any circumstances marry a gamekeeper is a credit to her heart. The Goddess Girl's conversation would be cheap on or off any stage. It is not the conversation of educated Americans. "My! she found a vurry nice—a vurry nice gardener! . . . a real elegant gardener!" and so on. "He's gotten a real lovely voice. He's a daisy to sing. And he's vurry interesting too."

Simpe Sally, the parson's daughter, who at nineteen years of age goes and picks all the tea roses in Annesley Hall gardens, after reading a Socialistic speech by Mr. Annesley, had real Handy Andy stuff in her; but Miss Deakin is not content to let her be all the amusing girl she is. Sally talks like a Valentine at first, takes in the "Family Herald," "extremely thrilling," and never knows when she may not meet the Earl in Disguise. But her end is to preach and behave like a Good Friday. "There's nothing so deceptive as the desire for the inaccessible," says this marionette after her creator has sent her round converting the fashionable ladies of the county to district-visiting and a love of the dirty little village children.

Three men in disguise in one novel are too many. Sally's father, the Parson, is the only real character in the book. He informed Sally that she was a prig. Miss Deakin's idea of what Sally should do then was to send her to confess her priggishness to the fashionable ladies. We wish the Parson had written the novel.

The Conquest of Consumption. By Arthur Latham, M.D., and C. H. Garland. (Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

The authors of this book believe "the time is ripe for a short non-technical statement of our knowledge of the cause, detection, cure, and prevention of consumption." To this they add a few facts of the more or less half-hearted methods which are being made to cope with the disease at the present time. And in addition they state, as far as they can ascertain it, the cost to the country of these efforts, together with the cost of the disease in loss of life and wages. Finally, they sketch out a great scheme for the provision of efficient sanatorium treatment, which, combined with better housing of the working classes and an efficient control of the milk supply, they believe would do much to prevent contagion and help to restore the infected to a wage-earning capacity, and so rescue them from their present lot—long drawn-out suffering and early death. Then follows a book of facts and figures which would be valuable alike to workers on consumption and economists but for one thing: it neglects to emphasise the point that consumption is one of the great diseases of occupation. It is, in fact, largely the outcome of industrial conditions. We find that men and women are dying in all parts of the country—in factories, mills, mines, foundries, and potteries—from this fearful disease. If this is a book for economists, economists should be told why consumption starts among the working class; why it localised in one spot; why disseminated throughout whole districts; why and how it infects cripples, and kills thousands of workers—not because of tainted milk and butter or bad housing—but because of the criminal negligence of employers. Then we should be told what legislation is doing to remedy this state of things and remove this source of infection. The Factory Acts and their application should all receive full consideration in a work of this kind. It is not enough to scheme to put people into sanatoriums; that is a doctor's way out of the difficulty. We should be shown how to keep them out—should see the root of the disease among the working class, and the best way to destroy it by attacking the employer. A book that neglects the root cause of consumption—the bad organisation of occupations—and puts forward a fancy scheme for establishing sanatoriums is about as much use as the house that the Irishman tried to build roof first.

Science in Modern Life. Part IV. (Gresham Publishing Co. 6s.)

Judging from this part, the complete work promises to form a useful technical survey of the whole field. But it will not be more than a mere labyrinth of specialisms, a mere cataloguing of the various divisions and subdivisions of the main subject dealt with. The field entered upon is apparently too vast to allow of many of the most important subjects being discussed at full length. Accordingly we find in the present volume Nature-study dismissed in a few words as "the study of living animals and their habits" and an "intellectual hobby" for a schoolboy that may "prevent him from becoming a mere business machine." This manner of shirking the great scientific subject of the modern recovery and re-unification of Nature-studies by the schools and colleges of the civilised world does not reflect credit upon a work aiming to deal with science of modern life. But this occurs in the present section on zoology. Perhaps in the section on botany, of which we see here but the conclusion, Nature-study is better treated. Even then some mention should be made of the fact. The work is admirably got up, and its coloured plates, diagrams, and other illustrations are excellent and copious.

Simon Bolivar. By F. Loraine Petre. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is supposed to be a "Life" of the Liberator of Venezuela; but it is really a history of the various riots—for they cannot be called wars—which occurred during Bolivar's lifetime. Mr. Petre is so determined to make Venezuela uninteresting that he will not omit a single fact. This passage, taken at random, will serve to illustrate his style: "After his victory, Bolivar fixed his headquarters at La Aparicion de la Corteza, sent back his spoils to San Carlos, despatched columns to recapture Barinas, Barquisemeto, and other places, and himself went to Valencia, which he reached on the evening of December 8th. On the 20th he visited the besieging force in front of Puerto Cabello, returning thence to Valencia, and again reaching Caracas on the 29th to prepare for operations in the south against Bores and Morales." It may be very true, but what does it matter? There are 450 pages of this unilluminating rubbish, and we confess that we have not read them, as we are no longer afraid of the schoolmaster's cane. The whole book reeks of the British Museum, that "charnelhouse of spectres," and the words of the Burial Service: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," come naturally to our lips. The old resurrection men had to work quite as hardly as Mr. Petre for their reward, but at least they were honest enough to call themselves purveyors of dead 'uns. It was left to the modern historian to pretend that a subject for anatomy is a "Life." We will read this book when we are penitent, one chapter for every sin that may master us. Perhaps we may finish it before we die.

Buccaneer Ballads. By E. H. Visiak. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

It would be foolish to criticise this little volume. Mr. Visiak attempts no more than he can do, and he does that thoroughly. We are not concerned to compare him with others, or to prophesy about him; our attitude is one of grateful acceptance. He has a blessed brevity, and yet has atmosphere, incident, and character completely realised. He can put more into eight lines than any poet known to us without suggesting compression. We have no space to quote, but we must mention his strength, his grim humour, his sense of beauty, and his felicitous use of language. We select "The Sea Hostel," "The Rendezvous," "The Death Jest," "The Failure," and "The Star Player," for special praise. Our only objection to this volume is that Mr. Visiak has not reprinted "The Mad Maroon." We wish him a hearty appreciation and a large sale.

Practical Housing. By J. S. Nettlefold. (Unwin. 2s. net.)

In this volume Mr. Nettlefold has managed to cut down the original work to a popular size, to bring it up to date, and to include, among important matter, the text and explanation of the Housing and Town Planning Act, 1909. As the work now stands, with its maps, charts, diagrams, and photos, it is a useful survey of the whole question, and should be in the hands of every social reformer who agrees with the author that: "The present conditions are thoroughly bad. Not only are lives lost through insanitary housing conditions, but, worse still, a chronic condition of low vitality and ill-health is fostered in our towns." There is a shilling edition.

THE GREEK IDEAL.

WHEN great Minerva visited these shores
  In eighteen twelve,* she seemed quite pleased with us.
She blessed us in our commerce, and our wars,
  Our industry, and really made a fuss
Of Shakespeare; crowned him with her olive wreath,
And swore to cherish him and us till death.

She'd never read a line of Shakespeare's works,
  But that's no matter when one wants to praise.
She felt disgusted with Beethoven's Turks,
  So placed on our Will's brow her frowsy bays.
She left her olive wreath in this dominion,
And watches o'er us still, in my opinion.

She taught our Porson how to hiccup Greek;
  And he taught us hexameters to stammer,
And how to limp in scazons, and to break
  Our shins in tumbling over the Digamma.
She told our Keats the secret of the urn;
  He died not two years afterwards, I learn.

I jump from Keats to Jowett; what a fall!
  From poetry to Plato in one bound!
Minerva went to Oxford for a thrall,
  And Plato in Professor Jowett found
A friend, a voice, a nasal intonation,
And certainly a scholarly translation.

Then Matthew Arnold was inspired to mix
  A little epieikeia with his creed;
For Christianity was in a fix
And Greece was needed ere it could be freed;
And thus we slid like lightning, quick and soon,
From Arnold to G. Lowes Dickinson.

We're up to date with our "Greek view of life"
  Minerva joyed at our epiphysis.
We'd grown by each accretion to the rife
  Abounding grace of a new synthesis.
She thought this view of life so very pretty,
She took a house in Hampstead Garden City.

O Hampstead, Healthy, Happy—perhaps Holy,
  Where every bush hides Daphne and the God,
And every hollow's lush with lovers lowly,
  And man is more the product of the sod
Than Nature's vegetation, tho' you see
Some shrubs and trees dressed by the L.C.C.

O Hampstead, haunt of suicides and bards,
  And Guys; our London's own Eleusis, where
The Dionysian revels, and the cards
  Are shuffled by an expert! I declare
Of all the places haunted by nobodies
This is the one most suited to a Goddess.

So here Minerva settled, and made friends.
  She isn't called Minerva now, of course,
But Miss Olumpos Jones. Whoe'er attends
  The meetings of the League of Moral Force
Will know her well. Her hair I must call ginger,
And sometimes she obliges as a singer.

Her house was simply furnished, in the style
  Of Early British, or Late Celtic, or
It might have been The Troglodyte; don't smile,
  She couldn't furnish from the Delphic store.
And as she'd never heard or read Shaw Sparrow
Her views of furnishing were very narrow.

It's true that there were things to sit upon,
  And things to eat from, but I never knew
Tables from chairs; they all were made of stone,
  And all were much alike and very new.
If Charon at the last declines to ferry her,
They may be useful when we come to bury her.

The floors were paved with beautiful glazed tiles,
  The walls' distempered frescoes didn't sweat,
Not much, at least; the head of Eustace Miles
  Had flaked wherever human features met
To make the face that was Minerva's glory.
It made him look like a memento mori.

But Miss Olumpos Jones had many rivals.
  They couldn't match her chairs, but O, their beds
Were so hygienic; some called them survivals
  Of the Olympian days. (The hostess spreads
A woven mat along the floor in proof.)
Minerva said that she slept on the roof.

They never talked of diet. All agreed
  That monkey-nuts and apples would suffice,
With now and then a glass of milk, to feed
  The corpus vile, and to keep it nice.
They spoke of Epos, Ethos, sometimes Eros,
Until the servant maid brought in the tea-tros.

They were all Greek in something. One man posed
  To lady sculptors as Diskobolos.
And some like Delphic oracles disclosed
  The future, if you gave a bob a toss.
The Grecian bend their voices all did teach,
And emphasised the backward parts of speech.

But one good lady (I won't mention names,
  It wouldn't be fair when ladies are so jealous)
Was expert at the Grecian Funeral Games;
  Her admiration for them was so zealous
She almost wished that somebody would die,
That she might celebrate their memory.

How all these people lived, I cannot tell,
  You never met them out of Garden City;
But landlords must be paid. 'Tis just as well.
  It brings me to the end of this grave ditty.
Minerva in Olympus was a dead-head,
She lived rent-free, was freely fed and bedded;

But here they wanted rent; she couldn't pay.
  Her references to Jove, sometimes called Jupiter,
Were not exactly pious, and the fray
  Waxed warm; she said the landlord was no Cupid,
    her
Voice, now strident, now broke in a wail; sniffs
Were all she had to offer to the bailiffs.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

*See Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens."

Drama.

LAST Sunday week the Stage Society produced the cycle of one-act plays by Felix Salten, "Vom Andern Ufer," to which I referred some time ago in this column. Felix Salten is a Viennese dramatist who, like Schnitzler and Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, does not write for the theatre alone. He does not belong to any particular school. Schnitzler's work is intimately personal. He is always telling you about himself, quite clearly—about his adventures and his love affairs, always within the narrow limits of upper-class Vienna. His last and greatest novel, "Der Weg ins Freie," reads like an autobiography. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, on the other hand, is less polished and more of a poet, and is already well known in England through his modern treatment of Greek tragedy. But Salten is modern in subject-matter as well as in treatment, and moreover objective—almost as objective as Henry James. It would puzzle any one to extract from these plays, for instance, any indication of the author's own personality. In the title, "From the Other Shore" (rather inconsequently rendered as "Points of View" in the Stage Society's version), he has indicated the gulf between the aristocratic and the plebeian view of life. At least, I believe that was the description circulated for the Press before production, but it must be remembered that the contrast is emphatically between views of life, and not between the aristocrat and the plebeian as commonly understood. Indeed, the author is at pains to show that the aristocrat may at heart be a plebeian, and the plebeian at heart a prince. The contrast is rather between the light-hearted and the heavy-hearted way of living, between the hedonist and the worker, the anarchist butterfly and the collectivist ant.

The first play, "Count Festenberg," is the story of a waiter who saves money in America, assumes a title, and marries a countess from an ancient Austrian family. He is found out and arrested, but not before he has had time to explain himself. His plea is that he has always felt himself to be an aristocrat—that it is the inward conviction that matters, not the blood. In the scene with his wife and her old guardian he makes this clear:—

MAX: Your Excellency, we must speak with one another as human beings. Try and rise to that level! It must be so, Helene, it must be so! Here, upon the border-land between what has been and what is to come, we must all three stand as equals. Can't you look upon me just for five minutes—for these last five minutes—as I am? Neither as Count Festenberg, nor as the waiter—just as myself?

HELENE: Who are you? I don't know.

MAX: You don't know? Have we not lived with one another as men and women live?

HELENE: We? I no longer know with whom I have lived. With a comedian. . . . You have played a part, apeing the nobleman!

MAX (crying out): No, I say, no! There was a time when I played a part, and played it ill enough, God knows, for I always felt that it was not my part at all. That was in my waiter days. Believe me, the comedy of life is often staged like that—the wrong players in the wrong parts! I am only the victim of a mistake in the cast. Count Festenberg—that is my vocation! In the days when I was a waiter I always knew it. I always felt my part intolerable. I was always conscious that I was not being myself at all. And in these last few months, for the first time, I have come into my own, my rightful inheritance!

And later:—

MAX:. . . . So strong is this feeling that it persists even now, when you see in me nothing but a common cheat, when at any moment some clownish policeman may come in and drag me away. So strong is it that I think of all that now lies before me as an injustice, a brutal piece of stupidity—as one of the vulgarities of Fate, to which I have so often fallen a victim. . . .

In this scene, as rendered by the Stage Society, there was unfortunately a serious misreading of the text. After the speech I have just quoted, Max turns to his wife, and the original reads:—

MAX: . . . Siehst du es jetzt anders, Helene?

HELENE: Ich—sehe es anders.

This should be rendered, of course,

MAX: Do you see it differently now, Helene?

HELENE: I do.

Instead of this, the Stage Society version was:—

MAX: Do you see it differently now, Helene?

HELENE (turning away): I can't think of it like that.

This mistranslation of the word "anders," leaving Helene still in disagreement with him, whereas really she has come to see his point of view, destroys the meaning completely.

In the second play, "Life's Importance," there was also some tampering with the text. A young nobleman, Hugo Freiherr von Neustift, living upon his country estate, is visited by his brother-in-law and former tutor, Dr. Konrad Hopfner, now a successful medical man and lately appointed privy councillor. Hugo has sent for him in order to have his lungs examined, and Konrad improves the occasion by reading him a lecture upon the vice of idleness and the virtues of hard work. Idleness tires a man out, he says. They quarrel, and when the medical examination is over, Konrad tells the younger man that he has six months to live—not without some satisfaction at the fulfilment of his prophecies. Hugo at first breaks down completely, but a change comes over him as Konrad continues to lecture. "You must face your fate like a man," says the latter. "What you need is moral strength. Look at me. I am prepared for death at any moment." Hugo locks the door, takes a revolver in his hand, and turns upon him. "Very good; we shall see. In a quarter of an hour I shoot you down like a dog. You have given me many lessons; now you shall teach me how to die." Konrad attempts uneasily to treat it all as a bad joke, but presently becomes alarmed, and at the end of the quarter of an hour is grovelling upon the floor. As the clock strikes Hugo tosses the revolver upon the table, lights a cigarette, and strolls out, remarking: "That's just about as I imagined it would be—that moral strength of yours." ("So hab' ich sie mir ungefähr vorgestellt—die moralische Kraft.") It is at this point that words have been introduced. At the Stage Society's performance Hugo says "Sheer funk! I thought as much"! before the final sentence I have quoted. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, the translator, was responsible for this foolish and unnecessary gag. There seems to to be a very good case for the formation of a Society for the Protection of Authors from Translators. Bernard Shaw has suffered badly enough in Germany, and nearly all modern European authors of repute have been at one time or another vicariously slaughtered in England. Hauptmann, for instance, with "The Sunken Bell." How many bunglers have attempted the impossible with that incomparable poem! And among the lesser artists, the treatment of Wilde has been atrocious. His "Florentine Tragedy," scarcely remarkable to begin with, was seized upon by a Berlin professor, done into indifferent professorial verse, and retranslated from the German into American prose for the pirates of New York, who published it as an original work of the English poet! But this is by the way. In justice to Mr. de Selincourt it must be mentioned that he only translated "Life's Importance," and did not commit the blunder I have mentioned in "Count Festenberg."

Felix Salten's third play, "The Return," was better acted than the other two, but the whole performance stood sadly in need of Mr. Granville Barker's stage direction. Compared with the finish of the Repertory Theatre productions, it seemed loose and casual. This is a pity, for the Repertory Theatre has by no means taken the place of the Stage Society or removed the need for its work. The Stage Society, now in its eleventh year, has a finer record than any other society of its kind in Europe. By giving new dramatists a

hearing it made the Court Theatre under the Vedrenne-Barker management possible, and the Court Theatre prepared the way for Mr. Frohman's scheme.

* * *

Another Sunday evening dramatic society doing good work is that of the Play Actors, who gave four new pieces on March 20. Their productions have been curiously uneven. "The Lesser Evil," produced last November, was without exception the worst play I have ever seen. "The Marriage of Columbine," a four-act comedy by Harold Chapin, played in February, was wittily written and began well, but collapsed in the third and fourth acts. The four new plays were 'The Gulf," by Affleck Scott, very slight but amusing; "The Frame, ' by Ronald Macdonald, a Parisian tragedy well acted, impressive throughout, and with one moment of great beauty; and two plays by Elizabeth Baker, the author of "Chains," shortly to be revived by the Repertory Theatre. These were "Miss Tassey" and "Cupid in Clapham"—both quite interesting, simple and direct. I look forward to seeing "Chains," which made some stir when it was produced by the same company a year ago. All plays produced by the Play Actors are cast from among members of the Actors' Association (the actors' trade union), and one of their objects is to give new opportunities to the working actor and actress. ASHLEY DUKES.

ART.

I DO not propose to fill these columns week by week with wearisome descriptions of the bad things at the National Gallery, but have undertaken merely to indicate such pictures as may serve to point to the conclusion that the Gallery contains much that is worthless, much that is mutilated, and is altogether unreliable except as a means of picking the nation's pockets, of encouraging peurile prattle on the part of the public and the Press, and to show what an appendage to the R.A. may really become. Having done this, I shall turn to a more exhilarating subject.

* * *

And now for a passing word or two more about the Primitives. Apparently, from what I hear, to the Primitives belongs the honour of being the backbone of the so-called National collection. That in their normal condition they do form the bone, as it were, from which the skeleton of the great schools of paintings may be reconstructed, is not to be denied. But the National Gallery Primitives are not normal; they are cretins that indiscriminate admirers paint in all the colours of the rainbow—which colours they should, of course, possess—and make them the motive of beautiful fairy tales. Such persons seem to be unaware that there has just been a passing fashion in Primitives. Fifty years ago Botticelli and the rest of the early worms were almost unknown to us. The boom has come and spent itself. The wave has come, bringing on its crest the trashy and offensive. It broke down under the classic portico of the National Gallery. Blinded by the drifting spume flakes, the men in power laid joyless hands upon the evil things of the wreckage, believing them to be sublime forms quickened by the gods of Italy. These dead fate-impelled strangers they have placed upon the dreary walls of the gloomy temple of entombments.

* * *

Botticelli stood upon the water's edge. His "Assumption of the Virgin" lay upon the shore of aliens, bereft of beauty, of spiritual grace, and other joyous attributes, by pirates and the sea. It now hangs upon the nation's walls a hideous example of what a Botticelli should not be. The sublime features, the inevitable style, the child-like vision of the world of objects, are almost gone. The refinement, the beauty of expression, the consummate interweaving of fact and fancy, are obscured. That Botticelli, or the master with the Botticelli soul, intended this picture to be what it now appears is inconceivable. He gave it unity and harmony; now it is two pictures. The beautiful sky led naturally up to the gold of the domical firmament; now the latter is cut off from the terrestrial portion of the picture by thick bands of smoke or dirty indigo bed-hangings, and the corners are filled with lamp-black. He made the foreground a delightful green, he filled it with beautiful flowers; now it is ugly rocks and a hodge-podge of miserable details. He made the angels, saints, and martyrs, in heaven, of one family with the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, on earth; now they are of different races and periods. In short, the picture once was one of divine beauty; now it is a rare example of unique ugliness—that is, unique outside the National Gallery.

* * *

With Botticelli no doubt came many lesser or equal souls. Several of them seem to have taken root in the Tuscan Room. Remembering how great is the spiritual expression in the works of the early Italian masters, this room should be a temple of spiritual ecstasy, instead of which it is a bogey-chamber for frightening the feeble-minded, the sick and aged persons out of their wits. No. 667 is an atrociously false piece of faking. Our Lord looks like a vacuous shepherd. The red hats make the figures look drunk. Remove them, and they look sensible devotional people. No. 576 is a mass of ugly restoration. No. 1,155 is just a daub of different epochs of paint. No. 1,406 is labelled "Fra Angelico." It shows an example of the laying on of daubs of modern paint. It has something in the foreground that appears to be a cross between a rug, a wall, and a storm gone mad. No. 566 contains a face that is a nightmare. The original tones have fallen away, leaving the half-tones on the gesso. No. 626: The whole thing is a black patch. A magnificent example of the elementary way of restoring a picture. No. 927: A whitewashy thing that looks as if it has been painted with tooth-powder. It is not even fit for a lumber-room. No. 1,082: Clearly a guessing competition. One thing alone is certain—whatever it is, it is extraordinarily bad. The wings of one figure are simply quill pens, and the rocks in the background have been converted into trees by the simple expedient of painting them with tree-trunks. No. 227: A tremendously put-together thing. In it atrocious architectural details, details put in with a rough brush, midgets and Alma Tadema faces abound. Useful only as a guide for schoolgirls for what to avoid when copying the old masters. No. 766: This is an improvement. It reveals how the early Italians did convey spiritual ecstasy, and the later restorers did not. It exposes the work of the latter in the room by reducing it to its right unspiritual sentimental mood. No. 1,108: The best thing here, and this because it is a frank ruin. In its way it is a gem. It has everything—pure, simple colours, beautiful details, the right religious feeling, spiritual expression, and the original touches of the master's hand. The whole thing is perfect as it stands, and it is perfect because the restorers have left it alone. The touches of the old master have not been replaced by newness in order to captivate the six silliest persons in the National Gallery crowd. It has a jewelled fairy tale unstuffed with evil words, unpunctuated with lies, untouched by those influences upon which the modern form of imagination is left to starve to death.. So much for the miraculous Primitives.

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The NEW AGE is about to issue a series of Art Supplements written entirely by painters, and in this manner proposes to throw open a road to artists for that free and frank expression of their claims which they are denied in every other journal. It hopes by this means to induce them to come forward to express views which they feel strongly on certain matters pertaining to art. They are especially invited to torture their critics, and to dot the landscape with bodies—not their own. The first supplement will appear next week, and among those will who set the ball of original articles rolling are Walter Sickert, T. Sturge Moore, Will Rothenstein, Cecil French, William Shackleton, and Victor Reynolds (Paris).

* * *

John P. Campbell, whose original cartoon work is well known to the readers of this journal, has forwarded

a reproduction from an original characteristic drawing by himself of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Irish poet and antiquary, issued in connection with the Ferguson Centenary Celebration, which took place in Belfast last week. There are a limited number of reproductions at 2s. 6d. and of some signed proofs at 5s. to be had from printsellers or from the artist, at 43, Chichester Street, Belfast. * * *

Admirers of H. Harpignies, one of the survivors of the great Corot School, should see the small exhibition of his works now being held at Obach's Gallery, Bond Street. It includes both water-colour and charcoal drawings. The former reveal the characteristic Barbizon vision, colour-scheme, and low-key—in some instances here so low, indeed, that the painter has almost reduced his tints to monochrome. The charcoal drawings are beautiful poetical studies of trees, that seem to float and rustle against soft shimmering grey skies. Harpignies, like Corot, sees a tree as a picture mass, and every new tree aspect allures him. To sum up the exhibition, it is work typical of the Barbizon School at its best. The Doré Gallery aims just now to add to the gaiety of the Brixton Empire. The 241 exhibits of W. K. Haselden are concerned with popular humour in black and white, and were apparently thrown off at white heat. The series devoted to the theatrical profession should appeal to theatre-goers, who will, doubtless, approve of the successful way the mannerisms of Tree, Alexander, and Fred Kerr have been caught. But I am wondering what Lyn Harding will say when he sees that Bill Sykes caricature of the part he played at the St. James, and Gerald du Maurier when he sees that lovely projecting jaw which makes him look like a fighting parson.

* * *

The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, at Edinburgh, does not call for much comment. I noticed that everywhere big names abounded and spread themselves out on the walls and in the catalogue. I noticed, too, that the best things bore the least pretentious names. I particularly liked the studies by S. J. Peploe, 120, 221, 283; W. W. Peploe, 358, 363; Peter Mackie, 124; John Duncan, 167, 461; Robert T. Ross, 322; and the sculpture by Percy Portsmouth. All these artists have something interesting to say. Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents" occupies several yards of valuable wall space and a page and a half of the catalogue. This picture is a great tourist. Such is fame—especially in a land called Scotland.

HUNTLY CARTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH MATRON ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Edward Carpenter's article on "The Drawing-room Table," in THE NEW AGE of March 17th, is disappointing. We expect something much more original and much more subtle from him. And we are tired of attending the obsequies of the British matron.

When we met that lady, as we often did last century, in literature or in life, we laughed at or disliked her. She stood for narrowness, stupidity, selfishness, hypocrisy, and other ugly qualities. But this attack of Mr. Carpenter's on the fragments that remain of her almost disposes one to defend her memory; and the more so as he seems to include with her for reprobation things for which she was not responsible, such as the colour of her men folk's clothing, and things which need not be reprobated, such as "virginal daughters." (What would Mr. Carpenter expect young girls to be but "virginal" in any age! The adjective applies at least as well to the young suffragette of to-day as to her grandmother in the 'sixties.)

What faults are laid to the charge of the Victorian matron beyond such as accompany idleness everywhere?

She was "respectable." Her defenders must admit it, and cannot exterminate it.

She did the right thing, and let you know by the sound of her voice that she was doing it. But so do matrons always and in all places. I find no difference in that point between the respectable British matron and the Socialist or Suffragist or Theosophical matron. They all are right, and let you know it by their tone of voice.

She avoided certain topics all the time, and brought up her girls in ignorance of the facts of life. That one must admit was wrong and stupid, and often wrought suffering for the girls. But would one want to communicate the necessary knowledge to youngsters by frequently conversing in their hearing on the physical side of things?

None of us liked the conversation at that Bavarian dinner-table described by Mrs. Mansfield the other week, and I fancy, if we were to talk as freely and easily about sex matters, and physiological needs generally, as those good people were doing about matters stomachic, the result would be just as unedifying. We should be able to know things—facts relating to digestion, etc.—and to act on our knowledge, without talking on the subject except when needful. To determine when it is needful a sense of proportion is required.

As to the young, few of those who talk of the need for giving them a knowledge of the facts of life have any idea of the difficulty of doing so, once the period of unconscious and unfastidious childhood is past. A girl's mental surfaces are so sensitive that one may do harm almost with a word—may create disgust, for example, where one would most avoid it.

They must be instructed, but let no one say the task is easy. The British matron who shirked it altogether, only did what matrons of other lands do also.

The gravest charge brought against the lady of the Victorian drawing-room is that she moulded the literature of the nineteenth century to her own taste! How she came to have such power in the world of thought is not explained. But we may allow that she bore her part with other influences of the time that produced her, and in which she was also a factor.

It was undeniably an age of extreme propriety, owing, perhaps, to the fact that a highly respectable matron occupied the British Throne; and literature did partake of the general respectability. But it is easy to attach too much importance to such a consideration.

It is not to be supposed that literary merit depends on the use of certain words to indicate certain things, or even on the referring directly to certain things at all. Something may be left to the imagination in any age worth writing for. The young people who read Thackeray, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, did not need Elizabethan expressions and naïve details. Young people never do. They know all the rapture or the horror without even definite mental images of details; and the youths and girls who first read Scott's prim and reticent love-stories, realised more poignantly the feelings they read about than their great-grandchildren now do in reading George Moore, or—say, Victoria Cross.

As a matter of fact, the strong writer makes his strength felt whatever words he elects to use. They are always words that carry his meaning. Browning is as virile as Chaucer, and Wordsworth goes far deeper into life than Matt Prior. If Tennyson is weak at times, it is not because he was Victorian, but because he was Tennyson. Though he had used all the thousand extra words at Shakespeare's command to express the "physiological side," he would have been no whit stronger.

And Swinburne—can anyone believe that the differences between his earlier and later work were due to fear of the drawing-room censor! Swinburne grew up—that was all.

Mr. Carpenter exaggerates the power of the Victorian matron, and I think her faults also. One hopes that she has now made her last appearance in literature.

B. M. G.

* * *

WHY NOT?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The lady doth protest too much! It may be a little disconcerting to find that one's attack has met with no reciprocal action, but was it necessary to write two columns of complaint about it? I have not read the article referred to; yet perhaps I may assist D. Triformis in finding a solution to her problem. This is not to be found in the supposition that your contributor is too insignificant to be noticed. It is true, however, that many women suffragists used to buy THE NEW AGE, but when it began to say, in effect, "I came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," in respect of the Liberal Government (which I believe synchronised with D. Triformis' earlier articles), they naturally grew suspicious, and as much of the writer's present reference to some of the women leaders recalls the refrain, "for they are all honourable men," I think, perhaps, you can understand why women have lost interest in your journal. To put it bluntly: women consider 3d. a week too high a price to pay for a paper which is apparently run in the interests of their opponents, even if by so doing they might occasionally have the opportunity of justifying militant methods. These tactics served our purpose very well, and we consider they were inevitable. When D. Triformis states that she deems violence is evidence of mental stupidity, we can only remember, in view of Mr. Asquith's Albert Hall speech, that the English language covers a multitude of meanings. Revolt against injustice can hardly be carried on without violence, and since not a few of the liberties that Englishmen enjoy have been

wrested from unwilling authorities by violence, this charge of stupidity does not prove much.

FLORENCE A. UNDERWOOD.
(Member of Women's Freedom League.)

* * *

STRIKE, BUT READ!

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Permit me to make some remarks touching a notice of my work—"The Individual and Reality"—which appeared in your columns of March 3rd.

The writer is not concerned to go into details. He disposes cavalierly of the work with the statement that it is an "extremely weak attempt" to impugn the results reached in Bradley's "Appearance and Reality." Well, the thinking is novel, but our leading individualistic idealists will, I am sure, be very curious to learn where the "extreme weakness" lies! William James, America's greatest living philosopher, does not agree with my critique of his pragmatism; but, for all that, he regards the work as a "great and powerful agency in the spreading of truth." Mr. Bradley himself is interested in the attack on his position, and has promised to send me his comments thereon. A further expansion of the subject by me will be welcomed to the columns of "Mind." Such symptoms of "extreme weakness" appear somewhat unusual!

Originality is apt to embarrass the critic. Still, your reviewer is entitled to his opinion—always supposing that he has read what he seeks to demolish. This qualification, as the following passage shows, is lacking. He writes: "It is only necessary here to knock the bottom out of the fundamental position which the author takes up, namely, his claim that, apart from consciousness, there is no existence." I have made no such claim at all. On the contrary, I have again and again laboured the point that conscious experience does not exhaust reality—nay, that all experience, in last resort, wells up from the sub-conscious. Criticism of this kind cannot be taken seriously.

The joke is that my philosophical adversary, Mr. Bradley, holds the identical view to which your reviewer objects. He maintains stoutly that "sentient experience is reality," and that outside spirit there is not, and there cannot be, any reality. I must ask your reviewer, accordingly, to fall foul of the right man. I have no desire to be saddled with the hypotheses of other writers. E. D. FAWCETT.

Hotel du Port, Villeneuve, Switzerland.

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THE ORDER OF THE SERAPHIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I fear that Mr. Rogers' letter justifies the hesitation I felt about sending forth in short instalments a work whose full bearing cannot be grasped till all of it is before the reader. I am drawing a map of the world, and before I have finished Greenland I am interrupted by a complaint that I have left out Australia.

The charge of writing an apology for the slum landlord is based on a section which—as you, Sir, are in a position to attest—originally contained a severe stricture on that very class; although I afterwards decided to reserve this for a subsequent part of the work. In my opinion, however, the context, and the whole character of my contributions to your pages, should have protected me from such a premature accusation.

My judgment of Socialists (for it is idle to try and dazzle me with abstract names) may be "popular" and may be "erroneous," but at least it has been arrived at independently, as the result of personal intercourse with Socialists. I was associated with a group of them in the endeavour to found a Labour League in Dublin, more than twenty years ago, and I found them the most quarrelsome, vain, jealous, and impracticable set of men I have ever tried to work with. I had to come to the same decision as Confucius:—"Formerly I listened to men's words, and gave them credit for their conduct; now I hear their words, but I watch their actions." Mr. Wells has recently put the same thing in other words:—"The principle is all right, but the people are all wrong."

As soon as I can meet with a party of men who really are altruistic, without being quite insane, I shall be only too happy to work with them, without caring very much whether they call themselves Socialists or Individualists or Tories or Latter-Day Saints. But I must confess that Mr. Rogers' hasty letter has not done much to change my opinion of "Humanity." ALLEN UPWARD.

* * *

"USURY."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Could any reader of your valuable paper inform me where I could obtain (on loan or by purchase) the pamphlets on "Usury," by Mr. W. C. Sillar, referred to by Ruskin in "Munera Pulveris," "On the Old Road," and other works?

I should like to obtain these pamphlets as soon as possible, as I am in urgent need of them. H. ELLIS.

Mount Pleasant, Croxton Road, Thetford.

Articles of the Week.

BALDRY, A. LYS, "The Art of Mr. Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.," Studio, Mar. 15.

BARING, MAURICE, "Diminutive Dramas: Jason and Medea," Morning Post, Mar. 22.

BARRISTER, A, "In the Second Degree: The Law of Murder Amendment Bill," Morning Leader, Mar. 25.

BEERBOHM, MAX, "Three Exotics," Saturday Review, Mar. 26.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "Is there to be a New Socialist Party?" Clarion, Mar. 25.

BROECHNER, GEORG, "Some Notable Swedish Etchers," Studio, Mar. 15.

BROOKS, SYDNEY, "The American Speakership," Westminster Gazette, Mar. 24.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Good People," D. News, Mar. 26.

DOUGLAS, JAS., "Polaire: A Polite Caricature," Morning Leader, Mar. 21.

EDGAR, GEO., "The Crease," Morning Leader, Mar. 24.

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FYFE, H. HAMILTON, "The Immutable Egyptian: A Study of Character," D. Mail, Mar. 25.

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LANKESTER, Sir RAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., "Eastertide, Shamrocks and Spermaceti," D. Telegraph, Mar. 26.

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MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "The Work of the World: The Economic Big Ship," Morning Leader, Mar. 24; "American Tariff Troubles," Westminster Gazette, Mar. 23.

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PHILIPS, CLAUDE, "French Art in Berlin," D. Telegraph, Mar. 26.

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ROOK, CLARENCE, "The Railway Manner: Some Unwritten Laws of Travelling," D. Chronicle, Mar. 26.

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Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

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1899 **THE WEATHER HEN. Play.** (With Berte Thomas). (Unpublished.)

1906 **PRUNELLA. Play.** (With Laurence Housman. Produced 1904). (Sidgwick and Jackson. Cloth, 3/6 nett; Paper, 2/- nett; another edition in paper, 1/- nett.)

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