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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government are having a long rope, but they will assuredly hang themselves in the end. A fortnight ago we had occasion to deplore the Birthday Honours' List, the most disgraceful and shameless of which any recent Cabinet has been guilty. This week it is the "Nation" which is almost in despair over the Civil List, a List which adds nearly a quarter of a million per annum to the royal salaries. But what can either the "Nation" or The New Age do? Though time and again we turn away in disgust from the spectacle of an obviously corrupt politics, our wandering eyes rest on no more hopeful vision elsewhere. Willing enough to throw away the dirty water, would it be wise to do so until we have clean? And where is the clean? Apparently we must continue the task of criticism, despairing yet not giving in. Perhaps after some years understanding will begin to dawn on the people.

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We are not the only observers to feel alarm at the cynicism of politics, which increases with the apathy of the public. If we were we might feel disposed to enjoy *our singularity. But everywhere, and even in the most* unlikely places, dissatisfaction is being expressed. We do not know whether the Cabinet has any ulterior purpose in thus making itself an object of despair and disgust; but certain it is that these feelings in regard to it are becoming widely spread. It is fair to dissociate this dissatisfaction from the merely party repugnance of Unionists and Tories. On party attacks of whatever virulence a Cabinet might even pride itself. But the deepest dissatisfaction with the present Cabinet exists not in the ranks of its political enemies, but in the hearts of its political friends. It is they who find themselves daily and hourly depressed, flouted and disgusted. It is they and their ideals that are perpetually being misrepresented and sacrificed; while, on the whole, it is their enemies whose word is regarded by the Cabinet with deference. This, surely, is the only conclusion to be drawn from the series of concessions made by the Government during the last few weeks; concessions beginning with the holding of a Conference and reaching, let us hope, their climax in the Civil List at which the "Nation" turns.

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Something of this *moral* disquietude in the presence of politics has become articulate in a novel and somewhat romantic appeal in the current "Hibbert Journal" to the Gentlemen of England. If we understand the reasoning of this highly interesting document we are bound to say that we agree with its purport. It is pointed out that the regeneration of England can scarcely be brought about by the sole agency of the working classes, even with the help of the "intellectuals." Discredit can so easily be fastened on the equipment or the motives of any leaders in a purely proletarian movement of reform. On the other hand, party politicians are equally discredited. The document therefore appeals to the gentlemen of England irrespective of their class or of their whilom politics, in a word, to English patriots. This is so similar in aim to our own comments of the last six months that we have no hesitation in endorsing it; but we must observe that the race of English gentlemen is rapidly dwindling, that the task before them is colossal, that they are without an organ or an organisation, and that so far as we can see their ideas are somewhat out of date. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, something, we are sure, could be done if properly attempted. The direction, in our view, should be less *political than social, less public than private,* and less critical than constructive. The model, in short, should be Plato's rather than Bacon's.

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This brings us, indeed, to the very crux of the problem of modern discontent. From one point of view, as we have repeatedly demonstrated, the party politicians have done *no more than they have been permitted* to do. And they have been permitted to do what they have done by the astounding apathy of the general public as well as by the cultivated indifference of the

educated classes. Nobody can accuse the Socialist movement of having failed to do its best to throw the limelight on the appalling conditions of poverty in England. Unless a person is either very ignorant or very brutal he cannot pretend any longer not to know that what is really wrong with England is the bestial destitution of a large minority of its population. Yet though we have succeeded in demonstrating this beyond the possibility of dispute, we have neither succeeded in arousing the poor themselves to resent their condition nor in awakening the rich to a sense of shame. On the contrary, the more we demonstrate the source of England's weakness, the louder grows the sound of the drums that drown us, and the more supine the mass that needs to be helped. So hopeless, in fact, has our task become that we have lately been driven to a mere attempt to make a few people understand, in the hope that understanding will infallibly lead to right action sooner or later. Now the question is: How many understanding men are there among the gentlemen of England? Sodom and Gomorrah would have been saved for ten. England might be saved by a hundred. Are there a hundred gentlemen in England who have the intelligence to understand and the will and the power to act on their understanding? It remains to be seen what response the "Hibbert Journal's" manifesto will receive; but we may say that in our opinion the appeal is timely and not without hope.

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Returning to the subject of party politics, we note that the "Spectator" complains that the Government is preparing a crisis for November. That may be a legitimate complaint for an enemy to make, but we find in it a proof that all is not yet lost. We have deplored the laissez-faire attitude of the Coalition rank and file in their own constituencies, but we understand that activity is to be resumed in the provinces during the Parliamentary recess. If that is so, the Parliamentary crisis may coincide with a greater interest in the constituencies than the last crisis at Westminster enjoyed. It is unlikely that the Conference will report its results before the end of this month, and thus the decisive element in the situation will be deferred to the autumn sitting. Everything, therefore, still depends upon that. We can even understand that many laches of the Cabinet will be condoned until the decision of the Conference is made known. Radicals, Irish and Labour will refrain their illimitable scorn, like Mr. William Watson's cat, until the last hope is extinguished.

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Along this line of reasoning, even if there were no other, we should be prepared to defend the Parliamentary attitude of the Labour party. It may be inglorious, but it is nevertheless war. Despite its critics, we do not see very well what else the party could have done at Westminster than what it has done. The Coalition was tacitly formed for the single purpose of abolishing the absolute veto of the House of Lords and with the understanding that every other question should meanwhile be regarded as minor. So long, therefore, as the smallest hope remains of accomplishing the purpose of the Coalition, it is the manifest duty of the members of the group to remain united. It is unfortunately true that both the occasion for a frontal attack on the Lords has been deferred or neglected more than once, and that questions have arisen which, had they been foreseen, the Labour party could not have regarded as minor; but in every instance there has been the appearance of excuse if not of complete justification. In other words, on no single occasion has any one of the component groups of the Coalition felt itself compelled to break the unity of the party. And if the Irish group, which is paramount and has most to lose by the failure of the Coalition, has so far found no adequate excuse for abandoning the ship, neither in our opinion has the Labour party.

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But there is another reason which has been touched on several times, and notably by Mr. Philip Snowden in last week's "Labour Leader." Mr. Snowden is well qualified to speak on the subject of finance, and his contribution to the debate on the new Budget was the only speech listened to with any interest. On the question of the finance of the Labour party he was equally interesting, and even better informed. Will critics realise that party politics and party organisations are, at bottom, an affair of money? We have seen that both the Liberal and the Unionist parties are ceaselessly engaged in replenishing their party coffers by the sale in thinly disguised forms of titles and places. By this means they are enabled to face an election and, generally, incur political risks that no party without funds dare undertake. With a great price their freedom is bought. The Labour party, on the other hand, draws its support mainly from the poor, has nothing to sell, and is consequently perpetually hampered, not merely in big, but in little things as well. Moreover, the old trade union levy has gone, and gone, we think, for ever; and the measure for payment of members, which should have taken its place, has been deferred on account of the increased Civil List until next year. Under these circumstances there is small wonder that the Labour party have appeared a little timid.

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What plainly is the duty of the rank and file of the Labour movement is to refrain from unintelligent criticism, and to push on the work of political education and propaganda. We who observe events closely at Westminster are prepared to prognosticate that in a few months at least the crisis will occur which will decide the fate of the Liberal party for at least a generation, and, by implication, the fate of the Labour and Socialist movement as well. The "slump" that now prevails is due to nothing more sinister than suspense. The long rope with which the Liberal party may in the end hang itself is being paid out in the most ample and generous fashion. Let it continue to be paid out until November at least. Should it happen then that the hopes and sacrifices made by the Labour party are frustrated and endured for nought, the active reaction towards political independence will prove irresistible. Such a lesson in the incapacity of the Liberal party will have been read in the minds of our rank and file that never again will it be needed. Our generation will not require to be exhorted to independence. Their danger will be in demanding too much.

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This, if we are challenged, is our main reason for supporting the Government even against ourselves. We are as acutely aware as anybody can be of the grave defects in policy of the present Cabinet. Not once or twice, but at least on six separate occasions, they have so dissembled their love for their supporters as to kick them downstairs. One thing, however, they have not yet done: they have not irretrievably abandoned the single purpose which still unites the groups that form them. The Birthday Honours, the Civil List, postponement of unemployment insurance and payment of members, charging the rates with old age pensions and the abandonment of the Radical Reform Bill—these are a heavy price to pay for the mere hope of the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. But if not exactly cheerfully, at least they have now been paid; and we shall certainly expect the delivery of the goods. Failing them, everything fails. All our sacrifices will be transformed into new demands; of which the first shall be the instant extinction of the last surviving remnant of respect for the Liberal party. With this issue clear before us it is quite possible to endure suspense yet a little while longer.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

FOREIGN affairs are dull outwardly just now; but this does not necessarily mean that there is nothing going on behind the scenes. The Albanian revolt has broken out again; but rigid control of the telegraph wires by the Turkish officials prevents much news from coming through. Unless the Porte handles matters very tactfully, Albania is quite likely, in view of the privileges the district enjoyed under the Hamidian régime, to become a sort of Turkish Ireland. A few weeks ago officials in Constantinople were inclined to think that war with Greece was practically inevitable, hence the sudden calm in Albania for a short time. But now that the Cretan question has been staved off for a few weeks, it is thought that the opportunity may be utilised to let the Albanians see that the Porte does not mean to be trifled with. Despite the visit of the King of Servia to Constantinople, it may be added, and the other manifestations of inter-Balkan cordiality, there is no love lost between Turkey and the Balkan States; but the ill-feeling will simmer for some months yet before coming to the boiling point.

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In spite of the incredulity and denials of critics who think they know better, I hereby reiterate my statement of a few weeks back that I have special information regarding German official circles. I do not withdraw one word of what I said about the course of German policy in the next ten or fifteen years. Those of us who are not, like the Liberals, eaten up with prejudice against everything to which we object, will readily admit that the proposed German coup has been finely conceived. It is noble. To form an Asiatico-European Teutondom, a Germany-in-Asia, is a gigantic undertaking, and the men who can plan such a scheme have usually sufficient talents to enable them to carry it through. But when mentioning this proposal I said that a straight fight would stop the whole thing; and I now propose to show how such a fight is likely to come about.

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To begin with, Germany and Austria count upon taking over the Balkan States without much fuss by offering the different nations sound economic inducements. As the thrones of Servia, Bulgaria, etc., are held by a hair, the protests of the rulers would not count. Prince Alexander of Servia is a weak youth; and King Ferdinand—whom an Austrian diplomat once described to me, with much accuracy, as "a clever man, but a damned scoundrel"—would probably join the combination on the chance of getting something out of it. But the reorganisation of the Turkish army is proceeding calmly and deliberately. The present peace strength is at least 350,000. If all the reserves were called out this force would be raised to about 750,000 men. In five or six years' time, however, it is expected that a much greater proportion of non-Mussulmans will be serving, in which case the Austro-German combination would have to fight its way through more than a million of the best fighters in the world to get beyond Asia Minor. But there are other factors. Let us turn to the Netherlands, the more immediate danger; and, for the sake of comparison, reckon upon the total fighting strength of the various countries.

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Let us suppose for a moment that Germany put forth some pretext for the seizure of Holland and Belgium. Protests would immediately be registered by France, Russia, and England, and war would ensue. The European air would be cleared with a vengeance; for Germany and Austria would find themselves against three strong Powers. Italy would be only too glad to seize the opportunity of backing out of the Triplice on the condition of remaining neutral. If all the fighting men of Germany were mustered, the total would scarcely exceed 3,500,000. The Austrian force might amount, at the outside, to 1,250,000. Total, 4,750,000. Opposed to this there would be a gigantic Russian army of not less than 3,500,000 men (excluding a paltry 300,000 available in Siberia), and a French force of 1,500,000 men, excluding French colonial troops, and assuming that no English soldiers would be available. Total, 5,000,000, against 4,750,000. But even this is not all. If Austria and Germany were engaged in the death-struggle outlined, Turkey would not wait to be attacked. She would straightway put half-a-million men into the field to recover Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, etc. As the war strength of Belgium and Holland combined is only 200,000 men, I have left them out of the reckoning.

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Even if it be assumed for a moment that the English navy sank to a one-to-one standard against Germany, even this, with the crocketty fleets of France and Russia. . . . do patriotic Englishmen realise what we are talking about? Here is a country which, until forty years ago, consisted of a number of pettifogging states. Brought together by Bismarck, they formed a parvenu kingdom. In a short time, owing largely to their methods of education, their trade has increased by leaps and bounds, and the country is doing well. Yet, with their navy far below ours in ships, men, and brains, they have frightened us out of our wits, and only a few months ago certain newspapers made their readers shake in their shoes by insinuating that even a two-to-one naval standard on our part might be insufficient to enable us to hold our own against a new naval power: against a country where the railway companies not long ago organised excursions so that the inland inhabitants might be taken to the coast to see what the ocean looked like!

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It is of no use saying that a daring commander with a small force can do more than less competent officers with big battalions. In initiative, energy, daring, and commonsense one French soldier is easily worth three Germans. Again, the relations between the French soldier and his officers are much more friendly and agreeable than is the case in the German army. These are matters which, as I promised a few weeks ago, I will deal with more fully on a subsequent occasion. In the meantime I only wish to point out the enormous odds against Germany, even with Austrian support, no matter which way she turns. The German authorities have thought this matter over carefully, and have nevertheless decided that they stand a good sporting chance in a fight. I state the facts and let readers draw their own conclusions. Remember that there is no sentimentality in Germany: the Germans will not hold back merely because what they propose to do is, according to the Gospels, morally wrong. Based on the information now before me, I am inclined to the opinion I expressed some weeks ago: that in twenty years' time we shall probably witness a European war. But if Germany makes war, to quote the words of Mr. John Burns, then God help Germany. And this, as all unscared Britons must admit, is an exceedingly proper and commendable view to take.

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The wise men at the Vatican are greatly irritated at their lack of success in stemming the anti-clerical torrent which has broken out in Spain; but they have presumably gone too far to turn back. I gather that a few riots may take place in the country districts; but, on the whole, I am prepared to bet on the Spanish Government.

Theodore Roosevelt: Another Socialist View.

By J. William Lloyd.

(Reprinted from the "New York Call.")

PROFESSOR GEORGE D. HERRON has recently published in THE NEW AGE a scathing and fiery denunciation of Theodore Roosevelt. Eloquent and striking as the article is, I do not feel that it is quite fair or that it squarely hits the mark.

Natures like Herron's quite fail to understand a nature like that of Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt is brave, brutal, crude, blunt, masterful, and essentially middle class in all his thoughts and actions. Roosevelt has not grown at all since he was a boy, and represents very faithfully the typical successful American of fifty years ago, in all his conceit, courage, prejudice, certainty of his own infallibility, of the monumental superiority of his own country, and contempt of the foe and the foreigner. That is why he is such an idol of the Americans, especially in the West, where old-fashioned Americanism still survives much more vitally than in the East. The old ideals, still latent in them, they see incarnate in Roosevelt, and therefore they admire him. And the simple middle-class Americans, too, feel betrayed and afraid, with good reason, before the modern "captains of industry," and in their bewilderment turn to Teddy, whom they regard as their champion, and who quite intends in good faith to be that. They quite understand him and he them, but neither he nor they understand the modern pirates of finance. For there is nothing subtle about Teddy. In the presence of the financiers whom he thinks he can bring to book he is like a schoolboy at Monte Carlo. When one sees Roosevelt contending with such men as Harriman, Morgan, Rockefeller, etc., it is to laugh. The modern financier is Nietzschean in ambition and lust for power, Machiavellian in strategy, merciless, unscrupulous, subtle as hell. Roosevelt quite honestly intends to curb and control these men, in the interests of what he considers honesty and good government, and in his great conceit has no doubt of his power to do so. He has no conception of what he is really fighting against, but he loves fighting, loves to attract attention and make a spectacular splurge, and really believes in his own power and that of the law to master the situation. Why he really does nothing and can do nothing is because at heart he believes too thoroughly in wealth, vested interests, and all the established means, tools, and methods to make any radical fight against them. And so the finance kings are really glad of his attacks. He amuses and interests the people, keeps them quiet and feeling that something is really being done, while actually the money lords are going on undisturbed in the rapid process of perfecting their organisation. When in his bull-headed conceit he shuts his eyes, lowers his head, and charges, they step craftily to one side, throw a little legal dust in the air, tip each other the wink, and go on with their plotting. Nobody is hurt, but the people applaud. Teddy feels good and blusters, and there is a general impression that something has been done. These modern American financiers have the brightest brains of our time, reck absolutely nothing of blood and tears, broken hearts, broken promises, broken laws, or broken bibles, but go straight to their aim as a bloodsucker to his vein, and "Terrible Teddy," blindfolded, and with a rope on his legs, foaming at the mouth, and charging around the arena with a Quixotic delusion that he is punching something full of holes, is a godsend to them. Long may he live! They are willing he should be re-elected any number of times. He holds the eyes and they pick the pockets.

There are those who hold Theodore Roosevelt a humbug, a mere "bluffer." This is quite unjust. Roosevelt is sincere enough. The fact that he lived for years in the West, among the sincerest men on earth, raised a regiment of "Rough Riders," led these cowboys, fought with them, camped with them, hunted with them, is proof enough to anyone who knows the breed. For the Western cowboy is romantic, braggart, picturesque, fierce, cruel, and brave, but his intuitions are very keen in the judgment of men. He has his own standards of what is manly and demands at least courage and genuineness. Had Roosevelt not been brave and genuine, according to their standards, he could not have endured their criticism for a week. They would have found him out, tried him out, drummed him out. There would have been no delicacy about exposing him. But they felt that here was a man who could rope a steer or rope a horse thief, shoot a grizzly or shoot a "Greaser," and they idolised him as an incarnation of their own ideals. The fact that he could write a book pleased them all the more, for your genuine frontiersman has a reverence for real education and the written word, and a literary man, if he write not too far above their heads, carries a credential that all on the border respect.

Roosevelt has precisely the qualities to capture the affections of the majority of the American people. He is a man of real brain, but it is middle-class brain, and the bulk of the American people are still intensely middle class. His education, his convictions, his religion, his morals, are all of the old-fashioned American middle class. Above all, he is a man of force, of tremendous force. He has that average middle-class commonsense which leads a man to success in his day and generation, and Roosevelt generally succeeds. And the Americans worship success and are shy of idealistic extremes. Roosevelt stands for the old-fashioned virtues of hard, plain living, hard muscles, one wife and a big family. They think he is honest, which he is, and they do not realise how stupid and behind the modern spirit he is, because they, too, have the same provincial outlook. It is the case of a leader who fits, understands, and incarnates the spirit of his people. For Roosevelt is the mirror of the American people.

When Roosevelt stands before a European audience, whether of crowned heads or the commonalty, he has not a doubt of the superiority of a genuine American to any foreigner, nor of his own ability to give infallible and much-needed advice. He is quite honest in all this—too sincere to realise even his own conceit—there is no bluff about it. He believes his old-fashioned platitudes to be inspired wisdom, and most of the American people devoutly believe the same. When he says "Thus sayeth the Lord," they all say "Amen!"

But Herron is quite right in saying that Teddy is a peril to the American people. Honest as he is, he is essentially a tyrant, a dictator. This is because he is like Cromwell, a man of tremendous force who absolutely believes in the divine righteousness of his own convictions and therefore does not hesitate to make his own will the law of the land. If a man differs from Teddy, Teddy calls him a liar. It is self-evident to him. If he has decided in his own mind that Moyer and Haywood are guilty murderers he sees no injustice in saying so. It never occurs to him, even, that he can be wronging them. There are atheists and free-lovers among the Socialists, therefore Socialism is abominable. It is all very simple. And the fact that the very necessities of the case have forced him to use or favour some Socialistic measures in his fight with the trusts makes it all the more imperative that he should proclaim his very real loathing of Socialists, their ideas, and their ways.

One great peril, if Teddy gets into the White House again, will be that of his leading the country into some foolish war. For he loves conflict, cannot endure opposition, never acknowledges a mistake, and goes on with bull-headed obstinacy, whatever betides, trusting to blows, bluster, and luck to carry him through. Teddy is no diplomat and could easily insult some proud foreign power beyond endurance. And though he has the primal military qualities of courage and impetuosity, he has no real military genius of the first class because he has no subtlety. A man of real military genius, like Von Moltke, or some of the Japanese commanders in the late war, would make a plaything of him.

And whether in or out of the White House, Teddy

is destined to be the most serious foe Socialism has yet encountered in America. He fully intends to fight it with all his powers, and he intends to fight it by arousing "religion" and "marriage," his special war cries, realising as he does that around these two, and "Patriotism," which he will also exploit, prejudices can be most easily rallied and focussed. And all the moss-backs and bigots and the old-time conservatives, who are honest, and the grafters who want the present system to continue and to divert attention from themselves, will rally enthusiastically to his standard. Though not subtle, he has great practical commonsense and he realises that the great struggle before us is between the plutocrats and the Socialists. He sees that the American people are becoming thoroughly aroused and alarmed at the closing tentacles of the octopus, and that if some more conservative champion does not arise they will certainly accept Socialism as their only salvation. But he intends to be that conservative champion and to lead the fight himself, both against the trust magnates on the one hand and the Socialists on the other. We shall see him begin this campaign immediately.

It is not fair to Roosevelt to accuse him of deliberately wishing to take the nation back to the dead past or to an "imposing savagery." Roosevelt is a man of ferocious force, a natural Bersark, who innately loves battle, but he is quite sincere in considering himself an apostle of peace. Only he takes the middle-class view. To the middle-class mind the peace of a city can only be secured by an army of policemen with clubs. Anything else is unthinkable. And Roosevelt, in exactly that way, believes that the only way to assure American peace is for America to have a generation of fierce young men, of exactly his own type, and plenty of forts and big guns and battleships, so that the rest of the world will be afraid to touch her. Roosevelt is not a bad man. He has his ideals. He aspires to be a second "Father of his Country." He loves America and wants to benefit it greatly. Only, with his usual egotism, he wants to do it all himself. He is jealous of any other finger in the pie. He tries to make himself an example, and considers himself a pattern to American youth of a simple, manly, healthy, successful life.

It is the fashion to sneer at his literary power, his natural history, his hunting prowess, and many other things, but all this is unfair. Teddy is a very fair author, up to the middle-class standards. The books that he wrote when a young man, and before he was otherwise known, have the same style and individuality as his latest works. They are not great, but they are good of their kind. He is a very fair amateur naturalist. His courage in the chase has never been challenged by the famous Nimrods who have been with him. Teddy is not without his touch of chivalry and he likes to pose as a second St. George, a slayer of dragons.

Did he shoot fleeing Spaniards in the back at San Juan Hill? Very likely. Consider the middle-class American mind. Remember the popular American slogan, "Remember the Maine and to hell with Spain!" Teddy incarnated that. He thought no more of shooting Spaniards in the back than of shooting wolves running. They were Spaniards, foes, monsters, not human beings, not Americans. What finicky criticism is this?

In brief, Theodore Roosevelt is not a complex problem at all. Nor is he a nightmare, nor a plotting Cæsar. He is simply very human, very middle class, very old-fashioned American. Nor is he a genius. But he is one of the strongest men in the world because he is such a boiling fountain of restless, nervous, aggressive, almost hysterical force; because he has the middle-class commonsense to direct this in the way his countrymen approve mostly; because he believes utterly in himself, and because he has all middle-class America solidly at his back. And it is because of this last, chiefly, that he is a peril. He incarnates the American spirit, which is the spirit to succeed with precious little heed to means and methods employed. The American climate gives all Americans, more or less, the same dynamic force which so boils in Teddy. There is and always has been too little heed in this country of principles, laws, or anything else that stood in the way of a thing deemed right to accomplish. We are essentially a lynch-law people. Therefore a man of dynamic force, believing in his own infallibility, having the confidence of his people, and apparently realising their ideals, could easily make himself dictator here and do as he pleased with Constitution and laws.

Pauline Viardot-Garcia.

By Francis Grierson.

GREAT dramatic singers are rarer than great actors. Many singers gifted with beautiful voices cannot act; some are effective in repose, but they cannot move about the stage with dignity, others are great in ensembles, but find it impossible to enact a tragic scene with another artist, while many are impressive in attitude and gesture, but cannot modulate the voice. It would be easy to fill columns with the imperfections of many of our most successful lyrical artists.

It is not difficult for a singer with a powerful voice to shout through an act in Wagner; it is a matter of declamation, but declamation is not singing. It is infinitely more difficult to combine fine vocal art with physical power and dignified gesture. The decadence of vocal art arrived with Wagner, who did not understand the "art of singing." He demanded physical power. The great duet in "Tristan and Isolde" demands the lung power of a bellows to carry it to the end with success. Materna, who was no artist, was considered a great singer because of her powerful voice until the advent of Kinder-Reichmann, when Materna was forgotten. The truth is that in many of Wagner's leading rôles it is a human machine that is needed to give the proper steam-propelling effect to the music and the situation. As for Wagner's tenor rôles, I never heard a tenor in one of them, not even at Bayreuth, that was not an ear-splitting affliction, and between Wagner's works and the old Italian operas I can distinguish no difference in the amount of pain inflicted on the lover of real music, and for this reason: the long declamatory scenes in Wagner and the efforts of the singers to attain certain notes and produce certain effects are as painful to the ears of a music lover as the hum-drum marches in "Norma" and "Faust," the popular song of the tenor in "Riggoletto," and dozens of other banalities of a like order. To sit out a typical Italian opera is not a bit worse than to sit out "Parsifal" or a portion of the "Ring." But Wagner, taken in steady doses, often produces fatal results. Once, after having spent the whole summer at Bayreuth and having witnessed all the performances at the Wagner Theatre, I fell ill, not from any results produced on my nerves by Wagner's music, but from indiscretion in eating. I went from Bayreuth to Meran, where I placed myself under the care of one of the best German physicians. When he heard that I had attended a Wagner Festival he exclaimed, with a look of pity, "Ach Gott! I have many such cases; Wagner's music! How terrible! Only the doctors know what it does!" I could not help smiling, for I did not believe a word of all this. But I grew wiser. At one time during the climax of the Wagner fever many cases of insanity occurred from the study of Wagnerian rôles. Angelo Neumann, in his admirable book "Personal Recollections of Richard Wagner," mentions the sad case of Emil Scaria, perhaps the greatest Wotan ever heard, and describes how he had to be led from the stage, in a Wagner performance at Vienna, having lost his reason.

It is the straining after effect, the fruitless search for the correct pose, the exact intonation, the feeling and the intention of the master that produced the worry and the insanity. In Italian opera the art is simple and clear, and you attain it or you do not attain it, there is no middle ground. In Wagner there is a middle ground, which consists of the

moving bogs of error and illusion. Italian music is like Italian dancing, a bungler cannot succeed in it. To sprawl about the stage in all sorts of cheap and facile attitudes is not dancing, and this sprawling and posing can be attained by anyone who cares to practise it for a few weeks dressed in a flimsy costume. But it requires some grace to stand on your toes with the desired effect, and still more grace and dexterity to whirl yourself about the stage as if you were assisted by invisible wings. During the past thirty or forty years the stage has lost the sense of proportion and discrimination, and licence has ruled over art and inspiration. In the lyrical world it is easier to shout than to sing, and perhaps this is the reason the Wagnerian rôles have been shouted up and the great Italian rôles howled down. No one can induce me to believe that the rôle of Kundry is as difficult to sing as the rôle of Lucrezia Borgia, of Fides or Valentina. Art consists in absolute knowledge, absolute assurance, and a serene application of knowledge to time, place, and condition. At its highest it has no place for guesswork, no time for trying, and, above all, no inclination for risks and experiments. In spite of its spiritual nature there is in all art something mathematical and precise. In Italian opera of the old school the music is as fixed as the multiplication table. The notes to be sung are there, and all through the score the singer must sing the notes with the correct accent and the correct phrasing. In Wagner's "Ring" there are always two or three artists who wrestle with the part like so many athletes or amazons. I remember poor Alvary as Tannhäuser (at Bayreuth). Long before the night fixed for the first performance he explained to me at his residence all about the high note to be *attacked*, and how most of the tenors had to omit this note. At last, after he had spent months of hard work on "Tannhäuser" we heard the high note, emitted with the greatest difficulty, and the pain we experienced spoiled for us the whole of that scene. At that time lovers of Wagner were still fighting hard battles for the glory of the Bayreuth performances, and in the notice I wrote of this performance for my Paris journal I purposely refrained from mentioning Alvary's failure to sing this exceedingly difficult rôle as it ought to be sung. Such battles are no longer necessary, and we can now speak plainly. The truth is, in their efforts to render Wagner triumphant, all along the line music lovers passed over the blemishes in the music and the singing on all occasions, and in this way the errors and blunders have at last become like a legitimate part of every Wagnerian rôle. Nevertheless, a reaction is at hand. The time has come to repudiate shouting, screaming, facial contortions, the husky tenor, and the hustling sopranos, the absurd leit motif, the mixture of metaphysics and musical drama. There is no such thing as philosophical music. We might as well talk of philosophical acting. All art develops and proceeds by stages of three. When the third and last stage is achieved the recession begins. With Debussy and others of the new schools we are in the second stage of the reaction. The next will land us in a full revival of all the great operas of Meyerbeer, Verdi and Mozart. One day we shall hear "Come e bello" sung as it should be in "Lucrezia Borgia," although I must confess I never heard it perfectly sung, not even by Titjens at Covent Garden in the seventies. Such music is only for the true divas of the lyrical stage.

II.

During the past hundred years the operatic stage has seen three supreme dramatic singers—Schröder-Devrient, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, and Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann—who did so much for Wagner's music. She passed away at the age of twenty-nine at Trieste after a series of unparalleled successes in Italy. Neumann in his "Recollections of Wagner" says: "Like a voice from a far-off world rang out her mighty tones—deep, mystical, soul-reaching, and convincing." No singer on the Wagnerian stage has ever equalled her, as no singer on the French stage has ever equalled Pauline-Viardot-Garcia.

Only those who have passed through the magic circle of sounds, which have been repeatedly plunged in a musical vortex of emotions, can tell us with any authority what the exaltation is like, and even then words can never be made to describe the sensations and states created by the transports of vocal music. It was in the summer of 1871 at Baden-Baden that I first met Madame Viardot-Garcia. I had gone to Baden on a visit to some friends living there, and shortly after my arrival I was induced by the Bishop of Baden-Baden to sing in the cathedral at High Mass; and among the invitations which my success brought on this occasion was a cordial one from Madame Viardot-Garcia, who was still at her villa in the Lichtenthaler Allée, near the celebrated gaming rooms. Baden-Baden was at that time the most fashionable summer resort in Europe; the King and Queen of Prussia spent the summer there, Johann Strauss, the Viennese waltz king, the composed of the "Fledermaus," was there from Vienna, with his famous orchestra, whose open-air performances every afternoon and evening were to thousands of visitors perpetual musical feasts, as free as air and as light and refreshing; while at the opera some of the most gifted singers were to be heard, with Gabrielle Krauss from the Paris Opera as leading star.

The greatest waltz composer the world has ever known, the composer of the "Blue Danube" and several hundred other waltzes, all more or less popular, Strauss was the principal musical attraction of Baden; he was a nervous and electric man, who inspired the whole orchestra with his personality. People went to see him conduct as they would to a show. All his best waltzes were heard here during the season, but for me his genius was not displayed so much in his waltzes as in the introductions. I was never moved to enthusiasm by Viennese waltz music, not even by the "Blue Danube," conducted by the composer, but I could sit for hours enjoying Strauss's "introductions," if I could hear them played alone as compositions by themselves.

This beautiful little town was the half-way house between Vienna and Paris, between Italy and Russia. Its pleasures were those of Vienna and Paris, the general atmosphere that symbolised by the tone, the movement and the character of the waltz; the Strauss music made the famous roulette wheels hum with a merrier sound, and the mazes of the waltz prepared many a visitor for the still more intoxicating mazes of the green tables so close at hand. Who knows how many suicides were prevented by the Viennese band with its light, but optimistic melodies? The musical imagination balks at the mere suggestion of the orchestra greeting the victims of the roulette tables with airs such as "Ah, I have sighed to rest me," from "Trovatore," or "Adieu to the Past," from "La Traviata," with the Black Forest so near at hand.

Baden-Baden was a meeting place for the greatest writers, composers, and artists of France, Russia, Germany and Austria, and it was no mere stroke of chance that caused Viardot-Garcia, the most cosmopolitan lyrical artist that ever appeared on the stage, to make her home in this fascinating spot.

Here she had a court of her own, where she conversed fluently in half-a-dozen languages, a Spaniard by temperament, a Frenchwoman by marriage, a German in philosophy, and by her long and enigmatical friendship with Tourgenieff sufficiently Russian to manage, if she did not understand, that genial and unrivalled enigma. Her villa at Baden-Baden was a world of art and romance, where to the last she was fêted and honoured by poets, composers, and social leaders. Amidst all the glory and flattery she remained not only the mistress of her talent, but of her destiny, being in this unlike her gifted sister, Malibran, who, by her life of incessant musical and social agitation, ruined her health and died at the age of twenty-eight.

On my first visit to the Viardot villa I was somewhat surprised to see a woman with features so plain. Her age was about fifty, and she had that dignity which is natural to Spaniards of distinction, but, after

being in her presence a short time, her face became so animated that I thought her almost handsome. I soon became convinced that her many triumphs had not been the result of a charming face and a beautiful complexion, aided by conventional singing and the banal praises of conventional critics. In Paris I had met musical directors and professors such as Wartel, the teacher of Jenny Lind and Nilsson, Luigi de Sievers, who gave Rossini lessons on the organ, Samuel David, Auber, and others, but Viardot-Garcia was a personality the like of whom I had never encountered. We talked of music, singing, and especially of improvisation. She had much to say about Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, and Kalkbrenner. She was particularly interested in hearing about my reception by Auber, who was Director of the Conservatoire during my first sojourn in Paris.

On one occasion, in the evening, Madame Viardot-Garcia sang the principal air from Fides in "Le Prophète," the rôle she created at the Académie Royale de Musique, in Paris, under the direction of Meyerbeer, the composer of the opera, and I then realised the full meaning of Alfred de Musset's words when he said of her: "Elle posséde, le grand secret des artistes; avant d'exprimer elle sent. Ce n'est pas sa voix qu'elle écoute, c'est son coeur." But I think Heine's account of her singing best expresses my own sensations on that memorable evening. Writing of music in Paris in the 'forties, he says: "Despite the presence here of that charming couple, Mario and Grisi, we miss Madame Pauline Viardot, or, as we prefer to call her, La Garcia. She is not replaced, and no one can replace her. She is not a nightingale who has only the single talent of her kind, and who exquisitely sobs and trills in the style of spring, nor is she a rose, for she is ugly, but of a kind of ugliness that is noble—I might almost say beautiful, and which often enraptured the great painter of lions, Delacroix. In fact, Madame Garcia reminds us much less of civilised beauty and the tame grace of our European homeland, than of the strange splendour of an exotic wilderness; and in many periods of her passionate singing, as when she opens too widely her great mouth with its dazzling white teeth, and smiles with such horrible sweetness and such a gracefully charming grimace, one feels at the instant as if the most marvellous and monstrous growths and living creatures of India and Africa were before us; as if giant palms enlaced by thousand-flowered *lianas* were shooting up all around; nor would one be astonished if suddenly a leopard or a giraffe, or even a herd of young elephants should run across the stage. Quels prétinements! quels coups de trompe! quel talent grandiose!"

Pauline Viardot-Garcia was one of the few lyrical artists who succeeded in captivating poets, writers, critics, and composers alike. I had heard, at the Paris Opera, Madame Niolan Carvalho as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," her original rôle, Titjens at Covent Garden, and, at the opera in Baden-Baden, Gabrielle Krauss, the leading singer of the Paris opera of that year, but all these faded away from the memory after hearing La Garcia. What Heine wrote was true. She was a great creative personality, and it is not so surprising that Tourgenieff remained under her spell from the first time he heard her sing at Moscow in 1841, when she was twenty, until his death, a period of close upon forty years. The Garcia family was the most wonderful family of modern times, and Pauline Garcia one of the four most wonderful women living in the period from 1840 to the end of the century, the other three being Lettizia Bonaparte-Rattazzi, George Sand, and Princesse Heléne Racowitza. George Sand was the only one of the four whom I did not know personally. They were all masters of men. In their hands men of talent often became as putty and genius as potter's clay. To write about these celebrities with anything like historical accuracy would mean writing about all the greatest men in the world of art, literature, politics, and music of Continental Europe from 1840 to the close of the century. I could easily fill a volume with the anecdotes and legends I heard concerning them in Paris and elsewhere.

The Philosophy of a Don.

XVII.—A Plea for Polygamy.

ECHOES of the Divorce question now so much discussed have penetrated even into the semi-monastic precincts of St. Mark's and aroused among its inmates emotions approaching to mild interest.

"Of course, you, as a man of the world, know more about these things than any of us," said to me our Junior Dean at dinner.

The remark, if it came from anybody else, would have pleased me. But, coming from that saintly youth, it put me on my guard. I have reasons to suspect that our Junior Dean is a little jealous of me, and that he misses no opportunity for making me look ridiculous. In fact, I may say it without any exaggeration or rancour, he spends a considerable portion of his limitless leisure laying traps for me. I spend, perforce, an equal portion of mine evading the same; which is an excellent training in circumspection, self-control, and tact, but not very agreeable.

"My knowledge," I replied with calculated modesty, "such as it is, is purely exoteric,"—and there the matter dropped.

At the same time, I felt that I owed it to myself to keep up my reputation as a man of the world, and with that end in view I decided to approach my friend Shav: I have never known Shav fail to offer a solution, wise or otherwise, to any riddle propounded to him. So I invited him to a little tête-à-tête vegetarian meal in my rooms; and his wisdom, quickened by the juice of the various viands and beverages provided for the purpose, proved even more copious and unexpected than usual.

"Obviously," he said, as he finished his second bottle of Apollinaris, "the only radical and final remedy for any evil is the removal of its cause. Divorce is an evil caused by marriage. Abolish marriage, and divorce disappears automatically. But I am aware that such an ideal solution is far too simple and sensible to suit the English mind."

"Let us, then, descend from the heights of the ideal to the humble plane of practical English politics," said I. "Do you condemn marriage altogether?"

"Why, no," he replied, stroking his beard. "I have heard it stated that marriage invariably ruins a man's career and a woman's character. But, as the author of the statement was a charming spinster of tender years, I think it is worth its weight in gold—and not a scruple more. Personally, it is true, I am quite free from that insane anxiety, I have observed in so many men and women of my acquaintance, to see their features and their, so to speak, souls—in one word, what they like to describe as their 'selves'—perpetuated. I consider that sort of thing vulgar, unreasonable, and rather unkind to posterity. Besides, I don't at all see what satisfaction they can possibly expect to reap from posthumous pushing."

"My dear Shav, you leave human nature out of your calculations, as usual. The satirist may laugh, the sage may preach, but Reason herself must respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind. We all wish to live in the persons of our descendants. It may be an unreasonable instinct that prompts us to extend the span of life allotted to us by Nature—to do, as it were, Death out of his prey. But this instinct is so irresistible and so universal that it must have its roots deep in some common necessity—it must subserve some great purpose in the general system of things."

"Such imaginary longevity has no attraction for me. It would have no attraction even if it were not imaginary. The knowledge that parts of me are still haunting the earth would make me very bad company to my brother-angels in heaven. But, for all that, I entertain no disrespect for the married state in the abstract. I have known several comparatively estimable people live, and even thrive, in that state."

"I congratulate you on your new-born tolerance,

Shav," said I, pleased to find my friend in so temperate a frame of mind, though I knew, of course, that it was largely the effect of the congenial repast I had carefully planned for him.

"I am always tolerant of the weaknesses of my inferiors—by the way, is there any more Apollinaris in the house?"

I searched in the book-case where Cripps keeps my drinks.

"I am sorry I can find nothing but port and Rosbach."

"As a general rule I don't care to mix drinks; but I will risk it this time. Let me have a bottle of Rosbach."

"My objection," he resumed, presently, "is not to the prejudice, or, if you like to call it principle, that underlies marriage, but to the superstructure."

"What do you mean?" I asked, beginning to smell a heresy—the result, I could not help thinking, of Rosbach on top of Apollinaris.

"At the risk of being denounced as too unoriginal and commonplace, I am bound to confess that I consider monogamy a mistake."

"Oh!"—that was all I could say: so profound was my astonishment, so poignant my scandalisation.

"The institution," Shav went on, quite inconscient of his own irreverence, "evidently owes its existence to an uncommonly unintelligent fallacy—the popular notion that man can love only one woman and woman only one man: a notion which I cannot but regard as unwarrantable, vulgar, and humiliating. One would think that human beings were made in pairs, like gloves and shoes!"

"But are they not?" I asked.

"I have an idea," he replied, "that the world would run smoother and faster if it was not tied down. But to this aspect of the question I will revert later. For the present it is sufficient to point out that the popular 'One man one woman' maxim assumes that the emotional capacity of the human heart is a limited quantity with which man is endowed at the outset of his life, and that it can admit of no indefinite extension. It is, of course, acknowledged that there are possible exceptions—persons of super-human vitality and volcanic affections, like the late Jupiter and gods of that sort. But, it is objected, those persons do not count. The ordinary respectable mortal has no vitality to spare. If his love covers a large area, you may be sure it is spread very thin. Bah!"

"That is certainly my view," said I. "One has a natural disposition to forgive gods. There hangs around them an atmosphere of omnipotence in which common ethics lose their pertinence. Jupiter, for instance, as you have justly observed, was capable of anything. His loves were, it seems, of such a quality as to bear endless division and multiplication. He was known, if my recollection of classical theology is correct, to be possessed by seven distinct infatuations at one and the same time. But, my dear Shav, we do not live on Olympus, and the standards of conduct accepted in heaven would shock most decent inhabitants of the earth. The man who loves every pretty woman he meets must be singularly fickle or singularly deficient in taste. The love of such a man must be rated very low. The same, of course, applies to woman. This view is so wide-spread that it may safely be taken as part of the ordinary decent-minded man's philosophy of life."

"A passing crude and rough affair!" said Shav. "Besides, it is a highly pessimistic view, implying a very mean estimate of human nature and its capabilities. I will confidently assert—and my assertion is amply corroborated by observation—that love is not a limited quantity but a dynamic quality, growing in volume with experience and opportunity: man does not love one woman. He loves one, two, three, ten, a hundred, according to individual capacity. The more highly developed and many-sided a man is, the more women he is bound to love. May I trouble you for another bottle of Rosbach?"

"Certainly," I said, producing the beverage. "But how do you make your thesis out? What are the observations you base it on?"

"Most of the so-called lower animals are monogamous—a proof positive of their limitations. On the other hand, every schoolmaster knows the Greek story of the artist who got half-a-dozen beautiful women to sit to him for a portrait of Helen: each supplying him with a portion of his ideal of perfect beauty."

"But the ordinary man, my dear Shav, is not——"

"Of course, I know that the ordinary man does not think of these things rationally; if, indeed, he thinks at all. He likes to believe that love will last for ever. But we know that it does not. Does anything last so long?"

"Perhaps not; but the ideal at which we aim is a fine one."

"The ideal may be fine, but it is hopelessly out of date. There is about it a calm assumption of finality utterly at variance with experience and most irritating to the rational mind—an assumption which was knocked on the head, if it ever had one, when Revelation was superseded by Evolution. As everybody now recognises, nothing is final. The law that governs the universe is a ceaseless movement—call it progress, transformation, re-creation or what you will; but you can no longer, if you are a man of any pretensions to education, call anything fixed, permanent, or final. Nothing is final in life—not even death: nothing, I mean, except stupidity—that is eternal."

"You may be right in theory; but, viewed from a practical standpoint, monogamy——"

"Don't waste your breath. I have thought it all out. Listen. Apart from its theoretical unsoundness, monogamy, I have decided, is condemnable on practical grounds. It is a mischievous habit, and the evils which flow from it are both negative and positive. The negative evil is that the obligation to marry only one woman deters the wisest of men from marrying at all. Fools, naturally, rush into monogamy, as into every other venture, blindfold. But the wise man who, ere he leaps, likes to look both back and before, reflects that love does not last for ever. He knows that a time will come when she will be no longer all-sufficing to him; when he will be no longer all-sufficing to her; when they will have thoroughly explored one another—reached one another's limits—learnt one another by heart—when, in a single word, they will be disillusioned. A wise man realises all this and, realising it, he shies at the monotony of matrimony under existing conditions. Thomas would marry Thomasina with pleasure, but he is afraid of only one perpetual wife."

"My dear Shav——"

"Or, to come to the positive side of the account, suppose that in a fit of absent-mindedness, or while temporarily insane, an otherwise sensible man has committed the fatal error, and the day of disillusion has dawned—what is the result? A life soured by suspicion and daily irritation, or, at best, spoilt by satiety and conjugal frost. Such was, beyond a doubt, the picture which the sage contemplated when he gave utterance to the terrible truism: 'Marriage is the tomb of love.'"

"The experience is by no means general," said I.

"It is universal," retorted Shav, attacking his fifth bottle of Rosbach. "Among birds, doves are notorious for their monogamous propensities and, as everyone who has paid any attention to the subject admits, there is no more ill-tempered or undesirable companion on the face of the earth than the bird which, by an exceptionally infelicitous poetic fiction, is regarded as an emblem of peace and innocence."

"I know nothing about doves," said I, with dignity.

"Neither do I. But I have been assured by those who do that doves luxuriate in such a licence of language that the mutual altercations of a pair of doves, could they be interpreted into human speech, would bring a blush into an actress's cheek—that is, of course, if the actress happened to be near; that it would make a London cabman turn green with envy,

and a green tomato red with shame. The fact speaks for itself."

"I wouldn't take the life of a pair of doves as typical of all conjugal life."

"The exhibition of connubial discord I have described is by no means confined to doves. I have only used it as an illustration. But, even if the contracting parties are not possessed of a sufficiently pronounced individuality to attain the depths of disillusion I have depicted, one wife is as prejudicial to a man's development as is one idea. She either narrows him into idiocy, or she bores him into precocious senility. And since ornithology does not appeal to you, I will give you a botanical illustration: the life of a man with a single, all-absorbing wife is like the life of the date-palm, which has only one bud—at the top of its dull, jejune trunk. If that bud dies, the whole tree dies. It withers for want of sap. The fact is a pamphlet for those who have understanding to understand. In less ambitious style, one might say that monogamy is a speculation involving the danger traditionally associated with the transaction of putting all of one's eggs into one basket—a danger to which no prudent capitalist would voluntarily expose himself. In brief, my dear fellow, like all that is fixed and limited, one everlasting wife means stagnation. Perfect civilisation cannot be attained by stagnation. In this respect, the Mohammedans are ahead of us. And look at the result: there are no illegitimate children, no priestesses of Astarte, no deserted wives, no wife-trodden husbands, no unsavoury sins or scandals in Mohammedan society."

"The Mohammedans are not civilised," I protested.

"Extremes meet. Polygamy at one end of the scale may be the outcome of mere gross animalism; at the other end it is the supreme and ultimate flower of intellectualism. Civilisation evolves from the complex to the simple up to a certain stage; then from the simple to the complex. The Greeks had reached simplicity. We have advanced a little further—if not yet quite as far as the Harem, certainly as far as the Divorce Court. For, rationally viewed, what is divorce but an attempt to reconcile the needs of the present with the prejudices of the past? Instead of being allowed to marry several wives simultaneously, we are permitted to marry them successively—a clumsy and cowardly compromise entailing enormous waste of energy, time, and money—a poor concession to Reason—a stupid substitute for polygamy. Pooh!"

"You are too absurd when you appeal to history. Haven't you heard it said about the Renaissance that, when man had evolved to a point where he loved one woman with an absorbing love, the rosy light of civilisation dawned in the east?"

"It was certainly light, compared with the palpable darkness of the Middle Age; but, compared with the light of the present day, it was only morning twilight. We have evolved to a higher point than the one reached by Petrarch and Laura, and their ideas on love, judged by a twentieth century standard, are as obsolete as their ideas on locomotion. Monogamy in an age of motor cars and flying machines is a grotesque and melancholy anachronism."

"So, if you had it in your power, you would sanction polygamy?"

"Most decidedly."

"Would it not be rather immoral?"

"Not in the least. Morality is as liable to change as anything else. Like commonsense, like climate, or like a fashion in clothes, it is never the same in two ages or countries. It is all a matter of latitude. Rameses, King of Egypt, married his favourite daughter. In so doing, he, no doubt, conformed scrupulously to the ethical fashion of his day. Again, Solomon and wives—perfectly respectable in Palestine. Or, take Ptolemies and kings of that class: they married their own sisters. It was considered quite correct then, it would be considered quite scandalous now, of course. It may be quite correct again a few centuries hence. Even at the present hour, change the environment: Sultan of Turkey, or Shah of Persia, and wives—perfectly respectable in Turkey or Persia, perfectly horrid in England. Pooh! It is as plain as daylight that who base their objections to polygamy on morality are building in a profoundly shallow and constantly shifting soil."

"Even if there were nothing else against it, polygamy would multiply domestic quarrels," I urged.

"I don't see why it should. Dr. Johnson observed that no wise woman ever complained of her husband's infidelities. A pasha's wives feel no jealousy towards each other. What reason have you for assuming that Englishwomen are less wise than Turkish women? But even if plurality of wives in an English household produced a multiplicity of quarrels—surely it is better to quarrel than to be bored? Anything is better than stagnation."

"Most people prefer stagnation to strife and storm. But that is, of course, a matter of taste and temperament. There is a more serious argument against polygamy—an argument based on a solid statistical law: the approximate equality, in nearly every part of the world, between the numbers of male and female births. For this reason, if for no other, a marital code claiming to be universal must, from the very nature of things, rest on monogamy."

"Your argument owes such force as it may have to the assumption that polygamy is to be a universal institution. But polygamy, my dear fellow, claims nothing so plebeian. It is, as I have most conclusively proved, an institution suitable only to two extreme classes of humanity: the supremely barbarous and the supremely civilised; and neither of those classes is very large. The latter, at all events, with which I am solely concerned, is, from the very nature of things, sadly limited. Therefore, polygamy, though impossible as a universal institution, may, in reference to supermen, easily prove what dramatic critics designate a mad success."

"What about the women?" I asked. "Would they consent?"

"I believe that all advanced women will hail polygamy enthusiastically, provided, of course, that man allows them the same latitude which he claims for himself. The dictum that woman loves but once in her life and loves to the bitter end, is another exploded fallacy. The modern woman is just as versatile, as ambitious for self-realisation and as fond of variety as the modern man. Let her, then, enjoy an equal freedom of choice in a matter which concerns her just as much. Perfect liberty and equality should be the true legislator's maxim. If we are to have polygamy why not also have polyandry?"

"I am afraid no social institution built on such lines could last."

"The highest merit of any social institution is artistic symmetry, and the best guarantee for its stability is logical equilibrium. When all is said, a woman is only a sterner sort of man, and what is food for the gander cannot be poison for the goose."

"Pending this ideal solution, what are sensible people to do?" I asked, giving up the argument in despair.

"They can go on getting married in their shockingly respectable monogamous fashion, but on the clear and solemn mutual understanding that their marriage shall only last as long as love endures. They may sign an agreement to this effect: 'We, neither of us, are anxious to have our lives staled. Should a time ever come when either of us will be weary of the other, all that he, or she, need say is "I love you no longer. I must be free"—and the knot is cut; the same agreement holding valid in the event of either of us separately or both simultaneously meeting anyone who pleases us better.' In this manner the whole question is simplified and felicity, in a measure, assured. Of course, I recognise that, deep beneath this rational agreement, there may always lurk in both the contracting parties a foolish, old-fashioned, unreasoning prejudice—a remnant of ancestral barbarism—that, however long they may live and however diligently they may search, they will never find anyone who

shall please them better. But all that I would say to them is: 'Wait and see.' Meanwhile, I wish you, my dear fellow, a very good and restful night. I have enjoyed my dinner thoroughly."

For some reason or other—perhaps owing to the unaccustomed viands and liquors I had so stoically consumed—as I undressed to go to bed, I caught myself conjugating all the Greek irregular verbs in alphabetical order, beginning with omega.

On Trying Again.

By Holbein Bagman.

THAT common encouragement of infants, young folk, and beginners generally, of which the reader is reminded by the heading of this paper, seems to enlarge its meaning as we enlarge our acquaintance with the world. "If at first you don't succeed, try again." What is here included, in the familiar precept of our nursery instructress, but the entire significance of politics, philosophy, and religion? Out of the mouths of the appointed guardians of babes and sucklings the conclusion of a Goethe, who said that every power in the universe hastens to the aid of a well-directed endeavour. Men of science and action, artists and reformers, prophets and philosophers, whatever the belief or no belief they have made explicit to themselves, seem to agree, when their actions speak for them, that the world is governed by will and by idea. For the faith is as implicit in effort itself as it is in the axiom with which our first efforts were stimulated, that the universe and ourselves are in a harmony towards ultimate purposes.

Common-sense and inspiration here seem to be in agreement. The common-sense of the Gospels, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," accords well with the saying of Mahomet, who, fleeing across the desert from the hands of those who could not receive new ideas, denied to his one trembling companion that they two were alone. "Is there not a third with us?" What was this but outspoken reliance upon a will we all invoke unconsciously when we counsel perseverance? The agnostic and the denier of all beliefs, I cannot but think, show the same faith implicit in themselves when they set to work and win a brave heart for new endeavours with the aid of the apparently innocuous axiom "If at first you don't succeed. . . ."

I should define faith as the belief that good for man is secured by human effort and not by human effort alone. There may be more in faith than this, something even that defines or prognosticates the good, but there certainly is not less. Our nursery axiom contains the irreducible minimum of faith, the minimum without which action cannot take place, or taking place contradicts the denials of the actor. How can hope live in a world from which belief is absent? He who hopes believes, or at least betrays his unwillingness to set limits to possibility. The doers are the credulous. Laborare est orare.

From this point of view it is easy to see that he who lives a better life than I holds a better faith than I, even were I an archbishop. We owe to the churches the darkening of this matter. The churches, which everywhere were founded in their origin on some simple faith, have hardened their beliefs into creeds, and fastened into their creeds the accidental and temporary which science has detected. Modern thinking and knowledge rejects the creeds of the churches, and doing so supposes itself to reject faith altogether. The churches protest that no man who fails to believe as they believe possesses faith, and seeing faith so interpreted it is no wonder that men who have felt themselves unanimously pushed out of the churches consider themselves oftentimes pushed out of religion as well. But how can a man whose desires and energies remain to him even after ecclesiastical censure cease to be a believer, notwithstanding his attitude to other people's opinions? If a man of science works for truth, has he not the belief that truth is worth finding, and has he not the belief that he or his successors will be able to find truth, and that truth ultimately will make itself known and accepted in spite of every kind of resistance? And if a social reformer has been rejected by the churches for wishing to change the laws of Church and State—if he goes on working, must he not have found the faith in which to work? And if he dies for his faith, as many a questioner and denier has done, has he not been faithful?

Tell me to what faithfulness in deeds corresponds if not to faith which might be expressed in words? The reformer may not be able to communicate his faith in any form of confession. His confession is in his deeds; and I believe that many people in the present day are preferring deeds before words. For one reason, words are so full of perplexity, so uncertain in their meanings, and the churches have made such an abuse of them We must be willing to read men's faith in their actions, and in fact actions are a better index to faith than language can be. Our deeds are always deeper than our words, and hold more of meaning. It is the meaning of our deeds which we try to express in words, and our life is deeper than our understanding. Words only show us the little bit of life that we have comprehended and made clear to ourselves. Speech is silvern, but silence, that is to say action, is golden. In men's doings we are entitled to look for their faith, even though by profession they should have denied faith altogether. He who lives a better life than I holds a better faith than I, his infidelity or agnosticism notwithstanding. It has often happened that a man who has done well has not left himself over enough energy to explain himself well. Or he may have been born, otherwise than in his actions, inarticulate.

If faith in perseverance implies faith in a will that aids our own, or expresses itself through our own, then all men are believers, and we must look for some other criterion of faith than the ecclesiastical. It is important that Socialists, for whom particularly I write. should clear their minds upon this matter. By the ignorant, and by the ignorant only, we are supposed to be hostile to religion. Now the ignorant are found in our own ranks as well as in the ranks of our critics. There are even Socialists who believe that Socialism has nothing to do with religion, or is an attack upon religion. No opinion, to my way of thinking, could be more inaccurate. The very essence of Socialism is belief in trying again, and something of what that belief implies I have been endeavouring to say in this paper

"Society," said Thomas Hill Green, "is governed not by force but by will." Socialism is an attempt once more to bring the institutions and habits of society into a truer conformity with the social will. That will towards progress did not have its origin in my brain nor yours nor in all the brains of the Socialist movement. It is the will of mankind, which we can trace back to the will that worked in mammal, in reptile, in fish, in mollusc, and in all the still earlier forms of life which appeared before yet there was a dawn of self-consciousness. The Socialist who is intelligent knows himself the agent of a power which can be perceived along all the line of evolution. In words that are usually miserably misapplied to the self-righteous, it is not his own will which the Socialist has come to do, but the will of the Father who sent him. The true strength of the Socialist movement lies in this conviction, and if we can clear our minds of confusion we shall find the Kingdom opening before us of joyful faith, as well as the kingdom we have already won (by means of Ferrer and others) of the martyr's firmness.

The Allied Artists' Association.

By Walter Sickert.

IT is certain that a sharper sense of reality has invaded art criticism in London lately. We are a long way from Whistler's snippet (was it from the "Daily Telegraph"?) "the archimago of the iconographic aoraton." Mr. Robert Ross has the courage to say, in the "Morning Post" of July 5, what we have all thought for forty years, that Du Maurier was "not a draughtsman at all," and to support this opinion with clear and cogent reasoning. Mr. Walter Bayes, in the "Athenæum" of July 2, penetrates to the truth about the departure of great pictures to America, and has the courage to express his opinion clearly. "Art was meant to circulate," says Mr. Bayes, "and when a work of art has reached that point of success at which it becomes a fetish, a centre of accretion in the way of lifeless imitations, it may speedily form a clot actively dangerous, if allowed to remain in any congested part of the circulatory system."

Sorely as a critic may be tempted by apathy or good-nature, or sometimes, be it said, by the entire absence of definite conviction of any kind, to drop into the amiable routine phrases of least resistance, the motives for not giving way to this temptation are urgent, and must be paramount. The useful critic is the one who remembers that he is one party to a contract. He has some special knowledge, or should have, and he is paid, like a wine or spirit taster, for his opinion, such as it is, irrespective of the ulterior consequences that may accrue from the expression of his opinion. No progress is possible except on these lines, and the comfortable or good-natured view of a critic's duties renders him not useless but actively noxious. A critic of that kind forgets the most important section of his readers. He forgets that the world is not composed only of the tiny circle of intellectuals in the capital who all know each other, and each others' opinions, can discount them and read between the lines. The people he has to consider are the thousands he does not know, who wisely content themselves with reading the lines themselves.

I have been accused (of what have we not all been accused?) because I have urged painters to sell at the price their work would fetch, of objecting to high prices. I have been accused, because I am convinced of the supreme necessity for the existence of at least one no-jury exhibition in England, on the lines of the Paris Indépendants, of asserting that one picture is as good as another, I, alas, the most "picksome" of critics, as they say in Sussex. In the old Bedford Music Hall, the dear old oblong Bedford, with the sliding roof, in the "days beyond recall," before the music-halls had become two-house-a-night wells, like theatres to look at, there was sung a verse which will always remain with me for its concentrated philosophy and insight—

> "Go away, naughty man, go away!
> One man is as bad as another!"

I take this opportunity of stating publicly that I do not believe and never have believed that one picture is as good as another. What I do believe is that it was urgent, in the present ferment of opinion on art, that all students and painters should have equality of opportuity to exhibit. Those with whom I have had the privilege to act are satisfied that they have done a useful public work in substituting public trial of pictures for trial in camera. We claim that we have kept the ring (is that the phrase?), and I for one do not propose to walk round the Albert Hall and confer gilt-edged and unreadable prizes, and shiny little wreaths in paper laurel to my youngers and betters.

The no-jury system is new in England, and little understood, for which reason it may be well that I should for once ventilate it thoroughly in the columns of THE NEW AGE.

I will take my point of departure from the case of a young painter I know who is typical of the class with which it is most important that we should concern ourselves. He is a man somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years old. That he earns his living as an extremely efficient teacher in a provincial town is a proof that he knows his business. He was talking to me the other day about his pictures, which he prepares rather slowly in the intervals left him by his teaching. I think he has two afternoons a week free. His pay is not extravagant, but as he says, he can afford to prepare work, to pay for models, materials and frames if, when he has done it, he can be certain of his work being seen in London. What he cannot afford is to prepare work that he has to submit to a jury, who may or may not accept it. He may be rejected for a matter of ten years. These things happen constantly.

What I want to make clear is that I am not appealing from the judgments of these juries, or accusing them of intolerance. It may even be illuminating to admit that, of the many juries on which I have been, I should count myself as rather among the items who made for exclusion, than for inclusion. Juries that are asked to select pictures for a limited space cannot be too severe. They are there to set up and uphold their standard, such as it is, and they cannot make that standard too high according to their lights.

"According to their lights." That is the limitation under which we all suffer. A jury insensibly gives a direction, emphasises a fashion; and the most vital and interesting work, the work that contains the germs of interesting growth is often not only out of the current fashion, but violently opposed to it. Or even when they are not the most vital and interesting painters, a certain number of men may have started on a road which is parallel with, or which diverges from the line which is in fashion. They may be unable, or they may have no desire, to conform. There is a risk that these craftsmen who, to take the lowest ground for them, keep alive a wholesome variety in art, whose work serves as a reminder of roads departed from, whose pictures are concurrent object-lessons with the fashionable product, object-lessons from which each observer may draw his own and several deductions; there is a considerable risk that these craftsmen may be stifled and silenced altogether, to our great loss.

Then consider the members of the hanging committee who are teachers of painting. Are we to carry our ferules from the class-rooms into the galleries? Is it not better that our authority should end at the doors of our class-rooms? If we like, admire, and vote for the work of our own students as against other pictures, are we not laying ourselves open to the charge of favouritism, or at least of prejudice? If we vote against the work of our own students because we do not honestly think it up to the mark, ought it to be we who are called upon to effect these exclusions, on the threshold of the career of young men whose fees have been helping to maintain us, and who probably have a more urgent need to sell than have their teachers?

All the existing exhibitions of selected work fulfil necessary functions. According as people are more or less interested in art, so will they acquire the commodity to be submitted to them unselected or selected. There are collectors who like to rummage for Bibelots in the Caledonian Market at dawn, and others who will only buy in Bond Street at convenient hours. The disadvantage of no-jury exhibitions is, of course, the mass of incompetent work that has to be waded through. In England, also, we are very much more disconcerted by the inevitable clown than we need be. There is generally someone who exhibits to secure the melancholy advertisement of guying the show. Our English common-sense fortunately restricts these performances within narrow limits. The grossly incompetent, again, are rather discouraged than otherwise by full right to exhibit. Nothing chills an unconsidered utterance like a sudden silence, and the consciousness that a whole table is lending an attentive ear.

But for the growing artist an annual audience is a necessity. And a large, impartial, indifferent audience it should be, too diffused to be a clique. Some of the most interesting reputations have been made at the Indépendants in Paris, which has been in existence for about twenty years. The Allied Artists' Association has this superiority over the Indépendants, that it has

not had to apply to the State for premises. Is the exhibition now open at the Albert Hall perhaps not a working object-lesson of the best elements of Socialism? Is it not a solvent, going concern founded by the poor to help themselves?

A Gentleman of England.

By W. L. George.

I TOOK off my cap and let the wind play among my hair. The air was soft as the caressing haze that rose from the water meadows by the roadside. It was laden with many scents, that of hay, ripe and longing for the scythe, and of water too, of water that might be slumbrous and hide in its breast the memory of dead lilies. Before me lay the long white road, winding in between two hills that were delicate and rounded as cups, and then vanishing to reappear only where the houses begin that are Windsor town. Above it, white as a white Italian castle, against the blue sky, blue as an Italian sky, Windsor Castle; I would have called it beautiful had I not felt that all was beautiful that day, when summer was ripening and the living blooms ablow. The rise of the town drew me, so I pressed harder on the pedals, and, my bicycle responding, I sped on the road. As I rounded curves little whirlwinds of dust followed me, rising like white smoke into the light air. All of it, the soft English warmth, the green radiance of grass that feeds from many springs, far away, among the elms the unknown call of a bird, told me that I had stumbled on treasure, like the Greek peasant who, finding before his rustic altar a casket of gold, opened it and found in it the joy of life. But then he did not recognise it.

The joy of life did not pass the gates of Windsor town, where the shops all boast of royal patrons and condescend to favoured peers, where many soldiers walk clattering, red like beautiful vanessas, where there are fine carriages in the streets and grass between the cobbles in the lanes. Windsor clearly would not know men such as I; my joy seemed to wane: I felt vulgar. From every window, closed against the sun, perhaps because it makes no distinctions, from every elegant but inhospitable Georgian porch, I felt the weight of its condescension crush me down. I felt I must leave Windsor, even if I must add a little to those twenty miles, and try and find the hostelry of my dreams, where the ale is ruddy and there is a novel creaminess in the cheese, where the host is not my lackey. I would meet men there, real men, with brown faces, large hands, men slow of speech and thought, too slow to realise me fully as a townsman before I had gone. So I turned down a little street lined by many royal shops and gave my bicycle its head. In another minute though I had to stop, for before me lay the river.

The river lay peaceful, somnolent almost, dappled here and there as a peacock's tail. At times it heaved its thin film of dust. A great desire came upon me; I would leave Windsor, but by water; I would go a long way up and lie among the sedges. I would. . .

"Boat, sir?" said a voice.

I looked at the speaker. Yes, this was a real boatman, with his rough black hair, his reitre-like nose and his blue shirt baring a hairy chest. A Tudor waterman.

"Yes," I said, "I should like the royal barge."

"Sorry sir, can't manage it," he said, quite unruffled, "but I can do you a single sculler."

And soon in a single sculler where yellow cushions heaped on the seat made me think of one who once steered my bark, I was pulling up stream, watching the banks pass by lazily and the water flash under my eyes. How wetly it swished under the cutwater. Soon I was beyond the familiar landscape of riverside towns: wharves, waterworks and immemorable boathouses. I passed by low-lying meadows, by islands where swans and cygnets clucked and fought. Then through the land of bungalows, of clumps of trees in which, now and then, I could catch a glimpse of men and girls sitting in the grass; from an eyot came at times a stifled little laugh. Then I passed out of the Windsor influence and into the day. I was alone, really alone, saving a boat which a young man drove lustily by me. A girl flaunted in the bows; she had the colour and the grace of a dark tea rose.

They vanished, and I was again alone. Now I pulled more slowly, for the solitary minutes seemed precious; I was alone with the blue air, the sleepy, ancient river, the bushes dipping low to whisper in its ear. As I rounded a bend I saw on the bank two boys in Eton jackets and top hats. I sighed, for here again was another influence, Windsor of tomorrow. Idly I watched them, these two boys looking at the river with the indifference of those who own what they do not enjoy. They did not move: they were. And I realised with some bitterness that, like Windsor town, they were. Why could not one of them throw a stone into the water just to see the splash, like a real boy?

As I drew nearer a curious sense of familiarity came over me; I seemed to know one of those boys. I turned round again and saw I was right; he was the pleasant boy I had met in the house in a square where none may live unless they go or have been to Eton. He had, I remember, struck me as a healthy boy full of refreshing contempt for the classics; he was so full of self-assurance as to be tonic. Then I saw that he was looking at me. There was uncertainty in his face; no doubt he had half forgotten me. Well, I must remind him of our meeting; I would land on that bank and talk to those two boys of the licking we got at Henley and Gray's Elegy and such like sodden rot. So I rowed harder, put a good regular stroke on; it would never do to come abreast of him without his observing my powerful leg-thrust. As I turned once more I smiled and saw a faint blush on his fresh English cheeks; he spoke to his companion, a tall, lanky youth who, his hands deep in his pockets, merely shook his head.

To reach them I had to steer towards the right. As I did this I caught sight of my young friend's face. It bore a strange expression; his blush had deepened, and there was a queer tenseness about his mouth. He almost looked frightened. I was so surprised that I did not call out, but pulled a few more strokes. Then, just abreast of them, I eased off. The lanky boy considered me for a second, then dismissed me from the horizon and fastened his eyes on a distant spire. I looked into my friend's face; his eyes met mine, then blinked and puckered. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other; I could see his hands move convulsively in his pockets. I opened my mouth to speak, when, suddenly, he raised one hand to the brim of his hat and sharply, as if he were stealing from a counter, tipped it over his nose.

For another second I looked at them. The lanky boy languidly turned to go and, after a brave pause, my friend followed him. Then I looked at the water, at the water somnolent and grey, dappled here and there as a peacock's tail, at my sandals, my tweed coat, my infamous cycling stockings with which I had dared to defile the Thames. I had come to the river careless of my duty, guilty of a great crime. And now that the judge had examined me, found me incapable of an explanation, unable to defend the abominable use I had made of my clothes, the abominable sin of having worn knickerbockers on a thwart, I was not sentenced, but dismissed by the Windsor atmosphere, beyond the Windsor ken.

Once more I looked regretfully at my shame, then after at my young friend. He had now got to the end of a field, and, just before climbing the stile, he stopped. While he surveyed awhile the unblemished prospect of the meadows his hand slowly restored the normal position of his hat.

Here's Rosemary for Remembrance.

By W. R. Titterton.

THIS way, madam, this way, sir. No, it's not very imposing at first sight. Just an ordinary shop, it looks, only the goods are more carefully ticketed. But it's really very interesting. Shows how clever our poor people are, madam, and how diligent, sir. Yes, all done in the home. It's beautiful, isn't it? To think of these pretty little toys, these delicate paper flowers coming out of the heart of the people. Out of the people—cut out of it, you may say, sir.

Usually the whole family works—mother, father and children. You can see them at it in this photograph. Small room? Yes, they're packed tightly; but that's good, really; keeps a bit of warmth in the air. Bent and thin they look, don't they? Stooping over the machines and the closeness does that. You must have a snap of fresh air if you want to keep blooming.

Look at this lace, now. Delicate stuff! Something like what I see peeping from under your mantle, madam. Only women make that. You need subtle fingers for such fine traceries. I like the long sweeping lines of the pattern. A work of art, isn't it? Fivepence threefarthings the artist got for it. Cheap at the price, eh! I warrant you paid a trifle more for your collar.

A dozen lace shawls in three hours—good steady work, sir—2½d. an hour.

A thousand cigarettes for two shillings, and lick your own papers. They fix the cases at home in their own time, and do the filling at the factory. Not nice to think about, that paper-licking. The girls are apt to get weak chested in their close rooms. They ought to have that part of it done by machines, don't you think, in this hygienic age?

Tailoring pays well. It's the aristocracy of home work. The best, say these smart mantles (like your own again, madam, one of them) bring in 6d. an hour. Good wages that! But of course it's skilled work. And you find your own thread and things. Besides, its very uncertain and irregular, and you waste time going to and fro with the stuff. There's the risk, too—"After twelve o'clock to-morrow no use." You know the phrase.

Only the best hands do that kind. Here's some simpler—at 5d., 4½d., 3d., 2½d., 2d. Work for all, you see. No need to be unemployed as long as the eyes last. And there is that, to be sure. It does for the eyes. Like all of this needlework.

Besides, needlework is dull. Nothing individual about the result. Carving is different. Look at these boxes. That's good artistic work, you know. Something a man could take a pride in. Though I suppose he might get tired of the pattern after he'd made a thousand or two.

Of course you know this Oberammergau sculpture. Beautiful! beautiful! Only a really religious man could have done it. I've seen work at the galleries that hadn't half the strength. One penny threefarthings an hour the sculptor earned—*and the blessing of the Church.* Which counts, I suppose.

You recognise the Christkindeln. The last time you saw them perhaps was when they hung on the Christmas tree. The jolly little paper-maché fellows. How your children were delighted at them! And you never imagined how they came on earth. Dropped from the sky, you thought, maybe. But no, busy little fingers have shaped the stuff into smiling features, long beard and flowing mantle, and have been paid their farthing an hour for it as for the most prosaic of tasks.

The children help a lot with the toys. Children, you know, madam, like yours you left playing at home in the sun. Clever little things, aren't they? See how these horses are carved, and their riders! And how firmly the horse ramps up on its hind legs! There's humour in the things if you look at them the right way. It takes ten minutes to make a soldier. They get a penny for making eight of them. Eight a penny soldiers, madam! That's twopence if they work twelve hours. They can't last much longer than that usually, for the bad light makes the eyes dim, and the cold chills the fingers, and the paint gets on the lungs, they say, and hurts.

Not so uninteresting, is it, now? You seem to get in touch with things. Your clothes mean more to you when you know where they come from. We're all bound together, madam, there's one thread running through all humanity. Some one away up in the mountains has fever, and then you buy your little boy a summer jacket, and the fever comes skulking in the folds. A university student buys a new corps cap and presses death into his brain as he puts it on.

These kid gloves that earned 6d. a dozen pair carry something that does not appear on the ticket—something that rides with the wooden soldiers on their wooden horses—something that quivers, perhaps, in the feathers of your hat, madam, dances along the threads of your lace collar, floats in the smoke of your cigarettes, sir.

The messenger of the people I call it. They are not satisfied with their wages, my gentlefolk, and they send this little silent message to collect the debt.

You shudder, madam. I understand. It's as if you wore grave-clothes, is it not? Pity you came? Nonsense! You will soon forget. . .

And they have forgotten.

Ladies and gentlemen, sweaters and supporters of sweaters, console yourselves; this was all in Germany over a year ago. It is not—cannot be so bad as that in England now. Figures say otherwise, we are told, but we know how figures lie. By your comfortable arm-chairs, by your family pews, by your wines of pedigree, I swear to you it is not, cannot be, *quite* so bad. It is, it must be *a little, ever so little,* better. For the sake of your beauty-sleep you will—you must believe it is so. (The ladies and gentlemen are consoled. They find it easy to believe.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, whose volume of sketches, "A Motley," is now in process of being reviewed, is just finishing another novel, which will no doubt be published in the autumn. That novels have to be finished is the great disadvantage of the novelist's career—otherwise, as everyone knows, a bed of roses, a velvet cushion, a hammock under a ripe pear tree. To begin a novel is delightful. To finish it is the devil. Not because, on parting with his characters, the novelist's heart is torn by the grief which Thackeray described with such characteristically false sentimentality. (The novelist who has put his back into a novel will be ready to kick the whole crowd of his characters down the front door steps.) But because the strain of keeping a long book at the proper emotional level through page after page and chapter after chapter is simply appalling, and as the end approaches becomes almost intolerable. I have just finished a novel myself; my nineteenth, I think. So I know the rudiments of the experience. For those in peril on the sea, and for novelists finishing novels, prayers ought to be offered up.

* * *

In accordance with my habit of re-reading books which have uncommonly interested me on first perusal, I have recently read again "The Man of Property." Well, it stands the test. It is certainly the most perfect of Mr. Galsworthy's novels up to now. Except for the confused impression caused by the too

rapid presentation of all the numerous members of the Forsyte family at the opening, it has practically no faults. In construction it is unlike any other novel that I know, but that is not to say that it has no constructive design—as some critics have said. It is merely to say that it is original. There are no weak parts in the book, no places where the author has stopped to take his breath and wipe his brow. The tension is never relaxed. This is one of the two qualities without which a novel cannot be first class and great. The other is the quality of sound, harmonious design. Both qualities are exceedingly rare, and I do not know which is the rarer. In the actual material of the book, the finest quality is its extraordinary passionate cruelty towards the oppressors as distinguished from the oppressed. That oppressors should be treated with less sympathy than oppressed is contrary to my own notion of the ethics of creative art, but the result in Mr. Galsworthy's work is something very pleasing. Since "A Man of Property," the idea that the creator of the universe, or the Original Will, or whatever you like to call it or him, made a grotesque fundamental mistake in the conception of our particular planet, has apparently gained much ground in Mr. Galsworthy's mind. I hope that this ground may slowly be recovered by the opposite idea. Anyhow, the Forsyte is universal. We are all Forsytes, just as we are all Willoughby Patternes, and this incontrovertible statement implies inevitably that Mr. Galsworthy is a writer of the highest rank. I re-read "The Man of Property" immediately after re-reading Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," and immediately before re-reading Björnson's "Arne." It ranks well with these European masterpieces.

* * *

Glancing the other day at the literary page of a London daily, I saw an article entitled "Maxim and Muriel." Impossible not to examine an article under such a heading! It proved to be a review of two novels by Maxim Gorky and Muriel Hine respectively. Thus far has the passion and mania for "brightness" driven what was once the most literary morning paper in London, the paper which, in fact, invented the daily literary page! When in due course I see in the same columns "Joey and Georgie," I shall know without reading further that new books by Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. George Moore have appeared.

* * *

The catalogue of the "Times" Book Club usually infuriates me by offering for sale, with flourishing laudatory adjectives, new copies of one of my best books at the price of sixpence (at first sevenpence was demanded). This enterprising American organisation has, of course, bought up the remainder of the said work. Henceforward I mean to be more philosophical. Messrs. Watts and Co. are now selling new copies of Herbert Spencer's autobiography (two volumes, 1,098 pages, published at £1 8s.) at 5s. 6d. As they say, it is "a really great bargain." And I am glad that people who do not pay super income tax now have a chance of obtaining one of the most masterly human documents in modern literature. But what a comment on the attitude of England towards its greatest philosopher! If only "Herbert" (as the aforementioned daily would say) had had the wit to take a few lessons in the craft of autobiography from our esteemed Lady Cardigan, perhaps his final work might have struggled into a second edition, or, at any rate, have gone out of print. But perhaps one day Mr. Arthur Rackham will consent to illustrate it. Then you will see a genuine demand for Spencer. The address of Messrs. Watts, to whom I make a present of this valuable advertisement, is 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

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I learn that the daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray has taken to literature at the distressingly early age of nineteen. Miss Rosalind Murray's novel is entitled "The Leading Note."

A Book of Beauty.

By Michael Williams.

THE Poems of Nora May French have been collected and published (The Strange Company, San Francisco). Ninety slim pages suffice to hold all the work that the editor of the little volume deemed worthy to represent the young, beautiful girl who killed herself in Carmel, California, three years ago. But nearly every line of these poems achieves the aim of poetry—which is, Beauty. Hence, in a time like this, when the printing press spews forth countless objects of no account, true ineptitudes, together with many poisonous and evil things, but so rarely gives birth to real objects of true art, the appearance of this little book of naive—yet art-created—beauty is a matter of importance to all those who care for poetry and are concerned regarding America's contributions to the greatest of the arts.

Nora May French was twenty-six years old when she drank poison and died, leaving directions that her body be burned and the ashes cast into the sea from the granite cliffs of Point Lobos. This is not the occasion to study the sad history of a temperament that could not achieve harmony with its environment; more than to say that her temperament was poetical in excelsis, and her environment constituted of modern Mammon's worse conditions. Poverty and sickness, and ever-baffled yearnings for a life of romance and beauty impossible for her to live, at last brought this victim of a horrible civilization to her knees in "the outer court" of death. She wrote a distinctly prophetic sonnet a year and four months before she died:

THE OUTER GATE

Life said: "My house is thine with all its store;
Behold, I open shining ways to thee—
Of every inner portal make thee free:
O child, I may not bar the outer door.
Go from me if thou wilt, to come no more;
But all thy pain is mine, thy flesh of me;
And must I hear thee, faint and woefully,
Call on me from the darkness, and implore?"
Nay, mother, for I follow at thy will.
But oftentimes thy voice is sharp to hear,
Thy trailing fragrance heavy on the breath;
Always the outer hall is very still,
And on my face a pleasant wind and clear
Blows straitly from the narrow gate of Death.

This young girl—for even at twenty-six she was still in some respects a child, and many of her poems were written years before her death—this young girl had at her command a creative magic of a poignantly beautiful and haunting quality; a magic for which the only word seems to be "spiritual." For while the allure and beauty of material things were always near and dear, yet something concealed for most people within the outward semblances ever thrilled her most sensitive apprehension of inner things—of the spirit and the soul. Yet, unhappily, it was the inner appeal, and the haunting soul, of sadness, of hopelessness (for all souls are not happy and satisfied and good), that ever weighed upon Nora May French.

She lay so unguarded and open to spiritual impressions that at times it would almost seem as if the spiritual world had become objectified to her. In dreams, at least ("dreams" is the word by which we speak of a life impossible to speak of intelligibly), she must have had singular adventures; for here are some prose words which she brought back in memory from a dream:—

"Think not, O Lilias, that the love of this night will endure in the sun. Hast thou beheld fungi, white, evil, rosy-lined, poisonous, shrivel in the eyes of day?

"In this wilderness of strange hearts it is not thine alone that concerns me. Many brave hearts of men are more to me than thine. The hearts of men breathe deeply. As for thy heart, it runs from me, it is quicksilver, it does not concern me greatly."

The soul of this wonderful girl—who was obliged to earn her bread for a period by the flesh and nerve-destroying toil of a "hello girl" at a telephone exchange switchboard—had a magical gift of transmut-

ing impressions from the ethereal vibrations of Nature's finer forces, as manifested in beautiful land-and-sea-and-skyscapes especially, that gives to her poetry a quality most exquisite and memorable—memorable, not as rhetoric is memorable, in static phrases, but memorable rather as music is memorable: in haunting cadences and evocations of an atmosphere of mystical suggestions—suggestions of beauty, of sorrow, and pain; with occasional radiations of a pure lyrical joy.

YESTERDAY.

Now all my thoughts were crisped and thinned
To elfin threads, to gleaming browns.
Like tawny grasses lean with wind
They drew your heart across the downs.
Your will of all the winds that blew
They drew across the world to me
To thread my whimsey thoughts of you
Along the downs, above the sea.

Beneath a pool beyond the dune—
So green it was and amber-walled
A face would glimmer like a moon
Seen whitely through an emerald—
And there my mermaid fancy lay
And dreamed the light and you were one.
And flickered in her seaweed's sway
A broken largesse of the sun.

Above the world as evening fell
I made my heart into a sky,
And through a twilight like a shell
I saw the shining seagulls fly.
I found beneath the sea and land
And lost again, unwrit, unheard,
A song that fluttered in my hand
And vanished like a silver bird.

The chief "work" contained in the little book is "The Spanish Girl," a love tale told in separate poems of uneven quality; some of them are perfect. A strong and subtle sense of passion throbs in this lyric sequence. To quote adequately were to copy all, or nearly all.

But I cannot forbear to copy the sonnet, written for a friend on the occasion of his marriage, entitled, rather too vaguely, "The Rose":—

Ay, pluck a jonquil when the May's awing!
Or please you with a rose upon the breast,
A sweeter violet chosen from the rest,
To match your mood with blue caprice of spring—
Leave windy vines a tendril less to swing.
Why, what's a flower? A day's delight at best,
A perfume loved, a faded petal pressed,
A whimsey for an hour's remembering.

But wondrous careful must he draw the rose
From jealous earth, who seeks to set anew
Deep root, young leafage, with a gardener's art—
To plant her queen of all his garden close,
And make his varying fancy wind and dew,
Cloud, rain, and sunshine for one woman's heart.

The editor of the book—Mr. Henry Anderson Lofler, who was aided by Mr. George Sterling and Mr. Porter Garnett—has well achieved his part, for the volume is excellently printed and the verses arranged with pleasing art, while the notes are simply those called for to explain a few points in the text.

Oh, little book of beauty!—vibrant message from one lonely woman's inmost heart—may you find your way to beauty's friends in the world!

Some Later Ibsen Stories.

[For most of the following incidents we are indebted to the book, "Samliv med Ibsen," recently published in Norway by the well-known journalist and friend of Ibsen, John Paulsen.]

IN Ibsen's play, the "League of Youth," it is undoubtedly the fact that Björnson was rather maliciously represented as the famous Radical, Stensgaard. The truth is that Ibsen and Björnson were of fundamentally different types. Ibsen was revolutionary and uncompromising, Björnson was evolutionary and conservative. Yet, as may be seen from Ibsen's "Letters," the two were never so personally antagonistic as their respective followers. Speaking to Paulsen one day, Ibsen said, "Björnson and I are not enemies as many believe. It is only our henchmen who are deadlily opposed to each other. We two are not personally so." Soon after the appearance of the "League of Youth," Ibsen sent a presentation copy with a friendly note to Björnson. Björnson, however, never acknowledged the book or replied to the note.

As a young man, Ibsen was by no means certain of his vocation. Until he was thirty-two he believed himself to be born for painting. In fact, a pretty big exhibition might be got together of the canvases painted by Ibsen in the days of his early manhood, and scattered now throughout the farmhouses and country villas of Norway. He remained all his life profoundly interested in art, and his judgments of ancient and Renaissance art in Italy are always original. Of Raphael he said: "Raphael's art has never warmed me. His beings belong to the Garden of Eden before the Fall."

Ibsen's conception of drama was of something supreme in literature. The creation of dramas was indeed for him not merely a substitute for life, but life itself. He could not conceive that a man should be able to write both novels and plays; for drama demanded the devotion of the whole of a man's powers. In the art of drama, he said, there are a thousand and one artifices of finesse which the novelist knows not of. "Have you ever thought," he remarked to Paulsen, "that in a play the conversation of the morning must have an entirely different colour from the conversation of the evening?"

Björnson's play, the "Newly-Married," he did not consider a play at all. It was, he said, not a drama, but a dramatised novel.

Jonas Lie, the well-known Norwegian writer of sea-stories, was asking Ibsen's advice one day about a play he was contemplating. How long, he asked, may a character chatter on the stage? (He had in mind, perhaps, some such conversational plays and displays as we have lately seen at the Repertory Theatre.) "Chatter!" said Ibsen, witheringly, "nobody is allowed to talk nonsense either on the stage or off."

Ibsen, like every other great author, was perpetually being asked to explain what he meant by his plays. Just as perpetually he pretended not to know. "Somebody," he said, "will one day come and tell me what I do mean. The critic is always ready to see a double meaning in everything. In the 'Doll's House,' for example, there is the scene in which Nora enters followed by a porter carrying a Christmas-tree. Nora takes her purse and gives the porter a shilling instead of the usual sixpence. A Swedish critic, if you please, found a symbolic meaning in the act. Nora, he thought, was a Socialist, who desired to equalise wealth, and Ibsen was a Socialist propagandist!"

After the publication of the "Doll's House," Ibsen was proclaimed by Scandinavian women as the "Woman's Champion." He disclaimed, however, any political propaganda, and emphasised his view that he was merely presenting an eternal type of woman. As a matter of fact, in "Hedda Gabler," he appeared to swing round to the opposite pole, and to represent the dark side of feminine emancipation. "Hedda Gabler" was a severe shock to the suffragists. "Is Ibsen no longer our champion?" they asked, doubtfully. "Does he look on us with strange and unfriendly eyes?" Ibsen, however, made magnificent amends in his celebrated speech to women, when he declared that the aristocracy of the future would be born from two movements, that of the workmen and that of women.

It is well known that Ibsen's prose is the greatest Norwegian prose ever written. No translation will ever be able to convey to the English reader the delicacy, strength and precision of the original. Not a word is misplaced, for in his writing Ibsen was indeed a master-builder. Paulsen one day asked him for a definition of style. "To write," replied Ibsen, "is to see." Ibsen's power of observation amounted to genius. "You never notice anything," he remarked to Paulsen. "For instance, you don't remember at this moment the colour of the wall-paper in your own bedroom. But when I enter a strange room I notice the very smallest details. Nothing escapes me. Yes, I see everything."

Ibsen never spoke of his forthcoming plays until they were actually finished. He belonged to the order of "silent authors." He took immense pains to conceal every indication of the nature of his new plays from everybody, including his wife and sons. Once, when he was engaged in writing a play, he by chance dropped a scrap of paper on which were the words, "the doctor says." Mrs. Ibsen determined to have a joke, and one day casually remarked, "Who is that doctor in your new play? I suppose he'll say some interesting things." Ibsen at first was silent with astonishment. Then he broke out into a fit of rage, full of reproaches for her spying, etc., etc. It was Ibsen's habit while staying at Arizzia, where he wrote "Brand," to rise at four a.m. He would then walk in the woods till breakfast time, after which he sat down and wrote all day. Writing from Arizzia on September 12, 1865, to Björnson he said: "What a wonderful happiness it is to be able to write!" It was then that he felt his powers at their highest.

Ibsen's respect for the complete man was thoroughly practical. He aimed at being himself self-sufficient. He was boasting to Paulsen that he even sewed his own buttons on. Indeed, he made almost a religious act of it, for he would retire to his own room, lock the door, and sew with as much care as if he were copying out a manuscript. Mme. Ibsen afterwards laughingly explained to Paulsen that the buttons so sewn on would very soon come off again unless she herself went over them and fastened them properly. It is not generally known that Ibsen while still a young man attempted in a mood of depression to drown himself. All through his life he was subject to such moods, though not again with suicidal tendencies.

While at Bergen, Ibsen fell a little in love with a pretty girl, who used to bring the young poet flowers from the wood. One day while walking with her the pair were suddenly met by the young lady's father, who had no respect for an impecunious poet. Ibsen, like Goethe, was no hero, and incontinently fled, leaving the girl to explain as best she might. It was to her that the poem, "Flowers of the Wood," was written. Ibsen was also in love for some time with his wife's sister, Mary; and it was to her that he addressed the poem, "With a Water Lily," in which occurs the famous line, "It's dangerous to dream near Mary." In some respects, Ibsen was not unlike Goethe, for whom he had a profound admiration. He could not tolerate, however, the German adoration of Goethe's amorisms, which filled his strict puritanic temperament with disgust. After listening one day to somebody's praises of Goethe's loves, Ibsen remarked laconically, "That goat!"

It is well known that Ibsen was no democrat. In a speech delivered at Trondhjem in 1885, just before the publication of "Rosmersholm," and addressing a meeting of working men, he said: "I regret that individual rights in Norway are still insecure. There is neither freedom of speech nor freedom of belief, beyond a fixed line. There is still a great deal to be done before we can say we have reached freedom. But I fear that our present democracy will not manage to solve the problems. We must have an aristocratic element in our social life, in our representative institutions, and in our Press. Of course, I do not mean an aristocracy of money, but of intellect. That is the only thing that will give us real freedom."

"Priscilla Runs Away."

A Note on the Haymarket Production.

By T. Martin Wood.

THIS is Mr. Trench's new venture. The scenery, costumes and appointments were designed by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson. But the baroque world represented is one very foreign to the realms generally represented in Mr. Cayley Robinson's art. The symbols of his art do not usually stand for the significance of outer things, and in this play everything is not only on the surface, but so altogether of the outer-coat as to be little more than polish. All the same, it is all very dainty and charming; only, of course, as a costume play, the never-to-be-got-over limelight turns everything to the usual doll's shop appearance. The most carefully arrived at and rare combinations of colour are artificialised. Possibly some of the actors and actresses delight to bask in this excess of light, but to us it is as objectionable as the vanity it thus illumines. Not until actors can learn to forego a little of this shop-window lustre as their favourite setting will there ever be any hope for the art of the stage. Charm and reality in art are here, on the Haymarket stage, more than on any other stage; we realise it all—when we partly close our eyes. And that is my discovery; thus have I found a way to enjoy the art of the stage as it is at present; thus Mr. Robinson's crimsons and blues melt and combine as no doubt he intended. It must I think be obvious that if the light in the house and the light on the stage were of almost equal intensity and quality during the performance, the stage would seem a more ordinary place because of its more ordinary lighting. This, like all other truths, is a strange thing to say, and, of course, for the purpose of concentration and a thousand other reasons, light must be centred on the stage. Nevertheless, owing to this necessity the stage picture is seen as a picture of a place from which we are separated. Everything is placed in a special, and we might say, a foreign light, which in itself constitutes an initial difficulty to the imagination. It is in the success with which this difficulty is overcome that the art of the stage is to be tested. For before this art can hold us in its spell we have to exchange the feeling that we are merely looking on for one of transportation to the scene enacted. Even a picture—a painted one—is art only in its successful transportation of our fancy. And even success in paint is more frequent only from the fact of the superior study given to the problem of achieving first and last an illusion of natural light.

I propose that it is with this problem and with no other, that reform in stage production can begin. It is quite probable that there has never been a comedy of this class mounted so perfectly as "Priscilla Runs Away," or one in which a more rarified atmosphere has been suggested; but stop we must at the fact that if all the artistic genius of Europe was expressed in it, the result would be blasted through excess of light. What is the effect that lime-light as used at present has on colours? Is it not something in the nature of that disastrous over-dose of white which damns the colour of an inferior wall-distemper? People tell us that there is no remedy. Well, there is less chance of finding one while they are taught to accept that statement as a fact; we do not accept it as a fact. Judged by any ordinary standard, the staging of this play is miles above everything else in London of the kind, so it must seem as if this notice of it were ungrateful. But if it is not in connection with such experiments, however pretending, that we can say what we want to, in what other connection can we speak? It is not at all unlikely that it will take fifty years to bring the public round to a belief in greater things even than this, and in the meantime we are prepared to be talked about as madmen. Stage production *as an art* there is at this moment at the Haymarket if nowhere else. But we believe that there is a reality and greater beauty than have ever yet been dreamed of, once the stage will put first the problem of tempering the light.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

ONE afternoon recently turning out of a Bond Street gallery I met an artist looking jaded and worn. He told me he had undertaken to criticise the pictures at all the galleries during the season. It was his first attempt to cross "The Bridge of Sighs," and would be his last. Not even the joy of jumping on his own best friends would tempt him to do it again. "There are far too many people painting pictures," he cried. "What is the cure for the picture-painting mania?" I inquired. "There are two cures," he replied. "One way is to destroy all architecture. Architecture is the highest form of art. Some painters believe that pictures are the highest form of art. It is a sad fallacy, and gentlemen of the craft will have a humiliating awakening one day. Architecture is the base of painting, and walls, particularly exhibition gallery walls, are the excuse for picture-painting. Picture-painting is not the excuse for walls as some deluded persons imagine. Do away with walls, and painters would be reduced to hanging their pictures on trees or round their beautiful necks." "Destroy all architecture? That is a negative proposal. Suppose you try a positive one. Teach painters to rehabilitate life as a whole rather than in detached masses."

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"I was coming to that," he said. "The other method of bringing artists to reasonableness and commonsense in the matter of picture painting is to stop all picture painting for ten years. There would still be enough pictures to go round. The value of those in existence would go up, the artist would be forced to quit his studio and lay violent hands on every square inch of surface suitable for decoration ,and even stingy people would be led to see that the labourer is worthy of his hire, even if the labourer happens to be an artist. In effect, there would be a revolution, such as art demands. Forced to leave his cloister and to open his eyes, the artist would be filled with fierce indignation at the extreme ugliness with which our towns and cities are clothed; at the shameful neglect of beauty by a nation passing as democratic in undemocratic ways. He would seize the highways and byways and hold them for art with a rod of iron and a sword of blood, just as reformers, Anarchist agitators, and patriots seize the world and strenuously hold it on behalf of their ideals. There would be readings of the Riot Act, callings out of the military, declarations of independence, and in the midst of it all the sudden and final disappearance, lock, stock and barrel, of all the vicious dishonesty, claptrap, the froth and wind, the cheap unennobling, uninspiring, discreditable sentiment that to-day governs art, menaces it and makes its righteous realism murderous. Artists are apt to feel disgusted with the disgraceful apathy and ignorance of the public, but many of them should feel no less disgusted with their own petty delusions, their love of 'inhaling with wide and thankful nostrils the rancid flavour of rotten dance roses and mouldy musk,' as Swinburne puts it, their suicidal inertia.

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"Why don't some of them come forth from their studios and create a riot? Why don't they besiege public life and demand the right to hold a brief for art? Why don't they fight to create a body of opinion favourable to their work and to their recognition? There are new avenues waiting to be opened by them in all directions. Look, for instance, at this theatre poster," he pointed to one of a row of dry bills. "Isn't it a pernicious thing? Doesn't it set your teeth on edge? Can anyone with a sense of beauty look at it without a deep feeling of disgust and the desire to shatter the pernicious stuff? Thousands of artists see it daily. They know it belongs to one of the most fashionable and wealthiest West End managements (whose æsthetic taste ought to be a subject for serious inquiry); they know it is seen by millions of Londoners, that it battens on to them, eats into their stultified souls, stamps itself upon their narrow little minds as a criterion of beauty. Yet they pass it without resentment at the sight of it? Why do they not take vengeance on the owners of such horrible things—on the mountebank enemies of art? Or, if they desire a peaceful revolution, let them set to and turn out charming, poetical or interesting designs, and throw them at half-educated managers till they accept them out of sheer self-defence?"

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"The true explanation of their neglecting to take the latter step," I said, "is to be found in the low æsthetic taste of the average theatrical manager. He merely seeks and selects what pleases him and his public, not what appeals to artists and the artistic. Your artist may lead the manager to the beautiful design, but he cannot make him buy." "Rot! rot! rot!" exclaimed my excited companion. "Artistic theatre bills are not unknown in this country and they might be as plentiful as in Paris. Here is one exhibited by the Haymarket Theatre. And what Cayley Robinson can do, other painters can do." I pointed out that Cayley Robinson is enabled to express his rare quality of beauty in design in posters because Mr. Herbert Trench feels that quality and encourages it as apparently no other London manager does. He persisted: "The fault is not in the manager so much as in the artist. You know that, generally speaking, the latter scorns designing theatre posters and believes it degrading to undertake the thousand and one things that are waiting to be done. To him picture painting is the temple of fame. He is really insane on the point, and this is why we live in an age of picture painting insanity."

* * *

I agreed with his main contentions, that the inertia of the artist is doing a great deal of harm to art, and that picture painting ought to be stopped by law for a time so as to compel artists to seek other avenues of artistic expressions. Then some of them might turn to follow in the footsteps of Miss Nelia Casella, whose exhibits at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters at 5a, Pall Mall East, had so much impressed me that afternoon. If I am not mistaken, this artist has been engaged many years in the revival of waxwork, producing among other things beautifully modelled little busts in coloured wax richly inlaid with gems. Other artists might turn to produce more of the portrait work enamelled in silver and copper, hung next to Miss Casella's exhibits. This is another kind of charming artistic work to be widely encouraged. And others again might avoid the general fault of the work of the members of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, namely, that of being too photographic. But they would find something to note in the excellent qualities of the exhibits by Rosalie Emslie, Nellie Hepburn-Edmunds, Myra Luxmore, Marie Laforge, Edith Grace Wolfe, Janet Robertson, and Francis Burlison (a strong bronze group, 239).

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The very clever bronze statuettes by Albert Toft at the Brook Street Gallery, including that exceptionally fine piece of work in composition, modelling and strength of character, "Mother and Child," had brought me back to the relation of sculpture to architecture, and the part sculpture might play in the decoration of our public places. For the fiftieth time I had asked myself why is so much fine energy wasted in turning out studio torsos, statuettes, portrait busts and what not, when London itself is starving for embellishment? Perhaps it is because apparently nothing can bring our public authorities to a sense of the fitness of things, and one can only say they are past praying for. And artists will not pray for themselves.

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Several letters concerning the last Art Supplement have been received. The following extract from a communication from Mr. Herbert Trench will speak for them all. "I must send you a line of thanks for your beautiful and illuminating and valuable Art Supplement to THE NEW AGE on the Staging of Plays."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MATERIALS IN PAINTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As Mr. Walter Sickert has alluded to the researches I made some years ago into the materials used in tempera and early oil painting, may I be allowed to call attention to the very certain note in which Eastlake speaks of the universal prevalence of pure white grounds in the first volume of his "Materials for a History of Oil Painting," chap. xi., the technical process of which he traces back to the mummy cases of the ancient Egyptians, which endure to our own day. He discusses the question of the absorbency or non-absorbency of these grounds (pp. 382, 383), and considers that experimental proof is in favour of the theory that the white ground was prevented from absorbing oil and colour. In scraping pictures behind, to transfer them to new canvases, the ground is found whitest next to the paint, and, if paint flakes, the bared place is always white. Eastlake considers that as many of the early Flemish masters, like the Van Eycks, were glass painters, they knew the value of light behind colours. The chapter is long and full of interest. The art of preparing pure white grounds on panels was an expert art in the Low Countries. If the Italian tradition was followed, slaked plaster of Paris would be used rather than whitening. It was a material known to the French tradition, if my memory serves me. This seems to have great qualities of endurance and tenacity, and I find, through a good many years' experience now, that it can be used with size to make pliant white grounds on canvases: but whitening cracks. I don't know any other white material that can be satisfactorily used in this way, unless Mr. Batten is right that oxide of zinc and cheese glue are satisfactory. Then, as to the use of a white ground, I invariably render it non-absorbent for tempera painting by a thin (much diluted) wash of yoke of egg, mixed with yellow ochre. So I paint on a shining yellowish ground. I restore the lights with white oxide of zinc paint. Nevertheless, I consider the first white ground of great importance.

For oil painting, thin size, or some other check to absorbency, must be used, as Eastlake insists. It is quite possible egg would do, or perhaps a diluted varnish. On one panel I tried this and it seemed to answer.

Mr. Sickert says the arm in the Polish Rider is painted at one go. Is he sure that there is not a loaded chiarascuro painting underneath, with light lights? That is what I believe to be the secret of luminous oil painting of the Rembrandtesque sort—as well as white grounds.

CHRISTIANA J. HERRINGHAM.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND S. VERDAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In common, I feel sure, with many other Socialist readers of THE NEW AGE, I have followed the pronouncements of S. Verdad on foreign affairs with a growing feeling of surprise and indignation at the editorial place they assume in a journal supposed, at least generally, to occupy a Socialist standpoint. Mr. Verdad's last article, in which he attempts to whitewash himself, does not get rid of the fact that with "all his general knowledge of foreign affairs" the "certain opinions" he expresses on the alleged facts before him are those of the average Jingo journal of commerce. The opinions we form on facts generally depend upon the point of view from which we regard them, and the point of view of Mr. Verdad, it is perfectly clear, is that of the real "boys-of-the-bulldog-breed" British Imperialist. Now I have no hesitation in saying that this is not the point of view of Socialism, as such, or even of any individual Socialist that I am aware of, with the possible exception of Mr. Blatchford.

Mr. Verdad's justification for his adoption of the standpoint of British officialism "right or wrong" in his estimation of Foreign and Colonial politics, consists of the traditional stale arguments to which we are accustomed. Egypt and India must be kept under the heel of British bureaucracy, backed by the "mailed fist" of British military imperialism, not because British capitalists need commercial outlets and wider fields for industrial operations, and British officials posts and sinecures, but because it is good for the Egyptian and Indian populations to be kept under British domination! For otherwise would not the said Egyptian and Indian be respectively at one another's throats to-morrow? Truly a delightful argument for the British exploiter! I will reply to it by quoting a historical parallel. In the early years of the sixteenth century the countries of Continental Europe, notably Germany and Italy, were still in a condition of well-nigh constant internal conflict—baron against baron, or city against city—modern national unity being as yet embryonic or non-existent. Mr. Verdad and his kind would have pronounced the populations contained at least within the two last-named countries, as "absolutely incapable of governing" themselves. Now it so happens that Western Europe, notably Germany and Italy, were just at that time under the dread of a Turkish invasion, which indeed seemed imminent, and of a possible conquest similar to that of the Balkan Peninsula. Let me point out to Mr. Verdad that a pro-Turkish advocate of that era might have enlarged upon the beneficence the Turkish rule and administration would bring with them in keeping Germany and Italy in order and in establishing a "Turkish peace," just as Mr. Verdad and other pro-British advocates to-day descant on the blessings of British administration in Egypt and in India, and the establishment of a "British peace" through the "order" thus maintained. Yet what modern Europe would have been to-day had the beneficent Turk successfully carried out a policy of restoring and maintaining order in Western Europe in the early sixteenth century, I, for one, am unable to imagine! Even Mr. Verdad does not probably regret that Western Europe was allowed to work out its own salvation (such as it is, and what there is of it) rather than to have received "civilisation" at the kindly hand of the conquering Turk—and this even at the expense of the temporarily anarchical state of affairs then obtaining. Now suppose Mr. Verdad places himself for one moment, if he can, at the standpoint of the Egyptian or the Hindoo, and tries to see how possibly these degraded specimens of humanity, as he deems them, may conceivably prefer to determine their own destiny even at the cost of internecine strife, rather than have one inflicted upon them from outside, albeit at the hands of the great and good British Government—just as the inhabitants of Western Europe preferred when confronted with the threatened Turkish conquest at the beginning of the sixteenth century. In either case it is a question of a widely alien race imposing an alien civilisation upon an unwilling population.

As might be expected, our friend, the "foreign editor" of THE NEW AGE, as he styles himself, cannot refrain from flinging the question-begging appellative "sentimental" at all who disagree with him. I, for one, am not specially concerned to champion Messrs. Keir Hardie, Nevinson, Brailsford, or Massingham, but if these gentlemen are to be accused of a sentimental bias in favour of native populations I can only say that Mr. Verdad with far greater justice can be charged with the possession of an anti-sentimental bias in favour of British bureaucrats.

Mr. Verdad seems to think it his mission to find Socialists in the wrong and to virtuously champion their opponents. He habitually quotes reactionary papers as authorities and then resents the suggestion that he himself is reactionary. He naively asks whether Mr. H. G. Wells' two recent articles are to be discounted because they were published in the "Daily Mail"—as if there were any doubt as to this point! Had Mr. Wells written in favour of Socialists and Socialism the "Daily Mail" would certainly not have given his articles the prominence it did. As a matter of fact I have been informed that a letter in reply to them by a perfectly competent Socialist and a member of the S.D.P., has not been inserted.

I would, before concluding, challenge the "foreign editor" of THE NEW AGE to point to a single paragraph in all he has written up to date for that journal which represents Socialist criticism of international relations.

For, as I have said before, the question is not one of facts or information, but of points of view, and the point of view of S. Verdad is uniformly that of the Tory Imperialist press. Now it is, of course, open to S. Verdad to say that Toryism is right and that Socialism is wrong, but for heaven's sake let him come forward in his true colours and not pose as a super-enlightened Socialist. If the readers of THE NEW AGE want "Daily Mail" views of foreign policy in the paper, that is their affair! I am writing these words of protest on behalf of those who do not.

E. BELFORT BAX.

[It should be understood once and for all that our contributors of signed articles, whether on foreign affairs or on other subjects, are, and are prepared to be, personally responsible for their statements, both of fact and of opinion. We no more desire to be held as agreeing with our contributors on all points than they desire to be held as agreeing on all points with us. Mr. Verdad will doubtless reply.]

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"FOREIGN AFFAIRS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A cutting from your issue of July 7 has been sent me in which a contributor of yours, Mr. S. Verdad, remarks under the above heading that the opinions expressed on Indian Government by the Conservative papers are "much more accurate than those put forth in the Liberal Press, particu-

larly by extreme sentimentalists of the Nevinson, Brailsford, and Massingham order."

I am, of course, grateful for having my name coupled with Mr. Massingham, the best of editors and one of the finest guides of public opinion, and with Mr. Brailsford, whom everyone who studies foreign politics at all knows to be among the best and most accurate of writers on foreign affairs. But I am a little surprised that you should allow a contributor to a paper like yours to degrade himself by abusing us as "sentimentalists." Believe me, that word is the cheapest and most ineffectual weapon now left in all the arsenal of vulgarity. It is cheaper than mud.

If your contributor means, as from a preceding paragraph he appears to mean, that I think England should at once withdraw her rule from India and leave the country to chaos, it is a silly libel to charge me with such folly; and if he had happened to read anything I have ever written on India, he might have discovered that.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

* * *

WELLS v. WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Second thoughts are best, and I am glad "H. A. J." has given me an opportunity of repudiating my first all too generous welcome to the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. I had not then given that document an adequate scrutiny, and I was perhaps absurdly over-anxious to display a different spirit towards the propagandist efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Webb than that which had animated the opposition to my own attempts to organise a Fabian propaganda. The second edition of the pamphlet from which "H. A. J." quotes does not contain my reckless effusion, and it is to be remarked that the portrait of Mrs. Sidney Webb now rules alone upon a cover that once bore numerous sympathisers.

The Break-up of the Poor Law agitation is far more taking at the first onset than it is under more deliberate examination, and I am not alone in falling away from those first enthusiasms.

H. G. WELLS.

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VERNON LEE'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A statement in THE NEW AGE of the 7th inst. is not correct. In the "Bibliography of Vernon Lee" it is noted that her work on "The Countess of Albany" is stated to have been published by Lane. It was published, in 1884, by W. H. Allen and Co., in my "Eminent Women Series."

JOHN H. INGRAM.

* * *

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have been greatly interested in your reply to Mary Gawthorpe's challenge to you to state your objection to the Women's Suffrage Bill, now before Parliament, but regret you intended to "wait and see" how the Parliamentary wind blew before expressing your views. We look to THE NEW AGE to have the courage to give original progressive thought, not merely to reflect upon what is hopelessly past. You shield yourself behind the standpoint of the electioneers of the Liberal party. Is the country then to be in the control of electioneers? and is democracy to be content to place the convenience of the party agent above justice and fair play?

You say expediency rules in the absence of a popular wave. If so, it has no place in the present political position of womankind—the popular wave being borne on a heavy spring tide, apparent to all except those very far out at sea.

The present Bill certainly lacks principle, but it must be remembered it is not the woman's demand—it is a working compromise, shorn of anything which might offend any party and consequently satisfactory to none. It is no less than "justice on the instalment system," and we all know how little "principle" there is in instalments, and how costly a system it is! That is why the country would have been well advised to meet the women's demand without compromise.

Members of Parliament have thought otherwise, and have come from all parties to support this compromise. The women have endorsed their effort. Why? Because it is one step towards justice, and that step, once taken, perhaps justice will be more visible to the community at large.

You say the Bill extends an existing property qualification. There is no qualification in the country, not even the University qualification, at present, which is not based on property; but this Bill would not extend the property qualification—it would merely enable the present qualification to be applied equitably.

Women ask for no new principle. They do not ask to be enfranchised by virtue of their sex. They ask for an honest interpretation of the existing principle, and that they should not be excluded simply on account of their sex.

The present Bill, though it falls far short of justice, does and will further the women's cause. The moment women can, even under some handicap, attain votes, politicians will have to weigh women's demands seriously or risk forfeiting the support of those who are or may become voters. The possession of the vote by some will automatically ensure consideration for all, since voters will no longer be detectable at first sight.

THE NEW AGE need not fear that the movement will be paralysed by partial justice only being done, or the general public regard the agitation over. The Suffragettes can be trusted by their activity to quickly undeceive the public. No fear need be felt at the "unreadiness" of the women. Politicians will lose no time in "educating" their electors, regardless of sex, and the belief you express in the women's miraculous power of development—a compliment we appreciate—will perhaps be realised when that necessary opportunity occurs. It cannot before.

ROSE LAMARTINE YATES.

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THE W. E. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In my previous letter on this subject I showed that the charges brought by "Oxford Graduate" against the W. E. A. were entirely erroneous; that so far from deserving to be described as a "so-called Workers' Educational Association," it has a membership consisting mainly of trade unions, trade union branches, co-operative societies, adult schools and branches of the I.L.P.; that it works in complete harmony with well-known representatives of Labour and Socialism as your correspondent admits; that it has not yet taken the action, which "Oxford Graduate" erroneously condemns it for taking, of demanding a commission on the universities; and finally, that had such action been taken, there could have been absolutely no objection to it, since the universities badly need overhauling. His last letter adds one more to my collection of errors. He states that it has "refused to adopt the Trade Union Education programme as its basis." I may perhaps be pardoned for suspecting that the trade unionists who belong to the Association are as capable of looking after the educational interests of trade unionists as is "Oxford Graduate." But in any case the statement is incorrect. The only basis for it apparently is that Mr. W. Sanders, the late Labour candidate for Portsmouth, when taking the chair at a conference, *ruled out of order* a motion of the kind indicated by your correspondent. Thus do stories grow! Speaking for myself alone, I think the chairman was right in holding that the W. E. A. ought not to make adherence to the trade union education programme (however excellent that may be) *a test for admission* to its membership, since to do so would be to exclude many working people (for example those who are Roman Catholics). Nor is he much more fortunate in his other criticisms. Why in the world should the secretary not attend any conference on education he pleases? If the conference in question was of the reactionary character ascribed to it by your correspondent (about which I neither know nor care), surely commonsense would suggest that the more closely its proceedings were watched, the better. Your correspondent can hardly be serious in suggesting that to attend a meeting is to express sympathy with it.

One more trifle and I have done. "Oxford Graduate" apparently thinks he has made a damaging point by saying that a member of the House of Lords subscribes, or subscribed, to the W. E. A. As I haven't the last report by me, I can't say if this statement is right or wrong. But I hope he is right, and I am delighted to hear of a duke doing anything so sensible with his money.

The W. E. A. is governed by its members, 95 per cent. of whom are working people, and its members are not to be bought.

I.L.P. MEMBER OF THE W.E.A.

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YOUNG AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Young America sends greetings to her critics in THE NEW AGE. We are squanderous, belligerent, beautiful, indifferent, passionate, and are going to completely reconstruct civilisation. We know that we do not fit into any of your schemes, that we cannot pare ourselves down to a set figure, that we are not diminutive, that we challenge everything that has been.

Weep for yourselves, kind critics. Out from the Western mountains will spring an annihilating, reconstructing force. Your religions, sects, and soft-footed flunkeyism—all your cherished shibboleths of reform, will be churned up and tested in the refining fire of magnificent war.

Why tremble for us, you Europeans? Life is paramount.

The soul, tempered on the great American continent—amid the sweeping, cosmic forces of the great plains and the high mountains—commands us Americans to stand up to the music and either die to new births for new attempts, or in our god-like youth lead the world to new life.

We do not worry. We do not hurry.

The play is on. Let the croakers hold their peace in their old age. Only the young can partake. It is theirs to spend with utter prodigality—with utter abandon—to death without regret if need be. Oh, the delight of youth—the sweet intoxication of freedom and power spraying through the body and over the continent. It is impossible to be afraid. We are our own true prophets, and accept all your groans for us—with laughter.

California, U.S.A. R. A. N.

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A SHORT DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Skelthorn is naive. He regards that point in my short definition of Socialism as a "weak link in the chain," which really constitutes the main strength of this definition and differentiates it from other definitions. He does so on the strength of the maxim that "no actions are really self-regarding"—a piece of copy-book twaddle about on a par with the solemn platitudinous fallacies, also belonging to the copy book order of thought, that "two wrongs do not make a right," that there is "no such thing as chance in the world," etc., etc. The hollowness of these formal quibbles it requires but a very little insight to unmask. The only purpose they subserve is to momentarily nonplus a not too clear-headed opponent in argument. The assumption of our whole life and conduct is that, given the requisite connexion, two wrongs do make a right. It is only when we want to snatch an advantage in argument that the copy-book maxim is trotted out. Similarly our whole thought and action are based upon the assumption that the events of life consist in a synthesis of chance and law—that law, as realised, involves its antithesis, chance. But to return to our sheep! The stale stuff about "no actions" being "really self-regarding" is fully met in my letter by my definition of self-regarding actions as meaning such actions as have no direct social reference. This point is amplified in the paragraph enclosed in square brackets following 5. That every action may possibly have a social reference, indirect where not direct, is a platitude. But it is precisely this distinction between actions *indirectly* affecting society and actions *directly* affecting it on which this part of my definition of Socialism is based. Yet this distinction Mr. Skelthorn completely ignores. He postulates the absurdity that all actions have equally a social reference. But Mr. Skelthorn goes still further than this, affirming that "every act from the cradle to the grave performed by one citizen involves more or less injury (sic) to another." So it is plainly, therefore, a duty imposed by the highest social morality upon every citizen to go forthwith and shoot himself! No! Mr. Skelthorn, the sacredness of individual liberty in self-regarding matters as defined in my letter of the issue of June 30, must be an integral position of Socialism if it is not to degenerate into the cast-iron tyranny against which its opponents are so fond of warning the world!

As I am writing I would like, with the Editor's permission, to call attention to the fact that, owing to an accident in the press, making "printers' pie," the last paragraph of my "short definition" (7) has been rendered fairly unintelligible. It should read as follows: "That the first political aim of Socialists in the present day should be the destruction of the power of private property, either as exercised directly by the representation of the interests of private property in the Legislature, or indirectly by the existing Government bureaucracies, which have in their hands the administration of the political and social machinery. This power of wealth, which in either case is used to sustain the principle of private property holding, and to further the interests of the propertied classes, it is essential to get rid of, before the class state of to-day can become the Socialist Commonwealth of to-morrow."

AN OLD SOCIALIST.

* * *

EGYPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. S. Verdad has this week invited an argument by his notes on Egypt. Now we do not ask for the sentimentalism of Mr. Verdad. We ask him for justice if he has the courage to accept it. What is unjust in the nationalist demand for universal and gratuitous education? Why should it be just for an old man in England to have a pension and unjust for an old man in Egypt to ask for it? We charge the Anglo-Egyptian Government with deliberate ill-will to the Egyptians for

(1) Raising the fees for school children (£8 for *elementary* education) and accepting only a very limited number.

(2) Creating "Criminal Commissions" which are composed of the enemies of the accused, and which can suspend the laws and exile to the oases any peasant on any false charge brought against him by his Sheikh.

(3) Enacting the "Cotton-worm Extermination Act" by which peasants are *compelled* now to go from one province to another working under a *fixed* wage (with no guarantee that it should not be a farthing) at the bidding of the governor of the province for an unlimited time—all this because the peasants ask for a living wage.

I do not deny that our "Legislative Council" which approved of the two last acts is reactionary. But so is the English House of Lords. In that council there is not one who is not a peer, and as peer he acts. The system of election precludes anybody with honesty or liberal ideas. A candidate is required to have at least £8,000 and a reactionary age.

Even if we were all reactionary, there is still a moral basis for self-government. Just as I believe in the Shavian doctrine that a man should only obey his own instinct, that is to say, self-government for the individual, so I believe in the self-government of a nation. It is good for the world and for us that we should commit suicide if we want to.

S. MOUSSA.

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GEOGRAPHICAL EXACTITUDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

While I do not think that my notes on Argentina were very illegibly written, I find I am made to speak of "Hudson's Bay," a locality which is officially unknown to geographers. The correct term, of course, is Hudson Bay. I should like to make this correction before some kind friend rushes in gloatingly to do it for me.

The word left out of my peroration (I presume the Greek type had to be set up separately) was ποιητής. It is my experience that the word "poet," when used in England, connotes a lanky body, pale features, long, fair hair, and pince-nez. Hence I prefer to avoid it in favour of the Greek original; for, if one uses "creator" as a makeshift, the pious Englishman at once thinks of Genesis and is puzzled. I trust you will permit me to call attention to this linguistic deficiency.

S. VERDAD.

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"N. A." REVIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am a minor reviewer on the staff of THE NEW AGE; therefore, I rush in where my elders (by about two years) fear to tread. If Dr. Whitby and Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Swinnerton will believe me, there is no conspiracy amongst us as to the manner in which reviewing shall be done. We say what we think about a book or a play: it may be captious, it may be anything anyone likes, but it is definitely and honestly what we think. And in these days, when a great deal of criticism is patently dishonest, and in some cases illiterate, that is something for which Dr. Whitby and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Swinnerton ought devoutly to be thankful. The fact that they persistently read the reviews published in this journal does denote that in a muddle-headed fashion they are thankful. I am open to wager that there are few other, if any, journals in this country whose reviews are deliberately read as a matter of course in the same way that the leading articles, middles, poems, and what not, are read.

Now, take this matter of the Repertory Theatre! The objection to "Misalliance," so far at all events as I am concerned, is not that it was in a new form, or that it flouted dramatic conventions and had little respect for Aristotle. In these matters I am a Pragmatist: I do not care how an artist gets his effects so long as he gets them. My objection to "Misalliance" is that Mr. Shaw did not get any effect at all. Ashley Dukes tells me that that was because he had flouted the dramatic conventions; I do not agree with Ashley Dukes. Mr. Shaw flouted the dramatic conventions in precisely the same manner in "Getting Married" and to a minor extent in "John Bull's Other Island"; but neither of those plays bored me. "Misalliance" sent me yawning from the gallery of the Repertory Theatre before the last act had reached its wearisome end. "Misalliance" was hash; there was not anything in it that Mr. Shaw had not already said, and said much better. The objection, then, to "Misalliance" is solely that "Misalliance" is a bad play.

That leads me to the amazing doctrine propounded by Jacob Tonson, to wit, that Mr. Barker was bound to produce "Misalliance" because Mr. Shaw sent it to him. That, to me, is the most incomprehensible statement I have ever seen in print, or out of it. Why, in the name of heaven? Because of Mr. Shaw's eminence? Is, then, a man to be allowed to climb into a position from which he can hurl any sort of rubbish at us merely because he is in that

position? Mr. Tonson's doctrine can only be justified commercially; it means, crudely stated, that Mr. Barker were a fool if he were not to produce anything Mr. Shaw chooses to write because Mr. Shaw has a following which will pay to see anything he chooses to write! It is time that Mr. Shaw's followers were protected from Mr. Shaw and from themselves. Quite clearly it was Mr. Barker's duty to refuse to produce "Misalliance" on the ground that it was a bad play, and on that ground alone. Consider the effect that would have had on Mr. Shaw! He might have re-written the play; he might have made a good play out of it; we might now be glorifying in a rich Repertory Theatre instead of bemoaning its supersession by "The Dawn of To-morrow!" In this world, Charles the Second seems to succeed Oliver Cromwell with pitiless regularity!

The objection to "Misalliance" does not apply to "The Madras House." I have forgotten what Ashley Dukes said about Mr. Barker's play, but I remember what I said about it myself. The play interested me extraordinarily. Except for the facts that it was over-long and not sufficiently dogmatic, I liked it and enjoyed it. I said so in the "Labour Leader." I did not enjoy "Misalliance," and I said so in the "Labour Leader." That cost me at least two votes at the last election to the Fabian Executive. Two Shaw "adorers," as we call them in the Fabian nursery, declined to vote for me on the ground that I had "no soul!" By God! They voted for Mr. So-and-so, who puts in about two attendances at committee meetings during the year! Well, well, we who criticised "Misalliance" adversely have the satisfaction of knowing that we were right. The "adorers" are beginning to admit it already. When Shaw has been dead three years, they will become Shaw "haters," and then Dukes and I will have to start reminding them of what fine work Shaw has done. In that day we won't refer to "Misalliance" at all.

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

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"NEW AGE" POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Perhaps you will kindly permit me to comment on certain opinions which are entertained regarding the policy of THE NEW AGE. Some are apparent from the letters you have recently published on Socialism; others I have heard in other quarters.

Now, if we want the fanatical explosions of the extreme idealistic Socialists, we can easily get them by going to Hyde Park or by purchasing "Justice." If we want Socialism expounded from the arid economical point of view, without a spark of higher imagination than is necessary to appeal to an artisan of the better class, we can buy the "Clarion," which, by the way, seems to be an unconscionably long time dying. On the other hand, apart from THE NEW AGE, there is no review printed in English which deals with difficult political problems from a standpoint which is at once abstract (not idealistic) and practical. You deserve the thanks of those who desire to view questions freed as much as possible from mere Party bias for having shown conclusively what was in the minds of many of us; that shibboleths are not confined only to Conservatives and Liberals, but are to be found among the Labour men and the Socialists. But the Conservatives and Liberals are still the only parties that count; their shibboleths are the shibboleths of potential activity and reform, whereas the shibboleths of the Socialists are the shibboleths of impotence, envy, and potential bureaucracy.

There is another point about which you may receive complaints. A few of the less clear-sighted Socialists—this group being distinctly in the majority—have blamed THE NEW AGE for saying harsh things about the Liberal Government and less harsh things about the opposition. This is the very acme of muddle-headedness. Extremes meet in the domain of politics as they do elsewhere. Speaking as one who is, on the whole, a Conservative, I have no hesitation in saying that we Tories feel we have much more in common with the Socialists than with the Liberals. If I am not mistaken, I have also seen this opinion expressed in one or two professedly Socialist papers. Apart altogether from the gross injustice and unfairness of the Liberal Press, of which we have had so many examples recently, it is becoming clearer every day that there is no place for the Liberal in modern politics. He is an anomaly. Certain parties on the Continent call themselves Liberal, and the "Daily News" disowns them. There is no room for Radicals, either. They must inevitably be absorbed by the Socialists or become Conservatives. Therefore, go on critisising the Liberals: a bewildered political Party, which mumbles old catchwords about peace, retrenchment, and reform while making huge additions to the estimates and engaging new hordes of State officials, declaiming about the House of Lords while creating seven peers who will be Conservative in two years—what fate but utter extermination is deserved by such a facing-both-ways group?—Janus with a towel round his head.

Those of us who have read your recent "Notes of the Week" quite recognise what your conception of Democracy is, and how the dry, unimaginative Socialism expounded by modern authorities on the subject fails to attain it even in theory. Therefore continue to criticise modern Socialism. Let the Fabian Society carry on its harmless and rather amusing propaganda, like Christian missionaries among the Jews. But let THE NEW AGE continue to be the only review in Europe which does not attempt to curry favour with any particular Party or group, and is not afraid to tell its friends they are in the wrong when they actually are so. If any of your readers mistake your eagerness to face facts (a rare characteristic of Englishmen) for reactionism, console yourself with the thought that THE NEW AGE was born into the world to save the souls of the elect. In a word, stick to your guns. To say something pour épater les bourgeois used to be thought good fun. But you have discovered something funnier still; to say something pour épater les socialistes—so few of them have a sense of humour.

J. M. KENNEDY.

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THE TRUST IN CRIME.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The blood-lust of lawyers is yet so strong that they are willing to take even circumstantial evidence as a means to the death sentence. Instead of Judge Coleridge directing the jury to beware of so flimsy a string of "evidence" as that flimsy string of accident, personal belief and fantasy which may hang John Dickman, this judge egged on the jurymen, who, except two or three, needed no urging to convince themselves that the man accused was the guilty man. There was a minority who held out for two hours and a half against the verdict. But the cunning of the judge was cunning indeed. Difficult would it have been for the jury to have discovered while he was orating, the subtle, insolent method of Lord Coleridge's attack upon the prisoner. But the reports of the summing-up all coincide to exhibit this judge reversing the judicial procedure by stating first the facts which defended the prisoner, and leaving the details of the prosecution to take effect last upon the minds of the jurymen.

A sign of the North reviving from its recent ferocious fit of prejudice is that the unfairness of the judge has now aroused a strong and growing party in Dickman's favour. The type of mind which does not shrink from a condemnation on circumstantial evidence is, however, shown at its crudest in the Newcastle mob that follows the miserable wife of the condemned man about the streets booing, and wears her strength away by hostile demonstrations before her house.

As for the sensational identification by the widow of the murdered man, after local opinion had become inflamed—it is not good enough! Adolf Beck was positively identified and sworn away into penal servitude. If his alleged crime had been murder, Beck would have been hanged innocent.

If there were not amidst the ring of persons who are sending Dickman to death that doubtful shrouded figure, one might exhaust ink on the satirical side of this trial. That judge is really a man for Molière or our own Dickens. "I do not presume to judge you," after the success of his wicked summing up, he assured Dickman. I am only the minister of the law." He then pronounced very slowly, and raising his hand, "May God Almighty," etc. If we may decide from the Beck case, our police-court news travels tardily heavenward.

Advantage should have been taken of the fact that there was nothing in the world against Dickman but circumstantial evidence to bring the lesson of reason and a decent conscience home to people only too eager to form convictions upon accidents and fancies. No scientist would base an opinion about anything upon such grounds as have made this judge assured enough to connive at a prisoner's death.

Lord Coleridge stands at this moment for the most irresponsible of men, a gambler on his own opinions. To this lawyer the spilling of blood is by means so serious as he informed Dickman. He instructed the jury: "The law does not require juries to act on certainties and certainties alone." There's a code for a scientific age to boast of! In the course of this remarkable harangue nothing is perhaps more gruesomely comic than the following sentence bearing against (always against) the prisoner's account of his walk to Stannington: "If they (the jury) believed the prisoner, then they must acquit him. If they discharged him, where was he during those two hours?" I can imagine the prisoner dumbly saying inside his sporting mind: "Not an earthly!" What the judge should properly have said is: "If you disbelieve this story, what evidence have you that it is not true?" There

is not a particle of evidence to disprove the story! One further instance of the invincible prejudice of the judge. About the bloodstained gloves, which stain the chemist declined to swear was even the blood of a mammal, let alone a human, the judge remarked, always drawing tighter the rope: "The stain on the gloves might also have been disregarded, but that stain was a recent stain, while prisoner said he had not used the gloves for three months." A liar, you see, and there you have another proof that this man murdered the deceased! True, we have no proof that Dickman had worn these gloves recently. True, blood might have dropped on to the one single finger which was stained. But circumstantial guesses in the prisoner's favour have not the same weight as when these are against him. Undoubtedly Dickman *lied* about wearing the gloves. Of course he wore them; and although the blood might be fish blood, it is undoubtedly the blood of the murdered man!

Thus we can shuffle away a man's life if we are sanguinary minded to do so. If Dickman were never so guilty we should be wrong to try him by the methods of Lord Coleridge. The public is becoming healthily familiar with the ways of lawyers. Science will banish them finally from jurisdiction over criminals. Under the Indian caste system when that system was at its best, lawyers were classed with the Chandalas, the lowest caste, scavengers, and what not. While we suffer them, our immediate business is to maintain civilisation against them. The judicial murder of Dickman upon circumstantial evidence if carried out will offend civilisation. No one who was not set upon it would hang a cat on that evidence.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

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WILLIAM MORRIS MEMORIAL HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A circular has lately come into my hands having reference to the above, which I think deserves the serious attention of all followers of Morris, Socialists in particular. On the frontispiece is a drawing showing the "Proposed Elevation under consideration by the Committee," and this elevation is so poor in character and so woefully lacking in anything approaching architectural treatment, as almost to provoke Morris to turn in his grave! As a memorial to William Morris, "Craftsman, Designer, Poet," it would be too ludicrous, and its appearance on the circular gives one cause to wonder whether Socialists have really understood the teaching of Morris and the principles underlying all his work.

The names of Walter Crane, Emery Walker and Cobden Sanderson appear on the circular, but I can hardly imagine any of these gentlemen lending their support to a scheme, the suggested chief feature of which is a building apparently transgressing every tradition of decent architecture.

May I have the indulgence of your valuable columns to ask Socialists to make further enquiries as to the kind of building the hall is to be before subscribing to the fund? It would be an everlasting reflection on the illustrious name of William Morris to associate it with a project so far removed, in its external appearance at all events, from the spirit of his teaching.

T. ALWYN LLOYD.

* * *

THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In THE NEW AGE (June 30) appeared a reply to my article on the above subject by Marmaduke Pickthall, who begs to be allowed "to point out a few inaccuracies and to comment on the issues where the facts are truly stated." First, let me state that my "inaccuracies" comprised one inaccurate word. "On the British fleet being 'sighted' (the French squadron) immediately put to sea." The word "augmented" should have been written instead of "sighted," which I frankly admit was gross carelessness on my part, and therefore deserves the just censure and uncontrolled indignation of Marmaduke Pickthall. I am sorry to be compelled to refute Marmaduke Pickthall, but really I did not refer to "Nelson's time," but to July 11, 1882; and as my mentor has evidently misread his history, I would suggest to Marmaduke Pickthall that instead of reading his "Arabic history of the period," he will straightway consult some English history of the period, which he will doubtless understand much better.

I am now forty-five years of age, and as I suffer from rheumatism, I am quite incapable of indulging in anything bordering upon a terpsichorean gyration, martial or "imaginative."

"Duse Mohamed is confusing him (Arabi Pasha) with Muhammad Ali" (?) I am not confusing Mehemet Ali with Ahmed Arabi Pasha. Mehemet Ali died in the year 1849 (Aug. 2), and was responsible for the Khedivial dynasty and succession until Ismail Pasha's bribery diverted that succession from Prince Halim (the rightful heir according to the Mohammedan law of succession) to Tewfik Pasha. "The idea of Ahmed Arabi approaching the Khedive Muhammad Tewfik with a proposal to throw off the Turkish yoke is both original and finely comic; so is the suggestion that Arabi's object in the conspiracy was to improve the finances of the country and abolish bribery and corruption." All this may be "finely comic" to Marmaduke Pickthall, but is nevertheless true.

Tewfik Pasha succeeded to the princely throne of Egypt through Ismail's bribery, and the country was bankrupt on the accession of Tewfik, notwithstanding the existence of the Dual Control.

If there was no Turkish yoke to throw off, how does Marmaduke Pickthall account for that famous telegram, dated June 26, 1879, "from the Sultan of Turkey to the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha," deposing that Prince and appointing Mehemet Tewfik Pasha as his successor? Marmaduke Pickthall is evidently ignorant of the fact that a Turkish Party existed in Egypt at this period headed by Halim Pasha, and that a tribute was being paid to the Porte.

Now, as to the Copts. Marmaduke Pickthall says "they provided most of the Government clerks under the old Turkish régime, were not merely agriculturists, as Duse Mohamed suggests." This abundantly proves, if proof were wanting, how Marmaduke Pickthall has twisted and distorted my statements in order that he might prove his exceptional knowledge of Egyptian history!"

I never "suggested" that "the Copts were merely agriculturists." I said, "the Copt, who for centuries had remained in a condition of serfdom under his Mohammedan masters, was permitted and assisted to peacefully pursue his agricultural avocations." Both Canada and Australia are engaged in manufacture, but the mainstay of these colonies is agriculture. We therefore call them agricultural colonies, inasmuch as we are taught that "the greater includes the less"; but Marmaduke Pickthall's "logic" is cast in a more superior mould! Perhaps it would be as well to inform Marmaduke Pickthall that there were Syrian clerks as well as Copts under the Turkish régime, and further, that these Coptic protégés of his were instrumental in retarding the efforts of the British and French financial controllers in their endeavours to straighten out the tangled finances of the country. Marmaduke Pickthall also bewails the fact that I should have called him, and those of his kidney, "rash meddlers." Have I not proved him to be a "rash meddler"? I might also add that trite English saying: "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Marmaduke Pickthall's article, although beautifully decorated with Latin and French embroidery, not to mention his "knowledge" of an Arabic history of the period, written from the young Egyptian standpoint, which would have provided me with firmer ground, is all very pretty, and was doubtless meant to be impressive; but although we are taught that "critics are ready-made," Marmaduke Pickthall lacks both the critical faculty and that element of good taste which is expected of those "who write to the papers."

In conclusion, I respectfully beg to inform Marmaduke Pickthall that, instead of showing an indifference for historical facts, I am only too sure of my position, inasmuch as I was in the city of Alexandria during its bombardment by the British in 1882—not "in Nelson's time"!

My father was an officer in the Egyptian Army, falling at Tel-el-Kebir. Arabi Pasha was a frequent visitor at my father's house during those stirring times, thereby giving me ample opportunity to obtain that first-hand knowledge which Marmaduke Pickthall has acquired second-hand from his "Arabic history of the period."

DUSE MOHAMED.

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