certainly has the merit of touching reality. Everything with its present powers changes, the more it remains obviously turns, in the question of the future House of its composition.

The two parties, in which one party would be expected was the possibility of Lords, whether they corne from Lord Rosebery or from Proposals for changing the personnel of the House of the people prevail. That phrase did duty during the true centre party in English politics, Lord Cromer the Conference might prove fatal to the cause have not Garvin's peers in rejecting the Budget. The seal Conference now being held. It was not, we gather, the difference between the party-leaders on the subject of the Unionist Free-traders, who are now in many respects the Conference should seem to the extreme sections of the anti-Lords party. They have always so over-valued the privilege of election from the truth. To those who cannot distinguish between the shadow and the substance this arrangement will seem to be manifestly fair. We are even somewhat afraid that it may seem fair to the eyes of the extreme sections of the anti-Lords party. They have always so over-valued the privilege of election at the expense of real power that quite possibly the present suggested bargains may strike them as not only just but generous. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. As we have already pointed out, every "concession" of this kind is in reality an additional power; and a bargain concluded on these terms would be one in which the Lords sacrificed absolutely nothing but their defects and sources of weakness.

Better, we would say, that there should be no change at all than that a reactionary change of this kind should be made. It is difficult enough now to force through the House of Lords a measure designed to equalise in however minute a degree the economic opportunities of Englishmen; but we can imagine the task will be impossible if in addition to the renewed prestige of hereditary peers the solid bulk of elected capitalists and conservative interests is clamped on to the barrier. The people at large may fail to understand immediately what is taking place, but it is the business of publicists to do that. Doubtless it has happened that in these degenerate days the hereditary peers have lost their courage and are now disinclined, as their ancestors were not, to bear the onus all alone of rejecting progressive measures; but what have we to do with that? A change in the composition of the House of Lords that would merely enable the hereditary peers to veto Radical measures with the support and countenance of a number of elected peers or lords of Parliament would considerably strengthen the existing order of things. No such concession in the matter of composition could conceivably be regarded as an off-set for a sacrifice of power. On the contrary, such concessions are additional powers.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Journalists who have nothing to say may be excused for making a virtue of their silence during the Conference between the party-leaders on the subject of the Lords; but we who keep one end in view must make all things serve. The fears we expressed last week that the Conference might prove fatal to the cause have not been allayed by the various forecasts of its results that have appeared in divers places. Addressing the Unionist Free-traders, who are now in many respects the true centre party in English politics, Lord Cromer hinted at rather than defined the subject-matter of the Conference now being held. It was not, we gather, concerned with the problem of how to make the will of the people prevail. That phrase did duty during the last election to condone the unprecedented action of Mr. Garvin's peers in rejecting the Budget. The real subject matter of the present Conference, it appears, was the possibility of a compromise or bargain between the two parties, in which one party would be expected to bring powers to market and the other would bring composition. It was to be, in fact, a deal between Liberals and Unionists, an exchange of proposed Second Chamber powers for concessions in the matter of its composition.

This inspired account of the basis of the Conference certainly has the merit of touching reality. Everything obviously turns, in the question of the future House of Lords, on its powers rather than upon its composition. Proposals for changing the personnel of the House of Lords, whether they come from Lord Rosebery or from the street-corner Radical, leave us, we confess, quite cold. The more, we may say, the House of Lords with its present powers changes, the more it remains the same.
promising are endorsed, else will the people be cheated of the small reward they deserve for their recent mild agitation against the Lords. The point to insist upon is that the only substance contained in the whole problem of the Lords is the question of its powers. In the composition of a Second Chamber we are only academically interested; but in its powers and their extent we are exclusively and vitally concerned.

It is clear to our minds, therefore, that if the Liberal quartette engaged in this Conference have a true view of the issues involved, they will decline to discuss seriously a left-handed bargain such as has been suggested by Lord Cromer. Compromise is endurable, for the simple reason that the complete demands of the Democratic party have failed so far to be endorsed and enforced by popular consent; but the Compromise must be effected on the formulated demands, and not upon "concessions" which have never been invited. It would be quite Ollendorfian to reply to Democracy's request: "Will you forgo your financial veto and modify your general veto?" by remarking: "No, but we will strengthen our House by the addition of an elective element." Such a proposition, we maintain, has never been made by Democracy, and has never been suggested by any of its leaders. Properly speaking, it is irrelevant to the case at hand. What is relevant to the extent to which the powers of the existing House of Lords are to be modified. And on this point, it seems to us, in spite of the prevailing apathy, that little short of for two demands formulated in the Parliament Bill is conceivable.

* * *

We say all this, however, without prejudice to the subsequent discussion of the actual composition of the House of Lords. But in our view that discussion must be subsequent and not contemporary. Being House of Commons men, as Mr. Balfour once confessed himself and his to be, and on the ground that the House of Commons is potentially the House of the People, we are naturally disposed to collect within it all the real political power that exists. But once that object is accomplished we have no desire to place any limits on the moral, intellectual or spiritual power that other parts of the Constitution may exercise. For example, no democrat would quarrel with the influence exerted by the Crown, great and even temporarily overwhelming though it often is. Such power is legitimately exercised by the Crown and so long as it remains as it is, but as the result of snobbery and a score of other defects of education in the people. Similarly, we should not be perturbed if, when the veto of the Lords were abolished, that House set itself, as it would, to the task of habitually surrendering its prerogative, without the aid of the House of Commons. Any new composition of the Lords, whether by the admixture of elected persons or by the admission of Imperial representatives, would certainly enormously increase its prestige and weight; but so long as the final weapon of political power lay in the hands of the Commons we could endure to see the people dazed and succumbing to superior intelligence alone.

* * *

Herein lies, in fact, our real complaint against the defenders of the existing powers of the Lords. They much underrate the resources at their command if they imagine they can, with all the armed forces at their hands we Democrats are as yet any approximate match for them. We are not, nor shall we be until our vast army of the people is a thousand times more intelligent than it is at present. So long as our people are blind and stupid we will cheerfully dispose of their weapons of defence and attack and positively employ them on behalf of their enemies. Grant to the Commons the abolition of the Lords' veto and what will they do with it? Given that the Lords instantly proceed to reform their own House, as commonsense dictates that they should, we venture to say that not for ten or fifty years, perhaps not for a century, would the Commons make any serious inroads on the settled injustice of the pre-vailing system. It is much more probable, we fear, that those who are to-day slaves of the oligarchy under compulsion would remain under the new circumstances slaves of the same oligarchy by choice. So hard is liberty, not to obtain, but to exercise.

We have been very frank in our confession of the weakness of our democratic army; let us now be equally frank concerning our strength and the forces on which we rely. It is understood that we are now pleading not to the poor and ignorant but for them. Chiefly, then, we may say we rely for our final victory upon two things, upon the fated development of material events and upon the power of understanding. This is well known by students of history that States in their historic procession merely unfold the potentialities contained within their economic foundations. In the long run, and when the curtain is finally rung down, it is seen that the history of empires has been determined from the outset by the system of property which prevails throughout their duration. A system such as we maintain of private ownership of the means of production coupled with the gift of political power to the wealthy classes is foredoomed to result, as the Roman Empire resulted, in the creation of two main classes, the small and dwindling class of the rich and the large and increasing class of the poor. This consumption will be delayed or even prevented by many causes, but in the end it is inevitable; with this further result that each of the two classes into which the nation becomes divided grows corrupt, the one by wealth the other by poverty, and finally incapable of corporate resistance. This is the last phase.

* * *

On the progress, therefore, of modern capitalist society towards this ruinous end we Democratic Socialists are compelled to rely, and we do so with the more hope since we are certain thus to be provided from time to time with striking examples of our main contention, that a society based on private ownership is doomed. But there is also the compensating belief or faith, if you will, in the power of understanding. It is hopeless, in our view, to expect that the poor and ignorant, however desperate and however numerous, will ever succeed in displacing their wealthy rulers. No slave revolt in the history of the world has ever succeeded by its own power. In these days, moreover, the chances of success are even smaller. One machine gun is equal to a mob. But if we cannot rely upon force we can do so, if we can, upon the power of understanding, which is alternative, which is intelligence. And intelligence or understanding operates equally on the wealthy and on the poor. Whoever is free enough in mind to understand the plight of modern society, be he rich or be he poor, as a matter of fact is of the utmost importance in its regenerative transformation, even though he should never lead or even join a political party.

This, to complete our frank avowals, is our sole concern in the present House of Lords dispute. We have no hope whatever that the obtaining by the people of the weapons of political power will either immediately increase their intelligence or fail to make a renewal of intelligence in the governing classes indispensable. But in the long run the struggle will be shifted from the plane of legal vetoes and such like weapons of force to the plane of intelligence and ideas. "Throw away your weapons," "public weapons in the hands of the Lords," "and rely upon your wits." Similarly, we are prepared to say to our people; "Give up the evil dream of force and develop your intelligence. Until you have done so you deserve to remain slaves." Can anybody find fault with that or deny that either of these courses are the only possible real progress? We think not; and we therefore conclude by remarking on the Conference now taking place, that if it fails to recommend a considerable absolute diminution of the powers of the Lords, it would better have never been held. Its failure to result in this must be followed by a campaign in the country in which every ounce of intelligence must be strenuously engaged.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The publication of Mr. Blatchford's semi-valedictory article in the "Clarion" of June 10 has led to comment in some political quarters regarding the German menace. Mr. Blatchford's attitude towards it, the attitude taken up by The New Age a fortnight ago, and the attitude taken up by The New Age several months ago, when Mr. Blatchford was editorially criticized in these columns, are revealed in his 'Daily Mail' articles. It has been asserted that The New Age was wrong in criticising the Editor of the "Clarion" as it did, and that it has now admitted this by coming round to Mr. Blatchford's views.

Now, this is not quite accurate. The gist of The New Age criticisms several months ago was simply this: Mr. Blatchford wrote article after article pointing out the growth in Germany's fleet, and urging England to build on the ground that this huge foreign navy, backed by an equally huge army, would in time swallow this country up. But it was contended in these columns that Mr. Blatchford had not made out his case, that he had not given any reason for this; that, in a word, he had not made Germany's programme sufficiently clear, and was talking à travers. The "Daily Mail" articles referred to appeared at a critical electioneering period, it is well known that they turned thousands of hesitating votes in favour of the big-navyites, and I scarcely think that he made such an animus unless he had shown us very good reasons for doing so.

So, as Mr. Blatchford would say. I am well aware that the substance of my own recent article on the German question was known to only a dozen men in England; for it is not all Dutch. The patois—for it is not such a new Constitution and endeavoured to compel every- one to address the jury. As it is Mr. Blatchford has somewhat quizzed the pitch, so to speak; he has given the working classes, whose minds are particularly susceptible to finding votes in the higgledy-piggledy jargon of pigeon Dutch and dog German, a wrong conception of the case, and advocates who come after him, although better acquainted with the subject, may find it difficult to secure a hearing.

Turning now to another subject, we think it most unfortunate that the first United South African Cabinet should have included General Hertzog. We do not say this merely because the gallant officer is the most bigoted anti-British Boer in South Africa, and, as such, is very unlikely to exert a beneficial influence at a critical time, but because of the stand he has always taken up, and is now taking up, on the language question. His view is that there should be only one language spoken and written between Cape Town and the Rhodesian border, to wit, Taal. What is Taal? It is the bastard form of Dutch spoken by the Boers; but it is not all Dutch. The patois—for it is not worthy of the name of language, or even dialect—consists of about 500 deformed Dutch words, and about 600 words adapted from Kaffir dialects. Now, it is this higgledy-piggledy jargon of pigeon Dutch and dog Kaffir which General Hertzog—supported by several of the more backward Boer farmers—wishes to force down the throats of thousands of his more enlightened countrymen, not to mention those who learn English in South Africa as their mother-tongue. To consider the claims of Taal seriously even for a moment is paying it too great a compliment. Its vocabulary consists of less than a thousand words, common words, of course—mother, father, horse, dog, and so on. By its very nature it can never have anything approaching a literature, and the Dutch portion of it is not even pure Dutch.

This language difficulty has always been a thorny question in South Africa. It is nothing else, is certain to unite all the English-speaking people in the country against the Boers, and if General Hertzog persists in his extreme views a race war is almost certain to break out. There are, let us say, some thirty thousand Jews in Leeds who speak Yiddish, a combination of bad German and bad Hebrew, spiced with a few words from other languages. Wouldn't there be an outcry in England if these Jews secured certain rights under a new Constitution and endeavoured to compel everybody between the Isle of Wight and the Shetlands to jabber Yiddish?

There are one or two other disturbing features about the new South African Cabinet. It consists of four
Englishmen and seven Boers, which is quite dispor-
portionate. Only a wild dreamer would imagine that
South Africa is growing down to a period of
prosperity and peace, and that Boer and Briton will
work together for the welfare of the country. One
side is suspicious of the other. General Botha acts much
better in the field than in a civil capacity. One Boer
member of this assembly has privately expressed the
desire that as many as possible will be
removed from the civil service, and this after a con-
siderable number have already been retrenched. I see
no good reason for this unusual activity, and I do not infer
the "Daily News," "take heart" over the South African
Constitution. To throw a bone to a couple of dogs
which are prepared to chase one another up may ed
the dispute for a while, but not permanently. If any
other reason for this pessimistic outlook is sought
recommend Wiedersheim's "Der Bau des Menschen,"
and Gobineau's "Sur l'inégalité des races humaines."

Germany, as might be expected, is working up an
agitation to shake the confidence of Turkey in England,
the delay in the Cretan negotiations affording a very
good ground for doing so. As the result of diligent
enquiries I have learnt that the Powers actually offered
Turkey a considerable sum in return for Crete; but it
is said that the Young Turks know that if they
flouted public opinion to the extent of yielding up pos-
session of the little island their downfall was imminent.
On the other hand, King George of Greece knows that his
throno is not altogether safe if he fails to secure
the annexation of Crete. Hinc illae lacrimae. In
respect of Egypt were confirmed on the day of publica-
tion by Sir Edward Grey's speech. As
the Royal's New Regime.

By T. H. S. Escott.

More social significance than has yet been allowed
belongs to the first Imperially administrative act
of the new reign, the nomination of the new Indian
Viceroy. Sir Charles Hardinge's appointment to the
Indian Vicerovery would not have been suggested to
the King by his Secretary of State or received his san-
cion had militarism still been supreme. The post, like
the primacy, the bishoprics of Durham and Winchester,
is one of those which are never filled up without the
Minister's specially ascertaining the Sovereign's views.
King Edward well earned the title of Peacemaker, but
the most acceptable and authoritative figures at his Court
were often soldiers. His son and successor is no salt-
water amateur, but a professional and practical sailor
of experience and distinction. Appreciating the sister
service, he has seen no necessity for gratifying its
pretensions or ministering to its vanity. For a long
time it was Sir Kitchener's; he had, number, every
representative of the fighting interest, noisily pro-
tested that he had in effect already received and
accepted the offer. King George, it was declared, had
been throughout in the secret of, and would assuredly
execute, his father's wish upon this point; in fact, the
matter had been arranged at the last interview which
conflict between the two. The multiplying
symptoms of Indian popular unrest had long been fol-
lowed closely and uneasily at the Palace. King Edward
entirely agreed with his Anglo-Indian advisers of
the forward school. These had never worried of impressing on the Gentlemen of the House of Commons from the continuance of executive weakness at Calcutta.
Lord Minto's retirement created the opportunity of
securing the strong, all-round Viceroy in the person of
Sir Wolseley. Neither had O'Moore Creagh's
organ of soldiership à la Pangerre that the late Indian
Commander-in-Chief would not only be the safest, be-
cause the most forceful, but also the most popular man
for the coming vacancy. Lord Kitchener's prompt,
plucky, and successful acceptance of responsibilities in
the Soudan and in the Transvaal had been instances of
exactly that spirit which the nation admired so
much in a Wellington. His performances had required
machinery of advertisement existing, much may be
wherever others than merchants must do congregate
for discussing the merits and the backing of imperial
performers. Moreover, so much had been heard of capable
and other clever soldiers, but best known as Robert's or Wolseley's
men, it was agreed that the Duke was the man we
know had an officer who could handle troops, and who
could act successfully on his own initiative.

If therefore the choice had fallen on Lord Kitchener,
the choice would certainly have been popular, and
might have failed to secure the annexation of Crete.
However, however, the personal experiences of India are, however, by thirty
years fresher than his father's. He knows therefore
indifference to the native element in the Indian army
had been the one defect in Lord Kitchener's Com-
manship. With Sir O'Moore Creagh's sympathetic temper towards Indian soldiers of all
degrees the danger of military discontent has largely,
if not quite, disappeared. Under these circumstances,
was King George's. At once new epoch, first in the
Court, secondly in its fashionable precincts, finally by
influences, in the life, the ideas, and the interests of the
people at large. The social atmosphere breathed under the
shadow of the throne in this tenth year of the
twentieth century is as little that of the Edwardian
as of the Victorian age. Fashionable smartness, like
that which, till five weeks ago, sunned itself in Palace
favour, has more affinities with the Horse Guards than
with the Admiralty. For good or evil, the day has
gone by when St. James's could be considered merely
an annex of the Guards' or the Marlborough Club,
with orb and sceptre for central ornaments, and mil-
ionaires of all nationalities for its leading figures.
Like his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh, George V.
combines with a sailor's frankness of manner much of
a sailor's simplicity in taste. Under the dispensation
which is now opening less is likely to be heard of the
"smartness" which, towards the close of the eighties,
began to be spoken of as a social commodity of Jewish
and American manufacture, unknown in its true im-
wardness till London, Paris, and New York had for
social purposes been fused into a single city. As a fact,
putting it at the latest, the thing began with the
entourage of Charles II. Society had not then become
acute as cosmopolitism; it had, however, equal reason to
boast itself of the extent to which it was decorative and
up to date. Both as heir-apparent and reigning
monarch, King George's father had practically no
option but to secure the allegiance and servileness
of the most novel and characteristic tendencies of his time by placing himself at their head. His royal patronage assured for them the only discipline they were capable of receiving. Nor had his subjects any reason to complain of the results. A number of circumstances had forced London into being the smart capital of the world, King Edward VII. made himself the almoner, with the wealth and glitter of his capital, for the relief of his necessitous subjects and for the support of every institution whose object is the health, the sick, and the creation of all those conditions which make for health.

The ruler who is fortunate in having the late Duchess of Teck's daughter for his wife will respect the legacy of fitness and good works received from his father, as well as show a due solicitude for the laying down of ironclads. All this will be done, however, in King George's own way; and that, his subjects from the first suspected and now know, must be no mere reproduction of his father's. The circumstances which combined to make King Edward the most cosmopolitan of European princes have ceased to exist. Of all English ambassadors in Paris, none was ever quite so successful with the French capital and the whole French nation as Lord Lyons. And this chiefly because the various Governments with which he had to do saw in him a typical Englishman rather than, as they did in the first Earl of Lyons or others, one who had the complacency of imitation and who lived among the Parisians not as one who represented England after the English manner, but as a Gallicised Briton. In his relationships on the other side of the Dover Straits King George will be among sovereigns what Lord Lyons was among ambassadors. The effect of such a reversion to the insular type of kingship will be felt throughout the whole British system, social as well as political.

During the ascendancy of cosmopolitan smartness, a contagion of insincerity and affectation tended to spread itself throughout all orders and upon all levels. Never before was there so little, indeed, of coarseness, but so much of vulgarity—meaning by that latter word an ever-growing disposition to miss the proper measure and relationships of things, of occupations and qualities in daily life. The flatulent flunkeyism which has passed for loyalty has imparted to casual conversation a tone at once grotesque, repulsive, mischievous, and, with subjects of the more thoughtful or cultivated kind, calculated to cool if not alienate the devotion of the most king-loving people on the face of the earth. Violent reaction is neither to be expected, nor is necessary. The domestic economy of the Palace, ordered on the principles already beginning to make themselves felt, will find their expression less in the mechanical parade of modish servility to the Crown than in the Throne's progressive identification with all that is healthiest and most characteristic in the national temper and conduct. The day of Spartan simplicity is still far off, but the known tastes of King George and his Queen will ensure growing correspondence between the life of the Palace and the healthiest ideals of the masses.

The new reign will be fraught with other consequences than these. The more history is searched, the greater will be found the influence of the Palace upon what the people think and believe. In the Victorian age during the Prince Consort's life, German modes of thought, philosophical or religious, came into vogue. As a result national seats of learning, which should have been homes of study, were transformed into arenas of doctrinal or speculative controversy. To that era the absolutely forgotten "Essays and Reviews" squealed belonged. After the Lutheran rites, Queen Alexandra naturally found the Anglican services cold and colourless. Consequently the most ornamental and imposing ritual of the age. Very soon those who found the polite centre of their corporate existence in the Palace became high Anglican too. Devotion of the high ornamental kind will now no longer be in exclusive favour at Court. One can be a member of the Church of England and yet exist in daily life. The flatulent flunkeyism which has passed for loyalty has imparted to casual conversation a tone at once grotesque, repulsive, mischievous, and, with subjects of the more thoughtful and cultivated kind, calculated to cool if not alienate the devotion of the most king-loving people on the face of the earth. Violent reaction is neither to be expected, nor is necessary. The domestic economy of the Palace, ordered on the principles already beginning to make themselves felt, will find their expression less in the mechanical parade of modish servility to the Crown than in the Throne's progressive identification with all that is healthiest and most characteristic in the national temper and conduct. The day of Spartan simplicity is still far off, but the known tastes of King George and his Queen will ensure growing correspondence between the life of the Palace and the healthiest ideals of the masses.

The Divorce Commission.

By William H. Seed.

SOCIALISTS may differ as to the final form the family organisation is likely to assume, but no one who is in the toils of dogmatic theology would suppose that in the long run it will be determined otherwise than by the economic structure of society. In these days, therefore, when economic conditions are changing, a more liberal view must dictate the attitude of the State towards those who find old-fashioned forms of family organisation too grievous to be borne. Failing this, two undesirable consequences will follow. We shall have an ever increasing number of people who are officially held in detestation by the State, which will inflict certain slight but utterly indefensible penalties on their children. There will also be a large number of people who, either from expediency or duty or from moral cowardice, will continue in unnecessary misery. That there are thousands who come under these heads living in our midst at present has been proved beyond all possibility of witness after witness. We have listened to the evidence of two American lawyers, one of whom gave a general approval to the American view, and the other did not. Both agreed, however, that America was in the truest sense of the words, a more moral country than England in sex matters, because there was less sexual depravity, and less unfaithfulness to marital vows. Of course, as one might expect, there is one State in the Union which is extreme, and is proud of the fact. It is North Carolina. North Carolina has no divorce at all. There, as among the poorer classes in England, people remain legally tied together in spite of adultery, cruelty, neglect, desertion, lunacy, crime, and everything else. A man may have a dozen mistresses and even marry, and continue respectable in the eyes of the law, and of course there are those who take advantage of their privileges. Proud and respectable North Carolina is so poor that it has found it necessary to pass a law forbidding its citizens to indulge their weakness for leaving more than a reasonable proportion of their property to their mistresses and "illegitimate" children.

I feel bound to lay especial stress on the extreme probability that the recommendations of the Commissi-
sion will find their way to the Statute Book at no distant date. Lord Gorell is a man of exceptional vision will find their way on to the Statute Book at no minimum amount of reform which the circumstances demand, and there can be little doubt of the success of a measure having such a sponsorship. For better or worse, therefore, our domestic destinies are in the balance.

It may seem rather late in the day to criticise the composition of the Commission, but as the point of view from which it has approached its work is the necessary consequence of its composition I can scarcely avoid comments. It will not be disputed that the most powerful factor in bringing about the inquiry, next to the obvious anomaly of there being one law for the rich and another for the poor, is the equally obvious one of one law for the man and another law for the woman. In spite of this there are only two women on the Commission, Lady Frances Balfour and Mrs. H. J. Tennant, to about a dozen men, and neither of these ladies has any claim to represent working women. Yet it is the latter who most need to have their point of view kept constantly before the Commission, since they suffer under both the disabilities, those affecting women and those affecting the great mass of the people who cannot afford the luxury of a Big Four Court action. Miss Mary Macaulay could have torn herself away from the Women’s Trade Union, League affairs for a while the girl who goes to work would have had her interests looked after, and Miss Bondfield could have seen equally well to the case of the girl who goes to “business.” Neither of these classes, however, is being forgotten by the Commission. That would be impossible. But are they being understood? The only Commissioner who can have failed of the imagination be called a representative of the working classes is that right honourable relic, Mr. Thomas Burt. Although it is impossible now to rectify this serious blunder, there is no reason why our point of view should not be represented amongst the witnesses, and I beg to put in a plea that some representatives of the working classes, and particularly of working women, should give evidence. Mr. Burt’s function is merely to make it possible to say that in this labour is represented. His absence has been frequent, and he has taken little part in the proceedings.

The Commission is, therefore, considering the matrimonial difficulties of people who do not belong to their own class. That is to say, that those for whose marriage the business to be depicted in lurid colours the clerical mind, Sir Lewis Dibdin, and the ecclesiastical lawyer with any stretch of the imagination be called a relic, Mr. Thomas Burt. Although it is impossible amongst the witnesses, and I beg to put in

...
The Philosophy of a Don.

XIV.—Imperial Ideals.

Well has the Roman poet said: "Those things stimulate us less which are heard with the ears than those which are presented to the eye."—A profound saying, the truth of which was brought home to me with unparalleled vividness this afternoon, during a brief but never-to-be-enough-valued visit that Shav and I paid to the Crystal Palace.

We went, of course, to see the Festival of Empire, and, as far as I am concerned, the sight proved an epoch-making event. For the first time in my life I witnessed the whole of our past history parading before me, like a retrospective panorama, in all its vastness and variety of beauty. There were brave old Britons disporting themselves in brawny semi-nudity amid invaders—Roman, Saxon, Danish, Scandinavian—or, again, showing their necks generously to the beneficent voice of the noble Norman conqueror. There were, at a later period, ironclad knights prancing and plunging, and pirouetting magnificently in jequests and tournaments; ladies, fair and frail, gracefully mounted on gorgeously caparisoned palfreys; ample bishes dully biering, bestooled, bestailed, and bejewelled according to their degree: all the romance of chivalry, all the dignity of Feudalism, all the pomp and lustre of medieval magnificence, fused into a galaxy of infinite grandeur and polychromic effulgence. At a still later period we watched the spacious and stately epoch-making event. For the first time in my life I became, as I gazed on this majestic procession of bygone days of Queen Elizabeth illumined by the multifarious triumphs, ashore and afloat, that heralded in the birth of the Empire upon which the sun never sets.

These somewhat complicated emotions recalled their climax when I beheld the Overseas Dominions gather round the Mother Country, like a brood of guinea chicks gathering round a matronly and comely old hen. I could no longer contain myself:—

"We are a great people, Shav," I said, in a voice to which I strove, with small success, to give a semblance of steadiness.

"We are," he replied. "And, what is more, we know it."

"The chronicer of the past," I continued, glad to find my friend reciprocating, for once, my patriotic sentiments, "has a goodly feast to gloat over; but the historian of the future, if I err not, will find his greatest pleasure in contemplating the forces which are at this moment making for new ideals of imperial unity and expansion."

"Imperial fiddleticks," he repeated in a cold, matter-of-fact tone.

"I am loth to believe that this spectacle leaves you unmoved, that the glamour—"

"You are mistaken. The spectacle does move me—"

"My dear Shav!" I remonstrated, now fully convinced of his callousness.

"But I may explain, if that will be any comfort to you, it is not the laughter of joy. If I were given to liquid emotion, I could weep torrents of tears over this meaningless and wicked waste of money."

"Judas Iscariot—" I began, but was not allowed to finish.

"A nation has no right to squander its wealth on pageantry, until it has fed, clothed, and educated its children," he declared, pontifically.

"A nation's children cannot live by bread alone," I retorted with spirit. "As to education, why—don't you perceive the educative value of a spectacle like this?"

"What does it educate you in? National conceit? I should have thought that no Englishman, not even a don, had any need of further education in that direction."

"It educates us in the sturdy virtues of our forefathers, who built up the Empire. It—"

"Our forefathers who built up the Empire did not brag about it. They did not even know the blessed word "Empire." I am sure, if they came back to life again, they would find all these Imperial mummeries as nauseating as I find them. They would say, as I say, that the true happiness of England lies in the material and moral development of this island, and that any other ideal is stupid, vulgar, and retarding."

"That is your view. I, on the other hand, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain are persuaded that an Empire offers the greatest hopes of moral and material progress for England. These are such a thing as a backward current, my dear fellow; and we must do our utmost to go on, even if it is only in order just to remain where we are. We must expand lest we stagnate."

"To go on—where?"

"Where? how do you mean? just go on. Don't you see?"

"No," he said, shaking his head, "I don't."

"I fear you will never learn to think Imperially, Shav!"

"I am glad to be able to assure you that your fear is well founded. Think Imperially—what sorry stuff the whole thing is! We have been told again and again, for years past, that we must learn to think Imperially. Very well, a good many amongst us have mastered the lesson—and what is the result? Additional taxation, industrial depression, and fresh accruements to the legislations of unemployment and starving Britons."

"These evils," I said, "are not due to the fact that we are taught to think Imperially, but rather to the fact that we have not yet mastered the lesson sufficiently. I have always regretted that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain did not write a hand-book on Tariff Reform, under some such title as 'Preference for Progress.' It would—"

"I have a better title to suggest for a book by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain: 'National Prosperity: Its Cause and its Cure.'"—and he laughed at his own joke in a display of untimely levity in which I refused to join him.

"But as that is now out of the question," I went on, "I desire to see the teaching of Imperialism made one of the foundations of our education. And I am glad to see that this desire is already in course of fulfilment. The extent to which the movement has advanced is clearly demonstrated by statistics. Look at the 'Empire Day,' for instance—and, taking out of my pocket-book a cutting from the 'Morning Post,' I read aloud: 'Last year this national festival was observed throughout the Empire in some 55,000 schools, with an attendance of about 7,500,000 scholars, whilst over 7,000 sermons on the high points of the movement were delivered on the preceding Sunday. Allowing for the number of those present at the various
celebrations, and of those attending the services where Empire sermons were preached, it may fairly be assumed that they are under the influence of the movement in 1909."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Shav, "that exceeds even my wildest apprehensions. High as my estimate of British imbecility is, I am bound to own that these figures go beyond it."

But cheered afterthought, "I don't for a moment suppose that all the mountebanks who take part in these vulgar orgies of national vanity are honestly mad. There must be among their followers a fair proportion of thoroughly sound, ambitious and unscrupulous politicians who make party capital out of the deluded multitudes."

"Quite wrong!" I said. "Listen to the 'Morning Post' again: 'As is already well known, the Empire Movement is a non-party effort to awaken the peoples who constitute the British Empire to the serious obligations that lie at their door. The watchwords of the movement are Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, Self-sacrifice.' Surely, men who strive so earnestly for the attainment of such noble objects stand parasangs above the low plane of party politics? How could they possibly devote themselves to the cause, without any material remuneration, unless they felt that they were doing something to promote the welfare of their country? To me, at all events, it is pretty evident that they must be inspired by nothing else than public spirit, pure of all personal ambition or any other kind of base motive."

"Those erector in their lofty enterprise. The only thing that distresses me a little is that the movement has not yet spread as widely as it ought. According to this authoritative document, there are many schools in poor districts throughout the Empire which are not provided with flagstaffs and Union Jacks. How can the boys and girls in those schools salute a non-existent flag?"

"How, indeed?" echoed Shav, scoffingly. "It is absurd as it is false, an imposture of time. Yet human beings, I believe, have been known to overcome the difficulty."

"I prefer to ignore your irrelevant irreverences; and I hope that all who believe in the healthy national influence of the movement will assist every poor school to obtain a flag and flagstaff. I also hope that copies of the 'Empire Catechism' will be distributed broadcast and be learnt by heart by all British children, and that the soul-stirring hymns sung on Empire Day will be heard night and day in every street and alley throughout the Empire upon which the sun never sets."

"I see," said Shav, "that things are much more serious than I thought since the infection has penetrated even into the wildest of the Boeotian hinterland. How, indeed?" echoed Shav, scoffingly.

"I have not the faintest ambition to achieve eminence on that stage," said Shav, evading the issue. "No, quite otherwise, my dear friend. I am in safety though I may go bears, without entirely losing my head, the eminence I already enjoy on another stage. Sooner than join in the miserable farce of Imperial politics I would remain a mere atom of discontent among a people morally and politically moving to imperialism's tempests which already darken her horizon and the stormy seas which inevitably await her in the future. All this has been admirably summed up by the most illustrious of Imperial Englishmen in the brilliant and peremptory all-out, we will not."

Thus spoke I, in my best lecture-room manner, spurred to un wonted eloquence by Shav's stubborn cynicism, no less than by the emotions already described. I grieve to say that my chapsatory, while somewhat relieving my own overburdened heart, produced no effect whatever upon Shav's.

"That semi-educated sentimentalists should take this shallow sill of rheumy sophistry for sound reasoning," he said, "has never surprised me. But that you, my friend, an Oxbridge don, schooled in all the subtilties of Aristotelian dialectics, should be imposed upon by it, is enough to make one doubt whether there is such a thing as sanity left on this earth. How, in the name of all that is absurd, can you imagine that you promote social reorganisation and the physical, material, and moral improvement of the people by tawdry school songs, frantic flag-wagging, blatant cheering, fimbboyant sermonising, and the like?"

"Has any belly ever been fed with wind, or is the British belly constituted on different principles from other human bellies?"

"Those things are symbols only."

"So they are—symbols of a new fanaticism—a fanaticism more crude, more militant, more intolerant and more than any fanaticism that has ever driven men to folly and crime. To realise that you have only to listen to a debate in the House of Commons. There you will see the silk-hatted ones of this land, deliberately irritated, sting each other on to unmeasured vituperation, impelled thereto by—what? No no, by an irresistible sense of unfashioning passion for the public good—what, in one word, you call 'patriotism'? Nay, you needn't even go to the House of Commons to find out the inward meaning of this Imperial frenzy. For every platform and pulpit the apostles of Imperialism roar their ridiculous gospel with all the ferocious bigotry of mediæval monks. We have to accept it on pain of excommunication. Those who decline to accept it are treated as political lepers. They are shut out of the House of the Elect. They are anathematized as pestilent Little Englanders. Not that they really mind. Of course. I know that plenty of fellows find politics sufficiently amusing. But that you, my dear friend, an Oxbridge don, schooled in all the subtleties of Aristotelian dialectics, should be imposed upon by it, is enough to make one doubt whether there is such a thing as sanity left on this earth. How, in the name of all that is absurd, can you imagine that you promote social reorganisation and the physical, material, and moral improvement of the people by tawdry school songs, frantic flag-wagging, blatant cheering, fimbboyant sermonising, and the like?"

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"Your poetry is quite on a par with your politics," said Shaw, with a laugh. "But as to animadversion—pooh! I know it is all hate's labour lost. Laugh and rage as I may, the solemn farce will go on. Well, let it—the very solemnity adds to the fun."

The Polish Rider.

By Walter Sickert.

LONDON! Like the evening star, you are pricing me everything. From the other end of nowhere Rembrandt's son rides for a few weeks through the West End, on the white horse, debonair, to an early death, one of the perfect masterpieces of the world.

I remember an illustration in the "Fliegende Blätter," in the early sixties, in which was depicted a little girl guiding her blind grandmother. Finding the road rather even, and therefore tedious, the child from time to time feigned an obstacle, a brick or a stone, and said, "Granny, jump," which the old lady obediently did. When some one remonstrated with the child, she answered, "'My grandmother is mine; I may do what I choose with her."

And this, gentlemen of the press, curators, critics, experts, and others, is the claim we painters make to regard our masters. We are pious heirs, executors, assigns, trustees. We are pious. We have their blood in our veins. We are their people, and shall inherit everything. From the other end of nowhere is the claim we painters make in saying concierges, substitute our own, whenever and wherever it seems fit to us to do so.

They would have wished it so. They know us, and we them. Your curators may curate, and your experts may expertize, but that will never make them members of the family. They may be honourable and painstalking concierges. As such we shall continue to respect and utilise them. But any attempt on their part to usurp a position in the family councils will be met by ignominious and divisive expulsions.

A Spanish hidalgo told me once how, in the Court of Spain, such is the great and noble liberty of speech that reigns, that a minister, or other subject, may freely say in discussion, "But the King is an ass to say so and so, or to do so and so." This is a symptom of loyalty and real affection, and points to a wholesome state of things. In England, under the reign of King Demos, journalistic style, the breaking up of the general-certificate parenthesis. It appears impossible to write, "a red-headed plumber," without immediately qualifying the phrase with, "I hasten to add that no one implies that all plumbers are red-headed. By far the larger number of the plumbing profession are to my knowledge either fair, aurbin, or dark. Good sons, good fathers, good husbands, I assert without fear of contradiction that the plumbers of England are second to none, etc."

So do the critics, nervously, as it were, scold at us. "The King is an ass to say so and so, or to do so and so." This is a symptom of loyalty and real affection, and points to a wholesome state of things. In England, under the reign of King Demos, journalistic style, the breaking up of the general-certificate parenthesis. It appears impossible to write, "a red-headed plumber," without immediately qualifying the phrase with, "I hasten to add that no one implies that all plumbers are red-headed. By far the larger number of the plumbing profession are to my knowledge either fair, aurbin, or dark. Good sons, good fathers, good husbands, I assert without fear of contradiction that the plumbers of England are second to none, etc."

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So do the critics, nervously, as it were, scold at us with their praise of the old masters. Somewhat like a slight casino acquaintance, in search of conversation, will recommend to our favourable notice the qualities of our own master, or apologise to us for the errors in doctrine of a beloved sister. The curious thing is that these inconscient intruders are seriously listened to, and wield a considerable influence. Probably because they "get about" as they say in the music-halls, and have time to dine out and talk, while we are shut up and at work, or in bed.

Look at the couples who lunch out and dine out regularly at the professional hostesses for science, for art, for literature. Are they ever the real men of science, or artists, or authors? Is it not always the same insignificant and ridiculous superiors and usurpers? They are accessible and become personae gratae compared to the grumpy, unkempt, and absent craftsman, that the public admires. I hasten to add that warmed him in the Hammersmith Road, confided to me, with one of his immortal and comprehensive winks, "Ye knaves, I like bad pictures. Ye've no talent at all."

"And if we like bad pictures, sometimes, we know the faults of the great pictures quite well, intimately. But we love them none the less for that, rather the more, as a man might a mistress for her freckles. Such if we may say she is freckled, you mustn't, or we shall call you out.

It seems probable that the Polish rider is a portrait of Rembrandt's son, because the head is evidently painted from drawings, and from a memory of expression and character. It is without the plastic observation, the intensifying of plastic research, the withdrawing of veil after veil of chiaroscuro, that was Rembrandt's great gift and great passion. It is a spiritual rather than a plastic portrait of a face. And only in the face, which was then no more, is this quality lacking. The picture is none the less for this. As we read pictures, they are writings, and, in the beloved head, words fail the bereaved father, and he says, "This was his frank and young regard. If he were here, how much more could I give you! But let this, which I will make one of the masterpieces of the world, be his monument by me."

And the painter has kept his word. In skill and power this painting reaches backward to the primitives for severity and purity, and forward to certain modern developments of colour, to a certain bravura and furia of fluent and spirited execution. Are all good painters speak the same language?

Géricault, Courbet speak this same language of paint. The whole landscape is full of Courbet. Look at the amazing welding, in one fluent impasto with the low-toned cool white, of touches, mere flicks of porphyry and moss-green, here a hint of black and there a touch—a touch like a spark that has come and is gone—of red.

The left arm and the hand holding the rein are done in one painting, right and expressive beyond possibility of improvement or need of reinforcement, masterly summarising. Is it impossible to make our art teachers understand that to be looked at is not enough? When the student has learnt to use drawings and memory?

It is a great pity that Mrs. Herringham, the most useful and authoritative critic living, is not now in England. She would have told us right in supposing that this passage so thinly painted, so free and loose in handling, could not have been so luminous if the picture were on an oil-ground. Sir Charles Holroyd—the painter and etcher it is I am misunderstanding, not the curator (shall I ever be able to look a mere expert in the face again?)—has long studied this subject. His opinion would have great weight, and would be doubly useful if we could have it while the picture is still with us. Also, could be tell us, what I have never understood, what it is that protected the white tempera ground from being stained like blotting paper, or oil-ground. Of course a coat of varnish of some sort. But what varnish? Is this known or only surmised? I ask these things as I am the only art critic in England who is not infallible.

To revert to the subject of flaws in the beloved. No Rembrandt is quite Rembrandt without, somewhere, an unexpected bit of drawing that is a little stiff, and stumper, and squarer than one expects. A personal note shown to excess in his worst etching—the man in the felt hat by the bottom banister of a staircase with a nob. I see this trait in the knee of the Polish rider. Just enough to tinkle, not a flaw, but an added emphasis on the signature.

How refractory people are to good painting! How cordially those who don't affect to be impressed from
motives of snobism detest it, and how naturally! Was it my usual luck? But the usual ass was there the day I went, angrily measuring the horse’s head with his umbrella, and muttering calculations as to the interest the money paid for the picture would bring in— as if it had been taken out of his pocket. And the inevitable supergoose was dissatisfied with the horse’s legs! By the way, I would strongly advise Messrs. Carfax to keep a policeman steadily close to the picture. The critical seemed to me much too free with their sticks and fingers, illustrating their idiotic complaints. Odd, that they should be so angry. I don’t like a Dicksee or a Mauve or a le Sidaner, but I can’t say they make me angry. On the contrary, I think people often begin by liking these things, and gradually improve in their taste with time and opportunity. I know people who are fervents of [Mancini] and who graduated with [Ellis Roberts]. Of course, whether they ever really appreciated either is another question.

The Endowment of Genius: a Rejoinder.

By Alfred E. Randall.

I protest against the manuextude of Mr. Sinclair’s reply. It is not fair to appeal to the sentimentality of an Englishman—nor in this case is the appeal likely to be successful. I have my back to the wall. I am fighting for a pound a week and my own way, and everyone knows that it is easier to get £5,000 a year without, than £52 with, this condition. My circumstances absole me from the exercise of tenderness; and I, in my mind, am not due for a week or two yet. Let me say at once that I do not doubt the good intentions of Mr. Sinclair, and I gave them their due recognition; I am not even as surprised by them as Mr. Sinclair is by mine. But I offered certain reasonable criticisms of Mr. Sinclair’s scheme, and I cannot accept a new arousal of good intentions, however sentimentally expressed, as an answer to my argument. I wasted no ridicule in criticism; Pegasus was merely the framework of an argument, and a figure of speech is not reprehensible when used by a poet.

I did not say that the man of genius does not need any help; on the contrary, I believe with Lombroso that the man of genius is distinguished from the muttoid by his incapacity for practical affairs, and is therefore the only person who really needs assistance in them. For this reason, I objected to wasting 7,000 dollars on establishment expenses, the more so when Mr. Sinclair tells me that he “could, if he were free to cite names, mention eight or ten cases, the facts of which would astonish our literary world.” If Mr. Sinclair has only 25,000 dollars to play with, it seems to me a wilful waste of 28 per cent. (not 35, as I mistakenly said in my previous article) to give it to bankers, readers, judges, and the more Mr. Sinclair harrows my soul with extracts from his book, and cases known to him, the more furious I become at the ridiculous futility of the scheme. If Mr. Sinclair already knows the people, why waste money on judges to discover them? Further, I feel that Mr. Sinclair is not the man for this business; he has caught two millionaires and squeezed only £5,000 out of them. This is bad workmanship, and if Mr. Sinclair will forward one of them to the New Age office, the carriage paid or forward, I, the Editor, and half a dozen young writers will bleed him better.

Let it be said quite frankly, this is not a matter for sentimentality or fine writing. We do not need to be fed about the poor Keats or poor Chatterton, when it is a matter of giving away 25,000 dollars to modern artists. “They cry up the virtues of George Washington—Damned George Washington!” is the poor Jacobin’s whole speech and confutation,” said Emerson. The same anathema is pronounced upon more “immeasurable men” than Washington when they are needlessly introduced into practical matters. If I were expert in goety, I would have flogged and flayed for treating this subject with such indecent tenderness. We do not want to soften people’s hearts, but to open their pockets; we do not want them to turn their weeping eyes to the past, but their welcoming eyes to the present; and we ask that they shall trust their own vision rather than the judgment of other people.

In spite of Mr. Sinclair’s position in the literary world, I do not feel that he really understands the nature of the artist. I leave the genius out of the matter, for I do not think this age capable of producing one. He does not realise that personal contact with a patron is as essential as the patronage. The bread and butter question is easily settled; a pound a week will secure sustenance in London for the person with an ordinary appetite. But the nature of the artist is such that he demands someone to write for, someone whose interest he has, and whose enthusiasm he can arouse, someone, in short, who will not only appreciate but inspire him. A millionaire is useful, but an artist with a million would be a god-send. I cannot believe that all men with money are without taste for literature, and I am surprised that Mr. Sinclair did not urge the matter upon the attention of a well-known philanthropist,” as he said in his letter, rather than upon the attention of a dilettante. He said that poor people and writers “do not rise from the house tops, and they do not write beggery letters.” Yet he suggests a scheme by which they should submit their work to the judgment of a committee with the knowledge that the award will be an act of charity on the part of an unknown person, who may be, and probably will be, ignorant of and indifferent to the merits of the work, and will not be interested in the artist. The soulless benignity of poor relief was never more manifest than the artist shall ”see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied” only when he has added a new beauty to life, and he is expected to be pleased at the prospect of receiving “a cheque for a thousand dollars a year” from a well-known philanthropist ! What sort of Grub Street hack will respond to the invitation we can guess, and he will be worthy of his place in Mr. Sinclair’s “modest hall of fame,” as Herbert Quick called it; but I decline to degrade the name of artist, or profane that of genius, by linking it with such a scheme.

We want, as I said before, sportsmanship in art. We want men to trust their own judgment, to bestow their own largess, to be generous with their own thoughts (not criticism), and to help the artist to go his own way. Such patronage as is usually offered in England it is impossible to accept; people patronise everything (the good manners, the good looks, the gratitude, and the deadly virtues), except the gift that the man possesses. A poet is wanted to hand tea to disappointed females, a novelist to cure dyspepsia with epigrams, and a mystic to make a heartthrag sacred. A musician, perhaps, has a foot in society; he is expected to play, although Chopin was right in refusing because, as he said, “I had eaten so little.” Mr. Sinclair has mentioned a case from his personal knowledge. I will quote a letter I received a few days ago about a patroness: “Her peculiar way of helping us, besides giving us useful introductions, was to ask us to write nice interesting letters to her sick father-in-law. His last letter to her had so amused him (the father-in-law). Later on, when they thought it wouldn’t be kind to let us stick any longer, but in the cellar of a bank to add up figures and fool around with a typewriter.” On those terms, I, for one, will not accept patronage. I demand a pound a week, and if I can get it, before I allow anybody the privilege of patronising me; but the thing is done daily, and I believe thoughtlessly. The people...
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The Amazing Emperor, Heliogabalus.

By J. Stuart Hay.

"I WOULD never have written the life of Antoninus Impurissimus," said Lampridius, "were it not that he had predecessors." Even in Latin the task was difficult. In English it would be impossible. There are subjects that permit of a hint, particularly if it be masked to the teeth, but there are others that no art can drape, not even the free use of Latin substantives. Our task, therefore, is to deal rather with their sins of omission, than with the biographers' offences against all canons of good taste in recording the inexpressible. In his work on the Caesars, Suetonius displayed the beasts simply without adding any descriptive placards. Therein lay Suetonius' advantage; he was able to describe; nowadays a writer may not—at least not the character we possess of Elagabalus.

Were we to accept, unexamined, the testimony of his traducers of the Christian era, we should gather that "at the feet of that painted boy Elephants and Parthianus could have sat and learned a lesson," that "apart from that phase of his sovereignty, he was a little Sardanapalus, an Asiatic Mignon, who found himself great. Of course, it would have been curious to see him in that wonderful palace, clothed like a Persian queen, insisting that he should be addressed as Imperatrix, and quite living up to the title. It would not only have been interesting—it would have given one an insight into how much Rome saw, and how much she could endure.

Lampridius himself drew breath once to remark that he could not vouch for the truth of the stories he was committing to paper; but he was employed to show the contrast between Constantine's execrable superstition, as Tacitus described it, and those of the ancient world; so he went on to record things even more impossible. Perhaps his remark was unnecessary, for his record has defeated its own end. He has come down to posterity as the biographer whose contradictory collection of scandalous enumerations becomes monotonous rather than amusing as he gets deeper into the story.

Since the world began, no one has been wholly wicked, no one wholly good. The truth about Elagabalus must lie between the two extremes, admitting, however, a congenital twist towards the evil tendencies of his age. He had habits which are regarded by scientists less as vices than perversions, but which, at the time, were accepted as matters of course. By birth a Syrian, by profession high priest of the sun, whose devotees worshipped the Phallus as chief symbol, was it likely that Elagabalus, the chief exponent of that worship, should remain cold—should take no interest in what was an all-absorbing topic? Besides this the family was corrupted by the presence of a living fire in their veins, engendered by the perpetual heat of the sun. Consider the history of his relations, and no one will wonder that he was by nature voluptuous. But it was not his voluptuousness that the world mirred—it was the abnormal condition of his mind. In form he was attractive and exceedingly graceful; his hair, which was very fair, glistened like gold in the sun; he was slender, and possessed of glorious blue eyes, which were it not that he had predecessors. Even in Latin the task was difficult. In English it would be impossible. There are subjects that permit of a hint, particularly if it be masked to the teeth, but there are others that no art can drape, not even the free use of Latin substantives. Our task, therefore, is to deal rather with their sins of omission, than with the biographers' offences against all canons of good taste in recording the inexpressible. In his work on the Caesars, Suetonius displayed the beasts simply without adding any descriptive placards. Therein lay Suetonius' advantage; he was able to describe; nowadays a writer may not—at least not the character we possess of Elagabalus.

Since the world began, no one has been wholly wicked, no one wholly good. The truth about Elagabalus must lie between the two extremes, admitting, however, a congenital twist towards the evil tendencies of his age. He had habits which are regarded by scientists less as vices than perversions, but which, at the time, were accepted as matters of course. By birth a Syrian, by profession high priest of the sun, whose devotees worshipped the Phallus as chief symbol, was it likely that Elagabalus, the chief exponent of that worship, should remain cold—should take no interest in what was an all-absorbing topic? Besides this the family was corrupted by the presence of a living fire in their veins, engendered by the perpetual heat of the sun. Consider the history of his relations, and no one will wonder that he was by nature voluptuous. But it was not his voluptuousness that the world mirred—it was the abnormal condition of his mind. In form he was attractive and exceedingly graceful; his hair, which was very fair, glistened like gold in the sun; he was slender, and possessed of glorious blue eyes, which in turn were endowed with the power of attra-ting all beholders to his worship. And he knew his power over men. First he had realised it when the legionaries

who will waste a sovereign or more on a dinner and a theatre for a man they like do not think that the sovereign would be of more use to him; so I remind them. The patronage I demand, for I will take no other, is neither the critical charity that Mr. Sinclair suggests, nor the futile feeding once a week; it is an actual endowment of a man to enable him to work when he can for the satisfaction of his soul, and not for fame, or money, or the gracious gurgling of hesternal maidens. Nor do I know an artist who will accept anything else.

It may be objected that Mr. Sinclair's scheme will provide such an endowment as I require, but as his prize competition is open to published as well as unpublished authors, and I am thinking more of the young writer who cannot find leisure to create, it is plain that Mr. Sinclair and I are talking of different things. I am no believer in unsuccessful authors (and the successful ones are barred), for if a man is worth his salt as a writer and can get his stuff published, I contend that he will at least get meat to eat with his salt. The problem is not, as I conceive it, to get comfortable livings for unsuccessful authors, but to obtain bread and meat while writing. For this reason, patrons should back the man rather than his work; if a man has any promise, provide him with the means of fulfilling it, rather than reward his work with a prize. It is the men who have books in them, and no respite from financial worry or actual destitution to enable them to write, that are the men of promise; and as the glory of the sportsman is to discover his prizewinner in a cart-horse, so the patron should be prouder of having helped a man into articulation than of having rewarded his approval of other people.

Presuming that such patronage as I have mentioned is to be found, how is the literary artist to get his work published? If a man goes his own way, as he must, there are few publishers and fewer papers who will print his work; All organisations tend to become stereotyped; each publisher has his line, each paper its programme and policy, and the original work brings no public with it to justify publication. Private publication is public burial of the author, and even on the railways the things carried at owners' risk are always smashed. The timidity of the publisher is in inverse ratio to the daring of the author, for a publisher thinks that a man must be like someone else to be recognised. But the Renaissance is passed; the Medici, the Popes, the Dukes of Ferrara and Milan, and the rest are dead; and no rich man cares to attach a writer to his household. Is there no Lucrezia Borgia who wants me to celebrate her piety and chastity, as Ariosto did? Is there no duke who thinks himself worthy of glorification? There are none. The English are too modest to be models for artists; so we must turn to a public that we do not know, and never can know, and do not want to know, if our works are to be seriously preserved. We are forced back on the publishers that I have just said dare not publish work of a "path-breaking nature," to use Mr. Sinclair's peculiar phrase, but we must find a publisher who is not afraid of his public. The New Age has done what other introductory young writers to the public notice; even I, who am not worthy of appearing in a Socialist journal, as Mr. Sinclair suggests, first bade defiance to everybody in its pages. The New Age would be an ideal paper but for its politics, but the "Notes of the Week" are so well written them that I suppose no one can object to their policy. So I suggest that The New Age is the best medium for introducing young writers, "forward-looking tendency," path-breaking nature," and the rest, to the public; and The New Age is capable of dealing with the publication of books. It only needs a millionaire to make a millionaire for the young artist, and if Mr. Sinclair is really in earnest and is of a generous nature, he will send one by return. We have been praying for him for ages.
flocked to the temple at Emesa, attracted by the reports of this Prince Charming.

As Emperor he had no desire to abstain from study, and of nothing that swift, vivid, violent age when what Mill in his essay on liberty desired was enjoyed by the Augusti: "There was no check on the growth of personality, no grinding down of men to meet the average."

Not that any one has ever accused Elagabalus of being average. In no particular can he be considered mediocre. Perhaps his life and habits were not those to which the virile Roman world was addicted, despite the fact that Hadrian had defiled in Antoninus not a lad, but a lust, whose worship, half a century later, Tertullian noted was still popular. Since that time Christian diatribes of all kinds have been levelled against the pagans of the decadence, merely because their atiums dripped, not blood, but metaphysics.

Were it permitted to examine Elagabalus' extravagances in print we should at once realise that they are those common to all animals at the age of puberty (in a greater or less degree), where instinct has not associated the stamping powers with any one special person or thing, but exaggerated by the traits of his heredity and surroundings. What character should we expect from a child of nature, to-day if he were free with an unbounded liberty and rich beyond the efforts of imagination, to say nothing of a congenitally perverted instinct? The more one sifts the records, the clearer it appears that Elagabalus' actions were those of an incredibly generous person, instinctively trusting, open-hearted and affectionate—a mighty contrast, both in his pleasures and his punishments, to the persons who had preceded him and to his successors.

The same example he set in tolerance of opinions not his own, his reluctance to punish those who opposed him, must have led men to expect great things from his manhood. Alone of all the Emperors, he stands unbounded liberty and rich beyond the efforts of imagination, to say nothing of

**THE NEW AGE**

**JUNE 23, 1910**
I have been requested by the Editor of The New Age to do his poetry column for this week. I shall do it. He deserves something even more at my hands, having hatched several young versifiers who have since gone to the bad "English Review," and finally published themselves in book form. From a desire to show half of his daily revenue. He saw no virtue in sending men away in the style of Domitian, with their heads under their arms.

In a discussion on his psychology mention must be made of Elagabalus' love of colour. To the Roman white in its cleanliness and simplicity was the acme of an aesthetic taste, though the profusion of purple borderings, the mingling of scarlet and gold, showed his kinship with the children of the south. Syria, and the East generally, loved that mass of brilliancy which relieves the aridity of the land. Elagabalus, posing as the aesthete of his time, annoyed the Roman world by his love of purple and shades of gold, by his passion for green in all its known shades, and for feasts in which everything was in the deep azure of a cloudless sky. To-day we still cultivate colour schemes—and without much hostile comment, as it takes the philosopher to discover their puerility, the prurient-minded their wickedness and degeneracy.

We are told that the distant discussions of his amusements made right-minded men blush, causing ultimate nausea for his tastes and opinions. It could only have been the few he had the opportunity of disgusting; the majority had heard the same before, and showed no desire to be shocked. Other Emperors had been as out of fashion and the mingling of scarlet and gold, showed his kinship for green in all its known shades, and for feasts in which everything was in the deep azure of a cloudless sky. To-day we still cultivate colour schemes—and without much hostile comment, as it takes the philosopher to discover their puerility, the prurient-minded their wickedness and degeneracy.

In the epitome of the qualities demanded of men, we see the true ground on which the world has instinctively condemned Elagabalus, though probably without knowing why they did so. He possessed the virtues along with the vice of a woman, and a voluntary want at that, but had little of what the world expects to find in the male animal. His reign was short, so he left no traces of his mind on the Empire, and what little he did effect was reversed by his successor. His reign of prodigal extravagance caused not one single new impost; his government of the city and province alike was one of peace and harmony. That infamous system of informers under which the aristocracy had suffered so dreadfully up to the death of Caracalla was never established by Elagabalus. It may be said that the aristocracy was dead; in fact, it had died twice, at Pharsalus and Philippi; but there were still men whom Domitian and Septimius could attack. For years not a Roman of note had died in his bed, not one kept a slave who should kill him when his hour was come. All that was a bygone terror under Elagabalus. The people was sovereign, and it was important that that sovereign should be amused, flattered, and fed. All was done that had been done before by the demi-gods, and all was done with an exaggeration unparalleled. His games in the circus were such that even Lampridius admits that the people considered him a worthy Emperor, because he was endowed with a sense of the grandeur of the Imperial position, and expressed it by his marvellous prodigalities. They made him what he was and has since remained in his name—the Emperor of extravagance. In him the glow of the purple reached its apogee. Rome had been watching a crescendo that had mounted with the years. Its culmination was in this hermaphrodite, but the tension had been too great—something snapped; the redundant syllables in Mr. Smith's line are in my humble opinion no improvement on the metre; nor does superiority of idea justify in the following a radical treatment of metre.

"Together, frolicsome, we two have played The pretty fence that tired in repartee. We twa ha' puddit t' the burn. But the tempest came, and the thirsty plain Opened her arms. Oh God!" I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers From the seas and the streams. Curiously, my first menu comes from the "Lest Club," a gold medal on it. Mr. Bernhard Smith dishes up—"Poison by the river-bank; lovers, have a care!"

Ten little nigger boys all in a row.

But this also sounds familiar—"Go learn in cheap ignoble schools To win the frothy praise of fools." But, "There is a paramount and vital cause . . ." There is. Mr. Salmon boasts of having written for the "Lady's Realm." But did ever that chaste periodical imagine their poet might write this:

"The vest of Rome had suffered so dreadfully up to the death of Caracalla was never established by Elagabalus. It may be said that the aristocracy was dead; in fact, it had died twice, at Pharsalus and Philippi; but there were still men whom Domitian and Septimius could attack. For years not a Roman of note had died in his bed, not one kept a slave who should kill him when his hour was come. All that was a bygone terror under Elagabalus. The people was sovereign, and it was important that that sovereign should be amused, flattered, and fed. All was done that had been done before by the demi-gods, and all was done with an exaggeration unparalleled. His games in the circus were such that even Lampridius admits that the people considered him a worthy Emperor, because he was endowed with a sense of the grandeur of the Imperial position, and expressed it by his marvellous prodigalities. They made him what he was and has since remained in his name—the Emperor of extravagance. In him the glow of the purple reached its apogee. Rome had been watching a crescendo that had mounted with the years. Its culmination was in this hermaphrodite, but the tension had been too great—something snapped; the redundant syllables in Mr. Smith's line are in my humble opinion no improvement on the metre; nor does superiority of idea justify in the following a radical treatment of metre.

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Neither has Mr. Kinross read his poetry reciter. "I've done with passion and duty, With faith and with hope and with love." I've taken my drink like a madman. And now I have signed the pledge.

And here is chicken, scarcely cold from its first cooking. "Come thou to me from off you frozen height." For Lent I feel it, I come thou down And find him.

Henley influences yet another; Mr. J. W. Feaver whittles chips off his modesty. "I am not master of my fate, Nor captain of my trembling soul." And now for the secret of Henley's rebellion. Mr. Feaver explains:— Within the halls Of youth I held disport and sway. And proudly said "What'er befalls My strength of soul shall be my stay.

Poor old Henley! If he had only lived to the philosophic age! He might have proved what I have said about him; he was no innovator, only frankly accommodating to the Zeitgeist, like woman's rights and other ephemera. Mr. Feaver is the modestest poet I know, and I have read—but there, everyone knows I have read everything. It's almost getting to be a habit. My passion for poetry (Parthians, Medes and Elamites all I know as well as my rocking horse, and a perfect Greek metre could always lead me to the Blarney stone) my passion, I said—well, it is simply greater than anybody else's; but never have I run my prosodic nose up against such a specimen of the devil's darling as J. W. F. H.'s apologies like a Hindu every time he mentions God Almighty. Yet, yet he dares the Hexameter, and I have forbidden it! (See my third volume.)—"Yet from the Tale of the Past, springs our Faith in the future, in Freedom.

What I said, you see! Hexameters not didactic, always anapaestic with regular anacrusis to get the line going and the old popocatapetl at the end! But at last we do find out poet's measure. His brother is off to Philadelphia.

"The whistle sounds, the doors are slammed, Slowly the train begins to glide..."

Now that sort of thing is good enough fun if you have the proper anti-climax. I found his ticket in my pocket, or something of that sort would reconcile me.

Mr. Cyril Scott is a blighted Baccalaurée. His metre is a little less infernally monotonous—but then how can he say things like these—"I am not master of my fate, Nor captain of my trembling soul." He dares the Hexameter, and I have forbidden it! (See my third volume.)—"Yet from the Tale of the Past, springs our Faith in the future, in Freedom."

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Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

By Jacob Tonson.

Despite the dubious success of Mr. Granville Barker's Repertory Theatre, in London, the repertory movement in general is moving forward steadily. When I say Mr. Granville Barker's Repertory Theatre I mean the enterprise which is usually referred to as Mr. Charles Frohman's Repertory Theatre. Financially it is Mr. Frohman's, but artistically it is Mr. Granville Barker's, and, though I appreciate Mr. Frohman's share in it, I attach more importance to Mr. Granville Barker's. Mr. Frohman, for one, has become blind. Whensoever anybody honestly tries to do anything for the sake of literary art (of which the drama is a branch), be sure that he will be attacked on all sides as though he was a menace to society. Let him dishonestly support ancient prejudices and foolishness and even the most ruthless critics will have an indulgent word for him. This is natural. Certainly it is not a phenomenon peculiar to England. Mr. Granville Barker has been severely blamed for producing plays by himself and Mr. Bernard Shaw on the ground that they are bad plays. They may or may not be bad plays, but I will lay the price of a mourning suit that either of them is infinitely superior to, for example,
In the provinces, which are, of course, less backward than London, the movement moves briskly. The Manchester Repertory Theatre is an established institution. The Dublin Repertory Theatre is an established institution. Mr. Charles McEvoys has succeeded beyond expectations with his amusing village plays. Further, it is now decided that the Glasgow Repertory Theatre, under Mr. Alfred Waring, should go on. It has offered itself the unique distinction of producing Anton Tchekhoffs "The Seagull." Smaller societies are giving good provincial productions. There is a talk of a Repertory Theatre in Leeds. And at Liverpool things have got as far as a public meeting, at which both Miss Horniman and Mr. Granville Barker spoke. By the way, the latter said that to him the provincial repertory theatre might take an average of £400 a week. From my own experience of the gross receipts of provincial repertory theatres, I should say that even the most successful of them would be refreshingly startled to see its weekly takings average £400.

The newest repertory theatre scheme comes from Adelaide. These colonials are astonishing people. I have thought so ever since, in a Brighton hotel, I came across a young litterateur from Melbourne, whose ideas were far in advance of Fleet Street, and now I am sure of it. The Adelaide scheme originated with a small class for the study of the modern drama started by Mr. Bryceon Trebarne, of Adelaide University. The class became a dramatic society, and in 1908 this astonishing society produced plays by Arthur H. Adams, (an Australian author), W. B. Yeats, Bernard Shaw, and Stephen Phillips. Last year it produced twenty plays, and its authors were local men, Messrs. W. B. Yeats, Oscar Wilde, Ivan Turgenev, Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck, J. M. Syngue, Lady Gregory, Ernest Dowson, and Laurence Binyon. And the place was burning its lights away from its doors. Moreover, the Adelaide Society is determined to be in the very latest fashion; its authors for the present year include John Galsworthy and Charles McEvoy, supported by Ibsen, Sudermann, and St. John Hankin. Even with all its extensive suburbs Adelaide has a population of only about 150,000, the same as Oldham.

Probably the only dramatic society in England which could compare with its achievements is the Pannonian. It is the Stockport Garrick. Stockport has a population of about 100,000, but its extensive suburbs (which include Manchester) bring the total of its available public up to about five millions. It has lately been so well advertised that I do not feel called upon to advertise it further at the present moment, though I cannot refrain from saying that it gave what I am told was a magnificent rendering of one of the best plays I ever wrote. I want to see a lot of the productions of the Stockport Garrick. There are about 200 amateur operatic societies in the United Kingdom. They have a Union of their own which is very powerful. They all give elaborate productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and they must put out several thousands a year into the pocket of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. I would not say a word against Gilbert and Sullivan, opera, which indeed I profoundly admire. All the same I think that most of all this tremendous organising and hieratic talent might be used for the assistance of modern drama. Why not? A society could produce a light opera, with large choruses, and orchestra, and sixty or seventy costumes could surely produce a modern play without making itself ridiculous. I want to see hundreds of dramatic societies, and a Union of dramatic societies dealing granderly with us authors, and paying us enough to put bread into the mouths of our starving and innocent children. That would be one way, and a good way, of pushing along the great dramatic movement.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

RECENT GERMAN PLAYS.

"Gräfelin," by Gerhart Hauptmann. "Strandkinder," by Hermann Sudermann. "Oaha," by Frank Wedekind. Nationality in drama is a curious study. Something or somebody—whether the entente cordiale or merely Mr. Frohman is not quite clear—has caused a flood of adaptations from the French to descend of late upon our theatres. It is a magnificent provision that we have not seen Sudermann's productions. It is as if, when the British people had been successful, but there is every reason to suppose that the flow will continue. It is idle for the romantic old gentlemen who write notices of these plays to protest that the dramatic psychology is all wrong when their action is transplanted to the English theatre and revised. The English country house, that we do not make love to one another's wives with the freedom or enthusiasm of our charming neighbours, and that if such a lapse of taste should by any mischance occur, we do not discuss it so copiously. The managers know better. It is they who give us our drama. They know what the public wants. And even if the public does not want what they give it, they are prepared to try again by way of educating its taste.

Besides, if they do not go to France for our plays, where are they to go? Clearly not to Germany. The "Daily Mail" does not like Germany, and that settles the question. It means that the public will not like plays about German people with German names. And so—vive l'entente cordiale! Germany is abandoned to the Stage Society and Pleasant Sunday Evenings.

Nevertheless, it is quite certain that if Sudermann were a Frenchman at least ten of his plays would have had long runs here. By this time in London, and it is equally certain that their influence upon the drama would have been better than that of anything we have had in recent years from the French. Their masterly construction and strong effective theatre might well have helped to fashion a worthy cup for newer wine, while the emotional force, and even the sentimentality of "Die Ehre" and "Rosen" would have made them popular. As it is, we have only had "Magda" ("Helmut"), and "Magda," but for occasional touring repertory, is long since dead. Sudermann's latest play, "Strandkinder," calls for little notice. In some of its scenes he appears to be endeavouring desperately to keep up with the times, but the effort is unsuccessful, and, indeed, unnecessary. "Strandkinder" is Sudermann's last work of a playwright-millionaire—of an author who now writes rather from habit than from impulse. For twenty years he reflected the domestic sentiment and the everyday philosophy of Germany, whose domestic sentiment more sentimental, perhaps, than ours, but a philosophy deeper and more thoughtful. He is the most successful dramatist of his period, and that is all. Mingle a little Ibsen with the younger Dumas and you produce, with the German, a work of a playwright-millionaire—of an author who now writes rather from habit than from impulse. For twenty years he reflected the domestic sentiment and the everyday philosophy of Germany, whose domestic sentiment more sentimental, perhaps, than ours, but a philosophy deeper and more thoughtful. He is the most successful dramatist of his period, and that is all.
BEINER and Naturalism were everywhere discussed; Darwinism and free thought were in their first bloom as a popular philosophy; 1848 and Republicanism were still a living memory, and Social Democracy was beginning to feel its strength. Gerhart Hauptmann, however, still had to look upon his "Before Sunrise" and "The Weavers" as works for the stage. They even performed such fragments as "Elga," written in three days and never finished. He lost touch with the real theatre-going public, and became the apostle of a literary cult. His followers applauded the growing obscurity of his work. University professors turned from the interminable study of the second part of "Faust" to interpret his "Rose Bernd," and "Jungfern von Bischofsberg." Endless appreciations, critical studies and monographs were written upon them. Perhaps no author has ever been so extravagantly praised within his own lifetime. Only recently a provincial theatre was opened, with the inscription upon its proscenium: "Goethe, Hauptmann, Schiller, von Hofmannsthal, Goethe and Hauptmann, Schiller and von Hofmannsthal!" The only wonder is that Wedekind was not included. But perhaps no classic could be found worthy to be his equal.

Hauptmann is now 48 years of age. He has produced some twenty plays since 1889, and of these only two, "The Weavers" and "The Sunken Bell," seem likely to have any lasting value. "The Sunken Bell" was published in 1877, and from that date his work has steadily grown less. "The later plays," "The Weavers," "Michael Kramer," "Rose Bernd," and "Die Jungfern von Bischofsberg," contain some effective scenes and much really beautiful writing, but little to justify them as works for the stage. The Silesian dialect in which they are written many sins of mediocrity. Hauptmann suffered by over-estimation. His masterpieces at the beginning of his career. Even his reputation can hardly survive another "Griselda." This false prophet. The cults have ruled. The naturalism of ideas—unessentially undramatic school concerned with all the plays produced at the Duke of York's Repertory Theatre, both of interest which has passed almost unnoticed by the dramatic critics. I refer to the hand of the producer, which is everywhere visible in it, and without which much of its interest as a stage production would be gone. Perhaps the analogy may seem fanciful, but I am in the habit of realising to myself the producer as the leader of the human orchestra concerned in interpreting a play, and one to whom we must look to supply that urgently necessary background, without which it could have no existence.

It will be remembered that the producer belongs to the new group of interpreters that I recently mentioned as being necessary to bring beauty into the theatre. This group is made up of five classes, the author, producer, artist, actor, and critic classes. To transfer the elements of human experience to the stage is the work of the producer. To provide them with appropriate decoration is the work of the designer and decorator. To give them adequate expression is the work of the actor. To test these various interpretations by the standard of truth is the work of the critic. Leaving aside the author for the present let me consider the producer. What sort of a producer does the "Art" theatre require? What qualifications should he possess? Before answering the first question, it is necessary to define a producer in the modern sense, and to understand precisely what he is called upon to produce. Briefly then, the modern producer is the effect rather than the cause of the new "intellectual" drama. He is the prototype of the interpreting conductor, just as the old producer was the prototype of the time-beating conductor. Thus while the latter may have been the orchestra's butcher of masterpieces, the former may be compared with those leaders of the modern interpretative school, Richter, Wood, Mottl, and Weingartner. In a word he is the interpreting producer.

His function is to produce not an objective but a subjective drama—one which is at once an individual, emotional, highly complex expression of human experience. He is asked to see that the human orchestra gives a faithful rendering—not always of the author's intellectual, emotional, or imaginative ideas—but always of the real experiences behind them. That is, he must add life to the author's conception, give the
necessary colour and movement to his outlines. This function presupposes in him the possession of at least four characteristics. First, an instinct for truth in human thought and action. Second, a real or intuitive knowledge of the spirit which informs and is expressed in such thought and action. Third, a union of sensibility, a deep sympathy with the subject with sensibility, a deep sympathy with the subject necessary colour and movement to his outlines. This fluence in intellectual and emotional expression. Lastly and pre-eminently the gift of imagination in a greater or lesser degree, these characteristics, I revealed. In Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Granville Barker we have producers to whom one may point as equipped to carry on the new traditions of the drama, and who may eventually give it what it now demands, a living background in place of something that is dead and accidental. Though it is not possible within the limits of these notes to attempt an exhaustive view of the principles underlying their different methods of production, yet a brief clue to the general nature of these principles may be given. Mr. Boucicault is a master of refined, finished detail, who adheres closely to nature (in the stage sense) true to real, realism. His dominating principle would seem to be freedom. This was seen to advantage in the election scene in "What Every Woman Knows." Here the needs of the actor were full of life and spontaneity, as though directed by one who, while possessed of an intimate knowledge of the requirements of the scene, yet is convinced of the wisdom of leaving something to the actors it is. Thus the emotions expressed in action were those of a natural electoral crowd, and in consequence a feeling of ease and naturalness pervaded the scene. He has also, like Sir Arthur Pinero, a strong feeling for design. He understands the value and importance of harmony, balance, and rhythm. In arranging positions he always preserves the harmonies of direction, distances, and intervals. In other words throughout a production of his, one is conscious of characters forming and reforming into interesting and picturesque little groups, each group fulfilling the requirements of a "picture," speaking in terms of stage technique.

To the question, do we possess producers combining in a greater or lesser degree, these characteristics, I answer, resoundingly, yes. For instance, there are two that the work of the Repertory Theatre has revealed. In Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Granville Barker we have producers to whom one may point as equipped to carry on the new traditions of the drama, and who may eventually give it what it now demands, a living background in place of something that is dead and accidental. Though it is not possible within the limits of these notes to attempt an exhaustive view of the principles underlying their different methods of production, yet a brief clue to the general nature of these principles may be given. Mr. Boucicault is a master of refined, finished detail, who adheres closely to nature (in the stage sense) true to real, realism. His dominating principle would seem to be freedom. This was seen to advantage in the election scene in "What Every Woman Knows." Here the needs of the actor were full of life and spontaneity, as though directed by one who, while possessed of an intimate knowledge of the requirements of the scene, yet is convinced of the wisdom of leaving something to the actors it is. Thus the emotions expressed in action were those of a natural electoral crowd, and in consequence a feeling of ease and naturalness pervaded the scene. He has also, like Sir Arthur Pinero, a strong feeling for design. He understands the value and importance of harmony, balance, and rhythm. In arranging positions he always preserves the harmonies of direction, distances, and intervals. In other words throughout a production of his, one is conscious of characters forming and reforming into interesting and picturesque little groups, each group fulfilling the requirements of a "picture," speaking in terms of stage technique.

Mr. Barker, who is endowed with penetration, is a disdain for conventionality and a love of the actual, bases his methods on subtle realism (in the stage sense). His chief principle is doing the real thing. His perception of the real thing is always true, but his creating and the capacity of the actor sometimes fall him; he is sometimes apt to credit others with his own capacity. The strikers scene in "Strife" was an astonishing piece of "realism." It revealed the ideas, the conviction, and the reasoning power of a laborious people. The freedom of the crowd was not sufficiently marked. One felt there was very little left to the actor; he was crowded out with ideas. Thus though this scene was strikingly true in the main, it was devoid of spontaneity. It is instructive to compare the methods of Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Barker. Mr. Boucicault gives the actor something which he can do; Mr. Barker gives him something which only Mr. Barker can do. Or to use a legal analogy, Mr. Boucicault behaves like a judge who trusts his jury. He gives them the material for forming a judgment, then leaves them to themselves. Mr. Barker, on the other hand, draws his conclusions, charges the jury with them, and requires them to make no effort beyond converting his opinion into a verdict. But both producers are eminently skilful technicians. Both are artists inasmuch as they successfully express and thus praise their own technique. Both thoroughly understand their own art and their profession. From Mr. Barker, men are men of a directing mind. But they cannot direct the scenery and lighting. As these things stand to-day they serve to put an ass's skin on the final efforts of producers. In "Chains," the background was precise, workmanlike, correct in every detail, but only for one moment did it live. At the conclusion of Act II, the light is turned off in the back room which becomes filled with a disgusting grey atmosphere, in which for a second Wilson is seen illuminated by the light of a match. The effect, a rich Rembrandt-esque one, lingered in the memory long after the curtain fell. But Mr. Barker was simple, formal, and no doubt, correct, but all the natural reflectors, glass, grass, trees, stone, stucco, wood, etc., were wanting, and only for a moment did it take real shape and colour and make its appeal to the public imagination. During the third act the scene darkens and substance yields to spirit, and poetry seems to blossom and flower in the folds of the luminous enveloping atmosphere. Then comes a flash of blue timelessness, and the crowd of Phantasists drop dead. The electric light stage always gives one a sense of dead matter, and in that it is that the weakness of the finest producer and the strength of my appeal for a living background lies.

There should be a great demand for admission to Walker's Gallery during the next few days, for I question if there is another political caricaturist in this country who is so popular and who works with such ability for raising a clean political smile as "F. C. G." The secret of his popularity is not difficult to understand. He lies in his wonderful gift of seizing the essential point of his subject, and striking home every time. Thus his present series of pen and pochette drawings will reveal to the enthusiastic student of political science some of the indisputable humour to be extracted from our experts who foregather at St. Stephens. In particular, the lack of harmony in "Ancient Jars" should delight him. Sir F. Carruthers Gould has not been hard put to it to find congenial material in the Budget and Veo. Neither will visitors to the Coldrum Gallery, in Sloane Street, be hard put to it to find great charm and fine quality in the flower pieces by Lily Blatherwick (Mrs. Hartrick), who understands how to realise the temperaments of flowers. Renbrandt's "Polish Rider" is at present on view at the Garlux Gallery. It has one point of attraction in being a genuine Rembrandt, and another in having been sold for a mammoth sum. The Friday Club is holding an exhibition at the Alpine Club from June 16 to June 25. It includes drawings and paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, a notice of which together with the other exhibits will appear in the next issue.

The Act of the Theatre.

The following questions are being put by THE NEW AGE to many persons connected with the theatre, both in this country and abroad:

1. Have recent developments, in your opinion, shown any advance in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage-pictures?
2. Do you think that managers and producers are yet using to the full all the advantages offered by the modern studio?
3. Would you say that artists are availing themselves as fully as they might of the opportunities open to them in the modern theatre?

In the last three issues we printed some of the replies received from prominent producers, painters and scenic artists. This week we print those received from well-known authors and critics, and further series will be published as they arrive.

Mr. E. A. BAUGHAN (Dramatic Critic of the "Daily News").

1. Recent developments have shown a great advance in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage-pictures. Many years ago Sir Henry Irving's productions were a revelation in lighting and general design. A fad that was peculiar then has become general now. The scenic development has even reached the Covent Garden opera stage. Recent productions there of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" have given some beautiful pictures.

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The old idea was to pile elaboration on elaboration, and that idea still holds good in some quarters, but the most striking effects I have seen on the stage have been the result of a well-equipped stage designer having been cleverly carried out. I may mention two instances. The long perspective of the temple in The Prince of the Pagodas with its solidity and grandness of light, was made possible on this side, by a sunlit courtyard and an arch in the far distance. The picture emphasised the drama in the temple and produced an impression of grandness and aloofness from the world outside. The other instance is the charming mounting of Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." This was simply a question of lighting—the seventeenth century dresses standing out against the dark background.

Not only in lighting and design has the stage-picture developed, but in the matter of colour it has made great progress. At the same time not enough attention is given to the massing and contrast of colours in costumes, nor are they always in harmony with the scenery. This may be because in many cases the costume designer works almost independently of the scene painter, and both again are at the mercy of the producer and stage-manager, who arrange the lighting and design. The result may be the expression of one man's conception. He need not be an artist, but he must have an artistic mind, and he must understand the stage.

The art-specialist does not quite understand the needs and conventions of the stage. The picture is only the background, and the actor, the producer and the designer of costumes should carry out his ideas, or amplify or modify them. This is therefore work hand in hand with the producer. The scene-painter is still regarded as artist's handmaiden, and not only were many of the beauties and if anybody supposes that beauty of mise en scène could be "flats" only, he is deceived. Occasionally, a descending "cloth" answered the purpose of "flats" even better, and if anybody supposes that beauty of mise en scène could be "flats" he is mistaken. But I do not think a painter should have the power to interfere with, but must emphasise the drama. This means that a painter, if he uses his talents for the stage, must be ready to number 3, I am not aware that the modern theatre offers any special or individual opportunities to artists. The scene-painter is still regarded as the artist's handmaid, and not only were many of the beauties

Mr. C. O. Courtenay (Dramatic Critic, "Daily Telegraph").

Mr. Courtenay asks me to reply to your kind and courteous letter. He is very much afraid that he has no time to express the views you mention, nor, indeed, does he think that his opinion would be very valuable in reference to the modern theatre. Mr. Courtenay is very sorry that he is unable to do as you ask.

[Mr. Courtenay's letter is inserted partly as an acknowledgment, partly as a sample, of the many very courteous replies which we have received.]

SIR EDWARD RUSSELL (Editor "Liverpool Daily Post").

(1) I think the stage-pictures have gone on improving, and that especially the treatment of the wings is better.

(2) So far as I can judge, yes.

(3) I know of none.

I should like to add a fourth statement of my own feelings, in which I am quite sure I shall be in a minority of one. To me personally it would be a great gratification if the theatre were to recur in many plays to the old fashion of "flats." This would save Shakespearean plays from being laughed at and caricatured by crowding into one scene what self-evidently has occupied a considerable space of time, sometimes even ranging over a great area of place. In the old days the effect of "flats" was by no means always, beautifully painted and—given a certain amount of realistic improbability in their being made to meet by stage carpenters—the mind easily adapted itself to the time and place; and not only were many of the beauties of the text preserved, which now in the best revivals are excised, but the imagination and the reason were satisfied by a more detailed elaboration of the action than can be had in curtailed and crowded-together rearrangements of standard plays. Much has now come to be thought of the possibilities in lighting and general design, and the result is that present-day players would sometimes be better if the author, by means of "flats" scenes, were to allow greater light and shade. Occasionally, a descending "cloth" answered the purpose of "flats" even better, and if anybody supposes that beauty of mise en scène could be "flats" he is mistaken.

LITERARY DISSECTION.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The New Age is a current example of the triviality of modern literary craft in the article by Vernon Lee, so piously recommended to us by Mr. Jacob Tonson. Mr. Tonson confesses to never having once in "twenty years" been bored by this industrial academian. Ipsa dictum. He slyly begins his appreciation: "It is becoming a commonplace of the less reverent literary critics that Vernon Lee possesses every qualification except something to say," for a moment I fancied that this was meant for me. However, Mr. Tonson cannot mean me; since I took pains to demonstrate by selections from Vernon Lee's own published work that she had none of the qualifications of a first-class writer, and was not even a good craftsman. A good craftsman, although he cannot attain to the height where criticism is content to nod its Olympian head, may yet succeed in stating facts so clearly that the libraries will read his book with its readily as knowledge. Vernon Lee's method of conveying a fact is, as I showed it to be, modelled on the style of Carlyle's. Neither did I write it, nor did she have nothing to say, but that she had nothing notable to say.

Although, then, I am not indicted among the merely irrelevant critics, it is perhaps my business to revert to the subject. Mr. Tonson's appreciation of Mr. Lee's work is more than the manner of it. He does not criticise the article; he merely praises it. It is "really very brilliant;"
I propose to take an example of this coging illuminy. Vernon Lee, in one of her lectures on Meredith, says:—"I have suspected this 'also to be introduced as an argument ad hominum, for it is quite irrelevant. Assuming I am not a Christian—though it was once said that there were only two Christians in the Fabian Society and one was a Jew—I have the fortune to be connected with the Fabian Society. Can I, therefore, judge with hope in my own person to contrag an alliance with Non-conformity. All these 'Christians,' I find wonderfully different. Which are 'US'?"

HENRY H. SCHLOSSER.

"THE ENGLISH REVIEW" AND BOURGET.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My attention has been called to a letter signed "J. M. Kennedy" published in THE NEW AGE, quoting M. Paul Bourget's article in the "English Review" of July in connection with the suppression of the third part of his admirably translated book published in the June number of "The English Review." Mr. Kennedy, without the slightest knowledge of the facts, glibly says that "editors may take certain privileges with their contributors' copy, but these do not include garbling and what comes perilously near falsification." He goes on to say "it is doubly useless to expect an apology from the Editor." To this gratuitous and bumptious assertion I wish to say that the sole reasons for the suppression of M. Paul Bourget's article in the June number were: (1) that he sent the article in five days later than the date specified; (2) that the latter part of his article was absolutely illegible, not only to me, but to two or three authorities on French, and that it was impossible to send M. Bourget proofs. I deemed it better to leave the latter part out for publication than to appear in July sooner than publish what would otherwise have been a garbled and doctored version. The third part will appear in the July number of the "Review," and I have a letter from M. Bourget in which he hints at the possibility of his writing to the "Echo de Paris," and admits that his handwriting was no doubt difficult. Such are the facts. It is, however, 'if not, to find Mr. J. I. I have professedly writing in a Socialist organ such as THE NEW AGE in support of M. Paul Bourget, who is more "bourbon" than the Bourbons themselves. I wish Mr. Kennedy would reveal his private address, and I will send him a photograph facsimile of the third part of M. Bourget's article.

With many apologies for trespassing on your valuable space.

ATSVIN HARRING, Editor of "The English Review."

A METAPHYSICS GROUP

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In response to a good many suggestions, privately made, it has been decided to form a group for the discussion of the main problems of metaphysics. The meetings will be purely conversational and informal, and members will be attended in some central room in London, and will involve only a nominal subscription. Those desirous of joining the group are requested to send their names to the above address.

T. E. HULME.

Irish Literary Society, 50, Hanover Square, W.C.

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I be permitted to reply to a "Socialist Reader" and to myself. He says, "I certify that the only definition notes as a reparation of the notion that the abolition of classes is the end and aim of Socialism." In your foot-
note you agree with him. May I also join in the chorus of agreement. What words of mine conveyed a contrary impression I cannot for the life of me imagine.

The present balance of political power amongst existing classes does not dispense with the desire and the effort to abolish by economic means the purely arbitrary distinctions now dividing class from class. Of course it doesn't. But I, too, was dealing with existing conditions. So far as the ultimate aim of Socialism is concerned, we were obviously agreed. Classes are as yet abolished. It is the method to be employed, about which we appear to differ.

A contention is that the tendency of present-day Socialism is to substitute rule by the Labour class for rule by the Capitalists, and my belief is that such an alteration would be a profound improvement in things national.

Classes exist at the present moment, and if Socialism allies itself uncompromisingly with one of them in opposition to the other, I fail to see how it can claim to be working for their abolition.

So far as practical proposals are concerned, the Socialist would naturally support anything which would tend to abolish by economic means the arbitrary distinctions now dividing class from class, and it therefore happens that his practical support will not be strong enough to propose to benefit the Labour class economically. This is, as I said in my letter, simply because the Labour class is at present economically too weak.

My quarrel with Socialism is on account of its attitude of mind. I assume, for the sake of argument, that Socialism will not attempt to bring about any change, except by the attitude of mind of that group of persons which will bring it about. And I see prophetically a group, honest and upright, but so keen to be considered a gentleman (believe me) that it will not dare to connoto a single 'virtue,' who regard blackguards all persons with property, and who will attempt, as Dr. Whitley wisely said, to 'reform all other classes out of existence.'

And that is not a desirable way of abolishing classes—not, if I may say, would it be wise to do so.

There are two ways of attaining our ends, i.e., the abolition of the class. The first—by destroying all classes but one. And the second—by attacking the existing class as class, and not as a gentleman (believe me) that it will not dare to connoto a single 'virtue,' who regard blackguards all persons with property, and who will attempt, as Dr. Whitley wisely said, to 'reform all other classes out of existence.'

In one respect a Socialist Reader was right. I do not believe that the Labour class unaided can bring about a Socialism that would be worth twopence, and that is precisely why I deplore the two-labour-anti-everybody else attitude which distinguishes the modern Socialist. It is not that I object to his being economically against the upper classes (if I am myself), but it disappoints me to find that he sees no virtues in them whatever—nothing, for instance, for which we have abolished or all class one refers itself, especially to destroying the qualities (whether good or bad) of that class. This, so far as I can see, is the method which we shall have to adopt. The second step is eradicating the faults of each class, so that ultimately they may become equal, and thus, for practical purposes, one. This is the method which appeals to me.

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The world is suffering from two complaints. Part of it has too much, the other part too little. The Socialist claims that there are good grounds for both evils. So far as he is good—his attitude is both professional and scientific. But when we come to his treatment (or attempted treatment) of the two patients, what a vast difference we see. In the one case he displays a rudeness and lack of sympathy that naturally offend the patient. He says in effect, 'You've got to take this medicine whether you like it or not.' The patient of course objects. He fears, for one thing, that the doctor wishes to poison rather than cure him. In the other case, the doctor shows such exaggerated sympathy for the patient as to make the patient hypochondriacal.

At present the doctor is not strong enough physically to force his drugs on either patient, but if he gains strength with his years, what chance will the first patient have against the other? His sympathies, at any rate, are all with one, and if ever he becomes strong enough he will spoil that one and poison the other (for most drugs are poisons when administered in large doses, as, for instance, in the case of the patient who is poisoned by the doctor's influence). He says, in effect, 'You've got to take this medicine whether you like it or not.' The patient of course objects. He fears, for one thing, that the doctor wishes to poison rather than cure him. In the other case, the doctor shows such exaggerated sympathy for the patient as to make the patient hypochondriacal.

It seems to me that the doctor has forgotten that he has two shoulders, and that just as the sympathy of the sympathetic, at any rate, is all with one, so the sympathy of the doctor must be divided.

I repeat that, when I speak of destroying a class I refer to the destruction of its qualities, and I protest that the upper-middle class have qualities of mind and spirit that we cannot afford to destroy.

With reference to Dr. Whitehead's letter, I can only say that I entirely agree with it. He is right in saying that he did not discover the explanation, which he quotes from Sera. Offhand I should say that his explanation seems eminently reasonable.

J. R. W. TANNER.

ABBEY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In some of the many discussions of late upon the possibility and uses of repertory theatres, kind words have been spoken about our Irish theatre. Mr. Walkley, in his speech at the dinner of the Royal Theatre Union last Saturday, said that the promoters of the Shakespeare National Theatre all and we who might think of starting a repertory theatre "could not have a better example of the real value of this modest enterprise than that afforded by the Irish National Theatre, which they owed to Mr. Yeats and his comrades."

For eleven years past we have worked very hard in the attempt to found and to put on a permanent footing this enterprise. Six years ago we were enabled by a generous subsidy to play on a regular stage. We have had to fight against a spate of National Theatre, or another against patriotic cliques and against Government officials. But our Dublin audience is steadily increasing, and we find support and a welcome not only in the chief towns of Ireland, but in the English intellectual centres, London (our company is now playing at the Court Theatre, Manchester, Oxford, Cambridge). A school of Irish writers and actors has been founded, which has given a distinguished and powerful representation of Irish country life. The works of our colleague, who was so sadly recognised everywhere now by students of dramatic literature as among the most important that have been given the theatre in our time. We have sought to please "An I.L.P. Member of the W.E.A." I observe, however, that he does not as yet keep the vigorous W.E.A. policy, but only gives certain details about its membership, and denies the fact of the confidential memorial.

As to this last, I note that Mr. Mansbridge, the secretary, in a letter to the "Labour Leader," admitted the memorial, but denied that it was marked confidential. I can assure you, and particularly my correspondent that it both exists and is marked "private and confidential"; that the W.E.A. sent its to the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, and that there was at one time a possibility of the latter body submitting
it to the Government. As more will be heard, perhaps, of this document in the near future, I say no more.

Your correspondent does not say that the W.E.A. is supported by the Duke of Westminster and other similar reactionary bodies; that it sent its Secretary to represent it at the Empire League Conference at Caxton Hall—a nice assembly of Labour and Liberal members, and a marked contrast to the party members who have been open to the Government. Quite apart from the political question of the day, the W.E.A. is a body which has been open to the Government in its questions of education, and it has openly refused to adopt the trade union education demands as its basis, or to include the restitution of the filled endowments in its programme. Yet all these are facts.

It is deeply to be regretted that Labour leaders of the calibre of Messrs. Jowett and Clydes should be mixed up in such a faked advancement; but Mr. Thorne’s admirable letter in the last New Age may serve to show “I.P.P. Members” what there are firm and able Labour men who see through the charade. I am not in a position to judge of the ability and devotion of Miss McCmillan, but assuredly her recent open repudiation of the secular solution of the educational controversy—see her recent letters to the ‘Labour Leader’—raises great doubts as to the tenability of her position from a Socialist point of view.

Finally, I feel guilty to a misguided idea in using the word ‘rumour’ in my last letter. I have certain knowledge of the facts stated.

OXFORD GRADUATE.

ROYAL PRAISE.

TO THE EDITOR OF ‘THE NEW AGE.’

Having had my attention called to Mr. Bernard Shaw’s recent article in the New Age on the subject of the death of King Edward VII., it seems to me that the following extracts from different writers, of former days, are some-what appropriate to that subject:

‘I think the part which pulpits play in the death of kings is the most ghastly of the ceremonial. The lying eulogies, disagreeable truths, the sickening flourishes, the simulated grief, the falsehoods and slanders, are exhibited in the most ghastly manner. The clergyman must flatter him, announce his piety while living, and speak evil of them with impunity.’—Thackeray.

‘There are certain faults which, when turned to good account, gain more credit than virtue itself.’—Douglas Jerrold (‘Punch’s Letters to His Son.’)

‘Nuts—And they call this ’lying in State.’ ‘Ostrich feathers—and an unparalleled coffin.’ Well, when we think what coffins hold, at the best, such a show is rightly named; it is ‘Lying in State,’ and nothing better.’—Douglas Jerrold (The Barque of Pindar.)

‘A writer in the Almanach des Gourmands, says, in praise of a certain viand ‘This is a dish to be eaten on your knees.’ ‘There are some writers who, with goosequill and hand, never approach Royalty, but they—write upon their knees!’—Douglas Jerrold (‘Punch’—with reference to the Birth of Edward VII.)

‘Of all the fools who flocked to swell, or see, the show, Who cared about the corpse? The funeral Of all the fools who flocked to swell, or see, the show, Who cared about the corpse? The funeral—Anon, and the black woe.—Byron (with reference to the Death of George III.)

‘Where is the Fourth, our Royal bird? Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be fiddled Unso by Sawney’s violin, we have heard, ‘Caw me, caw thee,’ for six months, hath been hatching this scene of Royal itch, and loyal screeching.—Byron (with reference to George IV.)

‘His Highness, the sublimest of Mankind, So styled, according to the usual forms of every monarch.—Byron.

‘King Crakk was the best of all possible Kings, (At least, so his courtiers would swear to you gladly.)—Moore (with reference to George IV.)

‘My brave boy, let tailors, come, straighten your knees, For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease, While I sing of our Prince (and a fig for his tailors), The shopboard’s delight, the dæcum of tailors.—Moore (with reference to the Prince-Regent.)

‘There, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged By sycophants, and fools, the growth of Courts, Where thy gullied eyes, in all the gaudy round Met nothing but a lie in e’ry face, And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd.—Dryden.

‘But to your works immortal credit The Fringed good thing, the Prince has read it, (The only work, himself remarks, Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke’s).’—Moore (with reference to the Prince-Regent).

‘And yet our Monarch has a world of heroism, And daily on their backs so gorgeous looks; So neatly bound, so richly gilt, so fine He fears to open them to read a line Since of our books a king can highly deem, The authors, surely, might command esteem; But here’s the devil.—Douglas Jerrold.”—Moore.

‘Some kings prefer the binder to the poet.’—Wolfe.

(Peter Findar—with reference to George III.)

‘Fierce is each royal marria for applause, And, as a horsepond wide are monarch’s maws Formed, therefore, on a pretty ample scale— To sound the decent partrygue note To pour the modest flatteries down their throat Were offering shrims for dinner of whale.’—Wilde (Peter Findar.)

‘For law and gospel both determine All virtues lodge in royal ermine.’

‘Tis from high life high characters are drawn, A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn; A judge is just, a chancellor just still, A gownman learned, a bishop you will, Wise, if a Minister, but if a King, More wise, more learned, more just, more everything.—Dryden.

‘War’s a game, which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at.’—Cowper.

‘We are, however, permitted to write, and speak, to our heart’s content, in praise of kings, dead, or alive, without any liability to punishment; we may, in praise of them, not only say the whole truth, but may add as many, and as monstrous, lies as we please.’—William Cobbett (History of the Reign of George IV.)

‘The clemency of princes is often only a cloak to gain the affections of their people.’

‘To praise princes for virtues they do not possess is to speak evil of them with impunity.’

‘The moderation of fortunate people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their temper.’

‘There are certain faults which, when turned to good account, gain more reputation than virtue itself.’—La Rochefoucauld.

‘He dances well to whom Fortune pipes.’

‘It is easy to bowl down his hill.’

‘In the calm everyone can steer.’—English Proverbs.

‘The bran of the King is valued more than the flour of other people.’—Stech Pegge (Proverbs.)

‘Il faut faire de nécessité.’—French Proverb.

‘The sea being smooth How many shallow haubques darts sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of noble bulk.’—Shakespeare.

‘La grande renommée ne s’obtient pas le plus souvent par de grands vertus, et de grand talents, mais par l’art de mettre en œuvre, et en lumière, de tailler de double, de serrer, d’enfoncer les lettres, de les faire ressortir par le jour et par la nuit, de faire apparaître des sycophants, and fools, the growth of Courts, of other people.’—Alphonse de Gérès.

‘Royauté pauvre vieille! est-ce que tu t’es jamais crue aimée pour toi-même.’—Pierre Viron (many years Editor of the Pais ‘Charivari.’)

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"One of the Queen's escort is thrown from his horse. Her Majesty hopes the man is not hurt, and the press has not yet done justice to the incident. The fault lies not in the officers but in theマーク of the horse. Why, what in the world else did the Queen forget that in her excitement she did not remember to ask the question? To treat the most ordinary court as extraordinary in a monarch'scapacity is the very worst compliment that can be paid. To praise would seem a man fall without caring whether he was killed or not, or troubling herself to ask the question? To treat so simple a question as extraordinary in a man who has had a hard time, to belittle in the highest; personage the traits of common humanity, which would pass, as a matter of course, in the lowest, is really the June Doctor's character. ... Marion Fonnblanche ("Examiner"—with reference to Queen Victoria).

PLAIN SPEAKING.

"THE DISTRIBUTIVE STATE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I think it is evident from Mr. Belloc's language that in the Distributive State puts forward as an alternative to the Socialist State, possession of means of production will not universal, but merely general. The "great mass" will own means of production, but there are to be some who will not. In the Socialist State, on the other hand, economic security is to be universalized and not merely generalized, for it is an essential tenet of Socialism that economic security has been made universal it cannot possibly be general, but must remain the privilege of the minority who live by leving unearned income. Now, I ask (1) Is the Distributive State intended to subserve the universalization of means of production? As there is no economic security, existence of an economic insecurity minority possible or impossible in the Distributive State? If the Distributive State is to be like the Socialist State in universalizing economic security, then how is the minority not in possession of means of production to be protected against economic insecurity? (2) If economic security is to be merely generalized by the Distributive State, how can the insecurity of a presumably indeterminate minority be kept from cancelling the security of the great mass of income-earners? Until Mr. Belloc has answered these questions it is impossible to decide about the merits of his alternative to Socialism.

* * *

THE THEATRE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As an apprentice play writer, I have read your symposium on "The Art of the Theatre" with much interest. I confess that I am not quite clear as to the meaning of your first question. Is not the beauty of the stage-picture conditioned in the first place by the nature of the scene which the author is endeavouring to put before us? Take, for example, Act I of "A Doll's House" and read Ibsen's directions for the setting of the scene. If these are followed conscientiously, the result will be a hideous mediocrity, typical of the Victorian period or, at worst, a porcelain store whatnot with china and bric-a-brac; . . . a small book-case of handsomely bound books. Imagine what the wallpaper would be like—and the carpet! We require to see all this ugliness reproduced as exactly as may be possible if we are to realise Nora, her life, her inner meaning. Well, where do your increasing-the-beauty-of-the-stage-picture men come in here? Let me be bold enough to remind your readers of a very old, well-worn tag—"the play's the thing." The sole business of the producer, scene painter, limelight man and other artists who supply the mechanism, is to assist the actor (whose existence is in danger of being forgotten, poor fellow) to carry out the dramatist's ideas in the most faithful way possible. Beauty is a word with many meanings. If we are too zealous in the pursuit of any of them we may find ourselves in strange regions—in the dwelling-place of the "ubermensch" in a sphere where vitality drops and fains—under the control (Oh, fellow playwrights!) of the painter-producer whose scheme the play shall be from beginning to end. Finally, from taking any or all of ourselves too seriously, Good Lord deliver us.

GEORGE RESTON MALLOW.

* * *

MORALITY AND FARCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I think the letter on the above subject in last week's issue should be taken in connection with the meaning of "farce." The word has been debased by the modern stage, in being applied to a mere rough-and-tumble of witless situations filed under the heading of "fun." There is no reason why it should not cover good satire too. Miss Seruya forgets that Ludwig Thomas's play is affectionately a satire upon current morality.

My criticism is simply that as satire it is not good enough—that it is a heavy-handed and therefore often repulsive. The women who are not in the Women's Freedom League are finding out, with perfect justice, to convince a very large number of married English ladies that they belong to the same profession as Marguerite Gautier, Paule Tanguely and Madame Ninon de la Hauville. The situation has elements of humour, and I trust that Miss Seruya will accept the aid of the satirist. Of all artists, he is not the least serious.

ASHLEY DEEKS.

Articles of the Week.

ANDERSON, W. C. "What shall the I.L.P. Policy be?" Labour Leader, June 17.


BENNETT, ALFRED R., "The Fate of the Telephones" (second article), Daily News, June 17.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "Midsummer Madness," Weekly Dispatch, June 19; "Shall we Stop the Clarion?" (second article), Clarion, June 17.


COSTELLO, L. W., M.A., "Insurance against Unemployment," Young Liberal, June.

DARK, SIDNEY, "In the Hills of Donegal: Casual Impressions of a Primitive People," Daily Express, June 15.


ELLIS, Mrs. HAVENLOCK, "Women's Training for Women's Work: The New Suffrage Bill:" (second article), Clarion, June 17.

FOOTE, G. W., "Goldwin Smith," Freethinker, June 19.


GRAYSON, VICTOR, "Done Again?" Clarion, June 17.


HUBERT, "The Declaration of the King: Reasons why the Cabinet's Bill to alter the Accession Oath should be passed," Sunday Chronicle, June 19.


LANG, ANDREW, "Queer Customs," Morning Post, June 17.


LONDON WORKING MAN, "India and Tariff Reform": "India, June 17.


MACDONALD, J. RAMSAY, M.P., "Punjab Poli-
Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

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1902 SCHIFFBRUCHIG. Play, in German. (Schall und Rauch, Berlin.)
1903 A MAN OF HONOUR. Play. (Stage Society, and 1904 at the Avenue.)
1907 LADY FREDERICK. Play. (Court Theatre.)
1908 JACK STRAW. Play. (Vaudeville.)
1908 MRS. DOT. Play. (Comedy.)
1908 THE EXPLORER. Play. (Lyric.)
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