NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In continuation of our task of conducing less to the pretended control than to the real understanding of current politics, we must express our thanks to Mr. Gibson Bowles for his illuminating division of members of Parliament into two classes—the small class of party politicians intent on one day occupying the Treasury benches, and the large class of good men who are concerned with national rather than with party interests and prospects. Unfortunately for this latter class nothing they do is by the nature of things very dramatic. The limelight is focussed on the party men and their struggles for and up the ladder, throwing into an even unnatural obscurity the harmless necessary labours of the men who really keep things going. Unfortunately, again, it is the obsession of the useful functionaries that they must in their opinative moments support one set of party leaders or another. Thus on great occasions they can be relied upon, not merely to discharge their duty as critics of administration, but also lamentably to fail in their duty as critics of principles. Mr. Belloc remarked last week with perfect truth that he was one of the few survivors in Parliament of the principled Liberals.

If it is understood, then, that party politics are little more than friendly disputes between Tweedledum and Tweedledee concerning, as Heine says, cooking; and, further, that except by chance or a miracle of personality, the dispute is never interrupted by any consideration of public interests as such, or by the rank and file of ordinary members, we shall be able to follow the course of the political game with intelligent appreciation. Anything less granted would inevitably bias the observer, who would be constantly ejaculating irrelevant comments based on commonsense or on humanity or on some wild notion of honesty. In short, unless Mr. Gibson Bowles' division is accepted as true, and the identity of recorded politics with the doings of party politicians taken as an axiom, we shall fail to understand either the ordained fatuity of politics or its infinite futility. And this would be a thousand pities, since by either defect we should be driven, as we have been driven, first to put our faith in Westminster rather than in the parish pump, and, secondly, to collapse in helpless cynicism when the inevitable disillusionment comes. From both these forms of helplessness many of our electors, Socialist as well as Non-Socialist, are suffering in fact to-day.
Let nobody be cynical about this or attribute the sterility entirely to intention. From everything that appeared we were actually on the eve of a real event, namely, the initiation of a fresh democratic movement upwards into the constitution and powers of the Lords.

The movement looked so real that in fact it was growing real. All it needed to accomplish itself was a good campaign in the country, and that, we are assured, was being prepared. Then came the Furry with the abhorred shears, and for the moment an end was put to the threatened revolution. When the course of things was renewed there seemed, as we pointed out at the time, everything, except atmosphere, unchanged. The factors were the same; so, too, were the persons and the parties; all that had changed was the air in which they were now condemned to breathe.

A revolution dated for a few weeks hence is a very different thing from a revolution postdated indefinitely; yet what, we ask, could any responsible party leader do in the circumstances but postdate it after the death of King Edward? And having postdated it, what seemed to be done in all decency but first, discharge the routine obligations of office, and, secondly, refrain according to promise from controversial legislation, meanwhile keeping the revolutionary pot gently simmering over the slow fire of a kitchen conference? We declare that it has been well done. Any of us would have done the same thing if we had found ourselves in the same position. And that, after all, is the test of responsible conduct. A man can criticize, but few can criticize with the feeling that they may suddenly be called to account on their own advice. Where, in our opinion, the Government critics have been wrong is in the apathy they have displayed, not at Westminster, but in their own constituencies to look after themselves. If nothing whatever should come of the course of things we are now condemned to breathe, then the revolution postdated indefinitely; but that is always fatal in politics. If ever a Socialist Chancellor should hold office we hope that his first Budget will be moderate, his second medium, and his third extreme. His adversary will increase with the exhaustion of opposition. In obedience, however, to the self-denying ordinance of non-controversial legislation, Mr. Lloyd George had no option but to repeat his previous Budget. It cannot fail to produce the effect that the Irish would not care to place themselves in the same boat with the Lords who defeated the Budget last year. Though, therefore, the Budget be postponed to November and have its fate apparently dependent upon the issue of the General Election, we think, even if we were Mr. Lloyd George, contemplating its passage with equanimity.

Miss Gwathorne in a letter printed in our correspondence columns challenges us to state the objections, "neither few nor contemptible," to the proposed Women's Suffrage Bill. We had no intention of doing so until the fate of the Bill had been determined; but perhaps our readers will expect The New Age to present to them a fresh point of view. Firstly, it is replied that our estimate of the political complexion of the majority of women to be enfranchised by this Bill is without foundation. In the mass the women of the country are probably Liberal as Conservative. Nobody acquainted with municipal elections would maintain this for an instant. It is simply not true.

On grounds of principle, however, the Bill is equally to be deplored. We were told at the outset of the campaign that the vote was demanded not so much for itself but as a symbol of the political equality of women citizens with men citizens. It was to replace the sign and seal of the political equality or disqualification. The present Bill is not even a step in this direction; it is not even the proverbial half-loaf. What the Bill actually proposes is to introduce into the franchise an existing property qualification. Such women as come under it will be enfranchised, not by virtue of their sex, but by virtue of their property. Is any new principle at stake in that? Again, we have always maintained that the real distinction between women's suffrage and adult suffrage is qualitative and not quantitative. Women's suffrage cannot be obtained piecemeal. Either women are admitted to the franchise on the same terms as men or they are excluded because they are women; because they are female; because of their sex; because of the sex-disqualification. If nothing whatever should come of the course of things we are now condemned to breathe, then the Bill cannot fail to pass, we think, even if we were Mr. Lloyd George, contemplating its passage with equanimity.

Lastly, we have been impressed of late with the
growing tendencies of the suffrage societies to rely less upon reason than upon display, to emphasise the value of the possession of the vote rather than the value of its significance, and to concentrate everything on the political to the neglect of the social side. The very name of the W.S.P.U. implied in its foundations an appreciation of the necessity of social education amongst women as a preliminary to the capture and exercise of the political vote. What would happen if the Powers were actually to withdraw, her place would at once be taken either by the Young Turks or by Germany, and self-interest would follow the withdrawal of English rule from the country.

Apropos of certain remarks I have heard regarding these assertions and a few letters which have come to me, I shall take the liberty this week of making a personal statement. As the result of travel in France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Italy, Scandinavia, Greece, Turkey, Russia, Egypt, most of Asia, and most of North and South America, I am in the fortunate position of being able to boast a fairly long list of diplomatic acquaintances, who do not fail me when negotiations, important or otherwise, are on foot. I am always in a position to secure information on both sides of the question, or half-a-dozen sides, for that matter; and my facts, therefore, may be taken as substantially accurate. My experience, studies, and general knowledge of foreign affairs lead me to express certain opinions on those facts.

When dealing with Egypt, to take one instance, I do not whine about the downtrodden Egyptian Nationalists, simply because I know from personal experience and observation that the Egyptians as a whole are stupid, unorganised, intolerant, narrow-minded, and absolutely devoid of governing instincts. In this respect, they differ from the Young Turks, with whom they are sometimes compared by those who know no better. For the Young Turks are pretty well organised, fairly well disposed to Liberal doctrines; until now it is practically accurate. My experience, studies, and general knowledge of foreign affairs lead me to express certain opinions on those facts.

A remarkable index to the Liberal-Labour frame of mind, indeed, appeared in Mr. Harrison’s recent letter about M. Bourget. The editor of the “English Review” (Liberal, owned by Sir A. Mond, I believe) expressed surprise at a Socialist paper taking the part of a non-Socialist. Why on earth not? Is the Socialist movement supported on such a rotten foundation that it must bolster up its friends when they are in the wrong and attack its opponents with unsound and superficial arguments when its opponents are in the right? Really, I turn over the pages of my Locke without understanding, In this respect, they differ from the Young Turks, with whom they are sometimes compared by those who know no better.

To India, these remarks apply with even greater force. To the pro-British and Indian nationalist, this would follow the withdrawal of English rule from a country of so many different races and tribes. To think of entrusting the government of India to the army of theoretical young lawyers who have come into such notoriety recently in India is sheer absurd. The better-educated classes of Indians have as much objection to the proposal as the most hide-bound Tory, though doubtless for different reasons.

I likewise resent the ridiculous suggestion that the present Foreign Editor of The New Age is “reactionary” merely because he has quoted the “Daily Telegraph” and “Le Temps” when speaking of Egypt. The articles I referred to in the “Daily Telegraph” were signed by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, those in “Le Temps” by Jules Roche. Both writers are authorities, in the best sense of the word. What is more, they have reputations to lose, and, as I well know, would write merely for the purpose of bolstering up a particular policy, contrary to their own convictions.

When an article signed by a well-known writer, publicist, and traveller like Mr. Landon appears in a Conservative paper, it does not follow that it is inaccurate. Are Mr. H. G. Wells’s two recent articles to be discounted because they were published in the “Daily Mail” and “Justice”?

When, however, a man like Mr. Keir Hardie goes to India with a sentimental bias, he cannot possibly see both sides of the question: he can see only the side he has evolved from his inner consciousness with the assistance of the grossly inaccurate, prejudiced, and shallow leaders in the “Daily News” or the “Nation” type of paper. And, as I know India better than Mr. Keir Hardie can know it with his present sentimental bias, I cannot be blamed for pointing out that the opinions expressed on Indian government by the Conservative papers, while by no means just and proper, are much more accurate than those put forth in the Liberal Press, particularly by extreme sentimentalists of the Nevinson, Brailsford, and Massingham order.

With the views expressed by these gentlemen on English politics I am not concerned—in many cases I agree with them—but when they write about foreign matters they are obviously talking through their respective hats.

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To conclude: If any reader of The New Age interested in foreign politics would like to ask a question of really general interest, I will do my best to reply through the correspondence column. If any correspondent with an unbiased knowledge of the subject wishes to contest an opinion I have expressed, I shall be happy to discuss the matter reasonably. But for arm-chair sentimentalists, who write explosive letters without a knowledge of history, ethnology, or diplomacy, and contradict opinions while knowing nothing of the facts, I am afraid I can do very little.

Those who have visited South America within recent years cannot fail to have been struck with the enormous progress made by that republic of Argentina. The capital city, Buenos Ayres, has assumed the appearance of a very modern, go-ahead, commercial town, with its electric tramcars, broad streets, and magnificent public buildings. Trade has been developed to a great extent, both with the South American Continent, but, even more par-
ticularly, abroad. It is therefore most opportune that Mr. Unwin should add a volume dealing with Argentina to his South American series, and Mr. Hirst's book, although perhaps one might take exception to a few minor points of detail, seems to have covered the ground skilfully and thoroughly. More than sixty illustrations, too, will enable the reader to realise the important features of South American life.

Since the financial crash of March, 1891, which was the natural result of the immature legislation and raw principles of government that one might naturally expect from a comparatively new Latin country, Argentina has been progressing rapidly, even if in a more material sense of this expression. But the Republics of this part of the world have not yet found their feet, so to speak, and there are a few drawbacks:

It cannot be said that Argentina is a poor man's paradise, in the sense that his interests and general well-being are carefully regarded. Indeed, the newspapers are full of complaints of the "oligarchies of office" and the scramble for power among lucky cliques, who appropriate all the good things and leave the initiated multitudes to take care of themselves. An enquiry as to why Mendoza had no tram-ways led the reply: "Oh, they have no money here, they have carriages. As long as they can get about comfortably them- selves, they do not care about the others." The authorities squander as much as they can, but the latter yields most reluctantly to the process.

The drawbacks are partly atoned for by material advantages:

But it would convey a false impression to suggest that the condition of the people was miserable, or even that it was unsatisfactory, as far as an observer can judge. The workers are not harassed by petty officials and exactations, but in the Latin countries whence he came he probably suffered as much or more; he was therefore acclimatised before he arrived; and the people in power here have no such after-care—a bellyful of food and some pocket-money, and, if he is enterprising, the chance of rising to competence. If we make allowance for different standards of comfort, it would be correct to say that any man who is willing to work hard with his hands can live in Argentina in as great comfort as the worker in any country in the world, and infinitely better than in most lands. The evils, from a material point of view, are upon the surface, while it is a fact that the working man in Argentina has, besides a fair livelihood, that hope which is at the same time the main factor in individual happiness and the best security for the economic efficiency of the country.

As the working classes here have practically no hope at all, the last sentence is worth noting:

The Oriental influence exercised on Spain by the Mahomedans has spread to Spanish South America, and Mr. Hirst notes that the ladies of the better class life in town and country to come to one in which Mr. Hirst deals with religion, education, journalism, and literature. Note the order of the subjects, and the fact that Mr. Hirst devotes just twenty pages to them. It is, of course, impossible to give a detailed account of such important topics in a short chapter; but our author does his best in the space at his disposal. As Mr. Hirst has not referred to one point, I will mention it myself. After a long residence in North and South America I could not help observing the enormous artistic potentialities of the Southerners, compared with the inhabitants of the United States and Canada. In Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, and the smaller Republics we have not only a population which is an original artistic, but which is continually being augmented by emigrants from the Latin countries of Europe, who all help to preserve the cultural value of those proud traditions and curious pagan customs which, especially in Italy, have descended from generation to generation for more than two thousand years. In addition to this, the very climate and natural surroundings of South America make for artistic development, and, although the people are not altogether free from money-grubbing characteristics, a visitor feels that he is in a land of culture, and that any opinions he hears expressed on painting, poetry, and so on have a solid artistic foundation, and are not based merely on the whims of millionaire collectors.

When one considers the transference of old Italian and Iberian customs across three thousand miles of ocean, one is inclined to wish that Mr. Hirst had extended his twenty meagre pages on religion, etc., so as to let us have a deeper insight into the psychology of the population of the Argentine. Perhaps, however, in view of Mr. Hirst's public, we cannot altogether blame him for devoting the greater part of his space to trade matters and historical summaries, both of which he attends to very well.

To return to the contrast between north and south: we find the artistic outlook very different in the United States. One could not write a list—-as Mr. Hirst has already done in some measure—of South American poets, men of letters, and artists worthy of being ranked with their European confrères; but between San Francisco and New York, between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson's Bay, all is barren. The United States is full of Wesleyan sentimentality and piety à outrance; Canadians think chiefly of Western development. Both countries are entirely devoid of imagination, and, therefore, having not the remotest conception of art, their intellectual energies are turned towards money-making pursuits. The superiority of the Latin mind over the Teutonic in artistic matters will be clearly seen by anyone who takes the trouble to compare the Spanish or Portuguese poems of South America with similar productions of North America, and the comparison is equally favourable to the south if we carry it to novels, essays, philosophical writ- ings, sculpture, painting, and so forth. And let it be remembered that the creator, is supreme. When future historians come to deal with the Western hemispheres, the northern part of it is much more likely to be known by a mediocre thinker like Emerson, and a mediocre poet like Longfellow, than by a tip-top financier like Pierpoint Morgan. Let us hope, therefore, that when (as we expect) Mr. Hirst adds Brazil, Peru, etc., to this fine series he will try to give us a little more insight into the minds and soul of peoples who are certain, in the next and succeeding generations, to exercise an enormous influence for the benefit of art and culture.

The Dorset Labourer.

By John Cawker.

DORSETSHIRE has many charms. It is rich in historic and literary associations, and in the minds of many it is chiefly memorable as the stage on which was played the splendid series of Wessex dramas beginning with "Desperate Remedies" and ending, alas! with "Jude the Obscure." The old-world, picturesque people and the seemingly cosy thatched cottages, set in a lush landscape, make it easy for the superficial observer to sentimentalise on the joys of a pastoral existence.

A closer acquaintance with the conditions governing the lives of these farmers and labourers—that is to say the majority of the population—quickly disillusiones the most optimistic. Judged from the standpoint of the material well-being of the masses, we should imagine it to be quite easy for a special pleader—one enamoured of the probably mythical "golden age of the English labourer" to make out a strong case for feudalism. But there is no case for the decaying feudalism which to-day prevails throughout the length and breadth of the county.

*The South American Series: Argentina. By W. A. Hirst. With an Introduction by Martin Hume. (Unwin, 19s. 6d. net.)
of dairies. It is feudalism stripped of its humane features; a strangling subserviency robbed of security. It is the skeleton of a none too attractive body. So sorry is the lot of the Dorset rustic that it is difficult to describe its monstrosity, its aimlessness, its round of grinding toil, without being charged with exaggeration.

The labourer's dependence on the squire is still absolute, but the squire is bound to him by no ties save those of self-interest. A subtle terrorism, political and economic, makes the Dorset agricultural labourer of to-day a serf without a serf's advantages. In the words of an old man of Cerne Abbas to the writer: "Maister be a rare 'un. 'Alf modern and 'alf old-timer, 'e be'st a beauty. 'E wants the penny and the bun." This sums up the situation to a nicely. The lords of the land want respect without responsibility. They would retain possession of the thrall's soul without caring for his body.

The men themselves are lethargic, and as hard to move as "the four-footed beasts in the red-crowned clover." Joseph Arch discovered this, and they have not improved since his day. Isolated, without the means of communication between village and village, it is difficult to organise them, and they are daily warned by superior of the evils of trades unionism. The early difficulties of labour federation have to be overcome again, at least in this agricultural land. It will, of course, be impossible for its opponents to make any more Tolpuddle martyrs, but they will fight the organisation of a trades union step by step, and unscrupulously.

Within the last fifty years there has been a marked increase in the labourer's wage, which now rules between 10s. to 13s. a week of seven days and of no fixed hours, for his day begins with the dawn and ends with the dusk. Nevertheless, it is hard to discover improvement in their conditions of living. The weekly increase in wages has been met by a more corresponding rise in house rents, and the houses themselves have deteriorated. This is explained by the fact that very few new houses are built, and the old ones are kept in a shockingly bad state of repair.

For the purpose of our inquiry we marked out a plot of country embracing the small but representative villages of Cerne Abbas, Minterne Magna, Leigh, Chetnole, the two Melburys—Melbury Bubb and Melbury Osmund—Evershot and Maiden Newton, and of the cottages visited many were not even weather-proof. Without setting any high standard, five out of every seven houses had but an intimate acquaintance with the outlook of the people. And by all modern ideas of convenience and sanitation the whole of the houses in the occupation of the labourers should be demolished.

The casual visitor does not gain the full effect of the squalor amidst which the people live. The country-rambling buildings, which are of a good size, the habitation being very sparsely built over, and nearly every one of the houses in the occupation of the labourer have deteriorated. This is explained by the fact that very few new houses are built, and the old ones are kept in a shockingly bad state of repair.

Weighing all the circumstances, the prospects of any improvement in the economic conditions of the farm-land are small. Fortunately for the Dorset woman is a "skilful manager," and the exiguous wage of her husband is eked out to do the general and forgotten, the Dorsetshire man is exceedingly wary of making any move which would take him without the bounds of "Dorset dear," and of towns in the sense of a teeming industrial population there are none within his ken.

Social life is stagnant. Even given the means of amusement, the long hours of labour preclude their use. Apart from the church or the chapel, there is no common centre for the people to gather except the "public." Reading rooms, it is true, are to be found in those districts which are "loyal to their member," and make him their perpetual Parliamentary representative; but no attempt is made anywhere to arouse civic enthusiasm and to sustain interest in local affairs.

The grey tone which colours the writings of Hardy is conveyed from actual life. His pessimism is born of an intimate acquaintance with the outlook of the people. He depicts them with the insight and interest of the artist, but he does not hide from his readers that their interest is the interest of decay. He refuses to cover them with sentimental slobber, and mercilessly depicts their prostrating poverty, mental and material.

Out of the main stream of national life, languishing and forgotten, the Dorset labourer is unmoved by the questions which stir the blood of town populations. "The Gladstone League," and the fulminations of its orators, leave him cold. It is now too late to make him believe in the economic and political screw to be applied by a political party. Recent happenings have made him painfully conscious that a difference in "party" names does not alter the nature of the men who are ready "to do everything for him but get off his back." He is beginning to realise that the only hope of his rejuvenation lies in his being given easy access to the soil, and he does not think that any political party means to give it him. The Small Holdings Act has failed of its purpose in the land of Barnes and Hardy. Why? There is no admixture of the liberal advantage; for the problem of water is one of the most serious by which the labourer in Hardy-land is faced.
The Philosophy of a Don.

XVI.—The British Oak.

"I have brought you a little present," said Chesterham, producing from under his hat a highly-coloured picture postcard. "It is a souvenier of the Army Pageant."

I pressed my gratitude in suitable terms and then proceeded to examine the gift. Perspiration, engendered by meteorological causes, and other moisture of a mysterious and slightly odoriferous character emanating from my colleague's glossy curls, had combined to blur the brilliant colours of the picture somewhat; but, after a while, the artist's intention emerged from the confused mass, revealing—a bold, brown, British youth clad chiefly in buskins, with a round shield slung over his bare back; a large white steed between his gallant legs; and a Union Jack of appreciable dimensions clutched convulsively in his right hand. Rider and steed stood rigidly on the summit of a hill, and behind them a large yellow spherical body—like a celestial orange—might be seen floating majestically upon a sea of lurid splendour.

Whilst I contemplated this vision spell-bound, my servant Cripps crept into the room on some domestic errand. His appearance produced upon Chesterham a remarkable effect.

"Heavens!" he whispered, in a stage aside. "No, heavens! how unlike his British sires of old! Rich, brown, erect, unswervingly bold; War in each breast, and Freedom on each brow: How much unlike the sons of Britain now!"

Then, the servant having gone, he exclaimed, in real presence:

"What can you expect? Peace, plenty, comfort, and beef—it is all very well; but it spells degeneracy."

"It is hardly fair to take a college menial as a sample of English manhood," said I, provoked into critical moderation by my colleague's extravagance. But Chesterham remained unsubdued.

"Time was," he went on, "when the emblem of English manhood was the oak. How many modern Englishmen can claim any kinship with that sturdy king of the forest? How many Englishmen of the present day even know an oak from any other tree? Of course, there would the lion-hearted forbears of ours who planted the oak, the Army of the British Oak, and the Army of the British Merchant, be found in all the public parks. Scarce, indeed, a thing as a young oak is to be found in them. Of course, there are still some hardy veterans on the different estates, but I can see nothing to take their place.

Weak, foreign birches of cosmopolitan aspect are everywhere supplanting the English oaks. What would the lion-hearted forbears of our land, say, Wimbledon, or Hampstead, think if they revisited that forest and witnessed its degeneracy into a thicket of birches? The same deadly desecration is to be seen in most private English parks of the present day. How many landowners now plant the oak?

"O England, my country, Fair Paradise of proud Great Britain, Deep-rooted.

The door suddenly opened, and in stepped my friend Shav. With his customary quickness he seized on the subject of our conversation.

"Still on the patriotic path?" he asked, with a laugh.

"I am not at all disposed to renew the argument with you," said I. "You already know all my political tenets, and I know all your heresies. You can talk to Chesterham, if you like."

Thereupon ensued the following dialogue:

Ch.—"What we want, to revive and reinvigorate us, is a nice big war with Germany."

Sh.—"I'd like to fight with Germany."

Ch.—"Well—er—the Germans hate us, don't they? and—er—we hate them, don't we? We are natural enemies, so to speak."

Sh.—"I never knew what funds of valour and wisdom lay concealed under your deceptive surface, my boy."

Ch.—"Why, don't you hate the Germaas? I thought you loathed the Kaiser."

Sh.—"I loathe the Kaiser, not because he is a German, but because he is a king and a lunatic of a peculiarly dangerous type. Enmities between individuals may arouse my sympathetic, if dispassionate, disapproval; but the mutual hates of nations can move me to nothing more serious than laughter."

"There is not much to laugh at in the mutual butchery of several thousands of human beings," I thought it my duty to protest.

Sh.—"Oh, yes, there is. Several millions of human beings, for the most part presumably sane, nourishing an indiscriminate animosity against several other millions of similar beings, whom they have never seen, is something beyond my human power of comprehension—it is something too grotesque and too monstrous to be wholly serious. Especially it is so when the enemies differ in little besides the name. In such a case it is obviously not an inevitable struggle between rival temperaments—though that would be mad enough in all conscience—but a petty, sordid squabble between rival vanities."

Ch.—"Where do you draw the distinction?"

Sh.—"The distinction is perfectly clear. I can, more or less, understand, if I cannot respect, the antipathy between a European and a Chinaman. The European may well say to the Chinaman: 'I am white, you are yellow; my eyes are horizontal, yours are oblique; I eat rice, you eat bread; therefore, my friend, we are natural enemies.' I can also understand the hatred between an Indian and an Englishman. The Indian may well say to the Englishman: 'You have robbed me of my freedom and of the power of persecuting those who do not think as I do. You write from left to right; I from right to left. You believe in one God; I in many. You pay homage by taking off your hat; I by taking off my shoes; let us, therefore, O unspeakable one, cut each other's throat.' All that is intelligible enough. But what earthly cause has the Englishman to thirst for the German's blood, or the German for the Englishman's? Their feud amounts to little more than this: 'You spell your name with one t; I spell mine with two; one of us must, therefore, die.' Bah!"

Ch.—"That is not all. National antagonism apart, there is between the Germans and ourselves commercial rivalry. I require a sufficient excuse, in itself, for international friction."

Sh.—"Commercial rivalry? Why shouldn't the Germans get all the trade they can in open competition? Nobody who possesses a gram of London blood thinks it monstrous to prospering at Manchester in competition with the English merchants of the place. Why should the same merchant be sentenced to death if he pros pers in the same way at Hamburg?"

Ch.—"Don't you see—"

Sh.—"There is nothing to see. International friction is based on a barbarous and obsolete fiction. In old days, when nations knew little or nothing of each other, it was excusable to look upon foreigners as natural foes. But how can anybody honestly believe such rot at the present day when steam and electricity enable every tailor to visit every other tailor and to compare notes with him? The means of locomotion and the growth of economic interdependence have bridged over the chasms that once separated one nation from another; and with those chasms ought to have disappeared the mutual suspicions and imaginary fears that once separated the nations—a thing that have to do is just to recognise the elementary fact that every man is human, and to behave accordingly."

Ch.—"Do you mean to say that you would let the Germans have it all their own way?"

Sh.—"That is exactly my meaning. But I can see few signs of an immediate recognition of elementary facts. Say what I may, all this competition in folly and crime will go on until, instead of thinking imperially and piratically, people are taught to think—"
as befits civilised people—economically and industrially. It is a good thing that the working classes are beginning to realise this in most countries. In fact, I believe that the working classes have always realised this; only in the past they lacked the power to make themselves heard. But now they have to be listened to; and, as their power increases, so will crazy nationalism decrease. Of course, it will take time. But Rome was not burnt in a day. Meanwhile, for Heaven's sake, let us try not to make ourselves more ridiculous than is absolutely unavoidable."

Ch.—"Even if we remain quiet, the Germans are sure to attack us sooner or later. We all know that Germany's pet scheme is to conquer England."

Sh.—"Rubbish! What can the Germans want with an overpopulated, exhausted, exploited, and impoverished England? The Germans, my boy, have more sense than to saddle themselves with a troublesome, unrewarding, and wholly superfluous possession. But if the superiority of German intelligence. Let me state one fact which speaks for itself. From Germany I have for years past received repeated and urgent requests to allow my plays to be produced first in Berlin. The German critics are ready to recognise genius where their English confrères invariably see an absence of it."

Ch.—"I have already stated, would not exceed our ability to pay it; if it did, it could not be collected."

"Yes. But the money is earned cash. It is essays like Mr. Balfour's that have poison for the gander can hardly be food for the goose."

"You are right," said I, surprised to find myself unequal to the philosophical plane, that ventricle to deny that fact. Mr. Balfour believes it, and that foundation."

Sh.—"I never joke. I honestly see no objection to being conquered by anybody. People think conquest an evil because they do not reason about it. They dread it as children dread bogeys. It is another of those superstitions that love to haunt empty heads. Of course, it will take time. But Rome was not burnt in a day. Meanwhile, for Heaven's sake, let us try not to make ourselves more ridiculous than is absolutely unavoidable."

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Sh.—"No. I never joke. I honestly see no objection to being conquered by anybody. People think conquest an evil because they do not reason about it. They dread it as children dread bogeys. It is another of those superstitions that love to haunt empty heads. Of course, it will take time. But Rome was not burnt in a day. Meanwhile, for Heaven's sake, let us try not to make ourselves more ridiculous than is absolutely unavoidable."

Ch.—"You are joking!"

"Yes. A careful analysis of the Oriental attitude towards government proves that the Frenchman does not care for ruling it. Somehow, the news we daily get from India and Egypt does not illustrate a very graceful, or even barely acquiescent, disposition. But even without that evidence, the mind that can accept for a fact that stupid disingenuous and self-interested my dear Shav, it is only little minds, incapable of rising to the philosophical plane, that ventricle to deny that fact. Mr. Balfour believes it, and the other day he reared a whole oratorical essay upon that foundation."

"The foundations of Mr. Balfour's beliefs are as much beyond my comprehension as they are beyond his own. My unphilosophical belief is that what is poison for the gander can hardly be food for the goose. It is essays like Mr. Balfour's that have earned for Great Britain her well-merited place among the nations as the most comfortable house of intellectual hypocrisy."

"There are hypocrites in every country," said I. "There are. But I doubt whether any other country in the world could so satisfactorily reconcile the professions of the saint with the practices of the sinner. The Great Britain the two things are constantly found combined in one and the same person. Every Briton is a humbug. He is built on just as they do on just as they do."

"It is such Rationalism as Shav's that saps the juice of the British oak," said Chesterham, with an angry nod of his glossy curls, as soon as Shav was out of earshot."

"You are right," said I, surprised to find myself
all of a sudden in cordial agreement with my worthy colleague. "Rationalism in national, as in religious, affairs," he remarked, encouraged by my approval, "is like one of those parasites that infest a forest. We have too many Rationalists in our English national life. Even the floor of the House of Commons, I have been credibly informed, is reeking with rational speeches. Of course, they mean well; but they are lacking in mental robustness. They have no more knowledge of the noxious forces they are setting in motion than Jeanne d'Arc had of the navigation of Noah's Ark. Shaw is one of the most dangerous of these rational parasites in our national organism. He is not an Englishman, not even an Irishman. He is a mere aggressive individual with no sense of the State, no habitual loyalty, no devotion, no creed or code whatever. If he is left unchecked, he may yet lead to the downfall of the British Empire."

"That is going a bit too far," said I, with a smile. "Of course, it is clear that Shaw is not a normal, sound-hearted, up-to-date patriot. He is a rampant Radical of a somewhat antiquated type—a derelict from the Mid-Victorian Age. He cherishes a most unaccountable contempt for the Empire and a profound distrust of his fellow-countrymen. He is a high-priest of the heretical sect who never weary of exhorting the unregenerate to put not their trust in armies and fleets, but in the moral bulkwarks of international law and the judgments of arbitration tribunals, and things of that sort." "Ridiculous Utopian!" exclaimed Chesterham. "So he is. But he is not really dangerous. I believe that the poorest member of Parliament whose dependency and individuality my friend despises and have suited a doctrinaire of fifty years ago—one of poohs and bahs with which he treats the sentiments of a twentieth century popular playwright as little with which he substitutes his own undefined aspirations for the heretical sect who never weary of exhorting the unregenerate to put not their trust in armies and fleets, but in the moral bulkwarks of international law and the judgments of arbitration tribunals, and things of that sort."

I added, "But I almost think that, if he had the power, he would do none of these things. There was a general sigh of relief, and the guests exchanged glances. "Dull!" cried the ingénue, who had a reputation for sprightliness to establish, "dull! Haven't we the poor to thank for Bernard Shaw's most delicious paradoxes?"

The front door banged. Althea came into the room. "I am sorry to be late," she said. "But Althea!" protested her husband. "I am sorry not to have dressed, but—in Lambeth a woman was dying."

There was a murmur of polite concern. "So sad, these cases!" exclaimed the lady guest. "I am afraid there is a lot of consumption about this winter—so sad!"

Althea's voice shook a little. "It wasn't consumption—it was murder."

"Murder! How shocking!"

"Starvation," said Althea quietly. "Oh, starvation! There was a general sigh of relief, and the guests exchanged glances. "Dinner is served," said the parlourmaid.

The last of the guests had departed. Althea and her husband were alone. "Really, my dear Althea," he expostulated, "you have no sense of the fitness of things?"

"You mean my clothes?" she said. "I had not time to change."

"You might have come in sooner. When one asks people to dinner one doesn't begin by making everybody feel uncomfortable."

"Does comfort matter?" asked Althea. "Don't be ridiculous! And you didn't even see that things were properly arranged. Why couldn't you have told the new parlourmaid not to hand the champagne with the soup?"

"It seemed so unimportant."

"You mean that since you've discovered there's poverty in Lambeth you don't think it worth while to run your house properly in Kensington. I dare say this dabbling in social reform is exciting enough—but let me tell you that you're strangely mistaken if you imagine there to be any virtue in spending your time and strength, and my money to boot, on these outside things and neglecting your home duties."

He leant back against the mantelpiece and assumed a pointed, fatherly tone. "It's the curse of the age, restless women running after schemes for feeding children, dowry mothers, educating factory girls, and all the

"You ought to know," he said, shaking me again by the hand, "that I think you a sound patriot, and a jolly good fellow, though you are not a poet."

I expressed my inadequate terms and with becoming gravity my gratification at knowing the high position I held in Chesterham's estimation, and then, having shut and locked the door behind him, I indulged in a quiet, decorous little chuckle; but whether I was laughing at him, at Shaw, or at myself I cannot say for certain.

The One Thing Needful.

By Lilian Trench.

The hour of the Willoughby's dinner was eight. At ten minutes past the last of the guests had arrived. Mr. Willoughby looked at his watch. "I must apologize for my wife," he said. "She's been slumming, I believe."

"How sweet of her!" cried a lady guest with empressment. "How good!"

"Not at all," interpolated the sister-in-law. "Althea does not golf, nor does she play bridge, nor does she follow with any assiduity the domestic arts. One must do something."

"Oh, yes, of course," said the lady guest; "and such nice people nowadays seem to be taking an interest in the poor."

"Certainly, it's no longer a prerogative of the dull and dowdy."

"Dull!" cried the ingénue, who had a reputation for sprightliness to establish, "dull! Haven't we the poor to thank for Bernard Shaw's most delicious paradoxes?"

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At "Lehmann's."

By Katharine Mansfield.

Certainly Sabina did not find life slow. She was on the trot from early morning until late at night. At five o'clock she tumbled out of bed, buttoned on her clothes, wearing a long-sleeved alpaca pinafore over her black frock, and groped her way downstairs into the kitchen.

Anna, the cook, had grown so fat during the summer that she adored her bed because she did not have to wear her corsets there, but could spread as much as she liked, roll about under the great mattress or forgotten altogether, or whether was his nails indescribably filthy. When Herr Lehmann on the trot from early morning until late at night. At five o'clock she tumbled out of bed, buttoned on her clothes, wearing a long-sleeved alpaca pinafore over her black frock, and groped her way downstairs into the kitchen.

Anna, the cook, had grown so fat during the summer that she adored her bed because she did not have to wear her corsets there, but could spread as much as she liked, roll about under the great mattress calling upon Jesus and Holy Mary and Blessed Anthony him self that her life was not fit for a pig in a cellar. Sabina was new to her work. Pink colour still flew in her cheeks; there was a little dimple on the left side of her mouth that when she was most serious, most absorbed, popped out and gave her away. And Anna blessed that dimple. It meant an extra half-hour in bed for her; it made Sabina light the fire, the turn out the kitchen and wash endless cups and saucers that had been left over from the evening before. Hans, the scullery boy, did not come until seven. He was the son of the butcher—a mean, undersized child very much like one of his father's sausages, Sabina thought.

His red face was covered with pimples, and his nails indescribably filthy. When Herr Lehmann ran his hands through his snow-white hair and clean them, they said they were stained from birth because his mother had always got so inky doing the accounts—and Sabina believed him and pitied him.

Winter had come very early to Mindelhan. By the end of October the streets were banked waist high with snow, and the greater number of the "Cure Guests," sick unto death of cold water and herbs, had departed in nothing approaching peace. So the large salon was shut at Lehmann's and the breakfast room was all the accommodation the café afforded. Here the floor had to be washed over, the tables rubbed, the floor had to be washed over, the tables rubbed, the man's opera hat on the back of their chairs, trying to puzzle it out for herself. She knew practically nothing except that the Frau had a baby inside her, which had to come out—very painful indeed. One could not have one without a husband—that also she realised. But what had the man got to do with it? So she wondered as she sat mending tea towels in the evening, head bent over her work, light shining through the "slide," helping the men with their heavy load of the leaves being turned and the loud ticking of the clock that hung over the gilt mirror. She wanted to look at him again—that was the important thing. She went and stood beside him, while he drank his wine. A little silence followed. Then he took a book out of his pocket, and Sabina went back to her sewing. Sitting there in the corner, she listened to the sound of the leaves being turned and the loud ticking of the clock that hung over the gilt mirror. She wanted to look at him again—there was something about him in his deep voice, even in the way his clothes fitted. He opened the book and read, with the dragging sound of Frau Lehmann's footsteps, and again the old thoughts worried Sabina. If she herself should one day look like that!—feel like that! Yet it would be very sweet to have a little baby to dress and jump up and down.

"Fraulein—what's your name—what are you smiling at?" called the Young Man.

She blushed and looked up, hands quiet in her lap, looked across the empty tables and shook her head.

"Come here, and I'll show you a picture," he commanded.

She went and stood beside him. He opened the book, and Sabina saw a coloured sketch of a naked girl sitting on the edge of a great, crumpled bed, a man's opera hat on the back of her head.

Sabina answered the shop bell, attended to a few customers who drank a liqueur to warm their stomachs before the midday meal, and ran upstairs now and again to ask the Frau if she wanted anything. But in the afternoon six or seven choice spirits were played carelessly and everybody who was anybody drank tea or coffee.

"Sabina... Sabina...

She flew from one table to the other, counting out handfuls of small change, giving orders to Anna through the "slide," helping the men with their heavy loads, always with that magic light shining on her brown curls. Birth—what was it? wondered Sabina. Death—such a simple thing. She had a little picture of her dead grandmother dressed in a black silk dress and tight hands clasping the cross that stood between her flattened breasts, mouth curiously tight, yet almost secretly smiling. But the grandmother had been born once—that was the important fact.

As she sat there one evening, thinking, the Young Man entered the café, and called for a glass of port wine. Sabina rose slowly. The long day and the hot room made her feel a little languid, but as she poured out the wine she felt the Young Man's eyes fixed on her, looked down at him and dimpled.

"It's cold out," she said, corking the bottle.

The Young Man ran his hands through his snowy powdered hair and laughed.

"I wouldn't call it exactly tropical," he said. "But you're very snug in here—look as though you've been asleep."

Very languid felt Sabina in the hot room, and the Young Man's voice was soft and deep. She thought she had never seen anybody who looked so strong—as though he could take up the table in one hand—and his rest less gaze wandering over her face and figure gave her a curious thrill deep in her body, half pleasant, half pain. She wanted to stand there, close beside him, while he drank his wine. A little silence followed. Then he took a book out of his pocket, and Sabina went back to her sewing. Sitting there in the corner, she listened to the sound of the leaves being turned and the loud ticking of the clock that hung over the gilt mirror. She wanted to look at him again—there was something about him in his deep voice, even in the way his clothes fitted. She went and stood beside him, while he drank his wine. A little silence followed. Then he took a book out of his pocket, and Sabina went back to her sewing. Sitting there in the corner, she listened to the sound of the leaves being turned and the loud ticking of the clock that hung over the gilt mirror. She wanted to look at him again—there was something about him in his deep voice, even in the way his clothes fitted. She opened the book and read, with the dragging sound of Frau Lehmann's footsteps, and again the old thoughts worried Sabina. If she herself should one day look like that!—feel like that! Yet it would be very sweet to have a little baby to dress and jump up and down.

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He put his hand over the body, leaving only the face exposed, then scrutinised Sabina closely.

"Well?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, knowing perfectly well.

"Why, it might be your own photograph—the face, I mean—that's as far as I can judge."

"But the hair's done differently," said Sabina, laughing. She threw back her head, and the laughter bubbled in her round, white throat.

"It's a rather nice picture, don't you think?" he asked. But she was looking at a curious ring he wore on the hand that covered the girl's body, and only nodded.

"Ever seen anything like it before?"

"Oh, there's plenty of those funny ones in the illustrated papers."

"How would you like to have your picture taken that way?"

"Me! I'd never let anybody see it. Besides, I haven't got a hat like that!"

"That's easily remedied."

Again a little silence, broken by Anna throwing up the slide.

Sabina ran into the kitchen.

"Here, take this milk and egg up to the Frau," said Anna. "Who've you got in there?"

"Got such a funny man! I think he's a little gone here," said Anna, tucking her forehead.

Upstairs in the yellow room the Frau sat sewing, a black shawl round her shoulders, her feet encased in red woollen slippers. The girl put the milk on a table by her, then stood, polishing a spoon on her apron.

"Nothing new?"

"Na," said the Frau, heaving up in her chair.

"Where's my man?"

"He's playing cards over at Snipold's. Do you want him?"

"Don't, Heaven, leave him alone. I'm nothing. I don't matter. . . And the whole day waiting here."

Her hand shook as she wiped the rim of the glass with her fat finger.

"Shall I help you to bed?"

"You go downstairs, leave me alone. Tell Anna not to let Hans grub the sugar—give him one on the ear."

"Ugly—ugly—ugly," muttered Sabina, returning to the café, where the Young Man stood, coat-buttoned, ready for departure.

"I'll come again to-morrow," said he. "Don't twist your hair back so tightly; it will lose all its curl."

"Well, you are a funny one," she said. "Good-night."

By the time Sabina was ready for bed Anna was snoring. She brushed out her long hair and gathered it in her hands. . . Perhaps it would be a pity if it lost all its curl. Then she looked down at her straight chemise, and drawing it off, sat down on the side of the bed.

"I wish," she whispered, smiling sleepily, "there was a great big looking glass in this room."

Lying down in the darkness, she hugged her little body.

"I wouldn't be the Frau for one hundred marks—not for a thousand marks. To look like that."

And half-dreaming, she imagined herself heaving up in her chair with the port wine bottle in her hand as the Young Man entered the café.

Cold and dark the next morning, Sabina woke, tired, feeling as though something heavy had been pressing under her heart all night. There was a sound of footsteps shuffling along the passage. Herr Lehmann! She must have overslept herself. Yes, he was rattling the doorhandle.

"Some one moment," she called, dragging on her stockings.

"Bina, tell Anna to go to the Frau—but quickly. I must ride for the nurse."

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Has it come?"

But he had gone, and she ran over to Anna and shook her by the shoulder.

"The Frau—the baby—Herr Lehmann for the nurse," she stuttered. "Name of God!" said Anna, flogging herself out of bed.

No complaints to-day. Importance—enthusiasm in Anna's whole bearing.

"You run downstairs and light the oven. Put on a pan of water"—speaking to an imaginary sufferer as she fastened her blouse—"Yes, yes, I know—we must be worse before we are better—I'm coming—patience."

It was dark all that day. Lights were turned on immediately the café opened, and business was very brisk. Anna, turned out of the Frau's room by the nurse, refused to work, and sat in a carer nursing herself, listening to sounds overhead. Hans was more sympathetic than Sabina. He also forsook work and stood by the window picking his nose.

"But why must I do everything?" said Sabina, washing glasses. "I can't help the Frau; she oughtn't to take such a time about it."

"Listen," said Anna, "they've moved her into the back bedroom above here, so as not to disturb the people. That was a groan—was it one?"

"Two small beers," shouted Herr Lehmann through the slide.

"One moment, one moment."

At eight o'clock the café was deserted. Sabina sat down in the corner without her sewing. Nothing seemed to have happened to the Frau. A doctor had come—that was all.

"Ach," said Sabina. "I think no more of it. I listen no more. Ach, I would like to go away—I hate this talk. I will not hear it. No, it is too much."

She leaned both elbows on the table—cupped her face in her hands and pouted.

But the outer door suddenly opening, she sprang to her feet and laughed. It was the Young Man again. He ordered more port, and had brought no book this time.

"Don't go and sit miles away," he grumbled. "I want to be amused. And here, take my coat. Can't you dry it somewhere?—snowing again."

"There's a warm place—the ladies' cloak room," she said. "I'll take it in there—just by the kitchen."

She felt better, and quite happy again.

"I'll come with you," he said. "I'll see where you put it."

And that did not seem at all extraordinary. She laughed and beckoned to him.

"In here," she cried. "Feel how warm. I'll put more wood on that oven. It doesn't matter, they're all busy upstairs."

She knelt down on the floor, and thrust the wood into the oven, laughing at her own wicked extravagance.

The Frau was forgotten, the stupid day was forgotten. Here was someone beside her laughing, too. They were together in the little warm room stealing adventure in the world. She wanted to go on laughing—or burst out crying—or—or—catch hold of the Young Man.

"What a fire," she shrieked, stretching out her hands.

"Here's a hand; pull up," said the Young Man.

"There, now, you'll catch it to-morrow."

They stood opposite to each other, hands still clamping. And again that strange tremour thrilled Sabina.

"Look here," he said roughly, "are you a child, or are you playing at being one?"

"1—1—."

Laughter ceased. She looked up at him once, then down at the floor, and began breathing like a frightened little animal.

He pulled her closer still and kissed her mouth. "Na, what are you doing—what are you doing?" she whispered.

He let her go hands, he placed his on her breasts,
and the room seemed to swim round Sabina. Suddenly, from the room above, a frightful, tearing shriek. She wrenched herself away, tightened herself, drew herself up.

"Who did that—who made that noise?"

In the silence the thin wailing of a baby.

"Ach!" shrieked Sabina, rushing from the room.

Soup-Kitchens or Trade.

By Walter Sickert

Mrs. Binyon, with the levity that we employ sometimes allows ourselves out of business hours, suggested the other day that Mr. Aitken should by himself be made the Chantrey trustee. Again, in last week's "Saturday Review," Mr. Binyon makes a grievance of the fact that the trustees have not bought a picture by Mr. Steer. With many better reasons to hand, Mr. Binyon ends his appeal by coming forward and wrapping Mr. Steer in the folds of the Union Jack.

It is amusing how the poor little Chantrey bequest takes its place with some writers on art that the Government or the Treasury fills in the minds of vague political thinkers. The comparison must not be pushed too far. But many a poor devil trying to wring his living out of a window by catching hold of his own tail, pining Mr. Steer in the folds of the Union Jack. Government or the Treasury fills in the minds of vague political thinkers. The comparison must not be pushed too far. But many a poor devil trying to wring his living out of a window by catching hold of his own tail, pining Mr. Steer in the folds of the Union Jack.

This fund, moreover, is so conceived and so administered that the purchases made by means of it must be approached culminating in drawing, as in Cazin we had perhaps the draughtsman's approach culminating in the highest intensity of meaning and quality. Would they give us something like an average area of a square foot apiece? And here is a collection that represents the salt of the modern production of the last century.

That is where all the soup-kitchen schemes for the encouragement of art are amiss. None of these pictures would have been bought by any trustee of Chantrey bequests or anything of the kind. No modern expert would recommend works of a similar character by living painters to a commissioner of works or patron. He would not be considered to have earned his money or done justice to his reputation for perspicacity with any canvas under five six feet. The pictures named are great pictures, but would hardly lend themselves to inflated journalistic comment as noble works.

And now let us turn to an exceptionally well-picked exhibition at a dealer's, to the summer exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. All are works hard bought up at a dealer's, remember, we are in the realms of reality. A dealer does not exhibit pictures for your beau yeux, but because he can sell them. Certainly the average size of the things I am about to name is below 24 by 20 inches. The meanest Ian end, the end in themselves. This must have been borne in upon the painter gradually—late, perhaps, and imperfectly—not perhaps without a touch of the anger that is the longsuffering's when he finds that he is doing something more than he was intended, even if that other be better. I shall never forget a large room in the Salen some years ago that was filled with these transparent monochrome paintings. Sheaves of corn under a summer sky, and all these marvellous arrangements in line and tone of trees and fields and hedges, of roads and sheds and humble houses. To bury the tender sonority of tone of these drawing-paintings, with their etcher's definiteness of touch, under opaque colour would have been vandalism of which the author felt himself incapable towards himself.

Les coteaux (41) is surely one of the greatest landscapes by Manet. Here we have the painter's approach culminating in his own medium. There is perhaps the draughtsman's approach culminating in the discovery that for him colour was superfluous. No. 54 is perhaps the best. I long since I have seen, while I would rather possess the Monet of Holland (47) or the Le Moulin de la Galette (40) than any of the canvases that constitute the more uniform and perhaps somewhat doctrinaire series of demonstrations to which this giant has devoted himself since the universal acknowledgment of his genius. He is seeking for an artist in a thesis, even if that thesis be to present the absence of them. The Dutch canvas of the twain water turned back by the wind from the bright green bank seems to me an utterance more beautiful than all. I have just read that the men of 1850 has been handed on. The Fine continues.
It seems to be in stronger hands and guided by more powerful hands. Now all these painters—those at Christie’s and those at the Goupil Gallery—did without Chantrey bequests and the like. They suffered and lived poorly, but they formed a circle of devoted admirers who bought their pictures at small prices, it is true, but for their own houses. Chantrey bequests and the like, the more they develop, will mislead immature painters into producing the kind of exhibition picture that they find they can get bought. Every time they fail to get bought time and money which they both want badly, will have been wasted. The winners of the lucky-bag prize competitions awarded by the expert or experts are often in the long run the most to be pitied. They have only learnt to produce articles of which they may perhaps sell one in a lifetime. They have learnt to value it at ten times what it would fetch at Christie’s, and to build their existence on that valuation. They have meanwhile not learnt to paint pictures for rooms, and time is going on. Nor have they, as the Impressionists did, formed a little connection of ten-pound customers who believe in them and come again.

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

With reference to Mr. Ashley Dukes’ article in last week’s issue on my paragraph about Mr. Granville Barker, he has not carefully read what I wrote. I did not say that bad plays should not be blamed. I said that Mr. Granville Barker was bound to produce plays seriously put forward by serious dramatists who are at the head of his movement. Blame the plays by all means, if they are bad. But do not blame Mr. Barker as manager for producing them. I have no opinion upon the two plays in question, as I have not seen either of them. As to the need of form in art, including the dramatic art, I have to say that for the past fifteen years, in newspapers and books, I, more than any other critic in England, have been preaching precisely this need. As to dramatic criticism, Mr. Ashley Dukes twists my words. I did not say that dramatic criticism in any given papers is written for the purpose of maintaining ancient prejudices and foolishness. I do say that the dramatic criticism in the “Times” and the “Nation” does in practice help to maintain ancient prejudices and foolishness. Indeed the fact is obvious. Examples of it have been given in this column long ago.

Further, I said: “Let anyone dishonestly support ancient prejudices and foolishness, and even the most ruthless critics will have an indulgent word for him.” Mr. Ashley Dukes says this is not true. Nevertheless, I have pilloried an outrageous example of it in this column, and the critic whom I attacked—one of Mr. Ashley Dukes’ chosen—afterwards admitted to me that he had no answer. Besides, the truth of what I said is notorious. All the history of art proves it. At any rate have not confused the two. Nevertheless, in my old-fashioned way, I have a sort of an idea that I can still keep my end up. I know this: that no artist ever rejuvenated an art but the Walkleys and Archers of the period came along and said that he was without form. Every new form has been said to be no form. I repeat I am not defending the later essays of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker, as I have not seen them; but the blame of Mr. Walkley and Mr. Archer would lead me to suspect that these essays had merit. I don’t reckon that Mr. Walkley has anything to teach me about Aristotle. I, like Mr. Ashley Dukes, am a creative artist, while Mr. Walkley is not. I have said more now, here and elsewhere, and I repeat it, that I consider Messrs. Walkley and Archer to be the worst enemies of artistic progress in England—far more harmful to dramatic criticism in the “Times” and “Nation” than the essayist who has girded against Mr. Shaw’s faults very strongly. But had it not been for Mr. Shaw’s originality, pertinacity, and artistic honesty, dramatists such as Mr. Ashley Dukes and myself would merely not exist. The situation is not so simple as it may seem to the young warrior who with virgin enthusiasm bounds for the first time into the fray. The young warrior is a fine, encouraging, healthy sight, and everybody with any sense will be ready to smile sympathetically at him when he turns abruptly on his own begetter and says importantly: “What are you doing here, stupid old man, blundering around? You know nothing about battle.—Sling your hook!”... Smile sympathetically, but still smile.

In all times of crisis in art, reaeration, crises, such as Mr. Walkley and Mr. Archer, quoting the classics, have contrived to a certain extent to hoodwink the youngest generation by giving them a false impression of it. And the youngest generation, in its simplicity, has usually been ready to accept their aid.

As to the younger critics, I shall more deeply respect their ideas of form when they contrive to put a little more form into their criticism. Mr. Ashley Dukes mentions the critic of the “Star,” Mr. Gilbert Cannan. Although his critical manner is deplorable, Mr. Cannan is undoubtedly a very able youth. I think that I share many of his opinions. But how could one take seriously whatever views he may have on form? Look at his recent article in the “English Review.” He had a chance there of putting forward a convincing manifesto on behalf of his party; but what he offers is not even workmanlike. Confused, shapeless, and clumsy, it leaves nothing clear in the mind of the reader except that Mr. Cannan’s boyish heart is somewhere near the right place.

I do not want the youngest generation not to be overweening nor rude. I know that it is impossible that it should be otherwise, God bless it! But I want it not to be sentimental, and I want it to think clearly. And in particular to distinguish, in the affair of the Repertory Theatre, between Mr. Barker, the manager, and Mr. Barker, the playwright. The only direct criticism of Mr. Barker as an artist that I have ever made in this column was unfavourable. And I have also found fault with him here as a manager. But I most emphatically assert that, having the chance of producing plays by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker, he was bound to produce them. The mere notion of refusing them would have been grotesque. To vituperate him for not refusing them is grotesque. The artistic value of the plays is another matter, and I at any rate have not confused the two. The only remark that I ventured about the artistic value of the plays is not controverted by Mr. Ashley Dukes. Let me say that I mentioned “Glass Houses” because Messrs. Walkley and Archer (Mr. Walkley in the most public and formal manner) both profess a very deep admiration for Paul Hervieu, who is a fashionable boulevard dramatist of the worst and most respectable type, a man without the faintest spark of originality or genius. That is why I suspected Mr. Walkley was bound to produce them. And the reason, though it may have escaped the perception of Mr. Ashley Dukes, was a very good one.

I owe an apology to my colleague for having trespassed into his field.
A Spoke in Shaw's Wheel.

[Copyright in the U.S.A. by Dr. Oscar Levy. July, 1910.]

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

Ridetem dicer verum
Quod visut?

A book has just appeared in Germany which will prove to British readers that Bernard Shaw does not belong to the numerous class of merely local British celebrities. It is written by an admirer of Mr. Shaw, the German-Jewish critic, Julius Bab,* and gives us as the origin of our successful contemporary.

And a good mayonnaise is all the more required, if the playright is none too sublime, if the morality-lober is none too fresh, but, on the contrary, that time-honoured old dish, which our fathers and forefathers had to swallow and never completely digested either—poor fellows! Now, as then, we doubt the efficacy of morality, that common meal of morality, which can only be moved by an appeal to the imagination. He might, however, we think, have emphasised this point more; he might have stated that in art all morality must be subjected to aesthetics, and that no matter how sublime the aim of the play-right may be, a morality recommended in an artistic manner will spoil that morality as sure as a good mayonnaise will spoil a fine lobster.

And youthful ardour, sensual art, any kind of pagan passion, of "dangerous sentimentality, which attacks religion on every occasion. "They will find profusely distributed over the whole table. It wasn’t he himself a little Joke, the Destiny of the English Presbyterian world. In this, as Mr. Bab rightly remarks, the Anglo-Saxon counterpart to the Russian Leo Tolstoi—

"Aren’t they both enemies of Shakespeare?" Mr. Bab asks. "Is it not clear that there is no real difference between the two, and that only the greater facility of the Celt and the Aryan, the latter Westerner in the language of the stage—does not provide a libretto for comic opera surely of all the calamities that have befallen the German race, none has been more costly than the perpetual reproach which one has to bear from the rest of Europe, that it is a people of eternal reproach and "altering" wicked human nature—we no longer live in the middle ages: a pure Puritan, an unadulterated moralmonger, would not now be endured—and thus, just as Goethe’s Mephisto had to play the Gentleman, his modern counterpart, too, has to stoop down to more urbane manners, whether he likes them or not. And that is what Shaw did. It was this wit, or rather the misunderstanding of this wit, which gave to Shaw an entrance into the modern bourgeois world and into that stageland which only the hourgeois frequents and writes for nowadays. The Germans, for example, as Mr. Bab rightly remarks, would never have invited Shaw to their table had they known that their guests: was not a frivolous but a grimly earnest person. They had misunderstood his "Arms and the Man" to such an extent that they had used it as a libretto for comic opera—surely of all the calamities that ever befell those notoriously unlucky peoples, the most outrageous one! Shaw, we are told, interfered and stopped this beau-

the man "in whose face he actually spat" (Mr. Bab's expression) was silly enough to laugh at the insult.

How could ordinary men—and we ourselves confess that we once belonged to the ordinary people—have guessed what was really in Shaw? We were much too generous; we thought that his humour was that of a Hebraic Shaw, quite innocent, and where the whole of classical Hellenic art and culture, Shaw, being a truc Puritan, has been thundering all the time against the dishonesty and sinfulness of this age, while Nietzsche thinks this the honest one that ever was, and much too quick to commit a good fat sin—the commercial ones, of course, not falling under that head. Even if both praise the devil of the superman, do they not mean the same thing, for Shaw's Superman is only the accentuation of conventional morality, this morality made real (and men therefore unreal, as Shaw's stage proves); while Nietzsche's Superman is a genuine poet's creation, the creation of an artist, who knows that both good and evil are necessary for greatness, that wherever there is light there must be shade, and that whoever objects to shade is in reality afraid of light. It is not worth while to fill another column with the differences between Shaw and Nietzsche, for this difference must once for all be stated, if only for Mr. Shaw's own sake, who can thus, through his Nietzsche-blunder, disprove that most dangerous criticism of his enemies that he is "all intellect." Mr. Bab, himself, who otherwise is none too lucid on that point, is at least aware of some difference, for he states that:—

"Nietzsche and Shaw have two different roots. Shaw grew up in Northern and Christian surroundings; Nietzsche was a humanist and the son of the Italian Renaissance. Both may be termed individualists, but the individualism of the South has nothing in common with the North; the latter, the Anglo-German one, has always been democratic; the former, the Southern type, always aristocratic. The South produced Machiavelli, a Bonaparte; the latter a Thomas Muenzer, a Milton, and a Washington."

It is therefore easily understood that Shaw, the Protestant, will have the least affinity to personalities of Southern strength, to a Caesar and a Napoleon. That he "tackled" them notwithstanding was only to be expected, for Puritanism seems to have a certain liking for its opposite, the great. That other Puritan, Carlyle, tackled both Goethe and Franck, both of whom the pluck which also belongs to Shaw, namely, the pluck of ignorance. Thus we entirely disagree with Mr. Bab, who seems to think that Shaw's ideal characters have traces of real greatness in them. The best author cannot give more than he possesses, and thus we quite see that the pluck of the man "in whose face he actually spat" comes from somewhere, a fact much too quick to commit a good fat sin—the commercial ones, of course, not falling under that head. Even if both praise the devil of the superman, do they not mean the same thing, for Shaw's Superman is only the accentuation of conventional morality, this morality made real (and men therefore unreal, as Shaw's stage proves); while Nietzsche's Superman is a genuine poet's creation, the creation of an artist, who knows that both good and evil are necessary for greatness, that wherever there is light there must be shade, and that whoever objects to shade is in reality afraid of light. It is not worth while to fill another column with the differences between Shaw and Nietzsche, for this difference must once for all be stated, if only for Mr. Shaw's own sake, who can thus, through his Nietzsche-blunder, disprove that most dangerous criticism of his enemies that he is "all intellect." Mr. Bab, himself, who otherwise is none too lucid on that point, is at least aware of some difference, for he states that:—

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To return to that seriousness which a serious author can demand, let the question be asked: Why is there in all these famous modern artists and their creations such a terrible want of flesh and blood, which is most apparent when they aim at the great and the sublime? And how is it that the Northmen, when they say the so-called “strong” nations possess such weak artists? There is that other respectable maroon, the idol of “strong” Germany, Henrik Ibsen. a near relation of Mr. Shaw’s, as Mr. Bab rightly points out, and Mr. Shaw seems to feel. Could anyone think that Ibsen’s foggier creations, which are so much in vogue in Germany, could ever be endured by a Frenchman or an Italian? And there is that other, Samuel-Augus—father both Shaw and Ibsen (as Mr. Bab has rightly seen), old dry-as-dust Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher of Scotch (do you smell a rat?) descent. But could anyone imagine that Immanuel Kant, skeleton of the North, in his proper place in fogy and ghost-haunted countries, could walk as unmolested for any time in the sunny streets of Bolognina or Rimini as it did in grey Königspurg. The boys in the streets would soon be after him; and well might the skeleton rattle with its dry bones, the lively sons of Italy would not be frightened off by such Northern trickery; they would pursue the phantom and hiss and mockingly ask it: O Spirit, O skeleton, dry, bony skeleton, not the one and the same, for it would be more becoming to you are such skeletons! But to persuade us to become skeletons too—like the fox who pointed out his flesh to the hare, because Mr. Kant, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Ibsen? . . . Ah, you don’t like flesh, even to eat. . . . H’m, that’s why you are such skeletons! But to persuade us to become skeletons too, the fox who had his tail cut off, and persuaded other foxes to do the same, for it would be “more becoming.” . . .

We understand, and we refuse. . . .

And we refuse, even if you promise to lead us to the fairiland of romanticism, where you are so much at home, where everything is pure spirit, and where only ethereal creatures without any “fleshy” desires are admitted. But Mr. Shaw says he is not at home there, for he hates romanticism. Why, then, is Mr. Shaw an admirer of Wagner and Strauss? Mr. Bab thinks this a contradiction in an otherwise so “noble and powerful” a character as Mr. Shaw—Mr. Shaw, the “honest reformer and realist,” should not follow the footsteps of romantic and depraved Wagner. Says Mr. Bab—

‘Richard Wagner—on the Continent neither friend nor enemy will contradict this—is the last and strongest trump-curt, but he is not even a romanticist of a graceful and noble kind, like Norvall: he is the genial demagoge of romanticism, who prepared the gangway across which the aspirations of higher natures might descend to the Philistine level.’

“What has Mr. Shaw to do with Wagner?” Mr. Bab asks again. A great deal, we answer. Both were revolutionary in early, and Christian in later life, which is exactly the career of every romanticist. Their wild beginnings will bring repentance, and must, by nature, force them back to the harbour of religion: the more artistic ones to Roman Catholicism, the ordinary ones, the political economists, to Protestantism. The exception to this law. Walter Shaw called the hatred of romanticism was only his aversion from the false glamour of the contemporary stage, not an aversion from the real romantic art, the romanticism of Aeschylus and the British playwrights. How could the young Shaw, the revolutionary Shaw, have dispensed with Richard Wagner? Didn’t he need the big drum, the heroic attitudes, the high-falutin’ tunes of the Bayreuth Conjuror, too? Thus even if he is a revolutionary, the romanticism of the Marxian, as a further proofs of this? Well, then, the German colleagues of Mr. Shaw, 3,000,000 Marxians, are still waiting patiently for the breakdown of the capitalistic world, which they propose to lead the Jewish proletariat against. The creed of the Jewish prophet comes out mightily adulterated in Shaw. As it was, Christianity adulterated the Judaic creed; for it was, as Disraeli rightly said, Judaism for the people. And if Christianity is Judaism for the people, Puritanism must be Judaism for the educated. This in Mr. Shaw’s eyes, sermonizes the teaching of the Jewish prophets is diluted, nay, even perverted, beyond recognition. Nevertheless, we Jews should to a certain extent feel responsible for Bernard Shaw. The creed of the Jewish prophet comes out mightily adulterated in Shaw. We have, as Mr. Shaw rightly remarks, in- sored all the revolution’s from Moses to Lassalle and Marx, but our latest “inspired” pupil should give us a warning that this inspiration of three thousand years standing is beginning to flag considerably. I remember

“work” must “do” something. Life is activity, as Herbert Spencer has told him—and off he goes and acts. But he acts upon the presumption that he will change men, will drive out the “evil,” egotistical spirit. He therefore does not wait for the breakdown of the world, but for the breakdown of human nature. Is not that romantic? Is not that Wagnerian? Is not that waiting for the fairyland? For the “other world to come” of the Marxians and early Christians?

Far be it from us to compare the great decadent, the European decadent, with Mr. Shaw. As with the Protestant decadent, Bernard Shaw: the first is no doubt a much greater, a much more dangerous, because much more alluring figure. Shaw, whatever he is, is not a Siren, after all!—but might not put wax in our ears we should not easily fall a victim to his economical and dialectical songs. But Shaw and Wagner, like all decadents, have something in common: both are dif- ferent as regards themselves, both inwardly know that their art is none too genuine, and they wish to explain this disagreeable fact away. Wagner distrusted his music, he therefore declared that his music did not mean music alone, that it meant much more, and he treated it to explain this. Shaw likewise wishes to explain his songs upon us its full meaning: he produces, preaches and aids to critics (very dangerous, Mr. Shaw, because the critics might understand in the end), he is never tired pointing out his —or his plays, why people do such things (very necessary, Mr. Shaw) because they mostly have no earthly reason. He thus overloads the text of his words with pages of stage directions and psychological observations, which make them high—nigh irreducible for the ordinary man. Mr. Shaw, like Wagner, is clever enough to pretend that this is progress, that Shakespeare and Ibsen, who did not employ these artifices, were far behind the times. The plain truth, however, is that Shaw distrusts his drama as Wagner distrusted his music. After all, there is some difference between Mr. Shaw and that Aeschylus from whom the British playwright pretended to hail “in an apostolic succession as serious and as continuously inspired as that younger institution, the apostolic succession of the Christian Church.” For without any stage directions and psychological observations, in spite of the change of climate, culture, manners, and religion, in spite of the lapse of 2,500 years, we still understand even one of the characters in Aeschylus’ “Prometheus,” while Shaw’s figures, the figures of a contemporary playwright, have first to be explained to us by means of “aids to critics” and lectures on Shavian ethics. We are told, for course, that ethics have changed. After all, and this to such an extent that his claim of being a “serious apostolic successor to Aeschylus” will only be admitted in so far as unconscious farce may happen to border on the tragic.

Great men rarely know their own origin, and if Shaw had claimed descent from the great Jewish prophets, with their strong ethical bias, it would have been ever so much nearer the truth. But as a Jew I must even protest against the The creed of the Jewish prophet comes out mightily adulterated in Shaw. As it was, Christianity adulterated the Judaic creed; for it was, as Disraeli rightly said, Judaism for the people. And if Christianity is Judaism for the people, Puritanism must be Judaism for the educated. This in Mr. Shaw’s eyes, sermonizes the teaching of the Jewish prophets is diluted, nay, even perverted, beyond recognition. Nevertheless, we Jews should to a certain extent feel responsible for Bernard Shaw. The creed of the Jewish prophet comes out mightily adulterated in Shaw. We have, as Mr. Shaw rightly remarks, in- sored all the revolution’s from Moses to Lassalle and Marx, but our latest “inspired” pupil should give us a warning that this inspiration of three thousand years standing is beginning to flag considerably. I remember
once going home with a Jewish friend of mine after a lecture by the "Brilliant Revolutionary," and with the hope of Shaw I got the reply, "Opinion! But, man, I am out of my wits: we must set to work at once and find a new religion." "And then proceed with our biggest revolution: that against the revolutionaries—is that what you mean?" "Exactly."

A National Theatre.

By Henry Arthur Jones.

[A speech of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones at the debate of the Oxford Union Society on the question "That this house would welcome the establishment of a National Theatre."]

I MUST own I am a little surprised to find that in Oxford University there is any difference of opinion as to the advisability of founding a National Theatre in England.

I am inclined to think that the most powerful arguments for a National Theatre are to be found in the present condition of the drama in England. In the month of February I had occasion to look up how many Shakespearean performances were taking place in Great Britain on a certain night. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there was only one, a performance of "Twelfth Night" at the Queen's Theatre at Manchester. During the month of May, when the London season is at its height, after the Shakespearean Festival, there was not a single Shakespearean performance in London. At the present moment there is only one, and that at a cheap-price theatre. Speaking generally, I think we may say our theatre has been a very marked slump in Shakespeare for some years past. We do indeed get occasional revivals, but the length of their run is noticeably shorter than was the case many years ago. Under Irving's management twenty-five years ago, Shakespeare then ran for two or three hundred nights. Our present managers have a difficulty in getting him up to a hundred. Thanks to the devotion and energy of Sir Herbert Tree, we have a Shakespearean Festival every year, and there are many good and some notable performances in it. But for all-round acting I do not think our present representations of Shakespeare will compare with those of twenty-five years ago, when they were stiffened and broadened by the acting of many actors trained in the old school. There is indeed a very noticeable decline in the art of speaking blank verse on the English stage. The very foundation of any tolerable school of Shakespearean acting.

In reviewing Shakespearean performances during the last thirty years, how few of the great Shakespearean passages can we remember that have been adequately performed and rendered. How rare it is to listen to one of these passages on the English stage, and get the proper pleasure from its delivery. How, often, indeed, do we find these great passages merely mangled and mumbled in such a way that we should never suspect them to be verse unless we knew it. I do not say that we do not get other delights from our Shakespearean performances—delights from the scenery, from pieces of notational action, from the endless variety of the management and crowds; but this first and most essential delight of a Shakespearean performance, the delight of hearing blank verse musically spoken, we scarcely ever get upon our London stage.

When we turn to the modern drama, we may find certain very hopeful and encouraging signs. Our reproduction of modern drawing-room comedy is at a very high level. But when we come to serious drama, other things being equal, we have less reason for hope. With the modern life, we are forced to own that scarcely three pieces have met with any success during the last six years. Serious drama in London has no hold whatever upon the public. This may be the fault of dramatic authors who cannot write serious plays sufficiently interesting; or it may be the fault of the actors who cannot interpret great passions in such a way as to make them credible; or it may be the fault of the public who demand only entertainment of the theatre; but there is the fact that while dozens of serious plays are being successfully produced in France and Germany, the English stage only produces them to run a few nights to empty houses.

If we turn to the provinces we may almost say that the drama is dead. The theatres are empty except when musical comedies are being played, or when a London star brings down his company to play the latest London success. Meanwhile the large music-halls are overcrowded, and are everywhere keeping the drama out of existence. These music-halls do indeed give certain sketches and dramatic scenes, but they are for the most part very crude, and on a very low intellectual level.

To sum up, we may say that to-day in England the drama does not exist as a form of art at all; it is merely tolerated by the great public as a mere hanger-on of popular amusement.

Now, I will ask you to say whether you think that state of things is a desirable one? I will grant that the drama in all ages has been more or less connected with popular amusement. The first thing that an author or an actor learns is that he must amuse or interest his public. I am always affirming that the end of the drama is to interest and amuse. There is no question about this; the question is really on what level and by what means the public shall be interested and amused. The month of May, when the London season is at its height, after the Shakespearean Festival, there was not a single Shakespearean performance in London. At the present moment there is only one, and that at a cheap-price theatre. Speaking generally, I think we may say our theatre has been a very marked slump in Shakespeare for some years past. We do indeed get occasional revivals, but the length of their run is noticeably shorter than was the case many years ago. Under Irving's management twenty-five years ago, Shakespeare then ran for two or three hundred nights. Our present managers have a difficulty in getting him up to a hundred. Thanks to the devotion and energy of Sir Herbert Tree, we have a Shakespearean Festival every year, and there are many good and some notable performances in it. But for all-round acting I do not think our present representations of Shakespeare will compare with those of twenty-five years ago, when they were stiffened and broadened by the acting of many actors trained in the old school. There is indeed a very noticeable decline in the art of speaking blank verse on the English stage. But surely the efficiency in the art of speaking verse is the very foundation of any tolerable school of Shakespearean acting.

We have the delight of hearing blank verse musically spoken. How rare is it to listen to one of these passages on the English stage, and get the proper pleasure from its delivery. How, often, indeed, do we find these great passages unless we knew it. We must not suspect them to be verse unless we knew it. Besides we get other delights from our Shakespearean performances. We get the proper delight of hearing blank verse musically spoken. How rare is it to listen to one of these passages on the English stage, and get the proper pleasure from its delivery. How, often, indeed, do we find these great passages unless we knew it. We must not suspect them to be verse unless we knew it.

The nation of today is a lively, humorous nation, and our theatre should reflect this. Shakespearean performances are too often taken at a too serious level. Our present managers of the National Theatre are very often accused of not knowing how to handle a Shakespearean play. The National Theatre would most likely attract many more audiences than the present managers of the London theatre. The National Theatre would most likely attract many more audiences than the present managers of the London theatre.

Now, a National Theatre would tend to draw the best literary men of the day to write for it, and amongst them some would be found teachable enough to grasp the fact that playwriting is a study and an interpretation of life, or even as an exhibition of manners. It is a question whether the drama shall be a branch of popular amusement and muddled up with popular amusement, or whether it shall again become a branch of English literature, and judged on that level.

You will say that of course it is desirable that these actors and directors should be amuse by the drama as a study of life rather than as a mere exhibition of legs and tomfoolery. But will the establishment and endowment of a National Theatre bring this about? Undoubtedly the national recognition of the drama would tend to bring about this result, inasmuch as it would bring the theatre into relation with the intellectual and artistic life of the nation. At the present moment literature stands largely aloof. A high literary life will not take the trouble to learn the very hard and tedious craft of play-writing. They write unactable plays which do not go home to the public, and when these fail they become contemptuous of the drama. Most of our writers are convinced that serious drama is not fitted for the stage. Our best literary men of the day to write for it, and amongst them some would be found teachable enough to grasp the fact that playwriting is a study and an interpretation of life, or even as an exhibition of manners. It is a question whether the drama shall be a branch of popular amusement and muddled up with popular amusement, or whether it shall again become a branch of English literature, and judged on that level.

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with the present star actors who wish to surround themselves with a company of their own. Rather a healthy competition would be developed between the National Theatre and the other managements, with the result of raising the standards all round.

What would be the result of a Shakespeare National Theatre upon the public? Not is it useless to write plays that are wide away from or ahead of the tastes and habits of the general body of the theatre-going public. Plays are meant to be popular and to draw the great crowd. Shakespeare was a popular playwright in his day. He got the public what they wanted, as every successful playwright must do. But what do the public want? I believe that gradually the public can be led to take an interest in the drama as an intellectual entertainment. I believe that the public is indifferent and good natured enough to be led to take an interest in drama that can worthy be called a national art. The truth is that the public are always being educated, whether they like it or whether they think so.

Consider the enormous education of the public during the last twenty years in the popular form of musical comedy. They have been persuaded and told that the serious drama is dull, that it is immoral, that it will bore them, that they ought to go to the theatre to be amused; and these doctrines have been preached to them with such insistence that we may say the English public has been deliberately educated down to their present low standard. It is almost certain that the leading newspapers in the country could in a few years work a great change in the standards of the English drama. We are all creatures of habit to an extent that we never sufficiently recognize. The English public is not so dull, so stupid, so intellectually degraded as it is often believed to be. The truth is that the public are always being educated, whether they like it or whether they think so.

The standing argument for a National Theatre is, of course, the Théâtre Français in Paris. With that great theatre constantly before us, it seems absurd to argue against the establishment of a National Theatre in London.

But you say: Ought a National Theatre to be subsidised for this purpose? For my own part, seeing what an enormous influence the drama might have, I think it would be a waste of public money to establish a national theatre, which is the season of the hot-water play—the cooling trifle. The West End theatre and the West End restaurant have much in common. They serve the same public, and they understand its needs. After a little dinner, a little play; after the little play, a little supper. A little music, a little emotion, a little laughter, a little conversation, and (as Pepys would put it) so to bed. There is the evening's menu, but in theatre and restaurant alike it must be varied with the calendar. Pinero is in season with the November fogs, Barrie at Christmas, repertory in the spring. But with the first spell of summer warmth the public loses appetite and good nature and gives up its delights. The English play-going public has been deliberately educated down to its present low level, and yet cannot be found to put their hands in their pockets and unite in a scheme for establishing and endowing this fine art of Shakespeare. But I believe that the English people will come forward and raise a National Theatre as a worthy monument to our great poet. I may point out here that there is no other scheme in contemplation to do honour to him on the third centenary of his death. Again, it is not proposed to devote the National Theatre exclusively to Shakespearean performances. The modern and really vital drama of our time will also have its due share of representation. Bharat Shah wrote it, otherwise he has disappeared into the mists of time.

In England for generations past the drama and literature have been virtually separate. We had a great Victorian literature, but its great names are not on our roll of playwrights except as failures. It is genera-

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love with the Prince of Lucerne (Mr. Charles Maude), but she cannot endure to be betrothed to him by pro-
duction of possession young man. This would be too hard for herself too cheaply. She therefore runs away to
England, accompanied by her tutor, the Grand Ducal Librarian. At first sight the step appears unwise, for
Priscilla was clearly intended by Nature to be sup-
pportive, not of the other sort of woman, are out of reach. There will be no shortage in the support of young men in these days that followed—a particularly inglorious period
for the drama, with "Mid-Channel" and "False Gods," goes out with "Priscilla Runs Away." It has
proved that it has the artistic soul and ideals of a Fra
Wedekind, with precisely the same results as in this country.

No masterpiece was ever destroyed by criticism.

What Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker are lamenting at the present time is in reality the loss, not of their plays, but of their audience. Until lately this audience, although small, was the most coherent and reliable body of playgoers in London, but it was shattered by "Misalliance."

This play was, upon the whole, quite as favourably noticed by the Press as were Mr. Shaw's earlier works of ten and fifteen years ago.

The "new technique" is unproductive. It has inspired no movement, and it has no followers.

The "new technique" is not new. It has been practised in Germany for some years, and it is now familiar stage type, but no masterpieces were ever destroyed by criticism.

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The "new technique" is not new. It has been practised in Germany for some years, and it is now familiar stage type, but no masterpieces were ever destroyed by criticism.

If Puritanism and the West have conspired to drag art out of heaven, so to speak, I am reminded by some recent publications that the East is conspired to destroy it to its kingdom. In the East, in India for instance, art is symbolic of religious ecstasy. It is a manifestation of the artistic soul and ideals of a Fra Angelico, and is divinely inspired to encourage art. It must learn not to destroy works of art, but to enlighten them who are ignorant of the nature of art, confuses art with subject, and threatens it with a narrow censorship. It is useless after this for the author to attempt to vindicate the attitude of Puritanism towards art. There days that followed—a particularly inglorious period
—art was banished from the Church by a Puritanism that claimed to discover everywhere immorality and animalism draped in the seductive hues of art. To-day it would seem that England is growing up and Puritanism burns to take a more enlightened view of things. So comes Mr. Joseph Crouch with his vindication of the attitude of Puritanism towards art. There is no masterpiece was ever destroyed by criticism. It is useless after this for the author to attempt to vindicate the attitude of Puritanism towards art. There days that followed—a particularly inglorious period
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Temple in the midst of God-intoxicated forms of art. The very air was lyrical with the praise of the joy of life. And the life of joy unfolded itself, or so it seemed, in verse after verse from golden Chandi and rose in silver-grey shadows on limitless wing to the sanctuaried blue beyond. India to-day bids us turn to this in verse after verse from golden Chandi and rose in the samples of Oberlaender's work—if it is the Oberlaender—which Mr. Klein has undertaken to present to English readers, together with an account of the work of Moritz von Schwendt who was connected with the German Nazarene mystic movement. If caricature partakes of this rhythmic character, so do all forms of art. Art is symbolic of the rhythmic and lyrical. It is the climax of cadences in ascending progression.

By the death of Dr. F. J. Furnivall I have lost an old friend to whom I am indebted for many a long hour of cheerful, informing conversation. At one time we worked together at the British Museum, and for many months I used to walk with the "Dr. ..." to St. George's Square, where he lived, a distance of two miles or so. He was naturally very fond of talking of his remarkable literary associations, friends, societies, of his clubs, and of his sculling. His species of converse was highly instructive, for the "Dr." was a man who had known many eminent literary men and women, and had studied, felt and seen Shakespeare as few men have done. He took keen delight in Good Sculling club, and on more than one occasion invited me to "cox" his best barge of "tea-shop" amazons on a crowded river on a long-drawn summer's day. I remember, too, it was the "Dr." who put me up to the "Fabian Society.

He was greatly interested to hear of The New Age developments. Knowing of this, I wrote and asked him whether he would express himself upon a subject on which he felt warmly, namely, Shakespeare and the modern stage. His answer came: "I am far too ill to attend to the matter at present." The writing alarmed me; it was, indeed, ill. I know now what I did not know then, that it was written on his deathbed.

* Puritanism and Art. By Jospeh Crouch. (Cassell, 12s. 6d. net.)
† The Message of the East. By A. K. Coomaraswamy. (Ganesh and Co., Madras.)
§ Essays on National Idealism. By A. K. Coomaraswamy. (Probsthain, 3s. 6d.)
¶ The Advancement of Industry. By H. H. Ghosh. (Cambray and Co., Calcutta, 3s.)
∥ Hon. Secretary, T. W. Rolleston, Ardevin, Christ Church Road, Hampstead.
¶ The Japanese Dance. By Marcelle Hinscks. (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.)
∥ The Mask. [Arena Goldoni, Florence, 15s. per annum.]

Adolf Oberlaender and Moritz von Schwendt. By Rudolf Klein. (International Art Series. Unwin, 5s.)

English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Herbert Cescinsky. (G. Sadler and Co., Borough.)

Life in Obr, Ammergau. By Edith Milner. (Ben Johnson, York.)

Life in John Ruskyn. By Ashmar Wingate. (Walter Scott, 15s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

WELLS v. WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The following, from the pen of Mr. G. Wells, appeared in the "Daily Mail" of June 27, 1910:—

"The ordinary Socialist supports the most dangerous and far-reaching projects, because of his blindness to this human aspect of organisation. The recent Pension of Destitution Bill, for example, showed him ready to hand over his fellow-creatures to be trained industrially to anyone who chose to apply for the job, as the Mexican Government is ready to hand over its criminals to the slave drivers of the State plantations in Yucatan. All this break-up-of-the Poor-Law-agination, which, after the old artful Fabian..."
manner, pretends to be socialistic in the Socialist press, and tends not to be socialistic in the non-Socialist circles, and which I believe to be a kind of desiccated Socialism, hasn't behind it the slightest attempt to provide those devoted, intelligent, and sympathetic helpers and educators. All risks of poor, unhealthy, and neglected people to be 'searched out' and vigorously dealt with by this measure, but the spirit, intelligence, and qualities of the people were ignored.

He concludes the article by inviting his "friends among the Socialists" to develop a reply.

This has been rendered unnecessary by the following, written by Mr. Wells himself in July, 1909:

I have joined the National Committee to promote the break-up of the Law very cautiously, when it encounters a painful, lines up with the rest. The Minority Report, boldly planned and magnificently done, expressed the constructive Socialist which I always have advocated. And I am glad of this opportunity to underline and accentuate my adhesion because it is possible that the recent paragraph of Wells and myself in Fabian affairs may give rise to misapprehension in the matter. I had sought to replace the sterile and uninspiring basis of the Fabian Society by a statement of broadly constructive aims, and for reasons that I still fail to grasp, I did not get the support of either Shaw or Wells in that enterprise. Well, that is over now, and I have left the Fabian Society. All the more gladly do I adopt the Minority Report as my banner.

Prof. Wells does not regard H. G. Wells of months ago as "a friend among the Socialists." The Fabian Society being the home of the "ordinary Socialist," Mr. Wells has deserted it and set up a "Society for Extra-ordinary Socialists."—Membership—II.

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PROSODY (FOR THE YOUNG).

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The gentleman who disguises himself as "Professedly Gorged Saynsberrie, Jacob Tonson" in your issue of June 23, that he has "been requested by the Editor of THE NEW AGE to do his poetry column for this week," and commences (in style, not form) by saying: He (the Editor) deserves something more at my hands." "Even more what? Futile, childish, irresponsible?

I have to briefly express my belief that Messrs. Bernard Smith, Arthur Salmon, J. W. Feaver, and Cyril Scott, nor have I yet had the pleasure of reading their work. As one of the writers "criticised," I may be permitted to point out that "Professedly Gorged SAYNSBERRIE'S" methods merely suggest a new form of instructive amusement for the young:

"POETRY, OR WHO WROTE WHICH?"

Cary Examples (taken at random).

Now glory to our Lord of Hosts
From whom all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign liege,
Of whom all sin.

Oh glorious are the guarded heights
Where guarded souls abide,
Shut firm with our gross delights
Above, beyond, outside.

Puzzle:—Which Macaulay, which Kipling?

Or:

I vex my head with thinking this,
Yea, though God always hated me,
And hates me now that I can kiss
Her eyes, plait up her hair, and see.

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,
For words, like nature, half reveal
The soul within.

Puzzle:—Which Swinburne, which Tennyson?

And so on.

Poets do not find it necessary to study their poetry critics, as suggested by P. G. S. with the resulting advantages as illustrated by his criticism. Neither has "P. G. S." grasped the elementary fallacy of quoting one or two lines, without their sequel or context, with a view to true criticism. Aloeos, he is of his own self-spelling "survived," where it rhymes with "lived." Doubtless he would have employed this method with Shakespeare with equal success.

Sonnet XVII. would answer his purpose admirably:

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it be not with your most high deserts? Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tempest Which hides your life, and shows not half your poets.

P. G. S. has "done" his poetry column with a vengeance. I believe it is unwise to notice criticism, but I would like to point out that this letter (nay, literal) abuse is not criticism.

CHARLES KINROSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

With Mr. Kinross's permission I will not reply in the personal note; but could it be possible that he should not never tell anyone of his inability to distinguish between Tennyson and Swinburne even when their feet are on the step of death? The point is, I regret intensely that Mr. Kinross's verses should have happened along my week, but I am not to blame. I am glad to THE NEW AGE to have its unique attitude in the matter of literary criticism. The amount of mischievous stuff being trickled out now is appalling, and it is promising to see one at least rise above the sympathetic hanky. If the world wants to know what's wrong with criticism, let it reflect upon the horde of journalists who have published verses and novels and dramas within the last ten years.

PROFESSELY G. S.

"A. N." REVIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I expect there are some anonymous "A. N."s who will endorse the opinion of Mr. Arnold Bennett as expressed in his letter in the current NEW AGE. I have always believed that your reviewers derive their style from Mr. Jacob Tonson, and have justified the democratic attitude of Jacob Tonson and the reviewers on the plea that they were almost completely the side of the angels. There is, however, a point at which independence of thought and manner becomes egoistic freakishness; and if it is not impertinent, I should like to say that THE NEW AGE sometimes give the impression, by their vagaries of length as well as tone, of being the work of writers delighted with their own verbosity.

Perhaps this tendency to be parochial is exemplified rather strikingly in the last number, in which most of the young hotheads who contribute regularly seem to be paying every one's freel. This does not make for the interest and strength in a periodical so fearless and open-minded as THE NEW AGE. Indeed, I am not sure what private correspondence would be the best way for you for your various contributors to settle their differences. The spectacles of Mr. Tonson squabbling with your reviewer, Mr. Carter squabbling with half-a-dozen, and Mr. Duke squabbling with Mr. Tonson, may not be so pleasing to those who read as to those who write.

Mr. Ashley Dukes is in particular tendencies to become unreadable. The other week he was talking about Mr. Synge in a rather trivial way, and now he is struggling again with Messrs. Shaw and Barker. It happens that I did not see "Misalliance," but I certainly saw "The Madras House" on two occasions, and enjoyed it as a piece of art and as drama. For Mr. Dukes, although he denies the fact, has a certain affinity with the "Referee" kind of criticism. He is not perhaps so true-blue as the "Referee," but his satisfaction with the technique of Sudermann and Dumas fils shows that he has something of the "Referee" attitude in him. The difficulty with "The Madras House" (after Mr. Barker has curtailed the last act) was that it tried to express too much; it was not that Mr. Barker had made it up as he went along. But all writers whose rather novel technique places any reliance on correlation of events and correlation are bound to be condemned as shirkers of the dramatist's and novelist's duty by the public. I do not think with any bitterness here, but I have yet suffered personally; yet I do think that Mr. Dukes, and the "Referee," and the other believers in old-fashioned technique, are all doing Mr. Barker an injustice in shouting "Not A Play." It is one thing to spin a commonplace story out over four acts; it is quite another thing to compress into four acts such an essentially dramatic presentation of events and ideas as "The Madras House."

FRANK A. SWINNERTON.

A REPERTORY THEATRE FOR LEEDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Jacob Tonson, in your issue of the 25th inst., says: "There is talk of a Repertory Theatre for Leeds." It is quite true that there is talk, and that is, I am afraid, all that there is. I may be a pessimist, but I do not think we shall see a repertory theatre in Leeds, or even a new one, run on commercial lines, but of a reasonable size, so that intellectual plays could be produced there without the risk of such great loss as is necessarily run in the case of our present mammoth theatres with their heavy standing charges, until the Leeds Playgoers' Society is a very much larger body.

Many of the readers in Leeds of THE NEW AGE, I am glad to say, belong to that Society, and are among its most active members, but I am sure that there are many more who are outside. If any of them would like to join the Society, I shall be very glad to send them particulars.

F. G. JACKSON.
THE CONCILIATION BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I should like to challenge certain statements in "Notes of the Week," issue of July 7, and ask for a reply.

The first is this: "That in the instance of the proposed Bill for disfranchising women on the municipal basis some of the profession adherents of women's suffrage have been added to the ranks of the enemy."

Replying in the House to the request of members that facilities be provided for the second reading of the Conciliation Bill (now fixed, since your "Notes" were written, for July 11 and 25), the Prime Minister said that "the course of the debate has been accepted to throw instructive light on Parliamentary opinion, to what regard to this Bill and to other proposals; but allowing prospectively for this, so far as Suffragists of all shades of opinion are able to gauge the present situation there is no available proof for your statement. Rather is there proof of an unevaluated measure of support for the Conciliation Committee's Bill.

True, you, sir, may be in possession of facts that have not yet been revealed to us; and in this event we are obliged, perforce, to "wait and see."

The proposition that objections to the Bill are "neither few nor prominent," seems to me to strike the same uncertain note, but at the same time rouse my curiosity. Surely, if you "have not the time" to tell us of those objections (and with the second reading on July 11 there should be real urgency) they can't be very important after all.

Way are you "pretty sure that the majority of women so enfranchised would vote Conservative"? That "pretty sure" puts me in mind of the thousand and one meetings of the party-agents and their ways, any more than you have to do with the range of all the parties. For this reason I think Mr. Keir Hardie's statement of the facts is nearer actual fact than the question of the fears of the party-peers and of a small group of gentlemen who are not afraid of the Bill. I can't think why the TUE AGE should be. And as you know, the Bill is supported and backed by members of all parties (including Front Bench men) and hence the working compromise arrived at. This being the case it is more than likely the support for the Bill will cover a range of all the parties.

The sentence: "It is, however, as the grounds of tactics alone that our system is open to at least two interpretations. One you illustrate by a reference to the party-agent system as a means of setting one party against another. Whether you are but speaking from the party-agents' point of view? Either way—what have women to do with party-agents? We are not the mere agents of any party-peers. I think Mr. Keir Hardie's statement of the case is nearer actual fact than the question of the fears of the party-agents."

MARY GAWTHORPE.

TURGENIEFF'S FABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE." I send you a translation I have just made of one of Turgeneff's fables.

W. B. FORSTER BOVILL.

The Workman, and the Man of White Hands.

The Workman: "What are you looking for here? What do you want here amongst us? You don't belong to us.

The Man of White Hands: I belong to you, dear Peter.

The Workman: "What are you talking about? Do you jest with us? Look at our hands. Cannot you see how dirty they are? They smell of tar and filth, but yours are clean, and your hands of iron."

The Man of White Hands (presenting his hands): "Please smell.

The Workman (smelling the hands): "How is it?

The Man of White Hands: "True. For six long years the hand of the worker was held in chains."

The Workman: "Why?"

The Man of White Hands: "Because I tried to obtain freedom for you and such as you. I rejoiced against your oppressors."

The Workman: "Hum. . . . But who asked you to revolt?"

TWO YEARS LATER.

The First Workman: "Peter, do you remember that white-handed idler who talked with us two years ago?"

Peter: "Yes. I remember. What is wrong with him?"

The First Workman: "He is to be hanged to-day. The Government has commanded it.

Peter: "Has he again revolted?"

The First Workman: "Yes."

Peter: "Hum. . . . Dmitri, brother, do you know what I think? Shall we not get the rope by which he is to be hanged? They say that such a rope brings great fortune to the family."

The First Workman: "You are quite right, brother Peter, we will try and get that rope."

TWO CASES FOR DOCTORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Anyone who attempts to follow the misfortunes of individual prisoners soon realises the difficulties besetting the societies engaged in penal reform. There is no complete record of cases to which we may turn. Unavailable as is the notion of being paid anything for humanitarian work, the fact is that for lack of means the right persons to organise the reform movement cannot take up. People like myself, writers with the desire to assist this movement, a desire that increases with better knowledge of the facts about criminal injustice, can do something, perhaps, with our pens; but the administrators of the penal code are only to be met by penal purpose by men and women who, besides sympathy and ideas, possess administrative ability. From my recent experience in the case of the Camberwell tragedy I know that it is far easier for the professional reprobate to have been handled in a business-like way, the man Jessop would not have gone to the gallows.

Of the two cases I am about to mention as doctors' business, rather than lawyers', one man is luckily dead, though not for that reason less important as evidence against the present system. The story of Mr. Peter Hall, who was in Maidstone gaol awaiting trial for the murder of his little daughter, and his plight presses for immediate attention.

To George Paget, deceased, had for the last four years been a tramcar conductor employed by the East Ham Corporation. He had a wife and eight children with whom he lived on most friendly terms. Paget had lately been in poor health, and during the last ten months had had some unfortunate experiences. His case was reviewed by the magistrate of the coroner, and a reprieve had been handled in a business-like way, the man Jessop would not have gone to the gallows.

The fact, the other invalid, Haley, aged thirty-eight, is now being held in gaol. The story of his misery and homicide is so dramatic that if public opinion is made articulate, he may escape the gallows. But the fate of Jessop warns us not to rely on the Home Office to do the people's will unless the people make that will very plain. Nothing we can urge at present will prevent this sick man being taken to the horror of a public trial for murder and attempted suicide. Paget was aged thirty-seven.


Fawcett, Mrs., "The Parliamentary Situation on Mr. Shackleton's Bill," Englishwoman, July.


Gibson, Ashley, "Kate Douglas Wiggins," Bookman, July.


Hubert, "Big Empires and Little States: A Fatalistic View of a Modern Political Tendency," Sunday Chronicle, July 2.


James, Prof. W. M., "A Pluralistic Mystic," Hibbert Journal, July.


Piner, Sir Arthur, "Leaving Aristotle Out," Times, June 28 and July 2 (letters to the Editor).


Rogers, Prof. A. K., "Mr. Bernard Shaw's Philosophy," Hibbert Journal, July.


Spender, Harold, "Is it Peace?" Contemporary, July.

Stead, W. T., "Who is Lord Esher?" World's Work, July.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

33.—Vernon Lee.

1880 Studies of the 18th Century in Italy. (Unwin. 21s.) (Edition de Luxe published 1907.)

1881 Belcaro. Essays. (Unwin. 5s.)

1882 Ottillie. Story. (Unwin. 2s.)
1883 PRINCE OF THE HUNDRED SOUPS. Story.
1884 EUPHORION. Essays on Renaissance. (Unwin. 7/6.)
1884 MISS BROWN. Novel. (Blackwood.)
1884 THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY. Biography. Lane. 3/6.) (Second Ed. 1906.)
1886 BALDWIN. Philosophical Dialogues. (Unwin. 12/-.)
1886 A PHANTOM LOVER. Story. (Reprinted in "Hauntings" as "Oke of Okehurst.")
1887 JUVENILIA. Essays. (Unwin. 14/-.)
1890 HAUNTINGS. Stories. (Lane. 3/6.)
1892 VANITAS. Stories. (Lane. 3/6.)
1893 ALTHEA. Philosophical Dialogues. (Lane. 3/6.)
1895 RENAISSANCE FANCIES AND STUDIES. (Smith and Elder. Reprinted 1909.)
1897 LIMBO. Essays. (Richards. Reprinted by Lane. 3/6.)
1897 ARIADNE IN MANTUA. Play. (Blackwell, now reprinted by John Lane with "Limbo.")
1903 PEPE JACYNTH. Stories. (Lane. 3/6.)
1903 THE ENCHANTED WOODS. (Sequel to Genius Loci.) (Lane. 3/6.)
1905 THE SPIRIT OF ROME. Notes. (Lane. 3/6.)
1905 SISTER BENVENUTA. Story. (Richards.)
1907 THE SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER. Essays. (Lane. 3/6.)
1908 GOSPELS OF ANARCHY. Essays. (Unwin. 12/6.)
1909 LAURUS NOBILIS. On Art and Life. (Lane. 3/6.)

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G. K. CHESTERTON and LEO TOLSTOY contribute to the July number and regularly read

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