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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are by no means sure there is not something in Mr. Maxse's idea. Was Mr. Haldane's Territorial scheme backed by advocates of compulsory training simply to discredit the voluntary system? No such far-seeing subtlety in our army officers, we fear! Lord Esher, however, who was foremost in setting the Territorials on their legs, is now declaring (in the "National Review") that the voluntary system is not able to supply the demand for 60,000 recruits a year, and consequently that not only the Territorial scheme but the voluntary principle as well is played out. Apart from the figures, which we pointed out some weeks ago are conclusive against the popularity of Mr. Haldane's organisation, Lord Esher allows his disappointment to carry him too far into the vague region of embittered explanation. Somebody or something must be to blame if this last effort of voluntaryism in a national army has not succeeded. Who or what is it? Of course, it cannot be Mr. Haldane, "who, after all, is far the ablest and most successful War Minister this country has ever had." Still less can it be the scheme itself, so "imaginative and practical." No, it is that confounded democratic spirit, which like a "sirocco" is "withering in our people the spirit of sacrifice."

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Now this, in plain terms, is balderdash. We can understand Lord Esher advancing it as a weighty contribution to a Y.M.C.A. debate, but as the reflection of an experienced statesman it is trivial in the extreme. In the first place, it is quite an assumption that Mr. Haldane's scheme is the last hope of voluntaryism. In whomsoever says it the wish must be father to the thought. For we have ourselves argued from the very first that Mr. Haldane's plan was doomed simply because it was not democratic enough. It was named a Territorial organisation, but there was nothing Territorial in it in the only modern use of the word. Its county divisions and so on had none of the modern associations with county and municipal life. Again, we not only could devise, but we have more than once outlined, a scheme for a voluntary home-defence army, which is both more democratic and would prove more popular than Mr. Haldane's half-baked county-magnate-cum-city-clerk organisation. True, our scheme, as has been pointed out by one of our correspondents, suffers from the defect, in Socialist eyes, that it would immensely strengthen the existing oligarchy; but we supposed that this was the intention of Mr. Haldane. In short, we were prepared to prove that the governing classes did not know their own business as well as we knew it.

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After all, there is no gamekeeper like a poacher; and if we are to be regarded as social poachers interfering in matters where we have no right, our ideas are the more valuable on that very account. We repeat from bitter experience that the democracy of this country, meaning thereby the proletariat, are as willing to-day to be led by the nose by the oligarchy as they ever were. The only respect in which they differ a little, perhaps only a very little, from their forbears is in their increasing objection to being pulled by the nose. To talk of universal compulsion in the matter of military service at the very moment that the oligarchy are applauding the voluntary principle and defending the rights of minorities in trade union matters is about as inept a proceeding as could be conceived. Is it not plain as a pikestaff that so far from democracy abandoning voluntaryism, it is adopting voluntaryism more and more in its most individualistic form? If the oligarchy desires to maintain itself homage to the voluntary principle all round should be its motto. Surely the wiles of the recruiting sergeant are not exhausted yet? We should pity the officers who were call upon to drill conscripted Englishmen. We do not feel the necessity for compulsory service, and that's the truth of the matter. Nor will all the nothing-like-leather blether of officers and their claque convince us of the contrary.

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We did not expect confirmation of our forecast of last week to follow so hot upon the heels of our announcement that the so-called "labour unrest" would increase with every diminution of the prestige and prospects of the Labour party. Within a day or two of the publication of our analysis of the main currents of industrialism some scores of thousands of men in the shipbuilding trade found themselves "locked-out," that act of war on the part of the Shipping Federation being deemed expedient in view of the repeated breaches by sections of the men of the signed, sealed and delivered agreement of last year. It will be noted that in the present instance the "unrest" is in no sense the work of the men's officials. On the contrary, even the employers admit that the men's

leaders have done their best to keep the peace. No question, therefore, of malicious agitation. The "unrest," in short, is general and arises from that uneasy feeling of which we spoke a fortnight ago: the feeling among the men that these agreements are in some way to their disadvantage—as indeed they are—and that in their clauses they are caught like rats in a trap, as one of them remarked. Add to this their growing conviction that not a single great power in the State cares a rap for them and you will gather their slowly accumulating determination to fight for their own hand in their own way and exactly as it suits their immediate moods.

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It is very shocking, morally, of course, that having allowed their leaders to sign an agreement on their behalf they should be willing to tear it up sans the appointed ceremony; but the truth is that what is an agreement to the employers is a treaty of surrender in the eyes of the men. And it cannot be otherwise. We are not defending the indiscriminate annulment of formal agreements, far from it; but an agreement to be morally binding implies an equal freedom in all the parties to its signature; and so long as wage-slavery exists—so long, that is, as the workman must work at least weekly in order to live—the relative "freedoms" of the contracting parties are hopelessly discrepant. It is as if the beleaguered of a city with only seven days' supply of food entered into an agreement with a besieging force with an unlimited supply: the agreement being something to the effect that under no circumstances should the supply of food in the city exceed the seven days' limit, all the surplus to be sent outside. Under these circumstances would anybody be entitled to wonder if now and then raiding parties of citizens rebelled even against their own leaders' orders? The parallel is pat.

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That the "lock-out" in this instance will end in the surrender of the men there is, even at this moment, little doubt. On the one side are some thousands of men with thousands of women and children dependent on them, and with no resources beyond a day or two's supply and a few days more credit; on the other side, are a comparatively few wealthy employers to whom the lock-out means reduced profits but not starvation. The end of the situation is certain. But what a barbarism it is, to be sure. And what a commentary on our national capacity for organising the life of our citizens rationally. If Lord Esher wants to know why "democracy" is not in love with the oligarchy, he had better examine the question from the proletarian standpoint. We venture to say that if Lord Esher were among the proletariat he would be the first to go on strike or to provoke a lock-out. Which is paying him a great compliment.

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The lock-out, however, may have one good result. It may enforce the moral that the disappearance of the Labour party from Westminster will be a calamity to the nation no less than to the remaining political parties. We would, if we had the investment of the oligarchy's insurance money, positively pay the salaries of the Labour members rather than allow the party to disappear. And they should be not only permitted but encouraged to continue their work of directing the eyes of wage-slaves towards politics rather than towards economics. The alternative, as we have often said, to the collective political endeavour of the working classes is their collective anarchic industrial endeavour. If they are not allowed, by reason of the poverty of their representatives, to strike efficiently on the ballot-box, they will pool their industrial strength to strike disastrously on civilisation itself. The organisation necessary to this may take years to form, but every step on the road to its formation will be in itself a disaster. The present lock-out is one. Next week it may be the miners, as last week it was the chain-makers of Cradley Heath. A prospect, in short, of continued purgatory for those who are sensitive of their country's honour, and punctuated by infernos. The "Nation" has not yet declared for "Payment of members." Consequently there is still hope.

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The announcement of the "Times" that it will follow the lead of THE NEW AGE in publishing a series of special supplements on current questions is interesting from the fact that its first supplement is to be devoted to a subject on which all the leading monthly magazines have this month, by a strange coincidence, important articles. The subject will be named Education, though in truth the question at controversial issue has as much to do with education as the theories of the Angelic Doctor had to do with religion. We single out a contribution to the "Contemporary Review" by the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare as demonstrating rather than removing the impasse that exists on the question of religious instruction in provided schools. Moreover, it displays such ignorance of what "religious instruction" really is in practice that one or two passages are worth quoting:

> "An open Bible is the safeguard and condition of both civil and religious liberty."
>
> "If to-morrow, by an act of madness, the Bible were struck out of the hand of the little child in the Council schools, there are countless homes in which children would grow up in a darkness like that of heathendom."

What absurd superstition is this? We are, as our frequent references to Biblical illustrations prove, not dead to the transcendent value of the Bible both as a standard of literature and therefore of high morality and as a compendious record of profound spiritual experiences, but to suppose that these are the qualities of the Bible which are allowed to impress "the little children of the Council schools" is arrant nonsense. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the Bible is taught in our Council schools exactly like any other "subject." Certain selected stories are repeated to the children until their names and "plots" are familiar, and a number of passages are committed to memory, exactly as if they were from Shakespeare. Absolutely nothing more is or can be done. The Scripture lesson is confined to thirty minutes at the opening of school every morning when the time is most likely to be invaded by calls to mark registers, inspect hands, etc., etc. We should not be far wrong in reducing the theoretic maximum of thirty minutes Scripture instruction each morning to an actual average of ten or fifteen minutes, in which time there is obviously small opportunity for "religious instruction" denominational or undenominational. If an open Bible of this kind is the only safeguard of civil and religious liberty, then indeed we are gone 'coons. So gone, in fact, that the striking of the Bible out of the school curriculum altogether would not affect our lost condition.

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Even, however, concerning the use of those clipped precious minutes there is wrangling and dispute. It is urged that where parents desire it provision of teaching should be made in doctrine as well as in Bible stories, and particularly in Church doctrine, since the absence of Church doctrine is supposed to imply the presence of Nonconformist doctrine. But the teaching of doctrine would involve doctrinal tests for teachers, and there we are, back in the dark ages again. Like many other educationists we are driven in sheer exasperation to what is called the secular solution. A plague on all your doctrines, we are inclined to say. What are "doctrines" that are not knowledge, and who of all the teachers of religion *knows*, or even acts as if he knows, the truth of what he teaches? Even Robespierre made the Convention acknowledge a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. And how much better was anybody for the acknowledgment without the knowledge? A strict sense of truth would make agnostics of us all in the present state of spiritual darkness. To people with opinions of the texture of Mr. Shakespeare's we can only say: When fanatics fall out—as they must—sensible people come by their rights. Every denominational doctrinaire is driving us straight to the secularisation of education.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

So some people are surprised, are they, that the Kaiser has made another rousing speech? Most of us knew that he was going on the stump again in the autumn; but certainly none of us expected it so soon. And the Chancellor supporting him, too! The whole thing, of course, was pre-arranged. Already the militarist organs are beginning to clamour for more men and more ships, and Colonel Gädke is on the warpath to show that more men and more ships are just what Germany doesn't want.

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Another general election will soon be in full swing in Germany, and nearly everybody expects that the Socialists will come back a hundred strong. It is to keep the number of "Reds" as low as possible that a strong militarist campaign is being organised. The Kaiser has just kicked off, after having been well tutored by his Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, as to what he should say. We cannot blame the Emperor William for "breaking silence without the consent of the Chancellor," as many ill-informed writers, in Germany and elsewhere, have done; for his Majesty acted on the initiative of the Chancellor, who with his own hand wrote out—or, perhaps better, drafted out—the speech which has caused so much excitement, and suggested where it should be delivered. A sly old dog is Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg. Few Germans know better on which side their bread (black or otherwise) is buttered, and how the bourgeoisie should be handled so as to obtain the best results.

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This, indeed, is just the complaint brought against the middle classes by Colonel Gädke in one of his recent articles in the "Berliner Tageblatt." The German bourgeoisie, he says, has often let itself be carried away by sonorous words and patriotic phrases, even against its own interests, and has so often shown itself so eager to help the reactionary cliques when its patriotism is appealed to, that recourse is once more being had to this method of winning votes—a method, adds the Colonel, which never seems to be employed in vain. A very neat summing-up of the position, this, and one which contradicts the assumption, so often repeated in English newspapers, that the German middle classes are sick of armaments. Colonel Gädke, let it be remembered, may now be described as a fairly advanced Liberal in politics, yet even he admits the force of German patriotism. Had he been writing for the average English Liberal paper he would have hidden his head in the sands and denied it.

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Well, then, until the election is over we may expect a raging, tearing militarist propaganda in Germany, and the jingo papers, with their few but influential readers, will let themselves go. However, it doesn't really matter much to us. During the winter we shall have our own problems to discuss; and during the autumn we may have something much more important and immediate than Germany to worry about. I refer, of course, to Crete. The Turkish attitude is becoming more and more threatening; and the election to the Greek National Assembly of several Cretans—who are nominally Ottoman subjects—certainly justifies some amount of indignation. A series of inquiries has led me to the conclusion that the protecting Powers are still at their wits' end to know what to do.

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Another matter which is coming in for some discussion in the near future is the position of Italy in the Triple Alliance; for it is certainly not what it ought to be. The Italian people, taken as a whole, are certainly by no means friendly to Austria or Germany, and this is well known to the three Governments concerned. I have recently had an opportunity of perusing copies of the correspondence which not long ago passed between Rome and Vienna in relation to the Austro-Italian frontier, and it was not altogether characterised by a spirit of fraternal love.

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This, the reader may say, is a small matter in itself; but to me it is one in a series of indications that the ill-feeling which has existed for many decades between the two nations has permeated the official and governing classes to an unusual degree. If the Italian army were called upon by the authorities to help Germany or Austria in any war that might be undertaken there would be a mutiny, and lamp-posts or their equivalent would be requisitioned for the purpose of hanging those concerned.

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The ill-feeling I have referred to is worth nothing; for it has long been observed by those interested in foreign politics, and it shows that the Triple Alliance is only a dual one, after all. Italy's financial condition and the state of her army and navy will no doubt render her quite a negligible quantity for some considerable time to come; but her lukewarmness towards her allies has led Germany and Austria to look elsewhere for a substitute. Hence the recent overtures which have been made to Turkey, and the disappointment manifested in Berlin and Vienna when it was found that the recent Treaty with Japan had left Russia free to turn her attention to problems nearer home. By financing a section of the Turkish Press and offering to lend money for the development of railways, industrial enterprises, etc., Germany hoped to secure a good grip on the Porte. Unfortunately for this well-conceived plan, the Turks have not forgotten the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; and not even the moral support of all Teutondom in dealing with the Cretan problem will make up for this. So Germany is doubtless once more entitled to the sympathy which is often felt for a baffled conspirator who has aimed at a big stake and lost it.

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The annexation of Korea by Japan was a foregone conclusion. It would be very difficult for the Koreans to be worse governed than they were under the rule of their own Emperor, and they are certain to benefit considerably in the long run by the Japanese occupation. Some English Liberal papers seemed hurt because the "feelings" of the Koreans were not consulted. Those who know the Oriental will smile at this—I merely place the remark on record for the benefit of posterity. I may mention, in passing, that the craniologist will find the Korean skull an object of considerable interest.

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In reply to several correspondents who want to know something more about Spain and the Vatican, I do not think anything definite will be done on either side until early in October, when the Spanish Chambers will resume their sittings. The members of the Cabinet are unanimous in thinking that a forward attacking movement will be greatly to their advantage; and they have the hearty support of the King. Politically, the Vatican is in a somewhat anomalous position, and one Minister has gone so far as to suggest that the part played by Cardinal Merry del Val against the wishes of the Pope should be discussed in the Cortes. Although the Prime Minister, Señor Canalejas, is well provided with information on this point, there are many objections to the proposal, and I hardly think it would be wise to adopt it.

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Much incredulity was expressed in some quarters when, a few months ago, I referred to the relations between Germany and Holland. Mr. Wm. Maxwell, I observed, has confirmed most of my statements in his recent articles in the "Daily Mail." I do not, however, ascribe so much importance to the Borkum defences as he does.

"Prius Dementat"—Quis?

By Flavus Secundus.

IF it were possible to suppose that the dry light of the intellect, when freed from mortal clogs and expatiating in the eternal Nowhere, could take to itself the moist humour of risibility, which some hold to be an essential faculty of deity, one might be tempted to prove the virtue of Mr. Stead's "Julia" installation by ringing up John Stuart Mill and congratulating him on the long-delayed-but-come-at-last admiration of "the stupid party," whose distressed imps are now reduced to quote even his scripture for their purposes. More than a far-away smile could not be expected of him, perhaps; but if, purged of terrestrial pique, he brought with him "that Other noble shade" ("quello altro magnanimo"), whose mocks at the multitude have perhaps too much obliterated his scorn for "Dukes of Logwood" and other lords of unearned increment, then, indeed, there would be volcanic laughter and shaking of the psychic midriff.

It is two-thirds of a century since that Other wrote (in his "Past-and-Present" chapter on "Aristocracies"): "We raise fifty-two millions, from the general mass of us, to get our governing done—or, alas, to get ourselves persuaded that it is done; and the 'peculiar burden of the land' is to pay—not all this, but to pay, as I learn—one twenty-fourth part of all this. Our first Chartist Parliament . . . . you would say, will know where to lay the new taxes." Two-thirds of a century ago; and the "new taxes"—and the old—are still everywhere but where they are due to be, and the "Lords of the soil of England" have still their feet upon the necks of the people of England; and, if the lordship is now, considerably more than then, shared by his Grace of Castle Rackrent with Plugson of Undershot (and with Hodge, Dodge, Scamp, and Co., besides), the necks are not the more comfortable for that. Yet even by the name of the author of "Chartism," also, has Privilege, called to account, been heard to curse. Truly, if stupidity and dementia be signs of supernal wrath, plutarchy is doomed, and "Jupiter livre le monde aux myrmidons."

My friend Pugfoist, whose views of politics and politicians have always the charm of originality, declares his conviction that the stupidity and madness are being "run"—not so much by angry Jove as by Titanic design: that the blind dukes and dukelets who are racing towards the ditch are under influences far from blind.

When we both were some twenty years younger, though even then no longer young, P. used to suggest that the disastrous break of the Liberal hunt after Irish Home Rule was due not to the desire of their hunt-master to see that quarry pulled down, but to his anxiety, perhaps sub-conscious, to turn his pack from other game which it had in view. Seeing that, unless diverted quickly, the Liberal party was bound for disestablishment of churches and secularisation of schools, by way of adult suffrage and other courses too crudely democratic for his leading, the autocratic high-church pedant, whom ambition and an evil star had made leader of democratic iconoclasts, determined to give them another job, which should engage them during his time and longer.

Now, again, apparently finding his imagination growing stiff for want of exercise, P. tells me that, though he can believe anything the "Daily Expert" may tell him of the hereditary wantwits, it is entirely incredible by him that Joseph of Birmingham, the once clear-headed man of business, foe of privilege and prunella, protagonist of secularism and social reform and the principle of "la carrière ouverte aux talens" (the tools to him who can handle them," but therewith, alas! of the vote to the man too ignorant to write his name)—can have been so stupefied by mere political association with dulness thinking itself his unapproachable social superior, as, while still in the fulness of his powers, to grow suddenly blind to all that he had once seen clearly, and infatuated for the opposite of all that he had most desired and fought for.

On the contrary it is clear (to P) that, finding himself, though politically among the "swells," yet socially not one of them—regarded by them as a professional, whom they graciously allowed to do their inevitable demagogic work, but could not own in their hearts as a fellow; having learned, like Dante, by experience "how hard it is to climb another (party's) stairs," and, like Schiller's Talbot, how wit is handicapped by alliance with the other thing, and that, with regard to social reform and any real amelioration of the lot of the unprivileged, he was imprisoned behind a gate over which is written: "Leave ye all hope behind who enter here," finding, in fact, that sacrifice of his career to prevent (as he conceived) disaster to his country had brought him and the country to a Dead-Sea shore, where the apples are ash-balls, and the population apes, chattering and mewing "in half remembrance that they once had souls"—he resolved to end what he could not mend, and so started his adopted party on its way to the outer darkness of opposition, and now, with schaden-freude and not without hope for the ideals of his prime, tars them on as they rush helter-skelter and with tails aloft into a salt sea whence they will not soon return. Thus Pugfoist, letting his own imagination run riotous among the fictions disagreed on of our recent political history.

Whether the madness be sent from angry Jove or provoked by politic exasperated Titan, there can be no doubt about the hopeless intensity of it. To argue with its victims is as vain as trying to cut blocks with razors. You can no more convince one of them of the essential difference, both in kind and in effect, between levying the necessary common revenue on the unimproved values of land, which are created inevitably by the growth of the community, and levying it on private industry, than you can drive a pig over running water. However often you may engineer the creature towards the shining streak, immediately on seeing it he tosses his snout, and, with a terrified explosion of grunts, rushes away helter-skelter, leaving you baffled and likewise explosive. But if, pursuing, you race him up to a precipice, he will not hesitate at that, but will rush headlong over it to destruction without a doubt in his noddle. Even thus it is with your Tory tariffer. Scared past his endurance by the idea of valuation of privilege and monopoly, snorting and shedding his ordure (inanities about "manuring land with taxes" and the like), he plunges into that gulf of absurdities where one nation's thrift is taken for another's undoing; where taxation of trade is expected to bring increase of industry and wages; where (if you are logical) you save yourself from ruin by fining your laundress for doing your washing more cheaply than you can do it at home, and your baker, when he is so ruthless as to undercut your cook; where you even expect, by taxing your sales, at once to provide yourself with an income and to keep your taxed goods at home for use*; where, in fact, two and two make both four and five, and even is odd and odd is even, and either is neither. English language is altogether inadequate to describe the doles of clotted nonsense (of "news" that never were—on sea or land, and of "arguments" more rotten than ancient toadstools) which for weeks past have been served up by the recklessly ranting journals of Torydom, and swallowed day after day by their purblind votaries, as manna gathered in the morning. There is no madness so utter as the madness of stupidity; and the exhibition of it now current is the most remarkable of its kind that has been open to the public within several generations. Who is the author of it? Quis dementat—quis?

* Actual statement (by a Tariffer) of the effect of the coal-tax.

Poverty and Genius.

A Rejoinder to Lord Rosebery.

By George Sampson.

THIS is not the first time that Lord Rosebery has delivered himself on the above subject. Readers of his book on the younger Pitt may remember this passage in defence of that statesman's indifference to the claims of literature :—

"He has been loudly blamed for his insensibility to literary merit; so far, at least, as such sensibility is shown by distribution of the funds and patronage of the Crown... If he was convinced that literature, like war, thrived best upon subsidy, he was culpable indeed. But it is conceivably possible that he may have thought differently. He may have believed that money does not brace but relax the energies of literature; that more Miltons have remained mute and inglorious under the suffocation of wealth than under the frosts of penury; that, in a word, half the best literature of the world has been produced by duns... Nothing, Pitt may have thought, is so difficult as for a Parliamentary Government to encourage literature. It may begin by encouraging a Shakespeare, but it is far more likely to discover a Page. You start with a genius and end with a job."

Now Lord Rosebery is a gifted man. He has, especially, the gift of the gab. He would make an excellent leader-writer for the "Daily Telegraph." He could deputise admirably for the mouth-foaming Garvin. He is a sort of oratorical Marie Corelli, and attracts the same sort of public—the public that is eternally willing to be fooled. But there is this difference between Rosebery and the later Swan of Avon: she, obviously, believes all she says; he, obviously, doesn't. There is a strong strain of commerce, of six-and-eightpence, of the main chance, about Lord Rosebery; he is much too "cute to believe in his own nonsense." When he says that more Miltons have been made mute and inglorious by wealth than by poverty, he is writing nonsense, and he knows it. When he says that half the best literature of the world has been produced by duns, he is writing arrant nonsense, and he knows it. In this latter case he can be refuted by facts. I challenge Lord Rosebery to name not half, but half-a-dozen, of the world's literary masterpieces produced by the stimulus of the man in possession. When he says that patronage starts with a genius and ends with a job, he is writing dishonest nonsense, and he knows it. Observe how this sentence reveals at a glance the nature of Lord Rosebery's mind. He has no objection to jobbery, but only to jobbery applied to the relief of genius. Jobbery is admirable for well-connected noodles; it is only dangerous when merit comes into the story. "You start with a genius and you end with a job." Well! since under the rule of the Rosberys we end with a job in any case, then, for decency's sake, let us begin with a genius!

But I wish to deal specially with Lord Rosebery's latest piece of nonsense on the subject of genius. Discussing the life of Burns at the recent Brig of Ayr celebration, he delivered himself thus—observe, by the way, the cheers of his prosperous audience :—

"Poverty produces masterpieces and wealth smothers them. (Cheers.) You will be able to count on your fingers the masterpieces produced by rich people. You will find they have all been written under the pressure—almost all have been written under the pressure of poverty, though I believe Shakespeare became the owner of some urban property in his latest years. But take one instance. Would Wordsworth have written any better than Rogers if Wordsworth had been as rich as Rogers? My clear conclusion from a general survey of all the great masterpieces of literature is that a genius should not be wealthy, or he is very likely to see his genius stifled by the fact." (Hear, hear.)

I do not know what to wonder at most—the egregious insolence of Lord Rosebery's praise of poverty, a matter about which he knows, and can know, nothing at all, or the tissue of fallacies composing the web of his argument. The first I leave to his conscience: I propose to examine the second. Notice carefully the ingenious inversion of his chosen instance. Would Wordsworth have written better than Rogers, he asks, if Wordsworth had been as rich as Rogers? But that is not the point. If poverty is the stimulus of genius, the real question is this: Would not Rogers have written as well as Wordsworth had he been as poor as Wordsworth? And Lord Rosebery's theory would compel him to answer yes—which is obviously absurd, for Rogers was not a great, original genius; he had no compelling, originating impulse, and would probably, had he been a clerk in his own bank, have written nothing at all. In the next place, Lord Rosebery's choice of Wordsworth is singularly unhappy; for Wordsworth was enabled to devote himself to poetry precisely by the fortunate accident of a legacy. Raisley Calvert's £900 in 1795 relieved him of immediate pressure, and the result was the issue of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798 and 1800, followed by the "Poems" of 1807—the bulk of Wordsworth's best work. In 1805 came the repayment of the money of which the deceased Lord Lonsdale (with the predatory instincts of a rich peer) had defrauded the Wordsworth family, and eight years later came the poet's appointment to a well-paid sinecure. Thus it is plain that we are indebted for Wordsworth's peaceful production, not to his poverty at all, but to his comparative affluence. And, generally, what is the effect of that survey of literature which, Lord Rosebery alleges, proves the agency of poverty in the production of masterpieces? This—that our poets were either rich, or moderately well-off. Lord Rosebery gives up Shakespeare. He will have to give up as well Chaucer, Sidney, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Fitzgerald, Clough, Arnold—I name simply the first instances that occur to me—not one of whom endured "poverty" in any true sense of the term. Yes—one poet was poor—Chatterton, the marvellous boy, whom poverty helped not, but slew in that sordid room off Holborn. Where, then, I ask, are the literary masterpieces produced by poverty?

The next fallacy in Lord Rosebery's paragraph is much less obvious, and it is one that recurs monotonously in all arguments of this kind. I call it simply the fallacy of bisection—you will find a more technical name for it in the logic books. It is the fallacy of assuming that all persons and things can be divided into two actual and mutually exclusive portions. Thus Lord Rosebery divides the financial standing of mankind into wealth and poverty, and, assuming that wealth is bad, proves thereby that poverty is desirable. "My clear conclusion," he says, "is that a genius should not be wealthy." Let us agree—let us even go further and say that non-geniuses also should not be wealthy. What then? Lord Rosebery, trapped by the fallacy of bisection, says therefore a genius must be poor. But this is absurd; for you cannot divide all mankind into rich and poor. The bulk of us have what the wise man quoted by the Psalmist desired, neither poverty nor riches; and the most casual survey of literary history should be enough to show conclusively that the world's masterpieces have been produced in circumstances, not of poverty, but of comfort.

And the last fallacy, the greatest of all, is the assumption, worthy of a plutocratic age, that the originating impulse of genius depends for its exercise upon financial considerations. Lord Rosebery and his like believe that a genius produces his masterpiece primarily because he wants to make money. They are welcome to their belief. It is eloquent testimony to the effect of wealth upon the mind and outlook of those who are not geniuses.

The truth of this alleged association of genius and poverty may be stated thus. Recognition comes to certain great men even in their own day, and so they prosper, and even become rich; but more often the great man is far in advance of his own day, and arouses opposition, hatred, ridicule. His works do not "pay." That is, because he is great, he is poor; but with monstrous perversion we say, because he is poor, therefore, he is great. I need not dwell upon the notorious fact that it is always rich men who sing the praises of poverty.

Some Living Poets.

By Darrell Figgis.

III.—William H. Davies.

WHEN Wordsworth sought to strike out a new and more natural diction for poetry he achieved two things, which two things became confused in his mind, accounting for much of the confusion that greets the attentive reader in his famous preface. The poetry that burned in him refused to be delivered in the stilted artifice that language, and particularly poetic language, had assumed in his day. Its grandeur he felt to be a mock grandeur; its mystery, where mystery was, a postulate of mystery. Feeling this, with a courage and fearlessness scarcely appreciated at this day, he struck it all away and reduced himself to the bare, simple essentials of language. This his muse seized on, and made poetry of, eagerly enough. But in the glory of first creative fervour he saw poetry in the vehicle rather than in a transcendent use of vehicle. Later he perceived the error of this, and we know with what care he turned to the question of style. But in his early wonder of discovery "We are Seven" was sent out with the same gravity and faith as "Tintern Abbey." Which is not all. For since his day "We are Seven," as an exemplary of his achievement, jointly with "Tintern Abbey," has received no little attention. The mind has come to attracting more attention to it than its due is, forgetting its importance is historic and illustrative rather than intrinsic.

This fact is important, and from its importance is shown a piercing light of criticism on Mr. Davies' work. Nor is this the less so because there is a curious affinity between Mr. Davies' work and Wordsworth's: not the neglected Wordsworth of "Yew Trees" and "Tintern," rather the Wordsworth of "The Skylark" and "The Lesser Celandine." The rise of anthologies has obscured the brooding passionate Wordsworth; but they will assuredly perpetuate the name of Davies. No anthology of the future can afford to neglect some of Mr. Davies' lyrics; and, yet, nevertheless, cheek by jowl with them the astonished eye meets some poems of such a dubious quality that one wonders how the poet ever came to pass them.

Yet when he succeeds his utterance has that singular ring of inevitableness that tells it was conceived, as all pure poetry must be and all great poetry is, in the metre of its delivery. Captious analysis fails to enter the thin edge of its criticism between the author and its utterance. Craftsmanship has its time and place (chiefly preparatory to inspiration); but this is a higher than craftsmanship. For whatever the thing be worth, high or low, great or slender, there is its finality. This was noticeable in his first volume, "The Soul's Destroyer." As when, succeeding to a run of lines with nothing to lift them out of the ordinary, one struck on this:

> Her presence then a pool of deep repose
> To break life's dual run from Innocence
> To Manhood, and from Manhood unto Age,
> And a sweet pause for all my murmuring.

This is not metaphor, imagery, or fancy; it is just itself. So with this:

> And more subdued her voice, as soft and sweet
> As Autumn's, blowing thro' his golden reeds.

Or else one will strike on the sorrow of this, with a gloom as of a grey chasm telling of the ruin of years:

> Her once blue sapphire eyes had not a gleam,
> As they would never smile or weep again,
> And had no light to draw the waters up
> Which staled upon her heart.

There is nothing magnificent about these; nor have they any of wild beauty in them. They do not come to you with poetic empire in their hands: you have to turn to them as to a woodland shrine. But how beautiful they are at that! The marvel of them is that he should so curiously and suddenly step out with power when so much of his journey has been taken up with stumblings and mishaps. Similarly, in the same volume, contrast the simple and conscious power of "Love Absent" with the bucolic awkwardness of the other lyrics, such as the "Drinking Song" preceding it.

It would, indeed, be but churlish to speak so of Mr. Davies' first volume were it not for the fact that this curious indecision of inspiration, more, this faulty perception of the worth of inspiration, marks all the work we have had from him. To see Nature from a curious and whimsically affectionate point of view is not in itself sufficient to create poetry, though it may be a vital assistance to that end. Thereby the mind may come to penetrate to the true heart of Nature, and learn to abide at that perennial source of all freshness and wide joy and pure felicity; thereby the soul may contentedly mingle its essence with the fount of all might and unperturbed power, might to might, soul to soul, power to power, and so come to achieve the potentiality of high poetry. But to come to the potentiality of poetry in private experience, and to create power of poetry in the experience of others, are two widely different things. This should be a truism (and may possibly be, for that matter), but unfortunately the two things are readily confused as the overwhelming mass of poetry comes to testify. It is this confusion that marks the fault of the "Lyrical Ballads," and that opposed to it much of the fierce hostility of such as Lockhart. It took the quiescent genius of Wordsworth to perceive that the heart of all poetry lay round about us; that in the calm delight of a "Daisy" rather than in the sophisticated striving after "Night Thoughts" lay the essential of poetry. Seeing this, it could be understood how easily he might mistake a daisy for poetry itself rather than seeing it as a symbol to upcall poetry. A daisy is but a wand in the hand of wizard Nature whereby floating visions come upon the seer unfolding the occult destinies and origins of the race. But it may easily so chance that the wand may be there, and the wizard there, and yet no trance come upon the beholder. If such an occasion be transcribed into verse, metrical photography will ensue, but not poetic vision and inspiration: not poetry. Or to fetch instances from Mr. Davies' work contrast the following:

IN SPRING.

When sparrows twitter in the shutes
  And swallows lie upright on walls;
When linnets sing on dancing sprays,
  And loud the merry cuckoo calls;

When leafy trees will not allow
  One dot of sky to see their shades;
And, like small insects made of light,
  The Dewdrops flutter on green blades;

When hidden Violets are betrayed
  By Primroses—those golden boys;
And everything that has a tongue,
  Must fill the air with some sweet noise—

Then do I bless the hours I live
  From cities where dumb Care is found;
My eyes drink beauty all the day,
  My ears must suck in every sound.

THE KINGFISHER.

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
  And left thee all her lovely hues;
And as her mother's name was Tears,
  So runs it in my blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
  Live with proud Peacocks in green parks;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
  Let every feather show its marks;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
  Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
  That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

He who runs could have seen and written the first, swiftly and flittingly: the second is born of joy conceived in meditation. Or, again, contrast "In the Country," with the typical stanza:

No doubt it is a selfish thing
To fly from human suffering;
No doubt he is a selfish man,
Who shuns poor creatures sad and wan;

Bold and stative as it is, with the curious felicity of so simple a theme as this:

I hear the leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
The green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

The wind of inspiration blows where it lists; and it is not so much curious as illustrative that Mr. Davies' does not distinguish when it rustles in the leaves of his verse, and when it does not. For had he the oblique eye of criticism to cast on himself as he worked, it is perhaps doubtful whether inspiration would ever have visited him, so ingenuous is his muse. And it is, in a sense, a true instinct in the poet that bids him give more than the purely inspired, for it is by the interpretative light of the lesser that the greater is to be understood. Indeed, it is frequently the uninspired poem that interprets a poet's mind to us more truly than an inspired poem, in the light of which understanding the inspired poem wears a mightier and wider significance. For instance, to turn to Wordsworth again, it is obvious that "We are Seven," with all its frailty, throws a rich light on his famous Ode. The poet's inspiration is the inspiration of his point of view, and we must needs understand the point of view before the inspiration can be fully appreciated. How much we need of the lesser work is another matter.

What poetry gains by being suggestive, and so in some measure symbolic, rather than photographic, by working, that is to say, through the great memory of mankind, even though this memory have tissues in it so fortuitous as literary achievement, not only his poem on "The Kingfisher" will demonstrate, but no less the following poem entitled "The Sluggard":

A jar of cider and my pipe,
In summer, under shady tree;
A book of one that made his mind
Live by its sweet simplicity:
Then must I laugh at kings who sit
In richest chambers, signing scrolls;
And princes cheered in public ways,
And stared at by a thousand fools.

Let me be free to wear my dreams,
Like weeds in some maiden's hair,
When she doth think the earth has not
Another maid so rich and fair;
And proudly smiles on rich and poor,
The queen of all fair women then:
So I, dressed in my idle dreams,
Will think myself the king of men.

Imagine what the first two lines of the second stanza gain by the simple upcalling of the figure of Ophelia! The "doth," however, in the third line of the stanza makes this a fitting place to call attention to Mr. Davies' vile habit of using, and depending on, aidant "dids." To buttress a missing syllable in so helpless a way is as unworthy as it is irritating. And, alas! this shouldering verb is scattered over his work with only too lavish a hand. In pure ballad it has sometimes a thump and a stump that is invigorating enough; but generally it is due to faulty craftsmanship, that is due again to mental sloth.

In blank verse Mr. Davies has not, I think, achieved success. His blank verse seems ever to be groping around blindly for form, instead of striding ahead and boldly creating its own form. Nevertheless, in it, as never so frequently outside, his fancy is quick and moving, as abundant examples in the poem entitled "Fancy," might prove. Yet life is not in it, because it has not justified its form. It was not conceived in its form.

No poet, with vital matter in him, can hold life aloof while he constructs dainty fancies. And it is proof of Mr. Davies' vitality that, in his last volume, "Farewell to Poesy," we see Life breaking past his guard with problem and heartache. In consequence, a faintly-spun thread of sadness runs through his verse; and he sings "The poet in very soul is dying." Yet surely all Life is the business of poetry! Is not poetry to thrive and burgeon on reality? Truisms become visions in gloom. If a thrush be but a minstrel to innocence, it is a prophet to sorrow. Iris is more beautiful than Venus, and she is born of tears. Life without Hope is moribund, and Hope implies conflict and desire. Perhaps, therefore, if Life is breaking past Mr. Davies' guard a larger poetry will come from him. And, indeed, we might fitly expect this from one who has known the depths as he has. Yet if it come or no, this at least is true: a choice cluster might be selected from his work that no future anthology can dare to neglect. His is not a large field. No mighty singer he! Yet, if he has not carved in the mountainside, he has cut us some choice pebbles.

"Bushed."

By Gerald Barker.

The following story was written in the "bush" by a gold prospector in Western Australia. Besides being true in local colour it is actually true in fact. This particular phase of Colonial life has I think received little attention—at any rate, from English writers. You will be interested to hear that in this identical camp, two hundred miles from the nearest township, THE NEW AGE is read and appreciated by several exiled friends of mine.

HUGH BLAKER.

IT had been a blazing hot day, somewhere about 112°, with a choking north wind blowing three-parts of a gale and bringing up clouds of red dust. There was hardly a man in the camp who didn't rejoice when the sun went down. Charlie Arden, our champion curser (he once drove bullocks) used language almost unspellable—unprintable certainly. We still had half an hour's torment from the flies to go through; they were busy working at their supper. The men were busier seeing that they didn't make a supper of them. There were never any dull moments at supper time.

Everyone was in a rotten temper. A north wind would upset an angel. The only sounds were choice epithets headed by Charlie. Ultimately supper was finished. Darkness came. We lit our pipes, and most of us made our way down to Peering's camp. Nearly everyone went to Peering's; nobody knew why. It's so on every camp. There's always a favourite debating ground.

We were most of us there yarning away and swopping lies when, during a lull, one of us, I think it was Bill Stimson, heard a horse going like hell in the distance.

"Hold up, chaps," sung out Billy. "Listen!"

There was silence at once. We were all curious to know who was galloping through the scrub at that pace in the dark. We knew he was coming cross-country. This was not the rhythmic beat of a horse galloping on a hard road.

No one spoke. It was coming our way, closer, closer every minute.

Suddenly out of the darkness a man galloped into the camp, jumped off his horse and slung his reins over the rotten limb of a tree alongside Peering's fireplace.

"'Evening, men," he cried hurriedly.

Then two or three of us spoke at once. "What's up, Arthur?"

"Young Hansen's bushed; been out since yesterday afternoon. Went up there this afternoon to see him;

camp empty; fireplace cold; not a track to be seen. To-day's wind, perhaps."

"What did you do, Arthur?" said Peering.

"I jest cruised round a little bit away from the camp in the scrub to see if I could pick up his tracks. No good. So I made for here, and on my way met Broken Kneed Charlie, the nigger. Asked if he saw him, and he told me he went over towards Wilson's Patch yesterday afternoon. Had a pick with him, but no water bag. I thought I'd find a good many of you here, so I came over. Anyhow, we can't do much to-night, but I guess we'll be out at daylight."

Somehow we all looked towards Andy Carter; he was a sort of father to the camp. A quiet man, Andy. Never said much, but when he spoke he meant it, and a tower of strength when any trouble was on.

"Where's your gold-dish, Peering?" said Andy. "Give it here."

Andy picked up a stick and hit the empty dish hard. In a few minutes everyone who was not at Peering's came along. The "roll up" never happens unless there is something serious on.

Andy waited a while, to give everyone in hearing a chance to come. There was no hurry till morning.

The last "roll up" we had was when Billy Chalmers stole gold from his mate. Billy had to be off that rush before sundown, and off he was. If he'd stopped—well, God knows what would have happened. Andy called the roll that day, too.

He stood up now and told those who had only come since the summons what had happened.

"Men who've got horses over the right side, those who haven't on the left," said Andy.

They sorted themselves out.

"You as has got horses," said Andy, "be ready at dawn with plenty of scran and your water bags, or as soon after as you can. If you haven't got 'em in, get 'em."

"Arden, do you go down to the niggers' camp at daylight and get as many as you can and bring 'em up here."

Cursing Charlie had a way with niggers. No one ever saw him shoot—but there were rumours. Anyhow, he could get more out of them than anyone else.

Andy turned to those on his left.

"There's work for you'se blokes to-night. Harries, take two men with you; go to the hill at the back of the quartz blow, and light a hellish big fire."

And so Andy parcelled them off to make a blaze on the highest ground for young Hansen to see—if he wasn't already past seeing, after wandering around in that heat all day hopelessly lost. These men were to keep fires going all night.

"And now I want volunteers to be here at daylight and take long circles on foot round this 'ere place and try and pick up Hansen's tracks."

So it was arranged, and everyone was given a direction to take. There was a big hill close to the camp; we put old Benson on that to look out for smoke. If anyone found Hansen he was to make a big fire and put green leaves on top, and Benson was to report immediately if he saw smoke in any direction. Also the man who found him was to stop till someone else came, then make back to the township, report, and see that a number of blasts were fired with dynamite, so that those who were on the low-lying ground would know they might return.

Well, we all rolled up at Peering's a good time before sunrise, and off we went. There were myself, two other men, and the Black Gin Mary in my party; and it so happened that we were to pick up Hansen's track, and find him, too.

We were told to search a huge flat covered with Mullega trees. Many a man who was good in the bush had been "slewed" there before—an arid waste that had no distinction of any sort, simply mile upon mile of uniform trees. We hadn't to go very far from Peering's before we got on this flat. We all had our eyes glued on the ground, hoping—itching to find some trace of the wanderer's footmarks. No one said much. We relied chiefly on Old Mary. We knew that she, like the rest of her race, could pick up a track where we could see nothing. Anyhow, we wandered for about three hours, when suddenly Old Mary stopped, stared, went on a little further, and stopped again.

"See'm track, Mary?" I said.

She did not lift her eyes from the ground.

"White fellow Hansen make'm that one," she answered.

"You nothing make'em lie, Mary," I said.

"Nothing," said Mary, "me been know 'em long time, that way, far away." She pointed towards a place called Eagle's Nest.

"Well, come on, Mary," I said, "track 'em up quick feller, might be find 'em soon."

"Nothing find 'em soon," said Mary. "Make 'em that one yesterday."

Off we went, following as quickly as we could, occasionally losing the tracks on rough country, and then picking them up again. We came on one place where the poor fellow had sat down and rested, for how long we couldn't say.

I know the country pretty well, and it struck me that we must be near what we called the Harriston Creek.

"Which way big fellow creek?" I asked.

"Close up," said Mary, "big feller waterhole that way," pointing ahead of us.

We made towards it. Had he managed to find it, and should we find him there? We were to know very soon. On, on we went, nearer and nearer the waterhole. Here it was, but no Hansen; the poor kid had passed within twenty yards of it in the dark. We knew now, that when we found him he would be done. Still, on we went, following Old Mary for about five more miles, I should think.

Suddenly the old girl stopped dead, looked up at us, and put her finger to her forehead, and pointed ahead, her way of telling us that Hansen's mind had gone. There ahead of us was his vest. I'd seen the same thing before, and knew. Hansen was like the rest; he was mad from thirst. They all throw their clothes away when they're like that. One of us picked it up. On we went, and after some time came upon some more of his clothes, finally his boots.

The Old Gin spoke: "Nothing can't walk far now."

I didn't quite understand then; I was to soon.

We had gone about a mile; Mary stopped. "Close up find 'em now," she said.

"How do you know?" said I.

It was soft ground. She pointed to the tracks. He was half stumbling as he walked. His weight made most of the impression of his feet in the front part of the track.

Mary meant that his knees were weak and bent as he walked. In explanation she said: "Poor feller long a that way," pointing to her own knees.

A little further we saw where he had fallen, and lain for some time, and the marks he had made in struggling to get up again.

We all knew the end could not be far off. The Old Gin told us in her own way.

Suddenly she stopped, and burst into tears. "Me nothing want to go any further." And between her sobs and through her hands, in which she had hidden her face, she said: "Me nothing want to see 'em. White feller go on now close up find 'em that way." She pointed to the left.

I looked at the tracks, and knew even as well as she. Every step was a stumble, and every stumble had a spot of blood. His feet were badly cut. I knew the sight that would meet our eyes. I had seen it before. Still, it had to be faced. We left the Old Gin, squatting under a tree, and went on slowly. We were in no hurry now—the finding was sure.

We looked ahead. As we came nearer we saw that he had fallen. We could not see by the tracks the many attempts that he, in his madness, had made to get up in the last twenty yards. He'd crawled on all fours, he'd writhed, he'd wormed his way along—with what end in view, God knows! He was mad, and yet in his madness and suffering his one idea was to travel. Why? Where? God in heaven, what an end!

He was lying on his back, legs apart, arms extended.

Crucifixion could not be worse I thought as I looked at him. His lips were swollen. His tongue, several times its natural size, was protruding between his teeth, and the heat had already turned his body black.

True, the dingos had not yet found him, but the flies had begun their work, and were only disturbed by the myriads of ants which swarmed over his body.

We lit a huge fire, and kept it going for some hours. The signal was seen. A spring cart came out to us, and we took the poor fellow back to the camp. Peering had been a carpenter. He made a coffin out of packing cases, and Andy read the burial service. I never heard where he got the prayer-book from.

We sent the hat round for Old Mary. The next man who came out of the township bought a new frock, a pound of black twist, and a bottle of "Comfort." Poor devil, God knows she earned it.

"The Eternal Question" of Hall Caine.

By Ashley Dukes.

IT is recorded of a certain German professor that upon the remonstrance of his lady, dragged from domesticity against her will to witness a performance of the latest atrocity of Wedekind, he rebuked her with the words: "My dear, one does not go to the theatre for pleasure."

Only the dramatic critic, recalled from mountains and the sea to the base realities of St. Martin's Lane and Shaftesbury Avenue in the first week of September, can appreciate fully the profound truth of this remark. When, moreover, the play given chances to be by Mr. Hall Caine, its bearing becomes clearer still. For Mr. Caine enters whole-heartedly into the conspiracy. He does not write plays for pleasure, nor even directly for profit, but for the moral betterment of the nation. In advance of the first night of "The Eternal Question," he declared his intention of improving his audience. During the silly season (in the intervals of the Crippen case) he has been the giant gooseberry of the "Daily Telegraph." His articles on the divorce question have made holiday reading for the "largest circulation." And the result is, that even before the curtain rises, there is a rather lugubrious and chastened air about the Garrick Theatre—an air of imminent instruction.

The first impression of "The Eternal Question" is that it is an insult to the intelligence of its audience. Certainly if it were produced in any theatre of the standing of the Garrick in Paris or Berlin, it would provoke a riot. That it does not provoke a riot in London is due, not to the superior calm of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, but to the contempt in which the ordinary West End Theatre is held. This contempt may be unconscious. It is seldom deliberately expressed. But it exists none the less, and it is the most powerful of all the forces which maintain the Theatre in its present state. Where the general standard of the Theatre is high, there is an audience of workers—brain-workers for the most part, if you like, but workers—and the prices of seats are proportionately low. The West End playhouse, however, cannot pay its way without a long series of moderately full houses at an average of four shillings a seat. Now, there is an audience of workers in London able to pay this average. It is an audience which might conceivably support several theatres, even at their present ridiculous rents. But it is an audience out of touch with drama, it despises the Theatre, and it has utterly lost (if it ever possessed) the playgoing habit. In any case, Mr. Hall Caine's adventures in literature are not likely to attract it to see any play of his. And so he is delivered over, justly enough, to the existing audience of Refereaders, hotel-dwellers, and the like, who applaud "The Eternal Question" in spite of the opinion of almost every one of their daily newspapers that it is nothing but a hotch-potch of "turgid sentimentality," "drivel," and "bathos."

The first charge against Mr. Caine, then, must be withdrawn. His is an audience whose intelligence it is impossible to insult. But it is hardly likely to be any more amenable to the author's well-advertised moral influence, for it wallows habitually in propagandist puddles of a certain type. It is fresh from the "Dawn of a To-Morrow," and Mr. Hall Caine is only one of its incidental splashes. However, if he fails of his moral purpose he may find some comfort in the fact that "The Eternal Question, Limited" (a philanthropic company formed to provide the public with this stuff) will certainly pay a handsome dividend.

I make no apology for dealing first with the audience, for in this instance the audience creates the play. In order to understand Mr. Hall Caine, you have to grasp the fact, at first sight inexplicable, that there is a demand for him. In order to understand how to abolish him, or at least how to eject him from the Garrick Theatre, a convenient place that might be used for a better purpose, you must first understand how he managed to get there at all. The hope of ejecting him is the only excuse for mentioning Mr. Caine in these columns. If he were a permanent phenomenon, he might be ignored. I was glancing the other day through a file of the "Times" of the year 1895, and the first sentence which caught my eye in the Foreign Intelligence was "The sole topic of discussion in the German Press continues to be the recent remarkable speech of the Kaiser." It was a trifle dispiriting to a believer in progress. It is possible that in the "Times" of fifteen years hence there may be found an announcement of yet another "eternal" play by Mr. Caine—"The Eternal Answer," perhaps. Germany has not yet muzzled its Emperor; the English Theatre may have a similar difficulty with Mr. Hall Caine. But our demands are not violent. We do not ask that Mr. Caine shall be muzzled, but merely that he shall be submerged—submerged for us, utterly removed from our plane of vision by the advent of better work than his. The only answer to a bad play is a good one, and that is a final, sweeping, destructive answer. At the moment it does not appear to be forthcoming. Hence, not these tears, but this polemic.

After all, Mr. Hall Caine's audience is only one of many. You can dogmatise in a hundred different ways about the public, and all your dogmas will be true. You can say that the public attends the Gaiety Theatre, or that the public attends His Majesty's; that the public prefers the Tivoli or that the public prefers the Alhambra; that the public is prepared to pay for good drama or that the public wants the bad; while it is possible to make out a good case for the assertion that the public does not attend the theatre at all, but lives in Denmark Hill, Highgate or Kentish Town, travels home on the top of a tram with a halfpenny evening paper, and spends the evening in eating, gardening, putting up sheds in its back yard, mending punctures in its bicycle, reading for examinations at the London University, or attending evening classes at the local Polytechnic. Somewhere, in the midst of this welter of London, there is a fine audience, capable of supporting a dozen repertory theatres, and this audience, in the last analysis, is the solitary hope of drama. It would make very short work of Mr. Hall Caine and his "eternal" episodes. But it is dormant, and something like a revolution is needed to make it a real force.

I have touched upon all this because an impression seems to prevail among what may be called "repertory" playgoers that as far as the theatre is concerned they are under the tyranny of a vast majority, who will

not let them have the plays they want. In point of fact, they are under nothing of the kind. The class at present in possession of the West End theatre is a minority; an active minority, it is true, but a minority none the less. And if we are to have minority rule at all, there is no reason why it should not be a rational minority. None, that is, beside the reason to be found in the will of the individual playgoer. In Berlin the "advanced" Hauptmann minority rules. The situation has its disadvantages, but they are trivial compared with the devastating influence of a Hall Caine-Sutro ascendency. As one leaves the theatre at the close of "The Eternal Question," with one's brain battered by hideous phrases, tortured by the banality of a desert of words in which there is not one gleam of wit, not one thought above the commonplace, it is no longer possible to extract even cynical amusement from the experience, and the familiar figure of the author, with all his estimable intentions, seems to shrivel into the squat image of an imp presiding over some unclean rite from the top of a file of the "Daily Telegraph."

The play, it must now be mentioned, is largely concerned with Socialism. Mr. Caine has stated that since the last incarnation of "The Eternal Question" (in "The Eternal City") two new movements have attracted his notice. The one is Socialism, the other the Divorce Reform movement (mingled in this case with feminism in general). Accordingly he makes his hero an Italian Socialist Deputy, one David Rossi, and his villain a sceptical Italian Prime Minister, Baron Bonelli. Between them stands a woman, Donna Roma Volonna, who is a sculptor and mistress of the Baron. David Rossi, regarded as he actually appears and not as the Garrick audience seems prepared to view him, is a fool. Mr. Caine may be assured that none of the leaders of Italian Socialism are capable of mouthing the platitudes which this person utters—still less of Rossi's "I curse you, I cu-urse you, I cu-u-rse you!" when he learns that Donna Roma is not the virgin he imagined her to be. Most of the Italian leaders are very able University men, quite competent to meet the sceptical Prime Minister upon his own ground; and their wives, or the women who work with them, are at this moment producing a remarkable advanced feminist literature which is finding its way slowly into the rest of Europe through the German monthly reviews. The Feminist Congress of 1908 in Rome, the first, I believe, of its kind, was the result of their work.

So much for the Socialism and the local colour. As to the divorce problem, it is difficult to see that "The Eternal Question" can even be intended to bear upon it. In one of his "Daily Telegraph" articles Mr. Caine permitted himself to refer to "my friend Sir Arthur Pinero," and again to "my friend Mr. Bernard Shaw," contrasting the views of marriage in their plays with his own. But the elaborate Donna Roma says nothing upon the relations of men and women that might not have been said twenty years ago by a heroine of Mr. G. R. Sims. Her intrigue with the wicked Baron is only a variant of the familiar "one false step." If I remember rightly, the Bad Girl of the Family had just such a little affair with the son of a money-lender.

Some capable actors are in the cast. Mr. Guy Standing, in the part of Bonelli, moved easily upon his stilts. Mr. Vernon Steel never made Rossi even momentarily credible, but that was the author's fault, and not his own. He was as cherubic as could be desired. The late action of the Vatican in the case of the Sillon came inopportunely for Mr. Caine's portrait of the democratic Pope—but that is a passing trifle. Mr. Hallwell Hobbes flapped His Holiness's wings benignantly, leaving the solution of all mortal problems (including the eternal question, whatever that may be) conveniently enough to the Almighty. Miss Tittell-Brune (looking singularly like Paula Tanqueray) was only mediocre at best.

The stage decoration of the studio interior was quite abnormally ugly, but it had the rare quality (in this instance it is impossible to say the merit) of being fully in accord with the play.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

I HAVE just had news of a purely literary paper which is shortly to be started. I do not mean a paper devoted to literary criticisms chiefly, but chiefly to creative work. This will be something of a novelty in England. Its founders are two men who possess, happily, a practical acquaintance with publishing. The aim of the paper will be to print, and to sell, imaginative writing of the highest character. Its purpose is artistic, and neither political nor moral. Dangers and difficulties lie before an enterprise of this kind. The first and the principal difficulty will be the difficulty of obtaining the high-class stuff in sufficient quantities to fill the paper. The rate of pay will not and cannot be high, and authors capable of producing really high-class stuff —I mean stuff high-class in execution as well as in intention—are strangely keen on getting the best possible remuneration for it. Idle to argue that genuine artists ought to be indifferent to money! They are not. And what is still more curious, they will seldom produce their best work unless they really do want money. This is a fact which will stand against all the sentimental denyings of dilettanti. And of course genuine artists are quite right in getting every cent they can. The richest of them don't get enough. But even if the rate of pay of the new organ were high, the difficulty would still be rather acute, because the whole mass of really high-class stuff produced is relatively very small. High-class stuff is like radium. And the number of men who can produce it is strictly limited. There are dozens and scores of men who can write stuff which has all the mannerisms and external characteristics of high-class stuff, but which is not high-class. Extinct exotic periodicals, such as the "Yellow Book," the "Savoy," the "Dial," the "Anglo-Saxon," and such publications as "The Neolith," richly prove this. What was and is the matter with all of them is literary priggishness, and dullness. One used to read them more often as a duty than as a pleasure.

* * *

A great danger is the inevitable tendency to disdain the public, and to appeal only to artists. Artists, like washerwomen, cannot live on one another. Moreover, nobody has any right to disdain the public. You will find that, as a general rule, the greatest artists have managed to get and to keep on good terms with the public. If an artist is clever enough—if he is not narrow, insolent, and unbalanced—he will usually contrive while pleasing himself to please the public, or *a* public. It is his business to do so. If he does not do so he proves himself incompetent. He is merely mumbling to himself. Just as the finite connotes the infinite, so an artist connotes a public. The artist who says he doesn't care a fig for the public is a liar. He may have many admirable virtues, but he is a liar. The tragedy of all the smaller literary periodicals in France is that the breach between them and the public is complete. They are unhealthy, because they have not sufficient force to keep themselves alive, and they make no effort to acquire that force. They scorn that force. They are kept alive by private subsidies. A paper cannot be established in a fortnight, but no paper which has no reasonable prospect of paying its way ought to continue to exist; for it demonstrates nothing but an obstinacy which is ridiculous. The first business of the editor of an artistic periodical is to interest the public in questions of art. He cannot possibly convince them till he has interested them up to the point of regularly listening to him. Enthusiastic artists are apt to forget this. It is no use being brilliant and conscientious on a tub at a street-corner unless you can attract some kind of a crowd. The public has just got to be considered. You may say that it is not easy to make any public listen to the truth about anything. Well, of course, it isn't. But it can be done, by tact and tact and tact.

I do not think that there is a remunerative public in England for any really literary paper which entirely

bars politics and morals. England is not an artistic country, in the sense that Latin countries are artistic, and no end can be served by pretending that it is. Its serious interests are political and moral. Personally I fail to see how politics and morals can be separated from art. I should be very sorry to separate my art from my politics. And I am convinced that the conductors of the new organ will perceive later, if not sooner, that political and moral altercations must not be kept out of their columns. At any rate they will have to be propagandist, pugilistic, and even bloodthirsty. They will have to formulate a creed, and to try to ram it down people's throats. To print merely so many square feet of the best obtainable imaginative stuff and to let the stuff speak for itself, will assuredly not suffice in this excellent country.

* * *

My mind returns to the exceeding difficulty of obtaining the right contributors. English editors have never appreciated the importance of this. As English manufacturers sit still and wait for customers, so English editors sit still and wait for contributors. The interestingness of THE NEW AGE, if I may make an observation which the editorial pen might hesitate to make, is due to the fact that contributors have always been searched for zealously and indefatigably. They have been compelled to come in—sometimes with a lasso, sometimes with a revolver, sometimes with a lure of flattery; but they have been captured. American editors are much better than English editors in this supreme matter. The profound truth has not escaped them that good copy does not as a rule fly in unbidden at the office window. They don't idiotically pretend that they have far more of the right kind of stuff than they know what to do with, as does the medium-fatuous English editor. They cajole. They run round. They hustle. The letters which I get from American editors are one of the joys of my simple life. They are so un-English. They write: "Won't you be good enough to let us hear from you?" Or, "We are anxious [underlined] to see your output." Imagine that from an English editor! And they contrive to say what they mean, picturesquely. One editor wrote me: "We want material that will hit the mark without producing either insomnia or heart-failure." An editor capable of such self-expression endears himself at once to any possible contributor. And, above all, they do not fear each other, as ours do, nor tremble at the thought of Mrs. Grundy (I mean the best ones). A letter which I received only a few days ago ended thus: "We are not running the magazine for the benefit of the Young Person, and we are not afraid of Realism so long as it is interesting. Hoping to hear from you." I lay these paragraphs respectfully at the feet of the conductors of the new paper, of which later I hope to give some further particulars.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM corner-stones to tower tips
The pageant symbol rules the day,
And mercy freezes on the lips
Of sycophants who come to pray.

From crypt and crevice creeps the loon
Of pompous vanity and might;
'Neath fitful flashes of the moon
The haunting shades of spectral night.

Walk forth to hear the people's cries
'Midst all the greedy signs of gain,
Where sordid pomp, in vulgar eyes,
Relieves the misery and pain.

Along the vaults the shadows creep
From month to month, from year to year;
How still the mighty minions sleep!
But now prepare in awe and fear

To rise amazed within these walls,
Where worldly crowds their praises sing,
Where every souvenir recalls
The purple robe and signet-ring.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

REVIEWS.

By Edmund B. d'Auvergne.

Mad Majesties; or Raving Rulers and Submissive Subjects. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (Greening. 16s.).

In matters political the fanciful historian might be tempted to recognise a periodicity. Especially might he trace this in the alternation of the monarchical and anti-monarchical systems. The first decades of the seventeenth century were marked all over Europe by a strengthening of the royal authority; the middle decades witnessed violent reactions, such as the great Rebellion in England, the War of the Fronde in France, the revolts of Portugal and Catalonia against Spain. Within forty years we beheaded one king, and quite illegally deposed another. But before the eighteenth century was out of its 'teens, the kings were in the saddle again. The Bourbons in France and Spain, the Hanoverians in England, Charles XII. in Sweden, and Pedro II. in Portugal found as submissive subjects as any of the raving rulers of a remoter antiquity. The inevitable recurrence of sanity among the ruled was in this case deferred till the century was near its close; but it was not, as all the world knows, any the less emphatic for the delay. The year 1815 saw poor Europe swamped in a backwash of reaction, from which it emerged only when the century was half gone. The historical pathologist must in fact recognise the existence of a species of monarchical measles which attacks the century in its infancy, and may leave sequelæ well on into middle age.

The recurrence of this troublesome disorder is not to be expected: it is here. The symptoms are everywhere manifest. Philosophy shows a nasty rash—curiously allied to German measles; press and public, especially in England, display a suspicious impatience of liberty—especially of the other man's. The sufferer—that is the nation—sinks into melancholia, and believes he is incapable of regulating his own movements. He indulges in ecstasies of self-depreciation, which presently give way to rapturous adulation of some real or imaginary being whom he calls a strong man. At the moment he is encouraged in these delusions by the presentation of parliamentary methods by British ministers. He loses all faith in representative institutions, calls for a military dictatorship, and clamours like the people of Israel for a king to be set over him.

The German Emperor, with the unerring instinct of a born journalist, has then chosen his time well. His recent pronouncement at Konigsberg will assuage the cravings of the reactionary neuropaths, and will meet with more response in this country than in his own. The time is indeed ripe for a reaffirmation of the divine right of kings; for all fevers tend to burn themselves out with successive manifestations, and it is not probable that the present attack will be as violent or enduring as its predecessors. In ten years' time we may be free of the disorder.

As an anti-toxin to the virus of Hohenzollern, Kipling, and "The Referee," a perusal of the recently-published work of Dr. Angelo Rappoport is indicated. It is all about kings and princes, and is sure, therefore, to interest the British public. It may not stir them as deeply as did the published lamentations of the poor dog Cæsar for his kind royal master; but it will enable them better to appreciate what the "Daily News" happily terms the quaint pretension of the King of Prussia. The impression left by the book on the superficial reader will be that if kings rule by direct appointment from the Almighty, that the Almighty can never have troubled to require a character from his servants. The more thoughtful will perhaps conclude that the pretension to the divine right is itself a symptom of the megalomania which the exercise of unlimited power inevitably induces, if not in the first possessor, then in his posterity. Dr. Rappoport selects his cases from all the ages. Saul, he thinks, was not quite normal when Samuel selected him as king. The Doctor's reasoning is hardly conclusive, and I think it clear from Holy Writ that his sudden accession to power was itself the cause of

his insanity. This was undoubtedly true of Tiberius Cæsar. "In his early youth he had been serious, cold, and passionless. His life was pure and blameless. Thus he remained during the first years of his reign, until he had fallen a victim to the intoxication of power —and its corrupting influence—and from kind and benevolent he had become a cruel tyrant." To this species of madness psychologists have given the name *cæsaritis* (I take this to be the translation of what Dr. Rappoport calls *césarite*). "The symptoms of this disease are the exaltation of the instincts of personality, the development of pride and vanity at the expense of altruistic feelings, a perversion of the sexual instincts, and an exaltation of the destructive instincts."

Insanity, proved in this able, erudite, and fascinating work to be the peculiar scourge of royal houses, appears in the majority of cases to result from degeneration rather than from sudden change of environment. The author has, therefore, logical ground for his distinction of monarchy from hereditary monarchy. The examples of the Roman emperors are not as significant for us moderns as those of the other rulers and princes whose stories are here given—of Johanna the Maid of Castille, Carlos, son of Philip II., Christian VII. of Denmark, Eric XIV. of Sweden, and Ivan IV. of Russia. (By the way, I must remonstrate with Dr. Rappoport for describing this last-named tyrant as "the *Hooligan* Tsar." The italicized word is mere slang, and worthier of the small-beer press than of a work of this kind.) There is not one of these five whom the most scrupulous expert in lunacy would nowadays have hesitated to commit to an asylum, yet Johanna was the only one declared on account of her infirmity unfit to govern. She would probably have been less dangerous than the others. And herein lies a very terrible peril inherent in absolute monarchy. A mad despot may be compared to a mad pilot: he may run the ship on to the rocks before his insanity has been realised. The appalling possibilities of a mad taxi-cab driver have been discussed in the press; in the next column they all advocate the handing over of the helm of State to a single man equally liable to mental aberration. Moreover, a people reared in the royal tradition would be naturally slow to recognise insanity in their ruler. Ivan IV. of Russia, "as a child, showed marks of extreme cruelty. He found a savage delight in tormenting animals, which he used to throw down from the windows of his rooms, and enjoy their agony. Often, when riding through the streets of Moscow, he would rush through the crowds, and trample down under his horse's hoofs men, women, and children, laughing boisterously at the fright and suffering of his subjects. Like Nero, he delighted in the art of inventing torments. And the crowd of courtiers applauded and flattered him!" I doubt not they would do so to-day.

Dr. Rappoport's clever book has almost reconciled us to the Government under which we live. We realise that even such a constitution as ours—the most remarkable piece of patchwork known since Joseph's coat—may at least prove some check on a sovereign positively insane. Perhaps it is from the monarchs who are relatively sane that, after all, the most mischief is to be feared. But when you are nauseated with the sentimental loyalty of the suburbs, and the solemn nonsense about heredity retailed by the sycophants of an utterly-contemptuous aristocracy—turn for refreshment and instruction to the work of Dr. Rappoport.

By Upton Sinclair.

I have just finished reading two extremely interesting Socialist books, which are significant of the development of the movement in America.

The first of them is "Twentieth Century Socialism," by the late Edmond Kelly. It was five or six years ago that I first became acquainted with Kelly's books. (They were recommended to me by Ray Stannard Baker, who said they had made a great impression upon him.) I first read "Evolution and Effort," written at the time that Kelly was actively engaged in reform politics in New York City (he was one of the founders of the City Club). I then read his two large volumes, "Government or Human Evolution," which impressed me as being the most satisfactory refutation of the reactionary sociology of Herbert Spencer that I had ever come upon. I felt over the discovery that relief which a man feels over a difficult job which somebody else has kindly done for him. The volumes are not light reading by any means, but to students of science, economics, and philosophy who are under the sway of Herbert Spencer, they will prove a revelation.

Shortly afterwards I met Edmond Kelly, owing to the great interest he took in the Helicon Hall enterprise. He had been perhaps the best known and most successful American lawyer in Paris—the counsel for the American Legation, and a member of the Legion of Honour; and he had come home with the idea of founding a sort of Fabian Socialist society in the country. Being an aristocrat born and bred, he was naturally looked upon with suspicion by Socialists there, and it was an interesting thing to me to see how, with his keen mind and fine enthusiasm, he came, step by step, into full sympathy with the political Socialist movement. Before his death he had joined the party, and was actively helping in the establishment of the New York "Call."

When I first met Kelly he told me that his doctors had given him only a couple of years to live, and that the one task upon which his hopes were centred was that of leaving behind him a work which should embody his final convictions as to Socialism. This is the book, "Twentieth Century Socialism," which has just been published, with a little editing by Mrs. Florence Kelly, and with prefaces by Professor Franklin Giddings, of Columbia University, and Mr. Rufus Weeks. I have read the book with the keenest interest, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best presentation of Socialism from the American point of view that has yet appeared. It is especially to be recommended for circulation among the intellectual classes—I cannot conceive how any fair-minded clergyman or college professor or student of social science can read it and not be delivered from the misrepresentations with which prejudice has beclouded our propaganda. I cannot do better in conclusion than quote the two final paragraphs of Professor Giddings' statement concerning the book:—

"How clearly he saw what sort of a book was needed is best indicated in his own account of what he desired to do. It should be, first of all, he thought, comprehensive. Socialism has been presented from the economic standpoint, from the scientific, from the ethical, and from the idealistic. As Mr. Kelly saw it, Socialism is not merely an economic system, not merely an idealistic vision. It is a consequence and product of evolution. 'Science has made it constructive,' he says, 'and the trusts have made it practical.' It is ethical because 'the competitive system must ultimately break upon the solidarity of mankind,' because the survival of the fit is not the whole result of evolution. The result still to be attained is 'the improvement of all.' And Socialism is idealistic because it not only contemplates, but gives reasonable promise of 'a community from which exploitation, unemployment, poverty and prostitution shall be eliminated.'

"But besides making an exposition of Socialism as a whole and in all its parts, Mr. Kelly aimed to make a book 'for non-Socialists.' With this purpose in view he has kept closely to concrete statement, and above all has tried to avoid vagueness and loose generalization. He has described possibilities in terms that all know and understand. With the precision of the trained legal mind, he seizes the essential point when he says: 'It is not enough to be told that there are a thousand ways through which Socialism can be attained. We want to see clearly one way.' With the last strength that he had to spend Mr. Kelly showed one way; and no bewildered wayfarer through our baffling civilization, however he may hesitate to set his feet upon it, will venture to say that it is not clear."

The other book is John Spargo's "Life of Karl Marx." It is a curious fact that now, nearly a generation after Marx's death, the first adequate biography of him should be published, and published in America. It is a most interesting sign of the progress of the movement there that there should be a public sufficiently large to make possible the appearance of such an elaborate and comparatively expensive book. Previous to reading it, Marx had been to me largely a name, and I presume that this is the case with most American Socialists.

Spargo has sought out the details of his life with patient care, and has told the story well. He has been led, unfortunately, to a misquotation of one of Marx's letters, page 277, but this error has been promptly pointed out, and will presumably be corrected in later editions. If I had any fault to find with the book, it would be that it is devoted somewhat too exclusively to the personal side of Marx's life; that one is not given a sufficiently adequate account of the development of the vast movement which he did so much to create and to direct. This, however, is perhaps inevitable at the present time. Spargo, being a Socialist, would perhaps be led to take the movement for granted, and to be afraid to encumber his book with too elaborate an account of events which are still matters of controversy. As it is, he has produced a book which will be read with interest by many non-Socialists. I have been interested to observe that all the reviews which I have so far seen in non-Socialist publications have been extremely favourable, and indicated that the writers had been surprised to find that Marx was not any of the disagreeable things which they had expected to find him.

By J. M. Kennedy.

The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. H. Lecky. New edition in one vol. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

"My object in the present work has been to trace the history of the spirit of Rationalism: by which I understand, not any class of definite doctrines or criticisms, but rather a certain cast of thought, or bias of reasoning, which has during the last three centuries gained a marked ascendency in Europe. The nature of this bias . . . . leads men on all occasions to subordinate dogmatic theology to the dictates of reason." So writes Lecky in his introduction; and now, forty-five years after the first publication of this book, it would be superfluous to criticise its intrinsic merits. Scholarship, industry, and wide research characterise most of Lecky's work, and this book on Rationalism is further distinguished by a free criticism of theological doctrines—written at a time, let it be noted, when theological criticism was by no means fashionable. As an Irishman, too, Lecky was gifted with rather more psychological insight than we find in the ordinary British historian. Few Englishmen, for example, could have written so well and justly about the Jews as Lecky does (II., 277 foll.). And when recommending this new edition to the reader its extraordinary cheapness must not be overlooked—a famous historical work, occupying nearly nine hundred pages, excellent type and paper, is now being sold for half-a-crown.

We have advanced in some respects since 1865, however, as a perusal of this volume will show. Lecky is right in saying (Part I., 355) that the philosophies of ancient Greece and Rome appealed most strongly to the sense of virtue, and Christianity to the sense of sin; but it is incorrect to add, as he does, that a sense of sin is universal. Sin, of course, is purely Christian, and an innate sense of sin is confined to Christians. Those who care to take the trouble of investigating the matter can trace this doctrine back to the Essenes and the Ebionites; but no modern thinker would seriously declare that sin was common to the whole world. Again, few would now think of putting in a word for the "intellectual influence" of railways, as Lecky does (Intro., IX.). The historian's remarks on the will, too, have been superseded by what Schopenhauer and Nietzsche have written on the same subject. One factor, however, saves Lecky: he "considers the world as it really exists, and not as it appears in the writings of ascetics or sentimentalists "(II., 298).

Although the Jews, the Arabs, the Buddhists, etc., are indirectly referred to in the course of this work, the main theme is the struggle waged between the theologians and the free spirits in Europe—an intellectual campaign of which we still feel the effects. It is with a sort of grim calmness that Lecky records the atrocities of the priests in the middle ages, atrocities in which the "Reformers" of the sixteenth century also showed themselves proficient. Listen to this, for instance:—

> It is an incontestable truth that for many centuries the Christian priesthood pursued a policy, at least towards those who differed from their opinions, implying a callousness and absence of the emotional part of humanity which has seldom been paralleled and perhaps never surpassed. From Julian, who observed that no wild beasts were so ferocious as angry theologians, to Montesquieu, who discussed as a psychological phenomenon the inhumanity of monks, this fact has been constantly recognised. The monks and Inquisitors. . . were the men who were at once the instigators and the agents of that horrible detailed persecution that stained almost every province of Europe with the blood of Jews and heretics, and which exhibits an amount of cold, passionless, studied, and deliberate barbarity unrivalled in the history of mankind. . . Nor was it only towards the heretic that this inhumanity was displayed; it was reflected more or less in the whole penal system of the time. We have a striking example of this in the history of torture. . . The abolition of torture was at last effected by a movement which the Church opposed, and by men whom she had cursed (I, 326).

That this spirit of persecution was by no means confined to Roman Catholics may be seen from Lecky's description of the intolerance of the "Reformers." Referring to Servetus, who was burnt by the "Protestants" because he was an "Anabaptist" (how strange these out-of-date theological terms sound in modern ears!), Lecky remarks: "When we recollect the great notoriety of this execution, and also its aggravated character, so general an approbation seems to show clearly not only that the spirit of early Protestantism was as undoubtedly intolerant as the spirit of Catholicism, which is an unquestionable fact, but also that it flinched as little from the extreme consequences to which intolerance leads." (II., 50-1.).

In spite of all its burnings, persecutions, and attempts to stifle thought, however, it cannot be denied that the Roman Church acts like a siren in attracting men of artistic minds. How otherwise can we account for the staunch support it receives, to take two familiar instances, from such men as Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton? It may be said that the artistic ritual of the Church is not Christian, but chiefly pagan and partly Judaic; but this is not enough. What ethical attraction is there? An examination of the writings of Rationalists like Herbert Spencer may help to show us. All such thinkers, while declaiming against Christianity, have really been attacking Christian dogma, which is nothing, and leaving its morality—which is everything—as sound as before. In essence, what is good and bad in Christianity is good and bad also in Spencer's philosophy. Ethically and morally it matters little whether we base our conduct on Papal Encyclicals or on "First Principles," the result will be the same for all the practical purposes of life.

By joining the Church, however, we have not only the artistic environment which is altogether lacking in Rationalism, but we have weighty authority for our conduct. Protestantism and Rationalism alike lead to anarchy, since Protestants may interpret the Bible, and Rationalists science, each in his own way. But, as there is one undisputed head for all the Catholics throughout the world, there can only be one pronouncement upon questions of morals or ethics where Catholics are concerned—by far a much better arrangement. True, if Romanism had exercised its full sway, we should not have had a Nietzsche or a Schopenhauer; but we should have been spared the ranting of a Wesley

and his followers. Doubtless also, as the beautiful in the Church outweighs the mechanical, we might have been spared those deplorable inventions which are now so much glorified—railways, motor-'buses, and type-writers. But it is these things, like the type of man produced by the Lutherans and Protestants, which Rationalism, as such, will perpetuate to the detriment of anything pertaining to culture.

By Huntly Carter.

English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. By Herbert Cescinsky. (George Sadler, Boro., London.)

In this age of fakes, frauds, souvenirs, revivals, restorations, and the monstrosities by mountebanks, it is refreshing to turn to a record of work revealing some invention and originality, even though this originality be rather due to accident than to design. Whether England is ever original by design is a matter for doubt. As a nation it has undoubted talent; but it creates very little. It adopts a lazier and safer method. It borrows what has been already created. It is a free country, and it likes other countries to know it is free. So it throws open its all-embracing arms and welcomes whatever happens to be free and waiting to be welcomed. Accordingly styles in furniture have found their way to these shores. On the one hand, odds and ends of styles, absurd, incongruous, monstrous, that reflect no credit on English judgment, and show no advance on English taste, but reflect discredit on both, have wandered in at odd moments. On the other hand, styles that have quality and distinction have visited us and left their mark.

In the opening chapter of his history of English furniture, Mr. Cescinsky introduces us to a roomful of styles, a wigwam, so to speak, full of scalps. These are the styles, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, that came crowding over at the close of the seventeenth century, were captured and duly introduced into the stately homes of England, where they settled down like quiet and peaceful citizens in a country exclusively their own. In succeeding rooms, as it were, are displayed the varieties of styles in walnut furniture, carved and inlaid, that sprang from these and from other foreign influences that came trooping over—even from far-off Japan—and one is able to learn by well-authenticated examples how such influences, together with native social tendencies, found expression even in the simplest articles of furniture. This is shown especially in the large section devoted to clocks.

For Mr. Cescinsky's description of the varieties of furniture there is nothing but praise. He knows his subject, and under his adequate guidance one is able to follow the history of furniture of the eighteenth century in a perfectly trustworthy manner. Perhaps the most interesting feature of his book is the presentation of examples by the most perfect photographs showing the form and details of carving with minute exactness. Look, for instance, at the exactness of the really fine walnut chest of drawers (177). Although the illustration does not possess the least artistic value, it is none the less one of the best and truest records. The same may be said of all the illustrations. Another very interesting feature are the interiors showing the relation between architecture of a period and its furniture. There should be more of these interiors, since artistic furniture is always most interesting when shown in its proper relation to a room, than when shown as a detached fragment. But possibly it is difficult to photograph interiors without getting a flash of light obliterating essential details, as in Fig. 369. The value of these interiors is that they reveal, as indeed the volume does, the work that artists can and ought to be doing. Formerly, when Adams, for instance, did designing, it was the custom to place interiors in the hands of artists and to have the whole scheme of decoration carried out by them on a uniform plan. Then, or earlier, pictures were painted according to the scheme of the room, and not painted wholly apart and fitted in haphazard. The harmonious effect of this may be seen in the interior (371), where a portrait is introduced into the carved woodwork.

Nowadays it is different. Everything is in the hands of contractors, and contractors do their duty nobly—by the yard. If a gentleman who has made his money in pork or "rails" desires to be "gentleman-like," he writes to Tottenham Court Road for a library, and Tottenham Court Road responds by sending him so many square feet of Corelli and Caine, and other modern classics, in so many square feet of shelves to match. The contractor spirit has changed almost all things pertaining to art. At one time it was usual to design furniture in elevation and to scale. Now designs are done in perspective simply because customers do not understand design in elevation. Thus one wants a design for an escritoire. The upholsterer or furniture salesman sets his designer to work to design an escritoire in the most swagger drawing-room. He shows the escritoire in perspective, and to the greatest advantage—of other tawdry ware which his employer is anxious to sell. He leaves it open to display its shoddy interior; places a vulgar Staffordshire vase on top full of ferns made in Germany; puts a French chair upholstered in sticky American cloth in front; a Japanese stool containing an East Indian imitation palm at the side; and introduces a rug from Turkey and a stuffed dog from China, and perhaps a knick-knack or two from the Cannibal Islands. Thus he contrives to fill up spaces and the room with odd bits of sticks and things, till it resembles an auction-room, a museum, or a cold-storage for international furniture, hoping that the misguided person who needs the escritoire will rush in and secure the rest of the high-priced and low-toned accessories. In this way furniture is designed to capture the purchaser, and to complete the scheme of purchase, not the scheme of the room.

Mr. Cescinsky then has produced a most important volume that opens up the possibility of a useful career for artists when, like Da Vinci, they have learnt to turn their hand to everything—even organising street pageant decorations—and have made themselves necessary to the public, who will doubtless show its appreciation by commissioning artists to decorate its rooms, and leave sublimated shopkeepers to turn a honest penny in a legitimate way—if they can; or to turn missionaries, and convert those clever fakers of antique furniture, the Tyrolese peasants, from the errors of their ways. Volume I., which forms a very useful chart to the architectural styles, and concludes with the association of Wren and Gibbon, is to be followed by a volume which will, I presume, reveal some of the beauties of Sheraton and Chippendale. But I shall be able to speak with more certainty on this point when I receive the volume.

* * *

Dutch Masters from the Rijksmuseum. Text by W. Steenhoff. (Commercial Trading Co., London Bridge.)

Judging from Part I., the series of portfolios of reproductions of Dutch Masters from the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam promises to be a useful addition to a class of work with which this country is being flooded just now. The three plates of the first series, measuring, with mount, 24 by 18, are evidently taken direct from the originals, by Vermeer (The Cook), Nicolaes Maes (The Woman at the Spinning Wheel), and Quieringh Brekelenham (A Confidential Interview)—by what appears to be the three-colour process. A work of this kind cannot be, and indeed does not need to be, anything but a historical record and a guide. Hung in schools or public buildings it would teach children and grown-ups what the real Dutch Old Masters are like, and where to go to see the authentic originals, and thus prevent them wasting their time at the National Gallery. The text is commendable. It is by the sub-director of the Museum. It, however, misses one or two essential points. It might, for instance, have said something about the extreme fastidiousness of that rare master, Vermeer, and the consequent scarcity of his works. But it will serve its purpose, that of introducing some very wonderful Dutch Masters to those persons who are not acquainted with them,

and of sending those who are for another sight of the originals at Amsterdam. I do not like the colour of the mount, which does not harmonise with the picture. It should be a darker brown.

A Turning Point in the Indian Mutiny. By J. Giberne Sieveking. (Nutt. 17s. 6d. net.)

I believe it was Spencer who said after Coulanges that the older civilisations were supreme so long as they were ruled by a strong priesthood. But as soon as the priesthood broke down civilisation broke down. From this one infers that races are always more influenced by religion than by politics. Herein may be found the secret of India's discontent. England has wilfully ignored the religious claims of India, and has made the grave mistake of trying to rule a deeply religious Eastern race with Western politics. It has sought to conquer it by diplomatic tricks of setting one province against another, and by draining it of its wealth for the upkeep of British armed forces. In his examination of the cause of the Indian Mutiny, Mr. Sieveking adopts the views that the troubles in India have been largely brought about by lack of imagination in those who govern, and a total misunderstanding of the governed. He points to the great lack of imagination in the ranks of English officials who were responsible for the conduct of affairs in India at the time of the Mutiny, and who were quite unable to see the mine at their feet. To quote his words, "Lack of imagination in a nation, however, is a deficiency of so vast an importance that interfering as it does with its progress, it inevitably brings disaster. How could it be otherwise? For lack of imagination means missing the point when it is most imperative that it should have been gratified. It means want of intuition—that invaluable guide which steers straight, notwithstanding the absence, metaphysically speaking, of lighthouse or signpost. It means that what a man does not actually see for himself can never be grasped as a reality. That he cannot, in effect, put himself in another's place; see with his eyes, think with his thoughts, and live, in imagination, his life. That he cannot realise, in short, that other's way of life. And not to be able to realise means also not to be able to sympathise, and with that last word the whole significance of lack of imagination becomes as clear as daylight. It stands revealed before us in its naked truth." Proceeding to point out how the lack of imagination precipitated matters in India, he says: "What made that revolt possible, in fact? What but that fatal lack of imagination which prevented our seeing, as a nation, that we were constantly sinning against the native point of view; constantly going contrary to some deep-seated prejudice and religious conviction. Was it not that unrestrained invective against the Hindu and Mohammetan religion, in which a good many missionaries indulged, which roused to bitterness so many natives? They had apparently forgotten in India all about St. Paul's restraint in Ephesus in the matter of Diana, the great goddess of the Ephesians."

Apparently we have not progressed far since the Mutiny. To-day there is the same misunderstanding of the religious, moral and legal claims of the Indians; the same feeling of discontent; the same spirit of revolt in the air. And who knows but what the events of the story contained in Mr. Sieveking's admirable volume may not be repeated ere long, and the world will be witness to the betrayal of a handful of civilians into a perilous position by the ignorance and blindness of a nation that boasts of its alertness. In any case the record of the deeds of the few men who held Arrah against thousands of infuriated natives, and who emerged in triumph from what appeared to be a death-trap, will stand. It is the record of a triumph of personality over vast odds, of spirit over matter. This is the turning point in question of which the careful, accurate, and full details are taken from old records, letters, and various documents.

It is altogether an excellent volume. But there is the price. A Scotchman who buys the book will consider this a point worth remembering, and when he comes to write down his confessions there will doubtless be an eloquent note to the effect that "on sich an' sich a dee I pairrchaised so an' so's book, an' bang went seventeen an' saxpence.

Religious Beliefs of Scientists. By Arthur H. Tabrum. (Hunter and Longhurst. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Rationalist Press has many sins to answer for. One of them is that it has provoked Mr. Tabrum to make an inquiry into its statement that among scientists and philosophers the belief in a personal God is dying. Mr. Tabrum does not believe that this distressing state of degeneracy has overtaken the world's foremost thinkers. So like the good shepherd that he is, he has gone forth into the highways and byways and gathered a great concourse of scientists, eminent in all departments of science, into the fold of the orthodox church. But unfortunately for his case he is unable to prevent the priests of progress demonstrating after their own amiable fashion that orthodox religion is not their affair, but that the religious beliefs of scientists are centred in progress, nature, and humanity. Take this quotation from the words of Professors Geddes and Thompson (69):—"This great old controversy, then, with its mutually exclusive formalists, we are thus beginning to see as a passing scene, a phase of a larger drama, of which man is but an awakening spectator—a stumbling actor—that of the birth, the struggle, the death, yet the renewal and ascent of the Ideal of Evolution. Thus biological science must indeed become the handmaid of religion, as the theologian, again thinker and symbolist, can offer the interpretation of Life." This has nothing to do with orthodox religion; so much the worse for orthodox religion.

Law and Liberty. A Manual of the Elements of Political Economy for the use of Statesmen, Teachers, and Students. By A. W. Johnston. (Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.)

Being very anxious to become metaphysical, I once set to work and swallowed all the known metaphysicians. The result was curious; I was almost cured of a taste for metaphysics. Perhaps a similar experience awaits the student of political economy who is energetic enough to follow Mr. Johnston's advice to take his manual as a finishing dose after a strict course of the "great classical authorities from Moses and Aristotle down to Adam Smith, Mill, Ricardo, Herbert Spencer, Henry George, and others." I am afraid the author is spoiling his chance with the student in setting him this gigantic task. His 360 maxims contained in 36 brief chapters should have been designed to enable the seeker after economic truth to avoid so much preparatory exercise. Some of the maxims do not appear to be the quintessence of wisdom. "The object of government is liberty" is a proposition involving in itself a contradiction in terms, which is not true. The author is for doing away with "Tariffism," and he works out his logic by the aid of many ingenious diagrams.

A Modern Antique. By Ricardo Nobili. (Blackwood. 6s.)

I have just been re-reading Dante's Comedy and Ricardo Nobili's "A Modern Antique." There is a connection between these works which at first is not perceptible. Both are by Florentines; were inspired by Florence; and were written when Florence was in a purgatorial state. In Dante's time it was rent with factions and banished a great poet; in Signor Nobili's day it is rotten with commercial speculators, who would banish art. This is, of course, but one aspect of Florence. I can imagine Signor Nobili writing his book on some Hill overlooking Florence, say the height on which San Miniato rests; and as he writes I can see Florence transforming itself into a cosmopolitan treasure-house, above which floats the flag of fraud, inscribed "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate." Circles map themselves out, divide and sub-divide. In one of them are the gigantic figures of the antiquarian and his iniquitous assistants in the infernal business of

forging and uttering counterfeit Italian Primitives. In the others are his victims duly classified—penniless noblemen, artists, collectors, wealthy tradesmen, bankrupt and fraudulent dealers. Floating about him are the ancient palaces salted with his spurious ware, shops, museums, and public galleries containing his inconsequent lumber. Afar off in other countries one detects auction rooms in which the drama of the sale of spurious masterpieces is played, and beyond guileless cities gorged with his gilded goods. When he has finished writing, doubtless, no one is more surprised than Signor Nobili to find he has drawn, lightly and convincingly, a wonderful picture of art in Hades, and told the story of those who sinned through the greed of gold. He has revealed, too, an erudite writer well endowed by heredity and by knowledge to lift the veil upon this shameful and unholy traffic in forgeries.

NOVELS.

Cuthbert Learmont. By J. A. Revermort. (Constable. 6s.)

We begin to turn in fear from the novelistic unfolding of a "personality." 'Tis always a dull oyster, swollen with the pathos of its own existence. Oh, the long line of Roberts, Judes, Johns, Esthers, Superfluous Asters, Toms, Dicks, and suffering Lucifers that we have swallowed! We pine at the perpetual banquet offered by our novelists, of these trusting, sensitive personalities opened out to their little uttermost souls. Their trouble is always either sexual or religious, and they ought to be turned over to the eugenists and the priests. The average novelist turns into a walrus when he meets one of these oysters; he cannot resist just this one more. Perhaps a really great Walrus like Job or Euripides, or even Olive Schreiner, might still contrive to make the banquet palatable. One modern foreigner, M. Anatole France, does know the trick of it. He gives us more condiment than oyster. A democratic age dislikes these crustacean "personalities." They have no business, unless they are beautiful or learned, to be engaged on nothing but existence. There are horns to be blown against Jericho. Why don't they join some society and make themselves a useful nuisance? Alas! by the nature of them, they prefer to blow their own hypochondriacal, myopic, half-educated, provincial trumpet. And some tearful chronicler of the woes of oysters seems inevitably at hand to set the sad history into a book. For our part, only a very whale of a sensitive oyster could now move us to anything but a grin. He would have to die the death ere our tear should drop. And these oysters rarely die. They nearly always end up in comfort and the lap of the loved one or the church.

Cuthbert Learmont's spiritual evolution from a weedy divinity student to be the lover of Mrs. Mary Fotheringham is the evolution of an oyster. His special chronicler opens him out with care, and we are even shown a sort of pearl that Cuthbert made around a tiresome intruder in the shape of the theological God Almighty. Out of the regulation old gentleman on a throne, Cuthbert produced a Suffering Being—like Cuthbert himself, only on the whale scale of sufferers: a Being, who because of his great pain, desired Not-Being, in other words, "Azbar al Azbaroth." It is very interesting indeed. From an oyster's point of view, we feel sure much comfort must be got out of realising that "The Spirit's Goal" is "Azbar al Azbaroth, the be-all and the end-all, indeed, the goal whither across the eras and the spaces, God strives."

"Azbar al Azbaroth—the Lone of the Lonelinesses," Oriential procession of vermillioned Flamingoes, Dionysos and Dancing Stars—s'death, *how* ye sound!

It must be admitted that these profound geographies rather distinguish our oyster. Most of the species merely pursue their usual mortal avocation of finding out which Mrs. Fotheringham suits them best, on suburban lines or at best a continental de luxe. But Cuthbert travels on planetary systems, past Italy, past India, past all the ordinary resorts. And if he does finally end up in a London hotel with Mary (confined to her room by "a violent headache") the reader actually beholds him exhibiting the label "Azbar al Azbaroth" to his great friend Brydon. Cuthbert certainly did the grand oyster tour.

He went to find Becoming (at least we understand that was his object) with the idea of pressing on to Not-Being. Mrs. Annie Besant could have told him that Not-Being is at the South Pole—not the North now that that has been discovered, all is removed—and that you can't get there, or, if you should happen to, Not-Being will move on further.

And about Becoming—we ourselves could have informed him. Nothing lasts: the ephemeral is eternal. Becoming is right here. What a world for poor oysters who so long to get somewhere and settle down! Discontented with the stuff of shadows and dreams yet between such things as yesterdays and to-morrows, they are obliged to perform their works. No wonder they grow sick and sad since, in their hearts, they value oyster-works with a ruinous steadfastness. In all oysters there is a quality which forbids them to be satisfied with the ephemeral. Life is real, life is earnest, and Not-Being is its goal.

What a pity they cannot become democratic and thus enjoy the trip. They would learn then that we are all in the same boat and that the present general condition of the passengers is the real matter.

* * *

With what relief one turns to a book like the "Brassbounder," by David W. Bone (Duckworth. Price 6s.). It is not exactly a novel. Perhaps it is, even, only the true account of the voyage of a good ship from Glasgow, round the Horn and back. Real seafaring life and adventure illuminate the pages, and we will go the trip again any time Mr. Bone invites us. A brassbounder, or ship's apprentice, tells the yarn which spins out, while the south trades blow us along in the right direction, into fifty jolly yarns of old salts. We find here no philosophy except what the life supplies, and we arrive, over the Roaring Forties, at San Francisco instead of at Not-Being. But we know, at the end, something of the sailorman's soul all the same. We know the feel of a captain's heart when his vessel brings up off an iceberg. . . gathers way. . . moves ahead! We know what it's like to be burying a comrade while the weather is making on the ship and not to haul sails up till the Amen. There was one time when the rocks stuck out "plain in a shaft of breaking moonlight," and the ship was seeking the wind and couldn't turn for the great combers striking her. But she did it—a cable's length to leeward of the rocks.

"Shock upon shock, the great Atlantic sea broke and shattered and fell back from the scarred granite face of the outmost Stag; a seething maëlstrom of tortured waters, roaring, crashing, shrilling into the deep, jagged fissures—a shriek of furies bereft. And high above the tumult of the waters and the loud, glad cries of us, the hoarse choking voice of the man who had backed his ship.

"Done it, ye bitch!"—a now trembling hand at his old grey head. "Done it! Weathered—by Goad!"

That's better than Not-Being, at least, so long as one is still alive.

* * *

How to be bothered with Mr. Everard Hopkins's "Lydia" (Constable, 6s.), after the good ship Florence? Lydia and Gwendoline have been great friends at school. As their names denote, Lydia is poor and Gwendoline is rich. When Lydia marries into the suburbs, her friend goes to see her, and the suburb is not nice, and Lydia is flushed with hastening to the station, and she wears an orange-red tie and a silver-buckled belt; and Gwendoline had expected to see her a softly-blooming young matron with her little boy by her side in a white frock and a leather belt about the hips—so she is disappointed to begin with, and Lydia, who is tactless, blurts out her recognition of the truth.

The villa is red brick, and the pianos sound from other villas, and inside on the drawing-room walls is a

print of "Love and Death," and "Home Chat" adorns the sofa. Lydia's baby-boy proves morose and hostile, and Lydia's husband, a nice enough young auctioneer, grows nervous, and makes a bad impression on our Gwendoline, whose opinion ought not to have mattered, anyway.

Lydia grows bored, and goes on the stage, and falls to the usual ruin with a man who turns out to have proposed to and been accepted by Gwendoline. Gwendoline wins; and Lydia, after long grief and pain, returns to her husband, only to find him sitting mad in his chair. He dies, and Lydia determines in atonement to be a good mother in future.

The story is not at all ill-written, but the subject forbids real skill. These good women, who grow naughty and finally go back home, are fundamentally bores. Their authors always have to rely for thrills on melodramatic coincidences like the accident of both Lydia and Gwendoline loving the same aristocrat; or the nice but common-place husband's decease at the moment of reconciliation.

The style is neat and plain, and would have adorned a suitable subject. It would need the feverish pen of Mr. Hall Caine to turn domestic Lydia into a stage heroine and a tragedy. Her fate arouses nothing but a question. One answers it by guessing that she and Colin and the baby still live happily in villadom.

* * *

We express a pious hope that Messrs. Methuen will refrain from sending "Wind along the Waste," by Maude Annesley, to any of the ordinary critics, but especially we implore them to spare the "Daily Telegraph." That journal, "thrilled" as it can be by Mrs. Voynich and Mr. Hueffer, will stop of heart failure if it ever reads "Wind along the Waste." For once, the wrapper résumé of the contents has been less startling than the novel itself. For once, the accommodating nonentity in the background, who is willing to marry the girl who has taken the wrong turning, is dismissed. We have often complained that the rampagious Anns of our novels prove to have been thirsting not for passion, but for peace and a home. Gonda, Miss Annesley's heroine, wooed and won in a manner to describe which we must borrow from our "Telegraph"; it is "simply terrific." She has the true vulgarity of the Dionysian—the vulgarity which does, not merely dreams.

Gonda, a fashionable portrait-painter, falls in love with a Parisian apache. She enters into his life for a time, and does so, as she does everything, very thoroughly. We gasped several times, and shivered and shuddered just as if we were the "Telegraph."

"Wind along the Waste" falls short of being a great book, because the scene is not big enough for the subject. Around the fiery victims of desire there need to be either the purple and gold courts with issues hanging thereon like the Furies to the son of Agamemnon; or the primitive beauty and tragedy of the Garden of Eden. But we, personally, do not look for great books from this luckless generation. "Wind along the Waste" is much more truthful and nearer to the big mould than anything we expected. It may prove perfectly fatal to many critics whose brains were bitten into, and their bones cut and their judgments blinded, as they confessed, by the masterpieces of Mr. Stacpoole and Mrs. Antrobus, and other geniuses.

In Extenuation of Sybella. By Ursula à Beckett. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Told in a series of dull letters, this volume narrates the story of a girl's voyage to India. Sybella is a silly little hussy, with just enough intelligence to rehook her first fish after letting him once go for a millionaire. It was said of her by a friend quite early in the book that Sybella would never marry; and we kept hoping against hope that she never would. But, of course, she did. By the way, is it usual to advertise hair-curlers, lotions, cakes, and dresses in quite so shameless a way?

The Little Gods. By Rowland Thomas. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Mr. Thomas has a fancy that the Great God grew tired of men and left the world in charge of the Little Gods. In consequence, it would seem, men are permitted to behave like wild beasts. Most of the people in this collection of stories suggest wolves and tiger-cats. Always a huge black fist or something is shooting out like lightning, or something and somebody or other is dropping somewhere or other with a broken neck or something. The language is fortunately incomprehensible more often than not, being a sort of polyglot slang of the East. We do not doubt that the author knows what he is talking about; but it does not recommend the book to us that his stories are "taken raw from life." Raw life is as little to a cultivated taste as raw meat.

The Cradle of a Poet. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (Lane. 6s.)

There is not the slightest reason why Noel Harmon should have been put into a poet's cradle. There is absolutely nothing romantic about him. We are invited in a sort of prelude of quotations to come away with the author to the waters and the wild, with a fairy, hand in hand; but except for an occasional fairy name such as Lob-lie-by-the-fire there are no fairies at all. Noel is a common-place individual, whose poetic talents we are left to infer from the single line quoted: "The grey of the sea is in your eyes, Love"; a line such as every schoolboy in love has written hundreds of times. His love adventures are no less conventional, and in the end he marries his first love like any other Philistine. "They were standing presently on the little terrace; they had gone all round, and he had shown her all his new possessions, the cow-house and the dairy, the piggeries and the poultry-yard. . . . And the two went in together and shut the door." The poet's cradle was rocked in vain.

The Hour and the Woman. By Constance Nicklin. (Methuen. 6s.)

We quite expected after the opening words of the first chapter that Mr. Heriot, solicitor, would figure largely in this book, more especially as our interest is further aroused in him by discovering him absent when Mr. Beaudesert of Beaudesert calls at his office. But, no; Mr. Heriot is nobody, and we scarcely hear of him again. Instead, we are introduced to the daughter of his clerk, who first disgusts us by attempting to marry Harry Farren, tobacconist, and afterwards develops into a regular Borgia of psychological crime. We confess we have not the faintest notion of what the little wretch is after, nor of the meaning of the title of the book, nor of the book itself. The characters change from chapter to chapter as if they were Socrates' waxen figures melting and reforming in the sun.

The Law of the Bolo. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Laurie. 6s.)

Fifty or a hundred years ago Mr. Hyatt, who has personally seen adventure in many parts of the world and in the Philippines, where this story is laid, would have written his narrative in the first person, and as a narrative of adventure simply. To-day, however, the novel form absorbs everything, and thus we have "The Law of the Bolo," crammed with observation and incident, yet displaying none of the real art of the novel. Mr. Hyatt's characters are in several instances obviously lay figures, and as for his women ——! What a pity it is that there is no public for first-rate descriptive sketches minus police-court romance, such as Mr. Hyatt could write.

McGlusky the Reformer. By A. G. Hales. (Unwin. 6s.)

If there are such brutes as McGlusky, we have no desire to read about them, for all their alleged humour. By the fiftieth page, only about a sixth of the book, McGlusky, the teetotal fanatic, had pulled out one man's whiskers, mishandled a scarlet wumman, landed his thick skull in a policeman's stomach and knocked him head over heels, seized one man by the hair, another by the throat, and banged their heads together, broken a prison dock, sent a fellow-convict's teeth pretty nearly through his tongue, and mauled a Hebrew pedlar as a rabbit is mauled by a terrier. What

happens afterwards we do not know and we do not care. Mr. Hales is a war-correspondent. Peace, it seems, hath her war-correspondents no less sensational than War.

Angela. By St. John Trevor. (Paul. 6s.)

The old device of labelling things: This is a horse, etc., is nothing to Mr. Trevor's method of getting his characters introduced. The story opens with two men in conversation over the dinner-table, and to oblige us, Ambrose carefully explains the "points" of Gerald under three heads. There is, however, one point missing; it is a "halo," or, in short, a wife; and the rest of the story concerns Gerald's capture and recapture of this complement of his perfection. Nothing short of Eve is necessary to this absurd monster; and in the end Eve arrives: "a child of nature, a spotless, innocent flower. Eden itself could have produced nothing purer." Not even the serpent?

The Feet of the Years. By John Dalison Hyde. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

We shall never know how much our generation loses by forcing its novelists to break the conventions at the risk of their circulation. "The Feet of the Years" is plainly the work of a sincere and subtle observer; but the plot on which the story depends is so conventional as to appear deliberately and even cynically adopted in deference to the prevailing taste. This is true to some extent of the characters as well. In all of them is a considerable element of reality; but they are invariably marred, in our eye, by the melodramatic addition which seems to have been made almost by another hand.

A Week at the Sea. By Harold Avery. (Paul. 6s.)

When Mr. Skittlebury, watchmaker, makes up his mind to spend a week by the sea at Craghaven neither he nor we are aware of what is before him. Yet it turns out to be as exciting as it is unexpected. Mr. Skittlebury becomes innocently involved in a series of burglaries, is taken for the villain, and is on the point of being locked up. The mistake is discovered in time to enable him to track the real burglar and to display his amusing self to some advantage. The story is readable, though the end seems superfluously vindictive.

A Spirit of Mirth. By Peggy Webling. (Methuen. 6s.)

There is matter in this "novel" for four different short stories of a few thousand words each. Phosie (a detestable shortening for Euphrosyne) and her adoption of Little Gus would make a goody-goody one for "The Child's Companion" public; Phosie—no!—Euphrosyne and her husband, Walter Race, would charm the Y.W.C.A. Jules and his seduction of Frank Race's wife might suit the redder magazines; and Miss Sapio and Mr. Addison would go comfortably into the pink ones. Dessicated into one book, these characters who encounter conveniently become merely chips. Euphrosyne is alleged to be a true spirit of mirth, but, like all persons introduced with a label, she disappoints us. She is all-too-Phosie on most occasions, and merely laughs or giggles. The early chapters are sprightly and promising, but the development is melodramatic, and the conclusion is tame. This habit of crowding a great many characters into unlikely proximity makes half our bad novels, and deprives us of good short stories.

The Green Cloak. By Yorke Davis. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

A mystery story, but better than most of the ilk. There are, inevitably, the paraphernalia of mysteries—something dead, something foreign, and something bizarre, in this case the green cloak of the homicide. Police and detectives wander about doing (in the now traditional way) nothing very busily. The amateur and the God Chance divide the honours, legitimately, as our daily papers testify.

An old villain is found strangled; and the circumstantial evidence points conclusively, in its manner, to an innocent person. The interest of the book lies in its indication of the superior general knowledge of science. It is evidently bad business nowadays to write novels about homicides on the basis of original sin, or to bring them to the gallows. People are learning to honour the medical man with his pathological and psychological experience, and to distrust, if not to despise, the obsolete legal machine. In "The Green Cloak" a certain Dr. McAlister, an expert in the science of applied psychology, is introduced to instruct and interest the reader.

OTHER BOOKS.

Spain from Within. By Rafael Shaw. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

An exceedingly valuable book, this; and for a very good reason: the author has studied the Spanish people in their own land for a considerable time, but principally the working-classes in town and country. Despite the influence of the priests, the enormous wealth of the Religious Orders, and the artful schemes of the Pretender, it is really these intelligent working-classes who can make or mar the future of Spain. It is, we think, faintly and slowly becoming perceptible that a knowledge of their political power is beginning to occupy the minds of the Spanish working-classes, and from them, like Mr. Rafael Shaw, we expect much.

It is quite impossible, as the author himself complains, to leave the Religious Orders out of consideration when writing about Spain.

> . . . . The Religious Orders are the central and dominating fact which overshadows everything else. Whether we discuss the material condition of the poor, their education, their political disabilities, or whatever it may be. . . we always get back to the Religious Orders as the cause—if not in actual fact, at any rate in the firm and unshakeable conviction of the people—of all their misfortunes (p. 89). Men like Sol y Ortega, the novelist Galdos, and many other leaders of the Lefts, continually explain that their national quarrel is only with the priests and the Religious Orders, not with the Chuch as an institution (p. 68).

Recent events, even as reported in our own newspapers, have made this detestation of the Orders fairly clear. There are far too many of them; they are, strictly speaking, entirely illegal, they hold the best of the land, they are not taxed; and the nuns and friars compete in many different trades, to the injury of the ordinary workman. Add to this the priestly custom of screwing as much money as they possibly can out of every class, even on the deathbed, and we may conceive why the representatives of the Church are not exactly loved. And there is yet another reason, a still more serious one.

> The abuse of the confessional is such a heinous sin that Catholics of other nations will not believe what is currently said as to its prevalence in Spain. . . But whatever the actual truth, it is impossible to doubt that the people are convinced that the confessional is habitually abused (p. 73).

The author brings forward several carefully-sifted stories as to the truth of this assertion, although the facts are well known to anyone who is at all familiar with Spain. Here is an instance:—

> I was laundress in a priest's house for several years. His sister lived with him, and she really was his sister, for a wonder; not the sort they generally call their "sisters." They also kept a young girl to help in the house, for the priest was well off. One day my fellow-servant committed a sin, for the devil tempted her to steal a ring belonging to the Señora. But she could not rest happy with it, and at last she went to a priest and confessed that she had stolen it, and asked what she should do. He told her to put it back, and gave her a penance. So she put it back. And the priest went and told her mistress, and she sent the girl to prison (p. 75).

The devotion of the people to the present king and queen (Chap. VI.) is very touching; but, we think, well deserved. The whole-hearted support given by King Alfonso to his present Prime Minister, Señor Canalejas, against the pretensions of the Church, would tend to show this. No words of condemnation, it may be added, can be too strong for the Jesuits and the priests, who, with their influence and wealth, have long had an opportunity of raising the standard of Spanish life, an opportunity, of course, of which they have never taken advantage. To keep the mass of the people in a state of ignorance and superstition would seem to be their main object, the attainment of which not even the in-

fluence of the Court and the earnest endeavours of liberal-minded statesmen have been able to prevent.

Other chapters of this excellent volume deal with modern politics, education, the Monarchy, and the general life of the people. Space forbids quotation, especially where all is worth quoting, and we can only conclude by a cordial recommendation of this book to all who are interested in the future of Spain, Democracy, and the Roman Catholic Church. The three subjects are by no means so remote and unconnected as they may seem.

Colour-Blindness. By F. W. Edridge-Green. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

Not much need be said about this new and revised edition of Dr. Edridge-Green's eminently practical work beyond stating that it is by an expert, and represents the result of twenty years' close study of the subject, and, moreover, records in a sense the struggle against and final overthrow of many obsolete views held by pundits who sit in high, but dark, places. The book ably summarises an attempt to ascertain how many pairs of eyes are good specific collectors of those different rhythms that constitute all the varied scale of colours. The statistics make interesting reading, and account for much. We are told the total percentage of the colour-blind is about 3.5 per cent., and women have a much better colour perception than men. As a new and profitable line of research we would suggest an inquiry into colour-blindness among members of religious denominations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BACON-SHAKESPEARE.

Sir,—Mr. Andrew Lang's article "The Bacon-Shakespeare Mare's Nest" in the "Morning Post" suggests many questions. May I ask one? Mr. Andrew Lang talks of the "sugared sonnets" which were "handed about, *we know*, among Shakespeare's private friends." (The italics are mine.) Will Mr. Lang give me the name of one friend of William Shakespeare's to whom one sugared sonnet can be authentically affirmed to have been handed?

This question is to the address of Mr. Andrew Lang. But there is another question which I should like to put to your readers. Can any of them explain to me why into this Bacon-Shakespeare controversy there is imparted, on one side at least, a bitterness, a vindictive venom, to which I find no parallel save in the annals of religious feuds.

Why are the Shakespearians so angry? What is it that they fear? Why, instead of offering refutation to the arguments of their opponents, do they load those opponents with personal abuse? The old adage about the plaintiff's attorney comes to mind. It is to be understood that those who get their living by inventing biographies of William Shakespeare should resent any criticism of their idol (of Stratford). Great is Diana of the Ephesians. But Mr. Andrew Lang does not make his living by inventing biographies.

I cannot understand the venom which this question calls forth.

Either Francis Bacon had, or he had not, something to do with the plays known as Shakespeare's. And to the literary as well as the historical student the question of Bacon's possible connection with the plays must, one would think, be of the deepest interest. But no. The subject is regarded with abhorrence, and the literary critic, approached by the Baconians, shuts his eyes or runs away screaming, "Don't! I won't have it. Bacon had nothing to do with the plays. William Shakespeare wrote them—he did, he did, he did."

Such sentiments, however solemnly and lengthily phrased, are those of the bigot and the sciolist, not of the critic.

Mr. Andrew Lang is witty at the expense of Mrs. Gallup. Surely the poor woman's name was enough of a handicap as it stood. Mr. Lang, however, writes it Gollop, which does, perhaps, make it funnier. But "ridicule ain't argument," to quote a classic utterance.

Mrs. Gallup's cipher does not convince me that Francis Bacon had anything to do with the plays attributed to Shakespeare. In fact I don't believe in Mrs. Gallup's cipher. Nor does the cipher of Mr. Donelly convince me; I don't believe in that either. The cipher of Mr. Orville Owen leaves me cold. I am sure he is mistaken. There are, without doubt, people who, assured of Francis Bacon's connection with Shakespeare, have talked nonsense about ciphers in the effort to convert the world to a belief which they held on grounds on which no cipher had any part.

I have known the same thing done by Spiritualists.

It is my study of the literature of this controversy, and of the literature of the 16th and 17th centuries which has convinced me that Francis Bacon had some intimate and concealed connection—possibly as patron—with the works published under the name of William Shakespeare. I agree with the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone in "regarding this discussion as one perfectly serious and to be respected."

In this view I have the support of a good many eminent lawyers—besides Judge Holmes—and many of them are not American, but English. Also I am supported by various learned Professors of German Universities; by Lord Penzance, one of our most distinguished judges; by Ralph Waldo Emerson; by Lord Brougham, and by many others who have examined the evidence. I am opposed by persons who refuse to examine the evidence. Mr. Churton Collins, for example, wrote bitterly about a book on this subject; the author wrote to him pointing out that he, the author, had been misrepresented, and offered to send a copy of his book to Mr. Churton Collins in order that that worthy might satisfy himself that he had been in error. Mr. Collins declined the gift because "the whole subject is so distasteful and repulsive to me that it would not be a kindness to send me the work."

But surely it is time that this question was threshed out. Ignoring the Gallups and the Owens and the Donellys is it impossible to induce competent critics to consider the literary and historical evidence, pro and con? I suggest the formation of a committee to consist of three Baconians, three Shakespearians, and three common-sense individuals with no personal axe to grind—and on this committee I should be willing to serve. Only I should stipulate that neither the three Baconians nor the three Shakespearians should be persons who get their living by writing on this subject. Such a committee should be formed. If the Baconian theory is rotten let it be shattered and swept away. If it is not rotten let it be placed in the ranks of serious controversy, and set in a position where it would be safe from that species of attack which takes the form of personal abuse of the opponent. I challenge the Shakepearians to provide three men to serve on that committee of investigation. And I know they won't take up the challenge, because they have been challenged again and again, and the answer always is, "No thank you, we know we are right and we aren't going to discuss the matter." How fine a position would be that of the men who should seriously look into this business without prejudice, without rancour, and get the matter settled one way or the other.

E. NESBIT.

Well Hall, Kent.

P.S.—Since this letter was written, Mr. William Smedley has published a similar challenge to mine in the "Birmingham Daily Post." Mr. Smedley's challenge refers to certain new facts discovered by Mr. Tanner, with which, until Mr. Smedley publicly referred to them, I had not considered myself at liberty to deal. May I add that Mr. Tanner's discoveries seem to me beyond all doubt genuine discoveries, and discoveries of the highest importance.

* * *

"TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL."

Sir,— So far from wishing to challenge your correspondent's personal information or his experience in police methods, most of us could supplement in one way or another the strength of his indictment. We have lately seen the cheap press, editors, subs, readers and all turned into one huge slimy Noah Claypole. We still see this Noah gloating over the details of Crippen's health in prison and how tenderly he is being nursed and fatted for the trial.

Greece and Rome in the days of their decadence swarmed with informers. England—?

The most alarming aspect of the state of police affairs is that, at any moment, we (I mean I) may become the victim. They grow bold as well as bad. One's social position, one's reputation for ordinary honest dealing is the merest reed to lean on for security. Dr. de Quadros, the Catford medico who committed suicide after a visit from detectives, evidently realised that he might as well go as be pushed off by "Coleridge & Co." The Trust in Crime is not to be sneezed at; and with every challenge this Trust may be expected to proceed to bolder measures of self-preservation. For instance, we shall read oftener such things as this out of a recent paper: "So-and-So has laid a confession before the police in connection with the —— murder for which —— was executed. The police do not regard the confession as important." Also the public mind will be doped and duped by the news of petty privileges granted to convicts. Prison will be represented as a sort of home from home—but a man charged will, more and more frequently, become a man condemned. The Trust in Crime is going to be maintained, and your warm-hearted contributors may as well regard those hearts as broken. Webb's scheme, beginning at the right end, at the prevention of destitution and the abolition of "workhouse" children, would break up more things than the Poor Law. It would break poor prison authorities—but the scheme will never go through. What will go through will

be "indeterminate sentence" schemes so as to keep the officals always employed. There may even eventuate a new crime code in which Lese-Judgistry will figure "in the interests of justice." At present owing to fear of prosecution for contempt of Court (our ignorant Phillimores and hysterical Coleridges being the said Court) no one may express any opinion until the accused is safely condemned. The Head Secretary of the Trust will see to the rest—whatever protest be made! The observant cynic is already noting just what men are being elevated to the Bench—only your venomous magistrate has any chance of extending his powers. In the days when we believed the lower classes to be naturally criminal, it was doubtless good theory to pit against them judges of their own calibre—brutal fellows of the governing class, not above sentencing children to death and women to be flogged. England encouraged brute against brute, and the bigger brutes have naturally survived the lesser. Have they survived too long? They are at their wits' end for employment since these humanitarian faddists began to foil them by preventive measures. Their office has become a monotonous pronouncement of mere terms of imprisonment, with no stinging lashes, and only a death sentence once a month or so. There's a position for a judge who loves his work! And now the last real spectacle of the courts is threatened. Maudlin persons are professing to be contemptuous of the hanging judge. "What?" all the little judgelollys are crying. "What, no gallows? No dressing up like a witch doctor and smelling about for blug? No black cap?" Sir, they'll never stand it!

The funniest touch about judges is their profession of Christianity. Even to think of any one of them pronouncing "May Almighty God have mercy on your soul!" is to confirm one's doubt of Almighty God. He couldn't have heard that blasphemy so often without making some protest against being made an accessory—say suddenly lifting up the black cap and twirling it round or striking the blasphemer with the proverbial palsy. Yet quainter than this, I repeat, is the profession as to following Christ. A judge can no way be a Christian. He may be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, he may be a Baptist, or even a Holy Roller—but a follower of Christ he is not, and cannot be.

T. K. L.

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THE W.E.A.

Sir,—At last we have got to the bottom of Mr. Robertson's grievances. He objects to grants being made by the Board of Education to evening classes attended by students who are members of the W.E.A.; and he objects to Mr. Mansbridge addressing letters to a member of the Parliamentary Committee without Mr. Robertson's permission. Truly a portentous mouse to be evolved from these mountains of correspondence! Let me tell him that if he disapproves of continued education being aided by grants of public money, his disapproval is certainly not shared by the Labour movement. Let me tell him further, something which he does not seem to have learned at Oxford but which he will do well to remember before trying to teach Trade Unionists—or anybody else—their business, that those who, like Mr. Robertson, publish documents marked "private" (whoever may so have marked them) and publish them in an incomplete form, show nothing so clearly as that their own case is too weak to be supported by straightforward methods.

R. H. TAWNEY.

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Sir,—May I suggest to your correspondent, Mr. A. H. M. Robertson, that the Trade Unionists of the country are quite capable of looking after their own interests in matters of education, and that in any case the advice of an Oxford graduate of but twelve months' standing is not likely to weigh much with those who were probably Trade Unionists before he was born.

There are some 1,200 Trade Unionists (myself among the number) who are, or have been, members of those Tutorial Classes to which Sir R. Morant promised "a golden stream," and we know that we selected the subject to be studied ourselves, that the Tutor was only appointed after our approval, that we have always had full opportunity of criticising the instruction given, and that that instruction has enabled us to be of more service to our comrades in our Trades Unions and Co-operative Societies than ever we were before. If under these conditions we have allowed ourselves to be bamboozled and misled we only have ourselves to blame. If he thinks that in spite of this we have been misled, and he has the courage of his opinions, let him pay a visit to one of the classes and talk it over with the students. Dare he do this? I have no knowledge of the instruction given in the Central Labour College Classes, but if it is as useful and as truly educational as that given in the Tutorial Classes there is no reason why they should not share in "the golden stream." Has the Central Labour College ever applied for a share? What is Mr. Robertson's objection to the "golden stream" anyway? Is it not the right and proper thing for the education of the workers to be a State charge?

I have read Mr. Robertson's pamphlet containing the alleged "Private and confidential W.E.A. memorial," and I should like to inform him in the first place that the publication of documents marked "private" is inconsistent with the code of honour usually observed among Trade Unionists, whatever it may be among Oxford graduates. In the second place I note that Mr. Robertson himself agrees with the essential points of the memorial, and thirdly, I have not heard so far of any member of the Parliamentary Committee condemning the action of Mr. Mansbridge. I do know, however, that the Parliamentary Committee have in the past gladly availed themselves of information supplied by the W.E.A., as for example on the occasion of the deputation to Mr. Runciman last March (which is mentioned by Mr. Robertson), when Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., used a W.E.A. memorandum on educational endowments.

I echo Mr. Robertson's hope that in the coming Congress my fellow Trade Unionists will express their opinion of the W.E.A. and its work—and also their opinion of the tactics of those who have enjoyed the advantages of the University themselves, or who at the present moment are maintaining their sons there, and are yet, under the mask of solicitude for the interests of the workers, endeavouring to prevent working men and women from sharing in those advantages.

T. W. PRICE.

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A CITIZEN ARMY.

Sir,—The concluding paragraph of Mr. Cecil Chesterton's series of articles entitled "How the Rich Rule Us" renders advisable a postscript to my letter of the week before last.

Mr. Chesterton's words are:—

"I am in favour of a Citizen Army. The sacred right of insurrection must always be the final and indestructible right of a people. Let us have a people armed and trained to use their arms, officered by men of their own class, chosen from the ranks solely for their superior military efficiency. Then, if Parliaments fail us, we shall never be quite without resource."

Considering that this comes at the end of a triumphant demonstration of the thesis that a rich oligarchy has bought up all our representative institutions and locked them away from us, the suggestion that this same oligarchy might be induced to hand us over its army as a solatium is rather like the Queen's advice to the poor who had no bread: "Eat cake." Or, to put it another way: a sturdy highwayman has robbed me of my tweed overcoat; and somebody proposes that, as I am not strong enough to recover my property, I should content myself with the robber's nice fur-lined cloak.

But there is a second objection to the proposal, more serious than its impracticability. In this country it is notoriously easy to boom the most gigantic and palpable reaction under some new and possibly-popular name. The term "Citizen Army," as you yourself have hinted, is in British minds peculiarly confusable with the tyranny called Conscription. Our people have the vaguest possible notions of what these two things mean. Now, the oligarchy will take good care that, while they have anything to say on the matter, we shall never have a really popular force like that indicated in the quotation. But, if we ask persistently for a Citizen Army, it is extremely probable that we shall get something that will be called a Citizen Army: something which, in consequence, will thenceforth be the standard pattern of a Citizen Army, to the ousting of the Quelch-Blatchford ideal; and which, on account of the extension of military discipline to a hitherto-unterrified population, will be even more thoroughly adapted for foreign adventure and less likely to become revolutionary than the existing forces, which have an antidote to docility in the spectacle of independent civilian character. And we shall have ourselves to blame; because I presume it is not our intention to state, when explaining to our rulers what sort of a Citizen Army we want, that its chief employment will be rebellion. We shall have gone out to shear them with their own patriotic machine, and we shall come home scientifically shorn.

I find myself provoked to truism. It's no use trying to cast out a bad government in the government's name. Revolutionary bodies grow up in defiance of the law—not under the auspices thereof.

JOHN KIRKBY.

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HOW THE RICH RULE US.

Sir,—Mr. Cecil Chesterton has performed a public duty by the writing of such a series of articles as "How the Rich Rule Us." I myself, a humble factory hand, have already tried Mr. Chesterton's lucid and logical arguments on my fellow factory-mates with beneficial results. In last week's article he refers to other elements of the plutocracy, such as the Press, the law of libel, the administration of justice, etc.,

to which he might refer as still further evidence of "How the Rich Rule Us." I urge him to treat these aspects of his case fully, give us in the lower stratum who are trying to alter things, as much material to work with as possible. We have not the time to find out these matters for ourselves; for we must work that we may live. But when we do learn a thing is wrong we try too prove to our mates that it is so. I can assure Mr. Chesterton his work is not being done in vain.

A WAGE SLAVE.

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ART CRITICISM.

Sir,—I am loth to crave the hospitality of your correspondence columns for the kind of matter that should be confined to advertisement columns. But your correspondent, James Guthrie, excusably, perhaps, saddles me with theories I do not hold, and practice that is not mine. He does this probably because he may remember that Whistler taught me to paint, and because he assumes my subscription to Whistler's theories.

From my first exhibited picture, "The Lion Comique" (reproduced in the Yellow Book), to my latest canvases and etchings, "The New Home," "Noctes Ambrosianæ," "Londra Benedetta," the anti-literary theory has been entirely absent from my work. Mr. Guthrie's antithesis between my intention and Millet's is meaningless. In studying town interiors I am doing, in kind, exactly what Millet would have done had he lived in London. Camden Town has been my Barbizon.

WALTER SICKERT.

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TOM MANN ON "INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM."

Sir,—As bearing out your remarks on Industrial Unionism you may care to publish the following report of a recent speech by Mr Tom Mann:—

The capitalists have got themselves thoroughly well organised. There are Employers' Associations, comprising a whole industry of 40 or 50 trades.

The workers' efforts at organisation have been (1) Industrial; (2) Political. They have tried to organise efficiently, but have failed. There has been wisdom and necessity in the formation of Trade Unions, but to-day the Trade Union organisation is so feeble as to be impotent. It is therefore ignored, and all the effective effort has been turned in the political direction. But working through Parliament there has been no chance of stemming the terrible torrent of poverty and starvation.

What about the old method of economic organisation?

I am here to express my profound conviction that during recent years, in the English-speaking countries particularly, though not solely, far too much attention has been given to political action, and much too little attention to economic organisation. I believe the standard of life in Birmingham, as a typical industrial city of the United Kingdom, is very much below what it might have been and what it would have been had the workers of Birmingham given reasonable attention to economic organisation.

Now turn attention to political action. Can anyone say that if, during the next ten years just a corresponding amount of advance be made politically and the same trend should characterise the political Labour and Socialist movement that has during the past ten years, that there is any reasonable chance of finding a reasonable solution of the Labour problem there? No. I have no such hope or belief.

There is no real fight among the workers' organisations. I am not intending to argue that the Labour men ought not to have been returned, or that they should not be again returned in increasing numbers. It is wise and proper to utilise all the forces, including the Parliamentary one; but I am prepared to stand my ground and declare that you cannot point to any country on this earth where any real achievement has been obtained on behalf of the workers by means of Parliament without an economic fighting force behind it. They first obtained economic power and then they obtained political power.

There is nothing in the way of fighting except that which can grapple with the economic environment and change it. What is the absolute fact? The capitalists are only powerful because we are powerless, and we are powerless because we fail to associate together in our economic life. We can be entirely powerful in our economic environment if we see clearly the goal we ought to reach and agree upon concerted action.

It is one thing to stand in the House of Commons to argue effectively in favour of a given line of procedure—even to get a measure carried. It is a very different thing to get that applied to your economic surroundings, and no such measure ever has been applied unless there has been an economic demand, unless there has been the requisite intelligence on the part of the persons desiring it and prepared to fight to get it. Unless that has been so, you have not had it.

Things stand on the Statute Book and are never once applied to the economic conditions. An eight-hour day was decreed in America, but it made no difference to the actual 10-hour day because it was to the economic interest of the exploiting class that the labourers should work a 10-hour day.

There is no solid economic demand on the part of the workers. In Queensland, at the sugar-crushing mills, men work a 12-hour day for 22s. 6d. a week and 8s. a week for tucker. And this in spite of the Labour and Socialist men in the Australian Parliament. And there is no use in agitating because there is no solid economic demand on the part of the workmen.

The gold-miners in some parts of South Africa work on the nominal principle of 7s. 6d. a day, but the only conditions on which they can get work is that they shall be willing to form parties and enter into a compact to work a given heading on a principle that, producing no gold, they get no remuneration. If they work for a month, or six months, without producing any gold, they get no reward for all their work. One half of the workers in Ballarat do now work on those lines. Why cannot the Labour men alter it? Because the economic organisation of the men is faulty; there is no fight in them.

What is the good of fooling about in Parliament when there is no fight among the workers economically?

There is one solid method of advance—increase your power to consume. Fight the opposing forces. You cannot get to Heaven save by continual striving.

I am here to declare a Unionism that shall include all the advantages of anything we ever had in our Trade Unionism; that shall eliminate from it its faultiness and weld the whole movement together in a scientific fighting body, with which we will fight for the solution of a social problem which will mean the overthrow of the capitalist system and the establishment of a state of co-operation; that we will fight to raise the standard of life on the part of those who are downtrodden.

Who will bring it about?

Inside of a very few months there will be a movement initiated which will catch on, and spread like wildfire in favour of raising the standard of life, and fighting out this curse of poverty. Where is the evidence of it? There is only one country on earth that I have any knowledge of that is more stupidly individualistic than this, and that is America. The characteristic of the thinking sections of America is that they have examined now with American thoroughness into their workers' organisations, and have come to the conclusion that while the orthodox typical Trade Union has rendered valuable service to the community, its day is practically over. Not because of any inherent fault in the Union, but because of the progress made by Society; the economic development, the ordinary law of evolution, as applied to it, impelling the capitalists to organise; and now it is correspondingly about to compel the workers to organise.

You will say to me, Are you, after all, after Industrial Unionism? Yes, I am. You would not find many more men who had given more persistent work to trade organisation than I have—skilled and unskilled. I believe I have warranty, as the result of my own close personal touch over a long period of years, in various parts of the world; and if I had moderate ability mentally to arrange facts and to draw conclusions therefrom, I am now prepared to express an opinion about workers' organisations for Trade Unionism. And I declare that the Trade Unions have been very valuable in the past. And now, just as the employing class has been impelled by the force of circumstances to organise industrially, in the collective sense and not remain sectional in the trade sense, so we workers, with our unions, must grow correspondingly and rearrange them in such fashion as to bring each particular union into line with its industry. The engineering and shipbuilding industry has 24 sectional unions to represent its interests, many of them frequently overlapping. Twenty-four unions exist now to try to cover the members connected with that one industry.

What is Industrial Unionism? The welding together of each and all of them, so that the unit of action for offensive and defensive purposes shall not be the sectional trade, but the group industry—all the trades in the industry. Please remember, then, it means nothing other than making the unit of action, offensive and defensive, the industry; grouping all the trades connected with it, and not one particular section. Why? Because in nearly every instance union men in one trade are beaten by other union men not in the same trade, but in the same industry. It is this that beats the workers. It is the organised men that beat the other workers, because of the sectional nature of their organisation.

Is it not permissible, desirable, essential, that we should exhibit a scientific capacity to the opposing class? It only wants stating to see the force of it. The time has arrived when any man who is to be worth his salt may change modern unionism, welding it together on the lines of Indus-

trial Unionism, with the industry as the unit and not the sectional trade.

The best of organisations is no good without the fire of human life and the grit to dare to achieve. Let us have done with calling piously for agreements, for State arbitration; let us go for our own industrial organisation. For ourselves, economic organisation, guided with manly courage. Afterwards comes the political organisation.

How shall we set about organising? By raising the question in our branches or societies, getting resolutions discussed and carried as to the line of action. If the Trade Union agrees, send them into the Parliamentary Committee, up to your local Trades' Councils, and agitate and organise, giving the right view, getting the resolutions carried, and this will soon develop an opinion favourable to organised action.

R. M.

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IMAGINATION AND ITS WONDERS.

Sir,—On the question of courtesy, I can leave your readers to judge between the language of my review and letters and Mr. Lovell's "scimble-scamble" stuff about "dastardly methods... gross insolence... crass ignorance... bully and coward," and the rest. But I am further charged with having misrepresented the book as a whole, with distorting certain passages selected, and with having suggested ideas foreign to the context in a manner that is to the last degree unfair and wholly unscrupulous. On these points your readers have a right to an explanation that they may be assured that THE NEW AGE reviews are at least honest.

I did not deny that there was a "main thread of argument running through the book as a whole." What I said in my review was that "Mr. Lovell claims to have 'scientifically considered' imagination, and to have scientifically defined it as 'the mental power or faculty of making an image.'" I then stated that his method was not comparable to that of science, which demonstrates the facts that its laws define and display the evidence on which its conclusions are based. I then said that his quotations were not facts, in the scientific sense of the word; nor was his definition to be regarded as scientific. I will outline the method used in this book to show that I was justified in making these statements.

Mr. Lovell begins by quoting a page from Schopenhauer's "Counsels and Maxims" to the effect that "a man should avoid being led on by the phantoms of his imagination." He illustrates this in four pages quoted from the "Arabian Nights": the Barber's Story, to be precise. Then he quotes three pages from Emerson's "Essay on Poetry and Imagination," in which Emerson asserts that "'genius,' when used with emphasis, implies imagination; use of symbols, figurative speech." Emerson also suggests that "the imagination exists by sharing the ethereal currents," and states that "poetry is the consolation of mortal men" because the poet "lifts the veil; gives them glimpses of the laws of the universe; shows them the circumstance as illusion," etc. Then Mr. Lovell argues: "The critic or philosopher has been called a failed poet. If that is correct, we may go a step further and call the poet himself a failed magician," because "the perfection of Magical Science is the perfection of Imagination and Will; while the perfection of poetry is the perfection of Imagination only." Then Emerson and Heims Kringla are quoted to show that "the older the poetry, the more allied it is to magic." Then Mr. Lovell argues that it is not easy now to "look upon these ideas as merely crude superstitions, myths and fables. What is the position now reached by modern science? Does it not infallibly prove that, properly speaking, there is no such thing as solid matter?" Then Mr. Lovell argues that "the advantage of the scientific standpoint" is the need of generalisation. "If we can do this," he says; "if we can demonstrate the rationale of the action supposed to take place, then we can reduce the practice to a 'science,' understanding by the term 'science' a body of facts grouped under a principle which can be understood by the mind." Instead of producing the "body of facts" to be "grouped under a principle," Mr. Lovell asserts the need of a definition. He turns to "Nuttall's Dictionary," and rejects the definition of imagination given there as being too complex. Then he quotes Euclid's definition of a circle as an example of the simplicity and abstraction necessary to a good definition. Then he says: "Let us now proceed to lay down a geometrical definition of imagination. Imagination, derived from the word 'Imagino,' I imagine, means the faculty or power of the mind 'to imagine'; 'to imagine' means to form an image in the mind; 'an image' means a likeness, picture, representation, copy, appearance, eidolon, or idol. Briefly, imaginaton is scientifically defined as the faculty of forming an image in the mind." This is not a geometrical but an etymological definition; and each of its terms is to be found in "Nuttall's Dictionary." But in what sense is the definition scientific? It is not even logical, for imagination cannot be the place where images are created and at the same time be the power that creates them. A definition should differentiate, but here we have the power of creation, the place of creation, and presumably the will to create (for Will is a power of the mind) all signified by one word, Imagination. I agreed that it was so, and therefore could not be a scientific definition.

Mr. Lovell says that he has made it clear in this book that Nerve-Force, the instrument of Will and Imagination, is not identical with Electricity and Magnetism. Nerve-Force is nowhere mentioned as the instrument of Will and Imagination. On the contrary, Mr. Lovell teaches that "the man who thinks is to that extent free from the bondage of matter; because, for the time being, he actually manipulates etheric substance, and controls its mode of motion by means of his will and imagination." The only mention of nerve-force that I can find is on p. 80, where Mr. Lovell says: "Not only is Wisdom the supreme science, but to the practical student it soon reveals itself as far the most interesting science of all, for it aims at controlling the ether, not indirectly by means of mechanism more or less clumsy, but directly by the Imagination and Will. This idea, so far from being opposed to modern science, is in strict accord with the latest researches, which incontrovertibly demonstrate the close relationship between vital or nerve-force and electricity." He further says, on p. 88, that "action of mind upon mind at a distance is explained on the same principle as action of electricity at a distance"; so I contend that as an electric charge leaves a body by way of the cathode, the "negative pole" of the individual cannot be the "receptive, yielding, passive pole of life," for through it alone our will operates on other people. Therefore I contend that Mrs. Anna Kingsford, who had the "negative pole developed out of all proportion to the positive," ought to have been as capable of exerting "magical will-force" as she thought she was. Mr. Lovell says that sound, like all matter, air included, is a mode of motion of the ether. Sound is not sound at all until it becomes a mode of motion of the gross atmosphere. But Mr. Lovell's terms run the risk of becoming unintelligible, for he would have to state his case thus. A mode of motion of the subtle ether becomes another mode of motion of the subtle ether (gross atmosphere) and is then capable of conveying another mode of motion of the subtle ether (sound) to another mode of motion of the subtle ether (the ear).

To the charge of distortion, which has no particulars, I can only reply with a denial. But the final charge of suggesting ideas foreign to the context is too absurd to convince anybody. It was Mr. Lovell, not I, who linked "blood-curdling melodrama" with the idea of Heaven. It was Mr. Lovell who disregarded sense, style, and grammar to quote "lost, stolen, or strayed" in connection with the mantra of the Omnific Word. I said before, and I repeat, that an explanation is due from him to his readers of the connection between a phrase of vulgar associations and the Omnific Word, when the use of that phrase was not only redundant but ungrammatical. If this is the act of a bully and a coward I am content.

I hope, sir, that my position in this matter is now clear to your readers. Of Mr. Lovell personally I know nothing; and it is rather amusing to be accused of malice and an "offensive personal attack" against a person whose name I had never heard. I had no feeling against him except ingratitude for a book that taught me nothing and offended my taste by its dogmatism.

YOUR REVIEWER.

* * *

A CHESTNUT.

Sir,—In last week's issue Mr. Verdad states that England conquered Scotland. For the information and enlightenment of Scottish readers would you kindly give the date? Was it in 1314?

H. M. MURRAY.

[The old, old story! No, no; 1513 and 1746 were much more important dates. Will Mr. Murray kindly look them up?—S. V.].

* * *

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE FOR THE POOR.

Sir,—Your suggestions re the manufacture of sound material for the army are excellent; but, while you are on medical topics, why not be complete? Free hospitals, etc., would be good; free medical attendance of children would also be good; but how about the rather sick persons, and very sick persons who are unsuitable for hospital treatment and too old for the school clinics?

Of all the pressing problems that perplex us—and fail to perplex those in authority—the problem of this poor man (or woman) who is sick is one of the most pressing. The sick man is between the devil and the deep sea—between the parish doctor, whom he wishes to avoid, and the G.P. whom he cannot afford to pay.

Being a G. P. and not a parish doctor I will not presume to suggest what is devil and what is deep sea.

When those in authority wake up—if they can do anything so energetic—it may occur to them that efficient medical attendance in sickness is a matter of importance to everybody, including those who are not sick. It may dawn upon them, further, that so long as medical attendance is a matter of private enterprise it will continue to be inefficient.

That the present-day medical service is inefficient any honest G. P. will tell you—though it is unlikely that he will approve of your, or my, remedy for its inefficiency.

My remedy is the provision of free medical attendance, including drugs, appliances, treatment in sanatoria, etc., for all who care to avail themselves of it. It will cost a great deal of money; but the money will pay a very high rate of interest in the shape of increased health and happiness.

If any of your readers are sufficiently interested I shall be happy to explain to them (1) what sickness among the poor means under present conditions, and (2), what I mean by the provision of free medical attendance.

FRANK G. LAYTON.

Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "The British Press," Morning Leader, Sept. 3.

BEGBIE, HAROLD, "The Kaiser's Creed," Daily Chronicle, Aug. 30.

BERNSTEIN, EDWD., "The Kaiser and the Nation," Nation, Sept. 3.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "Paintings and Reproductions," Saturday Review, Sept. 3.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "The Joy of Living," Clarion, Sept. 2.

BREMNER, C. S., "Garden City: The Housing Experiment at Letchworth," Fortnightly, September.

CARTMEL-ROBINSON, Rev. J., "The Hoppers' Pilgrimage: Types of Humanity at a Dionysic Fete," Daily Chronicle, Sept. 1.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Glory of Grey," Daily News, Sept. 3.

CLARKE, Rev. A. H. T., "The Genius of Gibbon," Nineteenth Century, September.

COURTNEY, W. L., "Wolsey and Henry VIII," Daily Telegraph, Aug. 31.

DODD, J. THEODORE, "Hatred of the Workhouse," Daily News, Sept. 1.

DOUGLAS, MARGARET, "Village Crafts: The Girl-Weavers of Shottery," Daily Mail, Aug. 29.

EDGAR, GEO., "Mr. Chesterton as a Pantomimist," Outlook, Sept. 3.

FINBERG, A. J., "Greek Religion and Art," Star, Aug. 30.

FYFE, H. HAMILTON, "The Revival of Home-Building," Daily Mail, Aug. 31. and Sept. 1.

GLASIER, J. BRUCE, "The International Congress," Labour Leader, Sept. 2.

GOMME, LAURENCE, "The Conference: A Suggestion," Nation, Sept. 3.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "A Mad World," Clarion, Sept. 2.

GUEST, L. HADEN, "The Child Problem: I. The Work of a School Clinic; II. Medical Men's Difficulties," Daily News, Sept. 1 and 3.

HARD, WM., "The Women of To-morrow," Everybody's Magazine, September.

HEATH, FREDK. W., "Week-End Readers," Book Monthly, September.

HOGARTH, D. G., "The Lure of Life: Summer in the Near East," Morning Leader, Aug. 31.

HULL, Prof. EDWD., "Windermere," Saturday Review, Sept. 3 (letter to the Editor).

HYNDMAN, H. M., "Social-Democrats and a Big Navy," Justice, Sept. 3.

KEMMIS, JASPER, "Cardinal Rampolla," Fortnightly, September

LANG, ANDREW, "De Quincey's Essays," Morning Post, Sept. 2.

LANKESTER, Sir E. RAY, "Heredity and the Direct Action of Environment," Nineteenth Century, September.

MACDONALD, Mrs. J. R., "International Women at Work," Labour Leader, Sept. 2.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "By Right Divine: The Kaiser Intervenes," Morning Leader, Aug. 29.

MILNE, JAS., "The Personality of America," Fortnightly, September.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "Ten-score Pounds a Year: 41,500,000 People under £200," Daily News, Aug. 31; "The Great Lesson of the Cotton Trade," Morning Leader, Sept. 1.

MOST, Prof. OTTO, "The Problem of Unemployment in Germany," English Review, September.

OSBORN, G. B., "The Apostle of Pragmatism," Outlook, Sept. 3.

PANKHURST, SYLVIA, "What is a Living Wage: Is Marriage Possible on £200 a Year," Daily News, Sept. 2 (letter to the Editor).

REYNOLDS, STEPHEN, "Divorce for the Poor," Fortnightly, September.

RUSSELL, The Hon. BERTRAND, "The Philosophy of William James," Nation, Sept. 3.

SHAW, CHAS. L. N., "The Copenhagen Congress," Clarion, Sept. 2.

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TITTERTON, W. R., "The One-act Play," Daily News, Aug. 29; "The Silly Season," Vanity Fair, Aug. 31.

TOLSTOY, LEO, "Three Days in the Village: I. Tramps; II. The Living and the Dying; III.; A Dream," Westminster Gazette, Aug. 29, 30, and 31.

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WALSH, V. HUSSEY, "Pélléas and Mélisande at S. Wandrille," Saturday Review, Sept. 3.

WEBB, SIDNEY, "The Labour Candidate's Programme for the Town Council's Election," Labour Leader, Sept. 2.

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WOLF, LUCIEN, "The Mystery of the Status Quo," Nineteenth Century, September.

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

43.—HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

1890 **THE NEW SPIRIT.** (Walter Scott. 1/-. Several later editions).

1890 **THE CRIMINAL.** (Walter Scott. 6/-. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged, 1910.)

1892 **THE NATIONALISATION OF HEALTH.** (Fisher Unwin. 3/6.)

1894 **MAN AND WOMAN. A Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters.** (Walter Scott. 6/-. Fourth edition revised and enlarged 1904.)

1897 **SEXUAL INVERSION. Vol. II. of Studies in the Psychology of Sex.** (F.A. Davis Co., Philadelphia.)

1898 **AFFIRMATIONS.** (Walter Scott. 6/-.)

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1900 **THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A Dialogue in Utopia.** (Grant Richards. 3/6.)

1904 **A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS.** (Hurst and Blackett. Out of print.)

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1905 **SEXUAL SELECTION IN MAN.** (F. A. Davis Co.)

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