

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE proposed abandonment by the Labour party of its famous Pledge solves the problem of the Osborne judgment only for a few minds. This course may facilitate, as no doubt it was intended to facilitate, a more or less dignified compromise between Labour and the Government; but we cannot help thinking that, as the "Nation" has been quick to perceive, the problem still left untouched by the dropping of the Pledge is much more serious. It is the question whether Trade Unions as such should be legally permitted to take part in general politics. We put the question in this form because the seemingly broader but really narrower question of whether Trade Unions should undertake any political action at all is not, or ought not to be, under discussion. Trade Unions in pursuit of their legitimate task of raising their own status and the status of their members are bound to employ political means of a kind; they may even, like the National Union of Teachers, return their delegates to Parliament without reproach save from political theorists like ourselves. What, however, they cannot, and in our opinion may not, do is to undertake politics of a general nature, whether by pledge or without pledge. Once they leave the strict path of their specifically Trade Union area of politics they are trespassing not only on the rights of the minority of their members, but on the rights of the general citizen. Hence, when the "Nation" declares that the sole question left for discussion by the disappearance of the Pledge is whether Trade Unions should be entitled to take political action we accept the proposition of debate only on the understanding that general politics is implied. Unless the National Union of Teachers is to be injunctioned for supporting its

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delegates at Westminster, there is no reason why other Unions should be refused what the Teachers enjoy; and it should be noted that the Teachers exact of their representatives a "pledge" of support only on questions relative to their profession. Outside the scope of the Union's objects the Teachers' representatives are perfectly free to vote and speak as they please. Such representation of Trade Unions we do not understand that even Mr. Osborne himself would refuse to support. At least he did not refuse before the Pledge was extended to cover non-Trade Union matters.

* * *

Of the Pledge itself we do not, as we say, make so much as some persons. Popularly, no doubt, it was one of the most convenient handles by which to lay hold of the Labour party; but we doubt if one in ten of the critics of the Pledge could explain his objection intelligibly. We would go further and take leave to doubt whether the two Lords whose final decision in Osborne's favour was based exclusively on the existence of the Pledge knew quite clearly what their ground of complaint was. We have re-read their judgments recently only to find, as has been suggested, a prejudice and not a reason. Lord James of Hereford and Lord Shaw did not in fact, if we examine the matter closely, object to the Pledge on grounds of public policy; still less were they incited thereto by the desire to avenge the reversal of the Taff Vale Judgment; least of all were they conspiring, as has been unworthily suggested, to break the power of the Trade Unions. Their view, if we may interpret it, was the normal so-called British view that instinctively plumps for freedom in name whatever may be concealed beneath it, and against Pledges and Bonds however really advantageous they may be. It was, in fact, the view of the laissez-faire school; a view which we should last expect either to be dishonest or mean or, on the other hand, to entertain any real conception of public policy. The public policy of this school is obviously to have none; and we may say, in passing, that many of the professedly advanced democrats who are calling for the reversal of the Osborne Judgment appear to us to belong to it. Consequently, neither the abandonment of the Pledge nor the fact that with it goes the unanimity of the Lords in the Osborne decision weighs with us, whose criticism of Trade Unionism in politics is on political and not on laissez-faire grounds. We contend that pledge or no pledge, on principle as well as in practice, Trade Unions as such have absolutely no right in general politics, and only a privileged position in politics at all.

* * *

We are fortunately beyond the suspicion, in taking this attitude, of enmity in any sense whatever towards

the Trade Unions themselves. On the contrary, we admire them for the work they have done; we even admire them for the attempts they have made to "capture" politics, and, most of all, we desire their welfare since on it depends, as we believe, the welfare of the nation. Nor is it impossible for us to realise their point of view and to regard it as weighty and statesman-like. On the supposition that the Trade Unions are in fact the working classes articulate it is easy to see that the objection to Trade Unions entering general politics may be interpreted by them, though wrongly, as an objection to working-men entering politics. Again, the greatest task of Trade Unions is to preserve what status they have won and to raise it still higher. But if the Osborne decision is to stand, a blow will have been struck at their prestige which will be more keenly felt than the mere depriving them of a doubtfully legal power. It is not, in fact, the loss of the political weapon which is felt most deeply: there are more ways of getting to Dover than leg over leg as the fox went; it is the loss of esteem, prestige, confidence—what you will: a question of pride, in short. If means could be found to reverse the decision ostensibly without in fact doing so actually we firmly believe that the Unions would not mind. As it is they feel compelled to fight for a "right" which but for its being challenged and made a point of honour as well as law they were not disposed to regard very highly. Lastly, we should put the view of those reformers who (mistakenly, in our view) see the advancement of working-men's interests bound up with the political future of the Trade Unions. Rob the Unions of their absolute freedom in politics, they say, and you destroy the hope of the proletariat of ever rising to predominant power; you condemn the working classes to the status of eternal servitude.

* * *

We are not sure that all these objections could be completely answered by anybody holding our view that both Trade Unionism and the working-classes generally would be better off out of party politics. We are quite sure that not all of them should be answered. When Mr. Keir Hardie let slip the expression of his hope that the Labour party might one day "run the Empire" he may have been voicing the secret aspirations of Trade Unionists, but we doubt it. Most of these, good easy souls, are as innocent of any such ambition as Wolsey would have them be; and to deny that any form of Trade Union activity, political or industrial, will ever conceivably lead to such a consummation is not to rob it of legitimate hopes. On the other hand, it appears plainer to us as we consider the matter from week to week (and we confess that the whole problem still needs discussion) that along the lines of industrialism and industrial politics the Unions have an immensely beneficent future without trespassing a single step on general politics, in fact, by corporately refraining from general politics altogether.

* * *

Before, however, entering into this question let us remind our readers of the political principle at stake in the Osborne decision. Dismissing the two judges who may now be said to have lost their ground of objection, there is the plea advanced by the remaining three judges, each of whom on slightly different grounds adduced public policy for his decision. In sum, their contention amounts to this: that it is contrary to the spirit of politics to permit private interests as such to be represented in the Legislature. With that proposition nobody who has the smallest appreciation of the meaning of politics will be found to disagree. Nor does it matter in the least either that the private interest in question is that of the million or so trade unionists, or that, by hook and by crook and in practice certain interests have already been allowed a footing in Parliament. They have no right there, and in time, by appealing to principle, we shall get rid of them. Meanwhile, it is still contrary to the intention of politics that the number of these interested delegates should be added to even on behalf of the most necessitous interest of all. As a matter of observation, there is no such desire on the part of working-men, however there may be on

the part of leading Trade Unionists, to act contrarily to the intention of political institutions. If they were in fact less instinctively "constitutional" they might be more effective rationally; but they are what they are, and no amount of agitation will, in our view, persuade them that it is fair and reasonable or playing the political game to demand special legal privileges for the delegates of the interests of organised Labour in the national councils. Mr. Pointer's pathetic complaint that the rank and file appeared to be taking the Osborne decision "lying down," and that "there was hardly a murmur or whisper of dissent heard among them," does not indicate, at least, any violent revolutionary zeal.

* * *

Apart, however, from political theories we are prepared, as we say, to contend that the unions have more to gain than to lose by the maintenance of the Osborne decision. Certainly Socialism has also, and we shall hope to prove it one day; but the advantage to be derived by Socialism is not immediately under consideration. What we understand is to be shown is that the organised Labour movement can do better work out of general politics than in it. For most of our arguments we can rely, strangely enough, on Mr. Sidney Webb, whose work on "Industrial Democracy," written in conjunction with Mrs. Webb in 1897, is even more illuminating to-day than it was then. The strangeness of our citation of Mr. Webb will be clear to those who, like ourselves, were surprised when Mr. Webb announced his support of the movement for the complete reversal of the Osborne decision; and still more clear to those who have seen the "Spectator's" apt retort on THE NEW AGE. It should in fairness be premised that Mr. and Mrs. Webb were writing in 1897 of a condition of affairs not identical with but only analagous to the conditions now prevailing. In place of the annual Trades Congress, which was then the political platform of the Trade Union movement, we have at this moment the Labour party itself; but the criticisms levelled by Mr. and Mrs. Webb at the extra-Trade Union politics of the Congresses are applicable to the extra-Trade Union politics of the Labour party no less. Writing of this, they say ("Industrial Democracy," p. 271):—

"The Trade Unions join the Congress for the promotion of a Parliamentary policy desired, not merely by a majority, but by all of them; and it is a violation of the implied contract between them to use the political force towards the creation of which all are contributing for the purposes of any particular party. . . . Whether it is 'captured' by the Liberals. . . or by the Socialists. . . it equally destroys its capacity for performing its proper work, and provokes a reaction which nullifies its political influence."

Written thirteen years ago, it is really remarkable how prescient these words are of the present situation, and of what has led to it. We emphasise the nullity which it was foreseen must result from political action unwisely taken. At the first glance at the figures of membership of the Labour party it would appear as if 1½ million paying members were enough to control politics entirely. Yet the absence of any real consent or consensus of opinion really constitutes them the feeblest political force for their numbers that ever existed. Men levied against their will or indifferently for objects to which their assent is mostly taken for granted are a poor backing for political leaders, whose weight in the political world is exactly calculated and not by mere figures. It is wholly delusive to reckon the political influence of the Trade Unions at its numerical value. The weight of unionism is determined by the consenting wills of its members, and when these are divided the force is nullified.

* * *

It is plain that Mr. Webb had in mind in 1897, at any rate, no such political ambitions for the Trade Unions as the Labour party later developed. He repeatedly took the Congress to task for meddling with political questions outside their proper scope as well as outside their competency, questions such as Home Rule, Education, and Foreign Affairs. Of these, as he said, the members of the Trade Union world had no distinctive opinion, and their representatives and

officials no special knowledge. And this is as true of the Labour members and world to-day as of the old Congress and its officials.

* * *

Again, Mr. Webb denied in advance the constitutional legitimacy of Labour representation as such. It was contrary both to Collectivism and to the principles of Democracy. "The conception of Society [still more of Parliament] as a struggle of warring interests; the feeling that every man and every class is entitled to all that they can get . . . is 'Radical individualism' and a remnant of the Manchester School." The Collectivist statesman, on the other hand, is "groping his way to such a conscious adjustment of the resources of the community to its needs as will result in its highest possible efficiency." To this end Democracy as distinct from sectionalism is necessary: "The working of democratic institutions means one long training in enlightened altruism, one continual weighing, not of the advantage of the particular act to the particular individual [or class] at the particular moment, but of those 'larger expediencies' on which all successful conduct of social life depends." Does it not follow, then, that not only is the political influence of Trade Unions nullified by the absence of consent, but Labour delegates as such are contrary to the spirit of Democracy? If that was, as Mr. Webb believed, true in 1897, it is, as we believe, true in 1910. Finally, on this point, it stands to reason that if Mr. Webb strongly opposed extra-Union politics he did not contemplate the additional evil of a compulsory levy for extra-Union politics. Indeed, it is clear that he had in mind as the probable and desirable political future of Trade Unions the formation of voluntary associations of like-minded political working-men (p. 833). At most he would approve of "a political federation of the unions confining its work exclusively to Trade Union objects."

* * *

We cite these old opinions of Mr. Webb because we believe that they were much better considered than his present views as expressed in Euston Road a fortnight ago. Moreover, they lead naturally to the question which we have raised in earlier notes: the question of what, in the event of the Trade Unions being debarred from general politics, their restricted political and industrial future may be. We will content ourselves for the present with a mere indication of the direction in which the answer is to be looked for: "The Trade Union will find itself . . . more and more concerned with raising the standard of competency in its occupation, improving the professional equipment of its members, 'educating their masters' as to the best way of carrying on the craft, and endeavouring by every means to increase its status in public estimation." "In the democratic state of the future the Trade Unionists may be expected to be conscious of their own special function in the political world, and to busy themselves primarily with its fulfilment." The "programme" includes (1) The establishment of a National Minimum; (2) Revision by practical criticism of the Factories and Workshops, Mines, Railways, Shop, and Merchant Shipping Acts; (3) The help of each industry by all; (4) The maintenance of the Right of Association; (5) The Preservation of the Home." (Webb, "Industrial Democracy," p. 839.) To these, other duties arising from Acts passed since 1897 may be added.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SOME time ago I promised to speak about various armies in this column, and this week I propose to make a start by referring briefly, very briefly, to the final week of the Army manœuvres round Salisbury, in order to witness which I cut short my Finnish visit. I wish to begin, however, by correcting an error on the part of the "Berliner Tageblatt's" editorial staff whereby the name of a distinguished military critic, Colonel Gädke, was appended to an article which he has given

me to understand he did not write. This article appeared in the "Tageblatt" of September 18, and was, on the whole, favourable to the Territorials. It was quoted extensively by the "Westminster Gazette" and other English newspapers, and may thus have inadvertently produced a wrong impression. I note that, in the "Daily Telegraph" of September 28, Colonel Gädke has specifically repudiated the article in question.

If I myself venture to express an opinion on the manœuvres which have just ended, and on the soldiers who took part in them, I can only plead that my own military service (partly as volunteer, partly as attaché, and partly as one of a bunch of war correspondents) includes the Spanish-American war, most of the Boer war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the early part of the Spanish campaign against Morocco last year; in addition to which I have witnessed at various times the manœuvres of the six most important European armies. Basing my remarks, then, on comparisons which I am entitled to draw, I do not hesitate to say that the last week of our manœuvres—the "show" week, the culminating week, when everything should have been in as nearly perfect order as possible—showed our military authorities and our higher officers in a bad light.

To begin with, the decisions of the umpires were on many occasions very arbitrary. Those who were present will remember one particularly glaring instance on the last day, when, at a particular point in the battle, the Red infantry had defeated the Blues and were preparing to pursue the enemy. It lay, naturally, with the Red leader to decide whether he should pursue or not; but, as he made ready to do so, the umpires interfered and forbade him. The foreign military critics who were present at the time audibly gasped; for such arbitrary meddling was farcical. I will pass over such minor trifles as horse-artillery without horses, to come to the general battle. This had been arranged on a plateau about four hundred yards square, and on this space two armies, each of about 14,000 men, were supposed to be concentrated. This was obviously grotesque. The confusion was sadly diverting to the observer. Rifle brigades formed up one behind the other, and firing into the backs of their friends in front of them! Friends and foes arranged about eighty or a hundred yards apart, so that they could almost shake hands!

When boys' brigades were first popularised in this country a well-known feature of their public entertainments was "maze-marching." The lads were arranged in single or double file, and, after having grouped themselves in labyrinthic entanglements, they sorted themselves out very dexterously and formed up in a perfectly orderly manner. Something of this sort happened at Salisbury; but in the latter instance both the Blue and Red armies were mixed—a state of things which greatly amused the foreign experts present, but which was, I venture to hope, not quite the intention of the War Office authorities.

My main impressions (in the essentials of which, I may add, the Continental officers agree with me), were these: The Territorials, although, generally speaking, eager and enthusiastic, need not be relied upon as an army of defence. They are the outcome of the odious English tendency to compromise. It was clearly recognised that something better than the volunteers was wanted; but the country was thought not to be ripe for universal service. Therefore a certain number of young men, or, in far too many instances, overgrown boys, are to be "trained" for a fortnight in the summer. I need hardly say that occasional shooting practice and drill for eleven months in the year, with the addition of a fortnight's "training" in camp, is quite insufficient to place our Territorials anywhere near the level of Continental armies—with men who, except in certain exceptional cases, serve their two years in barracks, with constant parades and manœuvres and thorough training. With real, sound training our Territorials would make good soldiers; at present they are toys. This is not their own fault, I hasten to add; although they have no doubt other defects, which I may later on have an opportunity of referring to.

Coming now to the Regulars, they do not take such an intelligent interest in tactics and strategy as the French troops (who are undoubtedly far and away the best in Europe), or even the Germans. But, while the Frenchman knows things by instinct, the German soldier is over-crammed with book-learning, and is inclined to neglect practice for theory. What has always distinguished the British soldier is his doggedness in battle. In one important respect he differs from all other armies: he will witness enormous slaughter among his comrades without losing his nerve. From the South African war alone numerous instances could be quoted to prove this point.

Without officers, however, even the best of soldiers become a mere mob; and the reader will be inclined to ask what our officers are like. Well, the reply will not be encouraging. Our lieutenants, captains, majors, and colonels are not bad—they could be much better; but our staff officers, our generals, the higher ranks of officers, are very bad. A certain popular officer carried out a grotesque piece of work on the closing day, for which a German officer said in my hearing he would deserve to be court-martialled in time of war. The "Red" general in question, neglecting proper scouting precautions, began to attack his blue opponents in front, without being aware that another division of Blues were preparing to attack him in the rear! Incidents like this, however, were but too common.

Again, the officers did not display sufficient initiative and intelligence on occasions when they should have done so. Many of them are still too pompous and lacking in common sense. Some of them—in fact, the majority—seem to rely for their military book-training on the scraps of Cæsar's Commentaries which they may have read at Eton or Harrow. I could point out quite a few instances, however, where Cæsar's tactics would now be considered by the best authorities as out of date. To adapt tactics to modern guns is a difficult task. In short, our incompetent officers are products of the present public-school system, and if we wish to improve them we shall have to begin by improving the public-school, by making it possible for an officer to live on his salary, and by throwing the higher appointments open to intelligent men from the lower ranks. But I suppose that, in view of the present snobbishness of society and the higher ranks of the Army, one might as well ask for the moon.

There are numerous charges which must be brought against the Army administration, not to speak of the niggardliness of the Treasury in paring down the expenses in connection with the manoeuvres; but I must leave these matters for another occasion.

Now, as to Finland. When I paid a hurried flying visit to Helsingfors several days ago I was surprised to notice a batch of English journalists. I could almost have sworn that I recognised Messrs. Nevinson and S. G. Hobson, and I had a mind to ask them, "What went ye out for to see?" But I refrained. For I am sure these esteemed colleagues of mine saw—what they went to see. Their amiable hosts would take care of that. As for what is likely to happen in Finland, if Russia had no paper rights at all, if Finland were acknowledged by the whole world to be an entirely separate country, I say deliberately that it would be the duty of a patriotic Russian Government to conquer this country and fortify it against the potential, and, indeed, probable aggressions of a powerful enemy.

What justification, I wonder, have certain British journalists for supposing that the German Fleet is intended only for an attack on Great Britain? Look at the map, and consider what happened two years ago, and consider, further, the German Emperor's recent speech in Vienna, where he reminded his audience that, at a time of stress, he had "stood beside his noble ally in shining armour." In a word, while my friends in Carmelite House have been worrying o' nights over those German fortifications and naval bases which lie nearest to England, the authorities at St. Petersburg have been scared to death over those German fortifications and naval bases which lie near Russia.

A glance at the map will make this clear. I invite the Press supporters of the Navy League to pay a little attention to the German naval preparations between, let us say, Rügen and the Baltic Provinces. From Rügen, or better, from the Gulf of Danzig to a Finnish port like Helsingfors, is a mere matter of two days' sailing for a fleet; and I need not remind my readers that from Helsingfors to St. Petersburg is not a very far cry. A hostile army, by marching on the capital of the Russian Empire through Finland, would reach St. Petersburg by land without having to face Cronstadt. There is one point about St. Petersburg which is bound to attract the attention of even the most careless of military observers: while every preparation has been made to repel an attack by sea, there are no land defences worth mentioning.

Now, a few years ago, when the German Fleet began to assume rather formidable proportions, the Russian authorities woke up to this fact. In 1908, when Germany rushed forward to the assistance of Austria against Russia, it was learnt at St. Petersburg that the German plan of campaign was to land troops in Finland and to push on to St. Petersburg without troubling about the Cronstadt fortifications. Hence the increased anxiety to make sure of the Finnish defences—an anxiety which was not lessened by the Kaiser's Vienna speech. This speech, let it be noted, was delivered at a time when the Tsar and Tsaritzza were recuperating at a well-known resort in Germany; and high Russian dignitaries have not failed to notice the studied insults to Russia while the Tsar was actually on German soil. The references to the former help given to Austria, the "shining armour" touch, and the promise of assistance in the future if it should be required, are not particularly reassuring symptoms of peace in the Balkans in the near future.

Leaving the Turkish loan for next week, I make a passing mention of the Hungarian loan, which the French Government refused to permit to be quoted on the Bourse. It is now stated that the money will be found by a group of Austrian and German banks, twelve in number, I believe. While the banks may take up the loan, however, I do not think the public will. And Herr von Kiderlin-Wächter, the new German Foreign Minister, has made a rather tactless beginning by suggesting jocosely to a Pressman that this is "one in the eye" for France. For it is not.

An International Symposium on the Art of the Theatre.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

In view of the present world-wide reform movement in the theatres, the following general questions are being put to prominent persons in various countries abroad:—

1. Is there any reform movement in the theatre, and, if so, what is its object and nature?
2. Does the staging of plays in your opinion tend to become more artistic?
3. Are artists co-operating to any extent in the staging of plays? Or is the work carried out by artisans?
4. Are there any other facts in the development of the theatre which you consider worthy of mention?

AMERICA.

THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE.

(British Ambassador, U.S.A.)

The Ambassador begs to inform you that, much to his regret, he finds himself unable to help you in your enquiry regarding the American Theatre, owing to the fact that he is just leaving the country for a considerable period and consequently will not be in a position to deal with the matter.

HAMILTON BELL.

(Art Director of the New Theatre, New York.)

Until the New Theatre opened with the avowed intention of making its productions as complete as possible in the matter of scenery, lighting and costuming, hardly anything

serious had been done in New York of recent years "in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage picture."

It is extraordinary how little impression the visits to this country of the late Sir Henry Irving had made upon a side of the art to which he devoted so much attention and in which he achieved such notable successes.

Laurence Barrett was fired by his example and made a few admirable productions, and the greatly to be lamented Robert Taber employed a number of artists to design both scenery and costumes for his plays; but for the most part the old routine was followed. Mr. Belasco may be cited as an exception, but his productions have shone more from mere gorgeousness and lavish display than from any conspicuous attention to the accuracy, delicacy, and refinement which form so important a part of a true work of art. Miss Maude Adams has recently employed Mr. John Alexander, President of the National Academy of Design, to devise her costumes for one or two plays, but the most important of these, "Joan of Arc," was only given in Boston. It is understood, however, that Mr. Alexander has been at work on other plays for this actress, and the fact may be noticed as a matter for congratulation.

As to whether managers and producers are yet using to the full all the advantages offered by the modern studio, and as to whether artists are availing themselves as fully as they might of the opportunities open to them in the modern theatre; I believe I have fully answered these questions in the previous remarks. Generally it may be said that it is not the artists but the managers who have shown themselves indifferent to the opportunities of calling to the art they control the assistance of the sister arts.

[Acknowledgments and thanks are due to Mr. Louis Calvert for assistance in this matter.]

ENGLAND.

MR. W. M. ROSSETTI.

There must be some mistake about my brother, D. G. Rossetti. He never did any work for the Lyceum or any other theatre. Perhaps some one has confounded him with his friend Ford Madox Brown the painter, who had something to do with the reproduction of "King Lear" at the Lyceum—at some such date, I think, as 1885. Brown was requested to do something by way of designing the costumes and decorative details. This he did, and he may perhaps have made some suggestions as to the scenery, but I don't think he painted any at all of that. Miss Terry would probably recollect the details.

Regarding what I said about Madox Brown I perceive that, in naming a date towards 1885, I must have been rather incorrect: the date may rather have been 1889 or 1890.

I remember Forbes Robertson very well. Possibly what he told you about my brother was not that he had had anything to do with scenery, etc., for theatres, but that, in painting his picture of "Dante's Dream" (now in the Liverpool Gallery), he had done the head of the figure of "Love" from the present Forbes Robertson—which is quite accurate.

INDIA.

DR. A. K. COOMARASWAMY, ALLAHABAD.

I am very glad to answer your questions about the Indian theatre as best I can, though my experience is not very extended. There are no art theatres. The modern theatre is mainly in the hands of Parsees and may be studied best in Bombay and other big towns. The plays themselves are usually adaptations from old epic and dramatic literature, or similar episodes treated on the same lines, and preserve, so far as I have seen, remarkable purity of sentiment. This is perfectly national, sincere, and right. Some modern plays written in Ceylon deal with more recent historic episodes, and have a good deal of national sentiment. There are also various plays still in use: and many forms of primitive drama as well, such as dramatic recitals with occasional musical accompaniment. The latter are traditional and excellent. There are also adaptations of Shakespeare.

All these, except the dramatic recitals, belong to the modern theatre. As regards its presentation, etc., nothing could be worse. When old plays are in question the dresses, scenery, etc., are all anglicised—not really English, but a caricature. The scenery is a caricatured adaptation of Italian opera, tawdry and inaccurate. Absurd travesties of ballets are introduced. The music is supplied by harmonium—nevertheless the tunes are always purely Indian, so far as this is possible on such an instrument. Certain wide departures from Indian etiquette in acting, e.g., in love scenes, supposedly based on European manners, become appallingly vulgar. Insofar as old costumes, traditions, etc., are observed the result is beautiful only. There still survive in Southern India some travelling theatres where old costumes, etc., are used. But these are rapidly being re-

placed by tawdry and sensational echoes of European music halls.

The noblest dramatic art of India is the religious dancing of the devadasis. Most of these are also courtesans, hence the "anti-naught" movement, which has the effect of degrading the status of the women in question, certainly not of abolishing prostitution. I know of no spectacle in the world more splendid and refined than the nautch dancing of Southern India seen under perfect conditions, as it still can be. But it will not last: driven from the temples, and with the accompanying degradation of the old music, this art also will die.

It is probable that the usual request will take place, i.e., that in time the intellectuals will perceive the need of something different from what passes for a theatre to-day, and as has already taken place in painting, there will emerge some new expression of dramatic art under "art conditions." It will probably be as difficult for this to progress here as it is in England. But there is no doubt that it will come. If they are few, there are some at any rate, some able and powerful workers both in India and in England who are profoundly concerned with the future of Indian art in the widest sense. In answer to the last question, certainly the old traditions were much more æsthetic, more severe, and more splendid.

MR. S. K. RATCLIFFE.

(Sometime Editor of the Calcutta "Statesman.")

So far as I understand it, the traditional theatre of India is confined to what is known as the Jatra—this being, I believe, very nearly an equivalent of the mediæval folk drama or Mystery. I have no knowledge whatever of the circumstances attending the performance of the Indian classical drama, such as the plays of Kalidasa. The modern Indian theatre (Hindu and Parsee) is, I believe, entirely a product of Western influences. The theatre as an institution is in very bad repute, and I believe it is true that reputable Indian families still hold altogether aloof. There is, however, a good deal of enterprise shown by dramatists and managers. They adapt Shakespeare (sometimes with the most ludicrous modern additions), and they produce historical dramas (often with a strong Nationalist moral), and comedies and farces mainly satirical of modern movements. One or two of the modern dramatists whom I have known have been very live and interesting men, and some of them reproduce the Elizabethan tradition of being actors as well as playwrights and managers. I have never come across any book on the Indian stage, but there must be a good deal written in English about it.

MR. E. B. HAVELL,

(Late Principal, Calcutta School of Art.)

The Indian stage, as it is now in the principal cities like Calcutta and Bombay, is very much Westernised, and the old technical traditions have been to a great extent superseded by bad imitations of the European stage, so I fear you will not get any useful material from that quarter. I have not seen much of the Indian theatre in less Anglicised parts of India.

JAPAN.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON.

I have not heard of any reform in the modern Japanese theatre having reference to your inquiry. I should imagine that the only innovations were due to Western influence, and affected only stage-diction and the drama itself, not stage-presentation. From the æsthetic point of view I have no doubt that the old No dances or lyrical dramas are very interesting indeed, far more so than the popular plays, which are quite distinct. The No performances remain, I believe, entirely unchanged.

MR. OSMAN EDWARDS, M.A.

(a) I should say that the Japanese theatre is superior to our own æsthetically, but in no other way—æsthetically, because every detail of costume and scenery is considered from the point of view of colour and shape.

(b) I do not consider the stage-production more artistic, because everything is sacrificed to pose and tableau. The popular plays themselves are long and lack all artistic unity.

(c) I do not fancy that artists and designers are specially employed. I mean artists of high rank. Theatrical posters (or the triptich wood-blocks) such as Toyokuni used to draw are still issued, but generally in crude and glaring colours. On the other hand, everyone connected with the theatre down to the humblest employé would be susceptible to the æsthetic side of a production.

(d) I do not know that a study of Japanese methods would be of much use to our managers. The structure of a Japanese theatre with its long hava-niechi and flower-walks of course lends itself to processional effects, but I don't think the setting of the best piece, which I saw in Tokyo—

a Fairy-Play dealing with a Magic Frog—surpassed the Blue Bird in beauty or appropriateness.

The old No are being revived by amateur societies with the identical music, dresses, and business of 300 years ago. They are mystical and mediæval, but have always appealed to an élite and could not be exported.

The popular drama has always been regarded as vulgar and bloodthirsty, but the melodrama is redeemed for Europeans by scenic beauty of costume and touches of poetic symbolism. It is quite as old as the No, going back to Shakespeare's time, as I have pointed out in my "Japanese Plays and Playfellow" (Heinemann, 1902).

I know of no other source of information since my book except the Japanese number of the "Times" (July 19, 1910), in which you have perhaps seen a special article on the Japanese Drama. The writer deals at length with a movement in the direction of reform. Mr. Kawakami and his wife Sada Yacco have of course been for some time introducing some European modifications, and a few years ago Mr. Matsui was here as the representative of the National Theatre movement to study our stage. I gave him introductions to Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Ellen Terry, and made him a Member of the Playgoers' Club, I do not know with what result.

[Acknowledgments and thanks are due to Professor C. J. Holmes, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. Arthur Morrison for resources of information on the Japanese Theatre.]

SPAIN.

MR. EDWARD HUTTON.

(1) What interests me in Spain is not the commercial theatres but the drama—if one may so call it—to be seen in the cafés of the people. So far as I know there is no "art movement" in Spain, and I sincerely hope there never will be because such a movement is entirely apart, and must always remain apart, from the national consciousness. What is valuable in the theatre in Spain is, in my opinion, to be found in the cafés and such like places, where you may see some girls dancing exquisitely and with a consummate beauty of movement, passion, and intention, a complete art and divine gesture unknown in England. I can only say that the art of Mme. Pavlova is for me full of the same delight.

Apart from dancing, which is dying out slowly but surely before the vulgar music hall inanity we know, there is the very dramatic art of the improvisatore and of the religious guilds. All these arts are practised if at all by the people, and it is they who delight in them.

(2) So far as I know the Spanish theatre has not been ruined by the over-staging of plays any more than has our own. The staging of plays even in Madrid have no relation at all to the staging of plays in London and Paris. The scenery generally has far less importance. This is due to poverty. The Spaniard differs from us in that he has not the same chance of expressing himself.

(3) The art of Mr. Gordon Craig has so far as I know not crossed the Pyrenees. I do not imagine that the scene-painters and the stage-managers of Spain have yet learned to think of themselves as artists.

These are merely the personal opinions of a traveller. I cannot speak for the Spanish theatre. What is lowly there is good, but it is being crushed out of existence by the vulgarity and swagger of this appalling age. Even the long, full, and graceful dresses of the dancers are being cut short and cursed with tinsel.

FRANCE.

M. SEVERIN GISORS, PARIS.

The problem which you raise is very complex. For my part I consider the reform of the staging of plays alone to be insufficient. An architectural reform seems to me to be necessary.

The majority of the public is indifferent, I might say hostile, to this reform which is only encouraged by a small group. And yet anyone with the least delicacy of feeling must be amazed at the crudity of the "scene" as it exists at this moment.

Is it not profoundly painful, if not highly amusing, to contemplate the state of mind of the so-called educated public who are delighted with the minute details, with the "truth" of our staging of plays, who find flat and insipid colours admirable, as well as the hideous daubing of some artisans, assisted by the crude light of the footlights, the false appearance of the different planes and false perspectives? This same public though it would regard with suspicion the authenticity of a necklace, or the historical character of a piece of furniture, does not hesitate to accept unquestioned the absurd proportions of a person moving towards the back of the stage amid the details of a shrunken landscape, in order to create the appearance of receding in the distance. It is quite blind to the fact that the actor instead of growing smaller than he is in the foreground really appears enor-

mously increased in size, twenty times bigger, in fact, than the centenarian oaks planted at his sides. He himself is unable to reduce his height and proportions in the midst of the other diminishing forms and receding perspectives.

It is true these are theatrical conventions, but they are none-the-less insupportable and barbarous, and this owing to the wild desire for correctness of realistic detail which limits the stage on all sides. Custom and public blindness allow such things to continue. Oddly enough, though opposed to conventions, the modern spectator allows this one, the grossest of all, to pass unchallenged. He is attached to it because it is really false, whilst all else concerned with the scene is a necessity.

Declamation may be true or false, but it, and not ordinary conventional language, must be used in the theatre, whatever one may think to the contrary.

Perspective is inevitably false. It must therefore be done away with in order to understand the æsthetic aspect of the scene.

Now our theatres do not attempt to do away with it. Possibly owing to their structure they cannot do so. Thus it comes to the question of modifying their traditional form as a whole. That is why I mentioned architectural reform.

All the science of the producer, all the art of the designer and decorator can but palliate, not cure, an organic disease.

The founders of the Kunstler Theatre of Munich have mastered this secret. Their present experiment constitutes without doubt the most important event in the history of the modern theatre; it means a revival of the great traditions of the drama.

In any case it reveals a better understanding of the demands of the theatre, a tendency towards the highest form of art, towards that development of beauty of which you speak.

The problem dealt with is not that of a servile imitation of nature—a feeble effort, a sure obstacle—but how to suggest the essential environment, the framework, of each scene; how to intensify the atmosphere of the drama. So we see that the extraordinary methods adapted on the stage with regard to scenery, the most recent café-concert tricks, have no longer that essential character with which it was sought to invest them, and scene-painters are beginning to realise this, at last, and for this reason the directors of theatres will shortly be compelled to co-operate with painters not daubers.

The Kunstler Theatre gives the scenery its true significance. In our days the traditional "scene" destroys the spectator's receptivity. Scenery which is addressed to the eye ought, before everything, to stimulate the creative power of the mind through the visual organ. It ought not to distract the mind by dissipating the attention, but concentrate it; hence would arise a feeling for simplicity and just values. Accessories also acquire an extreme importance according to their choice and arrangement. The problem imposed on the scene-painter then loses nothing in interest. On the contrary it becomes more deeply artistic, since it is no longer a question of dazzling the audience by means of glaring effects easily obtained.

A scene not very deep with an expanding or diminishing frame, as desired; two or three planes: such are the material so far as space is concerned which should suffice for an artist.

With regard to producing illusion in space, light of course, is the best factor. And it is in order to produce this illusion that researches are now being made. I would specially mention Fortuny, Appia, Edward Gordon Craig among the foremost innovators of lighting reforms. Many enthusiastic reformers have thus demonstrated methods which are more or less complete.

The colour schemes of the Russians are astonishing. Roerich, Golovine, Bakst, Bilibine, and others display an extraordinary wealth of rich invention. In Germany: Rheinhardt in Berlin, Martesberg in Cologne, the Theatres of Dresden, Dusseldorf, Cassel; in Austria, Valentin, and Gustave Mahler (at one time connected with the Vienna Opera House), are doing valuable work.

But there still remains much to be done. Artists (I say artists, not mere house decorators, who would not benefit in the least from the modern conditions of the theatre) would no doubt exercise their imagination and originality if they were given a free hand.

In France, particularly, the scope for artists is unlimited, and we might have marvellous scene-painters. The theatre directors should employ them. What could not a Maurice Denis do? A Manzana-Pissarro, an Edmund Dulac would certainly attain the Oriental splendour of the Russians.

Why not listen to M. Jacques Emile Blanche and the charming ideas he has put forward in a remarkable article in the "Figaro"?

I have but one wish: the rapid diffusion of the theories of the Kunstler Theatre and the success of the work of the innovators.

The Beaconsfield of Romance and Reality.

By T. H. S. Escott.

THE Napoleonic legend is not likely to be revived by the hospitalities given on English soil to the French Bonapartist Pretender and his bride-elect, the Princess Clementine of Belgium. The explosion of the long lingering Disraelian legend will begin on the 20th of October with the issue by Mr. John Murray of the first volume of Lord Beaconsfield's biography, from the pen that the great man's executors have considered most competent for the work. Mr. Monypenny's book is to appear in at least three, probably four, instalments, at intervals of about six months. The choice of the famous Albemarle House for its publishers recalls personal and literary associations of more than one episode in the story that the biographer will tell. As still the owners of the "Quarterly Review," the lineal descendants of its original projector have a traditional claim to place a Conservative statesman's memoir before the world. It is, however, the results flowing from the earliest connection between those of the Disraeli and Murray name that originally caused Lord Beaconsfield to place his writings in the Messrs. Longman's hands. The issue in 1832, with the Murray imprimature, of "Contarini Fleming" came six years after a very different kind of enterprise, in which the second John Murray, somewhat against his better judgment, had, under Disraelian pressure, been induced to engage. This was the newspaper called the "Representative," that lived through a few troubled months in 1826. Concerning this everything known has been said by Samuel Smiles in his account of the Murray Dynasty. Here it is enough to correct one or two hard-dying fictions belonging to this chapter of newspaper history. Benjamin Disraeli was never editor of the paper, nor ever wrote in it the Vivian Greyish article, said to have opened with the words: "As we were lounging the other night in our box at the Opera." Isaac Disraeli had thought well of his son's notion that a Tory daily on new and original lines would draw out much unsuspected literary talent, useful to the party and paying to the publisher. The shrewd Murray himself always had his mis-givings, but the elder Disraeli's influence and the younger's "unrelenting excitement and pitiless importunity" prevailed against his judgment. Benjamin did the organising part, especially as regards correspondents abroad, and, in one or two exceptional cases, gave instructions to leader writers at home. But so far as the "Representative" had any single responsible conductor, it was the second John Murray himself rather than any other. The Disraelian failure to find an agreed portion of the capital for the undertaking produced a temporary coolness between the publisher and the father and son who were two of his authors. That gradually disappearing estrangement did not stand in the way of Mr. Murray publishing many things afterwards, as for Isaac Disraeli, so for his son Benjamin. Thus more than a generation later than "Contarini Fleming," Lord Beaconsfield's "Home Letters to his Sister" bore the Murray name on their title page. That the same patronymic is to be associated with the Beaconsfield biography will be looked upon by future generations as showing that the author of "Coningsby," long before his death, had lost any feeling of bitterness towards the house whose head, after his earliest success with "Vivian Grey," continually rendered him substantial service.

The first Disraelian misconception which the biographer will have to dispel is the persistent misrepresentation of Benjamin Disraeli's social position and personal circumstances in his younger days, as well, for that matter, as periodically many years later. His father was not only the son of a wealthy merchant, but was surrounded by relatives more comfortably off, and

all bound together by the ties of helpful interest in each other's welfare. Isaac Disraeli himself, if not a popular writer at the time, received large sums for the collections of literaria which, beginning with the six volumes of "Literary Curiosities" in 1791, only closed with the "Amenities" in 1840. Isaac Disraeli also, at different times, wrote several romances and much verse; though these are only worth mentioning because they suggest the strength of the hereditary principle as illustrated in this remarkable family. In English public life, men who have risen to the first place have never done so without possessing something more than a mere independence. To that rule Canning, who was taunted with being an adventurer, formed no exception; his marriage with the Duchess of Portland's co-heiress gave him a capital amounting nearly to a quarter of a million, and placed him for all his life far above all money anxieties. So, too, it was with Benjamin Disraeli. There still exists, and has long been familiar to the present writer, a letter of Lord Beaconsfield to a distinguished "Quarterly" Reviewer who had occasion to write much about him, the late Mr. Louis J. Jennings. There the illustrious writer says: "Can you not use your newspaper influence to dispel the myth so sedulously circulated by journalists of the painfully straitened circumstances declared to have been my lot not only at starting but through most of my existence. The facts," continued Lord Beaconsfield, "are these: my patrimony abundantly sufficed to place me in a position of realising my ambitions. Other gifts of fortune came in due time. Really, therefore, I cannot claim much acquaintance with that eternal want of pence which is said by the laureate to vex public men." The reference here is not only to the marriage with "Monk" Lewis's widow, which gave him one of the most beautiful as well as most convenient houses in London at Grosvenor Gate, but which, from the age of thirty-five, placed him for the rest of his life among the comfortably-off members of Parliament. Long before that marriage, the want of money had always soon been followed by the immediate supply. His writings brought him more than at the same time was received by Bulwer-Lytton from his pen, which, nevertheless, helped him to fortune as well as fame. Mrs. Brydges Willyam's gifts to him of furniture, jewels, pictures, and ready cash did not fall short, from first to last, of £60,000.

The materials at the official biographer's command will further enable him to show that Disraeli's Jewish birth did not prevent his receiving a most orthodox Christian education, beginning with the Church catechism, from his thirteenth year, 1817, when his father left the Synagogue and regularly attended Church of England worship. Nor did Benjamin Disraeli's Hebrew origin seriously retard his social advancement. His father's admiring, distinguished and powerful friends were many. They introduced the son to the brightest and most agreeable coteries. In these the future Beaconsfield pitted himself against brilliant contemporaries who had had all the advantages of Eton, of Christchurch, or of Trinity, and, in the social combats of conversation and wit, he seldom came off second best. The Jew indeed, as he was called rather by way of a pet name than a reproach among his friends, never found himself the victim of racial disadvantages. The forthcoming memoir will record some remarks of his about his unhappy childhood. These, however, were really made for effect. As for the youth that followed, so far from being clouded by want of money or friends, it will be seen to have formed a tolerably complete presage of the fame and splendour that maturity was afterwards to bring.

One or two points more. The initial instalment of the life lands the reader at the beginning of the Victorian era, when its subject first entered. A later volume will show the oratorical demonstrations against Peel which made his fortune at St. Stephen's to have been merely effective stage-play, implying no personal animus against the statesman he attacked, and only prompted by foreknowledge of the effect they would

produce. To anticipate a much later point of the narrative, the world will in due order learn the secret history of household suffrage in 1867; will see the idea of this to have been the fourteenth Lord Derby's rather than Disraeli's; will be told of the hostile intrigues which encountered him in what he himself called his task of "dragging up hill an omnibus laden with country gentlemen"; will know for the first time that in these efforts he received no help more valuable than that forthcoming from two men widely differing from each other in position and opportunity, but united in exceptionally thorough loyalty to Disraeli, the present venerable Lord Abergavenny, and the late election manager of the Conservative party, Markham Spoforth. Finally, it will be found that though Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Henry Oppenheim took a leading part in the Suez Canal purchase in 1875, the notion some time before this had found a place in the Sunday conversations which Disraeli was in the habit of holding with his friend Baron Lionel Rothschild at Gunnersbury.

At the Sign of the Swelled-Head.

By Charles Granville.

"NOWADAYS," began the man in breeches and gaudy hose, "nowadays, old people count for nothing. Time was when age was reckoned wisdom."

After delivering himself of his eleven o'clock platitude, he gulped down his eleven o'clock second drink.

"Old age has occasionally been taken for folly," I suggested.

"By fools," he returned laconically, ordering his third drink.

"Even by the philosophers," I laughed.

He scowled and turned his back upon me. Clearly I was an undesirable; and he one of those with whom one should never argue, whose boon companions must concur in his every assertion, positive or negative. I smiled, content with his treatment, removed my glass from the counter, and placed it upon one of the little tables of the lounge; and, throwing myself back upon the blue leather, recalled my afternoons spent "At the sign of the Swelled-head." O yes, I assure you it's a good translation. It is the only possible English rendering of one of the most suggestive words coined by the mind of the lack-wit German.

Ah, the fragrance of that coffee! Those winter afternoons of ecstasy whiled away in the café "At the sign of the Swelled-head"!

From a corner of that many-cornered, dimly lit room in Maximilianstrasse, I used to gaze upon the swelled-head world, listen to and revel in its swelled-headedness, and live its life for the joy of the stimulus it brought me. The impression of those afternoons is ineradicable. There forgathered the youth of art, literature, journalism; group-wise they discussed, at the various little tables that besprinkled the room, all things hitherto undreamed by the mind of man. It was not one coterie, but a score of coteries; yet between them all there was one link. Swelled-headedness was a quality common to them. And they were proud of it.

I was not aware, until some time after I had begun to frequent the place, of the soubriquet by which it was known. When I made the discovery, I laughed uneasily, for I was solicitous for my reputation.

"Do you know," I said, the day after my discovery, and in some consternation, "do you know how they nickname this café?"

"Man alive, of course I do," he replied vigorously.

"Then why do you persist in coming here?" I asked naïvely.

"Mein Lieber!"—he put his hand upon my arm with a show of affection—"do you know that once upon a time Germany sent goods to England for sale, and that, to point to the badness of the manufacture, you had them labelled 'Made in Germany.' The label pointed your ridicule of our work. To-day we take care to daub every exported article with the same

label. We have lived down the ridicule, and are now proud of the words that once pointed it. Precisely in this position do we find ourselves here. At first we objected to being dubbed swell-headed; now we revel in the epithet. It is our glory. We are the salt of the earth."

The open declaration of swelled-headedness contained in his last sentence, and the triumph with which it was made, at first amazed me. But later I began to understand. He explained his attitude towards cosmic things, with especial reference to poor humanity. He and his associates, male and female, were united in a great conspiracy. They were determined to bring the world to a condition of prostrate adoration. The cultured nations of Europe should worship from afar the gods who had their rendezvous in the glorious temple known as "At the sign of the Swelled-head." Their title to this worship, too, was soon made clear to me. They were the only persons of the age who looked out upon the world with perfect eyes. The rest of the world was suffering from defective sight, or partial blindness, occasioned by the mists of history through which they gaze. Slowly, for I was not a sapient youth, I began to realise the point of view.

"I think," I said, "you are right as to politics. Your emperor, for example, still talks nonsense about his divine commission. But, for the life of me, I fail to see how art can dispense with the past. And, after all, art is your own main concern."

"You forget," he whispered, "the Kaiser's patronage of the arts; the Kaiser has laid hands upon art, too; and in doing so, is approved by the professors. We have to fight the professors. O, you have no idea what the fighting means. The barriers to progress are high and wide and thick. They need gods for their breaking. Were it not for us they would never be assailed. Yet in the name both of art and of politics we must push forward, though the forces against us are Herculean in their strength. We are fighting for humanity; they for the comfort of their palaces and university chairs. To be swelled-head is to live; to be of their crew is to be decadent. You must join the swelled-head youth. That way lies strength and salvation."

Ever since my frequentation of the café I have had my doubts as to the exact address of Wisdom. People have sometimes told me that without doubt I should find her somewhere between Westminster and Lambeth Palace. But I am often disposed to the belief that she resides "At the sign of the Swelled-head."

ODE.

By Frederic Johns.

What slender girl, her hair unbound, unrobing,
Caught thee in meshes of such pleasant sort?

Earnest that even thou

For this would leave thy friends:

Thou in thy venture to experience

Storms and more pleasing gales: they in their low

Standard of blessedness

Sadly to mourn thy loss.

What tender lips the liquid balm distilling
Pleases thee most in an unheeded hour?

What slender poet's strain

Soothes most thy wounded heart?

Thou whom thy gods forsake and fortune's seas

Make sport of: May it chance that thou prefer

His whom a like despite

Of fate not seldom knew.

The slender youth that sings uncrowned with roses
Eases his sadness with some pleasant strains;

Yet, ah, what art of his

Can soothe the heedless boy?

All golden he believed all credulous,

Vain and unmindful: O what tears when he

Who would believe all gold

Shall stoop and find all dross!

Meditations and Reflections.

By Francis Grierson.

IF it be true, as Schopenhauer says, that musicians speak the highest wisdom in a language which they do not understand, poets express the highest knowledge in a language of which they alone possess the secret.

* * *

Three things dominate the fool and the philosopher alike—inexorable illusion, inexorable infinity, and inexorable death. Mystery and death hold the empire of the world, and between these two passion and illusion dance in a perpetual circle of pleasure and pain. Death is necessary to the life of art, and art is necessary to render the mystery of beauty more personal and familiar. Art is the immortality of death.

* * *

Humour lies midway between wit and sarcasm, like a tongue between two rows of sharp teeth.

* * *

Genius has the faculty of making itself felt and understood by two distinct classes: the narrow and the broad minded, the man of a single idea and the man of many; so, for example, the sensual humorist will pronounce Shakespeare a genius because he recognises an affinity in Falstaff; the woman of romantic passions is won by Romeo and Juliet; the poetic mystic by the mysteries of Macbeth; the philosopher by the passions of Hamlet; the tyrannised parent by the sufferings of Lear; the warrior by the glory of Othello; the cynic by the craft of Iago. But the negative prototype of genius is found in the man who is capable of appreciating all these forms of expression and faculties of creation; to this small number belong the cultured intellects who instantly seize and assimilate the music, the melancholy, and the metaphysics of genius.

* * *

The world is a long time in discovering the merits of the true artist, because the ordinary mind must first search up and down the gamut of passion and sentiment before striking a common chord in the symphony of its existence. Most people encounter the forces and faculties of originality by chance; they go to the theatre to pass away the time, and suddenly learn that Shakespeare was acquainted with the follies and ambitions of human nature; they attend a performance of Lohengrin out of curiosity, and learn with astonishment that Wagner is a monarch of melody as well as a Triton of trumpets; they gaze on the masterpieces of Michelangelo, and discover a familiar expression in the pose and pathos of his heroes; all these things are not sought for by the world, and the master of any art is obliged to ascend to the very heavens to satisfy the demands of culture, and descend to the commonplace to satisfy the demands of the crowd.

* * *

Pride goes hand in hand with glory and riches, so that a proud nation resembles a proud individual, and ends by believing herself invulnerable. And still more strange, she believes herself morally superior to all other nations, and regards them with contempt. For this reason her downfall, if it arrives, is doubly humiliating.

* * *

A penchant for the mysterious and the romantic engenders illusive notions and dangerous ambitions, which work together to lure the senses and deceive the judgment.

* * *

Riches united to egoism create in the minds of the delicate a feeling of repugnance which borders on fear. One flees from the egoists who pride themselves on their fortune, as from tyrants who seek not only the rights but the life of others.

Without a long and varied experience mere impression is easily mistaken for intuition.

* * *

While our illusions are in a state of verdancy, desire is certain to be confounded with intuition.

* * *

Montaigne's influence lies in his personality and not in his thought. His manner of writing is much the same in all his work, for he never stops to choose; he begins to think only when he begins to write. He never waits. This is why his language is not that of the prophet or the innovator. He presents the paradox of being an original personality without being an original thinker. He holds the mirror up to all the ancient writers, but adds nothing to what was already known. His originality consists in his moral courage and his manner of looking calmly at both sides of a question. He made a circuit of all the old systems, surveyed the philosophical arena of the past, leaving us an ethical impression of the intellectual atmosphere of the different schools of Greece and Rome, Montaigne did a work for which his genius fitted him. He imitated no one. Herein lie his strength and his charm.

* * *

Great men accomplish what is obvious and apparent, wonderful men arrive at the unforeseen by a path hidden to all but themselves. Washington, Bismarck, and Gladstone were great men; Bonaparte and Lincoln were wonderful men. Byron and Tennyson were great poets; Burns and Poe were wonderful poets. Mendelssohn and Schumann were great musicians; Mozart and Beethoven were wonderful musicians. Wonderful men accomplish the inevitable through the inexplicable. Men like Bismarck and Gladstone create nothing. They re-arrange things; they placate people and parties. Great men shuffle the cards for other men to play, the wonderful men shuffle their own cards and always play "Solitaire."

* * *

A thin veil separates genius from madness, through which it beholds the insane antics of the world, depicts its sorrows and sufferings, communes with its misery, and yet maintains its individuality intact. The soul that was not born to feel intensely was not born of genius, and the reason why it feels so acutely is because by its rare powers of concentration it never loses consciousness, but is always keenly alive to the bitter realities of imperfection and unrest. Less powerful minds lose this self-control, and merge their intellectual faculties with the madness of imaginative pauperism.

How the great names impress us with their sorrows and their bitter experiences! The greatest minds the world has known are those which sometime during mortal progress bordered on moral frenzy. It is an error to suppose that it is the poet alone who is subject to moods of sadness and spiritual dejection. It is the same with scientists and philosophers—Newton was at one time thought to be insane, Pascal was hysterical, Carlyle was habitually dejected, while Emerson, the lucid and optimistic transcendentalist, made a voyage to Europe to get away from himself; and Darwin, although a man of great perseverance, energy, and practical thought, and regarded by all as the most perfect type of philosophical equanimity, had his days of mental depression. In art and music we find analogous examples—Michelangelo was a man who rarely smiled, while Beethoven and Wagner, the two giants of harmony and song, suffered untold tortures of mind and body.

Genius and stoicism are antipathetic. There is no such thing as a noble science without a correspondence in the emotional and nervous disposition commensurate with the rare powers displayed by mind and heart. Commonplace intellects may accomplish much and suffer little, but the work done by such minds has no durable vitality, although it may obtain a certain ephemeral popularity.

A Journey to Grahamstown During the Famine of '59.

By Catherine J. Haigh.

"Mij tete vanders—my head wanders."

We had been waiting in Main Street, Port Elizabeth, since eleven. It was one now—and no sign of the waggon.

"Toch! Poor child! We'd better go back to our homes and get some dinner."

We were Mrs. Ratcher, Mrs. Welsh and myself, a girl of nine, all passengers by a waggon under the care of a Dutchman, Mynheer De Wet. My friends were much surprised to see me stumble back, so hot and hungry, for they had been thinking me well on my way.

At 3.30 I met my companions in the same place; but still no waggon in sight, and it was four before it came crawling along. We soon climbed inside out of the blazing sun. In the waggon were fifty bags of black sugar stowed away under a cartel, or bedstead without legs or top, strapped to each side of the waggon so that it moved with the vehicle like a spring; and most comfortable to sit or lie on. The rest of the luggage was at the back part. At 4.30, to our joy, we were moving slowly on. When we got to the creek we met another waggon belonging to the same Dutchman. At 7 a.m. we were only nearing Swartzkops, five miles away, but they outspanned for rest and coffee. What is this the Dutchman is saying? He must go back to Port Elizabeth; he has not got all his bills of lading. We were told to go to bed and sleep, as we should not start till four next morning. So two men went back to Port Elizabeth, and we three passengers were left in care of a small boy on the veldt. We sat round the fire for some time and told stories, and then slept in our cartel bed till 4 a.m.

For three days we crawled slower and slower. The poor oxen were sick, and no water was to be found in the vleis. Then our food began to look small indeed; each passenger had taken his own food. I had a nice box of food—bread, butter, cooked meat, cakes, coffee, sugar—enough for three days, or even four, but I shared it with the other passengers. Fifth day, no food was left, but we were coming to a farm. In those days farms were few and far between. The boy was sent to fetch bread, meat, and rice. He came back with one pound of rice for 1s. 6d. No other food was to be had, so we trekked on to the next farm hungry. There our Dutchman got a leg of mutton. We put the rice in a pot-full of water and the leg in the middle of it. Never have I tasted food so nice, but that was only one meal for seven people, for now we had to share alike. Each day we lost an ox—it died. By the end of seven days we had just arrived at Sundays River, only half-way. These days were terrible. We looked for wild fruit—berries and prickly pears—living as best we could. Sometimes the driver would shoot a hare, and then we had a feast. The water, when we found any, was thick mud; it had to be boiled before we could drink it. So many oxen had died that one waggon had to wait behind while the other went on a few miles; then we sent the oxen back to bring it on. We left with 28 oxen; now we had only 16 left, and these skin and bone. One lovely moonlight night we were going on a road called The Pass. It was a road cut in the side of the mountain, a deep precipice with no safeguard. There was only room for a waggon to pass close by. I was in front with the driver. We heard the crack of another whip coming towards us. It was a heavy laden wool waggon. They took the inside of the road, so we were close to the edge. I said to the driver, "We ought to be inside; we may go over." He turned to me sharply, "Don't talk of an accident or it may happen." I felt snubbed, and fell asleep. Suddenly I awoke hearing these words: "Spring uit de van." Jump out of the waggon! I gave one jump on to the box and over the side on to the road, and turned to look for the waggon. It had gone over. The cries of the oxen and shouts of men

made it all very terrible indeed. They cut the reins and saved fourteen oxen, but the others went over, rolling over trees and bush right down to the bottom of the valley. There we stood with only what we had on. The other women had jumped before me. They forgot me. The Dutchman who had called to me as I lay asleep rushed to the spot, crying, "Oh, the child!" When he saw I was there, all safe, he put his hand to his head. He then turned to the women and spoke very strong words to them for getting out and leaving me asleep in the waggon. Poor man, his loss was great, but he felt it would have been worse for him had I gone over, for I was trusted to his care to take safely to Grahamstown. We all walked back to the other waggon. It was loaded with casks of brandy. We had nothing now, so we could not even make coffee. The men made a big fire to keep leopards away, for there were plenty in the bush. We were for three days almost starving, except for wild fruit. One day while all the others were away looking for anything, I cut a hole in a bag of sugar, for they had pulled some of the bags up by ropes. I ate till I was sick, and then went mad for want of water. I found some deanie berries and speck-boom, otherwise elephant's food, and goonas. It took three days to get the waggon and stock raked up by ropes and reims. They got help from Sidbury. The men who came to help to build up the waggon brought us food for a day or two, and we started once again, now with fourteen oxen out of twenty-eight. The Dutchman made for his own farm, and told us to cheer up, we should have plenty when we got there. After trekking some time he pointed to a house. "There's my farm." We all looked out to see. At the top of a hill was a small house, and a woman stood at the door, shading her eyes with her hand. She called out: "Have you brought meal? We are dead with hunger." And we had nothing to eat in the waggon. A good many tears were shed that day. Not very far from this farm was a wayside hotel, kept by an Englishman named Grosvenor. The farmer said to me, "You are English. Perhaps this man will give you some bread if you go and ask him; he will not give to the Dutch." So I went full of joy to think that I would get some bread. I had ten shillings in gold to pay with. I smelled baking bread. I hurried along as only a hungry child could, following the scent round to the bakehouse. Oh, what a sight for hungry eyes! A table full of loaves of bread just out of the oven! I entered the kitchen and said to a woman there, "Please will you sell me a loaf of bread?"

"No, no, I do not sell bread. I have no license to."

I said, "Oh, do please let me have a loaf. We are seven at the waggon, and starving. We cannot get food till we get to town."

"No, no," she said, "run off, now." And I did run off, but not to the waggon. I went into the bush, and hid myself and cried till I could not cry any more. The people at the waggon wondered why I did not come back. The farmer came to look for me. I told my story. Then the man said, "Is this the way the English treat their children? I will see." He went to the hotel, saw Mr. Grosvenor, told him whose child I was, and as Mr. Grosvenor knew my father, he sent for me to go back; but I said, "Oh, no, I couldn't. She drove me away."

"But will you not go for our sakes?"

I went, and met Mr. Grosvenor. He spoke kindly and gave me a large loaf, and would not take payment. But what was that one loaf among seven hungry people? We got some other food at last to take us to town.

The post-cart came along. There were a man and a girl on it who knew me. I said, "Oh, can't you take me into town?"

"We are sorry," they said; "the mules are dead-beat."

"Will you let Mrs. John Williams know that I am well, and coming slowly?"

They sent out food from Grahamstown to us, and in two days time we saw the hills. We had been fourteen days doing a three days' trek.

A Grand Pretender.

By Alfred E. Randall.

III.

BUT the conflict was not yet. If Lassalle "was in no hurry to decide his fate as regarded matrimony," as Eliz. E. Evans declared, he was not seemingly more urgent to inaugurate the Republic. The Progressist Party was then formidable, and in the unsettled state of affairs might have been manipulated by a political genius who had designs on "the highest power." Bismarck was not yet in office, and the Progressist Party was in conflict with the Monarchy, when Lassalle began to break with it, and began his singular practice of delivering academic lectures "On Constitutions in General" to working men. If this was the way to the Presidency, Helene would not enjoy her triumphal entry into Berlin immediately: even "The Workers' Programme," which involved Lassalle in a law suit and brought him a sentence of four months' imprisonment (commuted, on appeal, to a fine), was not an obvious equivalent to the order for a State carriage. If to this period is to be assigned his remark to Holtoff (quoted by Eliz. E. Evans) "that he had only honourable views towards Helene, and that if on further acquaintance her character pleased him as much as her person charmed him, he would marry her if possible; but, for the time, his attention was fully absorbed by his political work," we can understand why he did not press for a meeting. "At Lassalle's instigation," says the Princess, "various plans were made by my kind friend Frau Formes to bring us together under her hospitable roof, but none of them were successful." His lecture to the Berlin Philosophical Society on "The Philosophy of Fichte and the Significance of the German Volksgeist," which so bored the audience that they gradually left the room and went to supper, brought the Presidency no nearer; nor could it influence Helene's father in his favour, for Herr von Dönniges was then acting as Bavarian Minister at Berne. Lassalle might write to Marx, "I have begun a little practical political agitation"; but the results were not likely to be revolutionary.

If Lassalle turned from the charms of Helene to the philosophy of Fichte with the facility born of practice, Helene had no such resource. Lassalle had become the "central figure of her existence," and in the absence of the man, she consoled herself with his work. She made her tame lover, Prince Yanko von Racowitza, "prove he loved her," by getting him to obtain everything that Lassalle had written. She says herself:—

I have often been reproached with having a certain strain of cruelty in my nature, and there may be some truth in this. I always demanded and obtained from my admirers unequivocal recognition of the superior qualities of their favoured rivals. In Yanko's case, when he at first refused to study Lassalle's works with me, I said, "You must. You owe it to yourself. You ought to know how great is the intellect of the man I prefer to you, for when you recognise the superiority of his mind your pride will no longer suffer."

Poor Yanko! He was wise enough to die five months after his marriage with Helene, and so save himself the perusal of Serge Schewitsch's articles. Perhaps the dramatic criticism of Helene in later years would not have prevented him from answering Byron's question:—

"Oh, ye lords of ladies intellectual,

Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?"

in the affirmative. In addition to reading Lassalle's works, Helene heard of him continually, nearly always in superlative terms of praise and admiration. Boeckh, the historian, called him "the most eminent and witty man I know. . . . spoke of his eminence in philology, philosophy, and statesmanship, and added, 'His speeches for defence testify to his extraordinary capacity as an advocate. . . . During my long life I have not known his equal.' He was also described by a society beauty as "the handsomest man I have ever

seen." Later she heard from the wife of one of Bismarck's confidential secretaries that Bismarck admired Lassalle no less than did Boeckh. Lassalle might be "Satanic," "daimonic," as Helene describes him, but he did not lack recommendations to her favour.

For some unknown reason, they do not seem to have corresponded during this period, or to have made any attempt to conciliate her people. The curse of clan-destinity was on the affair from the beginning, and Lassalle's own dictum that "a strong hand can be played with cards on the table" is his condemnation. "Will—always will—was the keynote of his life," says Brandes, but he declined to use it in the only crisis that really challenged him. Their next meeting was the work of chance, not of will; and destiny, if it had anything at all to do with this matter, spoke in unmistakable terms in this instance.

He and I had not met again. In the meantime I had become much attached to a charming couple named Holtoff, old family friends, who had come to settle in Berlin. Grandmamma's health was beginning to fail, so I was allowed to go to balls, theatres, and concerts under their chaperonage.

One evening we all went to one of Bülow's concerts, and before it began Papa Holtoff, as I called him, left his seat to chat with some friends. The first person I saw him shake hands with was—Lassalle! Then Holtoff came back to us. My heart beat wildly. This was the first time I had seen the man I secretly loved, since that one memorable evening.

"You know Lassalle," I said, softly.

"Of course, I have been his friend and lawyer for many years. Do you know him too?"

"No, no!"

The music now interrupted our conversation. In the interval Holtoff went again to Lassalle. I saw them both talking and looking towards me. Lassalle smiled. When Holtoff returned, he said, "Now, little daughter, out with it. What is there between you and Lassalle?"

"What do you mean?"

"He received me with almost the same words that you uttered just now. 'Do you know Fräulein Dönniges?' and when I said, 'Yes; do you?' he replied, 'No, no'—just as you did. What does it all mean?"

"Nothing; we met once, and then no more."

"But wish you had, eh?"

"Yes, very much."

"Very well. That's not difficult. Both of you are like our own children to us."

How happy I felt that evening, for our hasty greeting and hand pressure in the cloak-room had conveyed to us both the unsaid words, "Nothing has changed. We belong to each other."

The next occasion on which we met was at a festival in honour of Uhland, the poet. I was surrounded by my family, and he sat near us with the Holtoffs. We had no opportunity of conversing, but our glances conveyed to each other the sympathy of our thoughts.

Laggard in love as Lassalle was, this double disappointment spurred him to action. He was bursting with ideas at this time; he wanted a more sympathetic audience than the Berlin Philosophical Society, and Bismarck, who protested that he could hardly get a word in when Lassalle began talking, was not always to be seen. Helene was the ideal listener, and she was denied him!

Soon after this a dreadful thing happened.

Papa Holtoff, without consulting me, asked my grandmother how my family would receive an offer from Lassalle to marry me! Grandmamma wrote to my father about it. He was then acting as Bavarian Minister in Berne, and answered by a most indignant refusal.

When told of this by grandmamma, I replied, "How can you have done such a thing without Lassalle's or my permission? I shall take no notice of it whatever." We never mentioned the subject again.

Whether Holtoff approached Helene's family at Lassalle's suggestion, or prompted merely by friendly officiousness, is not certain; but the result was uncompromising enough to convince anyone that now, if ever, was the time for action. Even Lassalle seemed to be convinced of this, for the next time they met, after the customary chatter about Lassalle's greatness, he said:—

"Time presses, and I must begin my plan of campaign. Tell me, what are your father and mother like? How can

I win their good graces? I will make Boeckh give me a letter of introduction to them, and will go and see them."

I felt terrified. He saw it, and said, "You see how necessary my energy is, for in spite of being a woman of the world you are still a weak little child, with no will at all. Never mind! I will manage everything without your help."

I then described my parents and their tastes, and my home. He said, "This is delightful. They will receive a scholar and a poet with open arms."

Lassalle saw Yanko at this ball, and acknowledged him as a rival.

"So that is the Moorish prince I am to take you away from?"

I answered, "Oh, that is a matter of no importance."

"With those eyes? Never mind! I will give you up to no one. I would carry you off from the altar itself before you could say 'yes'—for mark you, we are each other's Fate."

Thus ended our happy evening. We met no more that winter.

Lassalle's first move in the campaign was to send Helene a poem on her birthday: his second was to meet her the day after at the Holtoffs' house, and submit her to the inspection of his sister.

What a happy afternoon it was. I found in Frau von Friedland at once a warm supporter who said to me, "Yes! You are the wife I always wished for Ferdinand."

And he! This was the first occasion on which we met more intimately. Papa Holtoff left us a short while alone in his study and joined the ladies in the drawing-room opposite. Then Ferdinand knelt beside the big armchair in which I was seated, kissed me passionately and said, gently, "Will you be mine, rise with me to all heights, and go with me through all dangers?"

I answered, again under the influence of that peculiar feeling of blissful fear which I always experienced when near him, "As if it could be otherwise?"

When Holtoff returned he heard Lassalle saying, "Oh! if this child hadn't such a weak will." Then he said, smiling, "Lassalle, you call this woman of the world always 'child.' Don't you know. . . ."

"To me she will always be a child."

Holtff held up the handle of a dagger before us in the form of a cross, and made us swear upon the holy token that we would never tell anyone what had taken place in his house that afternoon. I took the oath, but Lassalle said, "No! I do not believe in this token, but I will swear by the most sacred thing there is for me on this earth—by the hand of this child."

This happy meeting ended, and we saw each other no more in Berlin.

After this sentimental encounter, what happened? Helene's grandmother died, but "a few days before her death she called Yanko to her bedside, and told him she knew how little my mother understood me; how uncongenial my life would be under my parents' roof, in spite of its brilliant social advantages, and she made him swear never to forsake me; to protect me from misfortune even at the risk of his own happiness. The good fellow promised, and told me of it." Helene went to live with her parents at Geneva, and when Yanko came on a visit he was regarded by everybody as her fiancé.

I think my parents spread this report in order to quench within me every hope of marriage with Lassalle. I contradicted nothing, because I was then a very weak creature, with no will at all. In fact, as I had had no direct news from Lassalle for months, and Papa Holtoff had informed me of his great political difficulties, I decided—should marriage prove impossible with Lassalle—to accept Yanko. Anything rather than live in my parents' home with my cold-hearted mother. No doubt this sentiment was far from noble, and would have been impossible to me later, but as I was a true child of the world then, it seemed natural enough.

And Lassalle? This man of the irresistible will, who opened his campaign with a poem, continued it with a caress, and closed it with an oath of secrecy, turned aside to found the General German Working Men's Association. As he had accepted Helene as his "destiny" to please Baron Korff, so he accepted the Presidency of this propagandist society to please Countess Hatzfeld. When the grandmother died, and Helene's fear of him was at least balanced by her dread of returning to her parents, he made no move towards her. He let her go to Geneva as the

betrothed of Yanko: he made no attempt to be introduced to her people, or to work his wonders upon them. He did not even correspond with Helene, and thus keep himself acquainted with the trend of events.

(To be Continued.)

LITANY TO PAN.

By the abortions of the teeming Spring,
By Summer's starved and withered offering,
By Autumn's stricken hope and Winter's sting,
O hear!

By the ichneumon on the writhing worm,
By the swift, far flung poison of the germ,
By soft and foul brought out of hard and firm,
O hear!

By the fierce battle under every blade,
By the etiolation of the shade,
By drouth and thirst and things undone half made,
O hear!

By all the horrors of re-quickened dust,
By the eternal waste of baffled lust,
By mildews and by cankers and by rust,
O hear!

By the fierce scythe of Spring upon the wold,
By the dead eaning mothers in the fold,
By stillborn, stricken young and tortured old,
O hear!

By fading eyes pecked from a dying head,
By the hot mouthful of a thing not dead,
By all thy bleeding, struggling, shrieking red,
O hear!

By madness caged and madness running free,
Through this our conscious race that heeds not thee,
In its concept insane of Liberty,
O hear!

By all the agonies of all the past,
By earth's cold dust and ashes at the last,
By her return to the unconscious vast,
O hear!

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

A MONTH ago, à propos of the difficulties of running a high-class literary periodical, I wrote the following words: "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 pronouncement came at an unfortunate moment, which was the very moment when Mr. Sampson happened to be denying, with a certain fine heat, the thesis of Lord Rosebery that poverty is good for poets. Somebody even quoted me against Mr. Sampson in favour of Lord Rosebery. This I much regret, and it has been on my mind ever since. I do not wish to be impolite on the subject of Lord Rosebery. He is an ageing man, probably exacerbated by the consciousness of failure. At one time—many years ago—he had his hours of righteous enthusiasm. And he has always upheld the banner of letters in a social sphere whose notorious proud stupidity has been immemorably blind to the true function of art in life. So much to his credit. But to his debit it has to be said that the importance of his dilettante pen has been enormously exaggerated, that failing to stand against the vicious influences of his environment, he has contemptibly rattled from every ideal of his youth, and that of late years his rhetorical, facile, and base insincerities have developed into a public danger—for he has somehow acquired the title of the "mouthpiece of the nation." If any remark of

Lord Rosebery's at a public banquet could fairly be adduced in real support of an argument of mine I should be disturbed. And, in fact, I heartily agreed with Mr. Sampson's demolition of Lord Rosebery's speech about genius and poverty. Lord Rosebery was talking nonsense, and as with all his faults he cannot be charged with the stupidity of his class, he must have known that he was talking nonsense. The truth is that as the official mouthpiece of the nation he was merely trying to excuse, in an official perfunctory way, the inexcusable behaviour of the nation towards its artists.

* * *

As regards my own assertion that genuine artists will seldom produce their best work unless they really do want money, I fail to see how it conspires with Lord Rosebery's assertion. Moreover, I must explain that I was not thinking of poets. I was thinking of prose-writers, who do have a chance of making a bit of money. Money has scarcely any influence on the activity of poets, because they are aware that, no matter how well they succeed, the chances are a million to one against any appreciable monetary reward. An extreme lack of money will, of course, hamper them, and must, of course, do harm to the artist in them. An assured plenty of money may conceivably induce lethargy. But the hope of making money by their art will not spur them on, for there is no hope. No! I ought to have said explicitly at the time that I had in mind, not poets, who by the indifference of the public are set apart from money, but of those artists who have a reasonable opportunity of becoming public darlings and of earning now and then incomes which a grocer would not despise. That these latter are constantly influenced by money, and spurred to their finest efforts by the need of the money necessary for the satisfaction of their tastes, is a fact amply proved by the experience of everybody who is on intimate terms with them in real life. It almost amounts to common knowledge. It applies equally to the mediocre and to the distinguished artist. Those persons who have not participated in the pleasures and the pains of intimacy with distinguished writers depending for a livelihood on their pens, can learn the truth about them by reading the correspondence of such authors as Scott, Balzac, Dickens, de Maupassant, and Stevenson. It is an absolute certainty that we owe about half the "Comédie Humaine" to Balzac's extravagant imprudence. It is equally sure that Scott's mania for landed estate was responsible for a very considerable part of his artistic output. And so on. When once an artist has "tasted" the money of art, the desire thus set up will keep his genius hard at work better than any other incentive. It occasionally happens that an artist financially prudent, after doing a few fine things, either makes or comes into so much money that he is wealthy for the rest of his life. Such a condition induces idleness, induces a disinclination to fight against artistic difficulties. Naturally! I could give living instances in England to-day. But my discretion sends me to France for an instance. Take François de Curel. François de Curel was writing, twenty years ago, dramatic works of the very best kind. Their value was acknowledged by the few, and it remains permanent. The author is definitely classed as a genius in the history of the French theatre. But the verdict has not yet been endorsed by the public. For quite a number of years M. de Curel has produced practically nothing on the stage. He has preferred to withdraw from the battle against the indifference of the public. Had he needed money, the hope of money would have forced him to continue the battle, and we should have had perhaps half-a-dozen really fine plays by François de Curel that do not at present exist. But he did not need money. He is in receipt of a large income from iron foundries.

* * *

While I am on my defence I may as well refer to Mr. Kennedy's amiable remonstrance against the style of this column. I did not gather from his letter whether he objected to the general colloquialism of the style, or to my description of works of art as mercantile com-

modities. If the latter, I must assert my opinion that an artist, when he has finished a work, should become the salesman of that work; that it is his duty to regard it adequately as a mercantile commodity and to sell it as advantageously as possible, and that the mercantile test is one test (though not the only one) of the acceptance and therefore of the active value of a work. I may add that the greatest artists of the Italian Renaissance conducted themselves very astutely as salesmen of their works, as extant legal contracts prove. If the charge against me is one of general colloquialism, I must point out that one preoccupation of the vigilant artist is to keep his medium elastic and receptive, that the practice of literature is and ought to be one long, ceaseless experiment, and that journalism may well be the experimental laboratory of literature. Moreover, there is terrific virtue in colloquialism—discreetly employed. If anyone doubts this, let him read Huysmans' "Les Sœurs Bâtard," where the vehicle is almost exclusively colloquial.

Some Living Poets.

By Darrell Figgis.

IV.— Mr. William Watson.

THERE is a fundamental difficulty lying at the basis of Mr. William Watson's work that does not so much accost the novitiate as it haunts and perplexes the lover and the student. It catches admiration at the very threshold of enthusiasm, and arrests it forcibly. It baulks affection at the very brink of love, to its own discomfiture. There are probably few that have not been awed and entranced by first acquaintance with this poetry that earns best the title of distinguished, and still fewer that have not, on later intimacy, found something baffling in it, something difficult to set out, but still sometimes essentially disconcerting and dissatisfying. It is as though the pomp of his utterance had excited the soul to expect a rare repast of grandeur, which, nevertheless, was not forthcoming. And that this perplexity is in Mr. Watson himself rather than in his reader is a conviction that his work brings with it, both in what he has achieved, and in the paucity of that achievement.

It stretches throughout all his work. When first he came to song romantic glamour was in the sky though the morning of materialism was about him; and true to this romantic glamour he sang of it, his most noble achievement in it being "The Prince's Quest," which, indeed, in point of length, is the most considerable of all his work. It is throughout reminiscent of Morris; reminiscent, too, of Keats, showing Morris' indebtedness there no less than his more lineal ancestry from Chaucer. In it he tells us of lands the most romantic and mystical: which is absolutely the very fact: he tells us; yet, however convincingly he tells us, he fails to bring them about us as Keats does in "St. Agnes' Eve." It lacks magic; it is all spelt out on the page. And romanticism without occult suggestion and mystical colour is foredoomed to failure: it is not romanticism, in fact, however much it boast the name. Yet "The Prince's Quest" has in it that peculiar distinction of Mr. Watson's work from first to last: the single unforgettable line. Such as, for instance:—

Along the margin of thy muttering sands;
or again:—

and hear

The sighing of the darkness as I go.

When a poet is discovered putting out an initial volume that contains as its magnum opus a lengthy romantic poem, and then after four years' silence giving to the world a volume of over a hundred epigrams in verse, crystallised and polished with manifest effort after refinement, the situation is sufficiently illuminating. It is Mr. Watson's own criticism of his early work. It is also his decision as to what he proposes to make his later work. He turns from his unriper effort, feeling it as unexpressive of himself as it is obviously unexpressive

of the soul of romanticism, and seeks to concentrate, and yet again to concentrate, filling his lines with meaning and making his manner more and more marmoreal. In other words, the William Watson of "Wordsworth's Grave" and "Apologia" begins to emerge. Yet it is possible so to refine, that poetry itself has been refined away; and it is noteworthy that twenty-five years later Mr. Watson seeks to recapture the more aerial and elusive muse, with what of success will later be seen.

But to achieve this compression two things are necessary: a fit vocabulary and a stern regard for form. And that such compression should live, it must step with the metrical mastery of verbal pomp. All these things we see Mr. Watson striving after in these epigrams, and possessing in full flower of achievement in his next volume containing "Wordsworth's Grave." There are not many poets that possess a vocabulary as wide as Watson's; yet it is not so much distinguished for its width as for the compactness and compression of the words he chooses. They are not wild with beauty so much as concentrated with meaning. He has fore-sworn great work in great space; he will try and bring great work into small space. His lines come to wear the value of stanzas, and his stanzas of cantos. Simple structures and short poems, therefore, mark his work; and hauteur of spirit and pomp of utterance its manner of delivery. But thereby it becomes more and more self-conscious; it tends rather to the deliberation of a craft-master than to the fury and fire of inspiration in supreme inevitableness. The subtlety that raises Coleridge to the supernatural, the intensity awaking the imagery of Wordsworth, the fire of Shelley, all these things must needs be forgone. And the recompense is the echoing line or passage. Such as this epithet for Vergil:—

Lord of the incommunicable charm.

How beautifully it ripples! Or such a passage as this out of "Estrangement":—

Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn
That June on her triumphal progress goes
Thro' arched and bannered woodland; while for him
She is a legend emptied of concern,
And idle is the rumour of the rose.

Yet in their reserve there is something chill and forbidding, remaining with the spirit, whether we will or no, when all their magnificence of speech has died through the air.

Though it lack the divine fervour and riot, his verse at its best has the "large utterance of the early gods"; if inspiration flag a little it comes jeopordously near being rhetoric; and, naturally, when inspiration fails he relies purely on its pomp to see him through, and his hauteur of delivery. Therefore, while his finest passages never precisely fire the reader, his passages of lower order never weary. He leans too securely on his prop of words and their mastery.

His most noteworthy achievement is of course "Wordsworth's Grave." I say of course; despite the fact that by placing "Lacrimae Musarum" in the forefront of his Collected Poems he seems to elect it for his preference. Fine passages apart, however, as a whole "Lacrimae Musarum" fails. There is a distinct gap between effort and achievement in it. This is largely owing to the fact that the odic structure scarcely suits Mr. Watson's genius: it has not sufficient compactness; moreover, it demands the fusion of passion, which Mr. Watson has eschewed. An ode, so impelled, so dictated by propelling life, will work out for itself periods and paragraphs on which to move forward. A succession of lines, each complete in itself, each arriving at a conclusive full-stop, nor serving as a platform from which to swing forth on an aerial flight, such, in fact, as "Lacrimae Musarum" is all too full of, is deadly to odic vitality. Moreover, this poem has an incoherence manifest in it that is irritating. Later, in his "Coronation Ode," he turns to a similar verse-form, but there, by nature of its theme, classic and marmoreal dignity is alone demanded of him; and it is therefore

a success. Here, however, æsthetic subtlety is required, and he cannot give it.

But in "Wordsworth's Grave" we have him at his best. Its quatrains suit him well, giving him something to refine and polish. And further, the theme is one to his own heart. Here he can play the literary critic to excellent effect; and he does so admirably. Whether verse is a fit place for literary criticism is a debatable matter; and again whether Mr. Watson's is a true summing up of Wordsworth is another very debatable matter. It cannot be too clearly remembered that Wordsworth, particularly the earlier Wordsworth, was an essential Dionysian both in burthen of utterance and in personal habits, and no mere contemplative pastor who had for weary feet a gift of rest. Still, all this apart, the poem is packed with the true substance of poetic thought. It is not surcharged with poetic emotion so hot as to be above all thought, like "Tintern Abbey"; we always know what Mr. Watson is saying and seeing; it is brain work with poetic colour as accessory, rather than pressure of poetry working this fundamental brainwork; nevertheless, vision is alive in it. As for instance:—

Not Milton's keen translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

This is excellent criticism; it is also poetry, withal we feel that it is Mr. Watson speaking in poetry rather than poetry speaking through Mr. Watson. Sometimes we feel it is Mr. Watson speaking in iambic verse, but this is not often.

And, indeed, to have spoken in praise of him as a literary critic is to have spoken in praise of a fair bulk of his work. It is certain that no poet having something to say, being burthened with the plenitude of a large inspiration, would be, or could be, content with such a state of affairs. And here a near approach is made to that fundamental difficulty of which I have spoken. For Mr. Watson's poetry causes one to make a very keen analysis, both subjectively and objectively, as to what after all poetry really is. Is it possible for a man to hew him out a most distinguished utterance, compact and resonant, without the flashing eye of impelling inspiration, and yet be a high poet? When such a charge is brought against him, he complains in noble language that he is found fault with

because I bring nought new,
Save as each noontide and each spring is new,
Into an old and iterative world,
And can but proffer unto whoso will
A cool and nowise turbid cup, from wells
Our fathers digged; and have not thought it shame
To tread in nobler footprints than mine own,
And travel by the light of purer eyes.

This is certainly a modest aim, and earnestly delivered. But is it Poetry: Poetry, the seer of visions, the teller of secrets, and the prophet of Beauty? He says again in the same poem, "Apologia," in what is probably the supremest passage in all his work:—

Be it enough to say, that in Man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Not tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
Than comes of commerce with mortality,
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,
All temporal and immediate circumstance,
In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy,
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him and around at his feet,
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.

Supreme, magnificent! But when the glamour fades from off us we make bold to ask, where other than here do we find delivery of these great things? A whole division of his work is given up to criticism of other poets, and in this certainly he defines his own attitude to them. Burns, Wordsworth, Arnold and Shelley pass in de-

tailed review before him. Burns' withering insight he is in total praise of. Shelley he is perplexed at. He finds him

Nourished on air and sun and dew.
No mild praise, as it happens ; and again :—
All colour and all odour and all gloom
Steeped in the moonlight, glutted with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth.

Of Arnold he complains that the "deep authentic mountain-thrill ne'er shook his page," but yet is sympathetic and appreciative. Of his attitude towards Wordsworth I have spoken already. Save for one suggestion, he seems entirely to miss the mighty mystic and prophet in this exultant lover of hills and peasants ; that is to say of sublimity, and the avenue whereby sublimity can best tread with unhampered splendour, simplicity. It is at least curious that the two devout Wordsworthians of our literature, Arnold and Mr. Watson, should so have missed the essential Wordsworth.

Here at least we approach the authentic William Watson ; and we find that he fails completely to grasp the inspired spirit of the two most inspired poets of the nineteenth century. The poet in them appeals to the poet in him, but the merely intellectual in him denies the vision that is conjured. He is continually at war with himself ; and his work therefore embodies an internecine conflict. It is manifest everywhere ; he is like his ocean, an "athlete mightily frustrate" ; he "feels his lack of wing," he "curses his iron bourn." The intellectual in him denies the interposition and hand of God in things mortal ; he says that "the idea of Justice" is "the great achievement of the human mind." Nevertheless, let but the Armenians be massacred and the Poet in him flies in insurgent poetic flights to call down the God of Justice ! The Intellectual, with imperious gesture, sweeps away such things as hells and heavens ; but the Poet turns immediately to constructing a new and terrible hell in which to put "Abdul the Damned." The Poet, unshadowed and rejoicing, sings of

The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedar woe,
But all, in their unlikeness blend
Confederate to one golden end—
Beauty: the vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world. (Father of Forest.)

The Intellectual interposes, however :—

Nay, on this earth, are we
So sure 'tis real ascent
And very gain we see? (Hope of World.)

Shadowed with this, the Poet wails :—

Ah, doom of mortals ! Vexed with phantoms old,
Old phantoms that waylay us and pursue,—
Weary of dreams,—we think to see unfold
The eternal landscape of the Real and True ;
And on our Pisgah can but write, 'Tis cold,
And clouds shut out the view.
(The Blind Summit.)

Or, to come right to the red-ripe of the matter, he says :—

God on his throne is
Eldest of poets:
Unto His measures
Moveth the whole.

In earthly poets, then, one might imagine that something of H's spirit ran. But no ! They are "some random throw of heedless Nature's die."

Is it wonder, then, that the Poet in him is stifled ; or that difficulty greets one through all his work ? John Davidson endeavoured, with titanic effort and insurgent speech, to construct poetry out of the very elements of materialism ; but Mr. Watson's soul is true to the world ideal, to the verities that are loftier than matter, anterior to matter, and eternal as matter is not, but its song is hedged and cramped. He even in verse seeks to argue out the fitness of the things imperious in him ; but the world of merely inductive reasoning

shackles him. Bondage is through all his work ; and, flowing from this, sadness. His "Raven's Shadow" falls over all things, till "the universal chime falter out of tune and time," and in order to break away resolutely from this, he bursts into the curious and magnificent phantasy "The Dream of Man." He imagines man having conquered all things (by inductive reasoning presumably), and reducing natural laws to his supreme command. He welds the whole wide universe into one splendid scheme, making his habitation in planets and stars. He even and eventually conquers "The Lord of Death, the undying, ev'n Asraël the King." Having achieved so far, futility overcomes him again ; and to give existence piquancy Asraël has to be resurrected to life and power.

But not only does materialism hedge his soul and cramp his spirit, but (so true a son is he of the latter half of the nineteenth century) that worst form of all materialism, polemical materialism. How deadly to poetry this is let "The Unknown God" prove. The wondrous burthen of a star-lit night moves him into the soul-stirring first stanza of that poem ; but having delivered so much he expounds his theme in argumentative polemic of trivial and transient interest.

Herein lies the perplexity of his work. The soul of man feels that poetry is something first-hand and vital ; but mere literary criticism and polemic are neither first-hand nor vital. He feels this himself ; therefore his utterances are sporadic and his periods of silence lengthy. He has attempted to chase these hours of silence away by pursuing, in his 1909 volume, a more elusive and daintier muse. But it is somewhat too late in his poetic day, and the effort being scarcely successful, he returns in a slender volume this year to his more marmoreal manner, to find that, though something of magic has fled from his verse, his skill is yet all his own, and masterly.

In fact, Mr. Watson's main strength is that of a supreme craftsman. A careful student of Milton, metrical step and balance have received his most careful attention, with accompanying skill in the choice of words in their music and colour. In this craftsmanship there is only one fault to find ; and that is, it is not sufficiently disguised. It is not craftsmanship lying complete and handy for inspiration to use. It is rather craftsmanship proceeding in its own graces and charms.

Yet, this apart, next to Milton I know no craftsmanship so complete in English verse ; I know no poet that can make words march with such pomp and skill. In the passage already quoted from "Apologia," take such three lines as these, and note how he deploys his words in the first two, gathering them together to foot forward martially in the third :—

In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy.

Or, by merging two syllables into one long one, what extraordinary value he gives to the word "flying" in these :—

Again I smite the host at Ethandune,
And drive them flying before me to their hold.

Or take these of Autumn :—

Shall see her gorgeous in the brief
Pomp of the fated reddening leaf.

But it is not only in iambic verse that Mr. Watson displays his powers. For his "Hymn to the Ocean" is an admirable example of English elegiacs.

But it is in his short lyrics that Mr. Watson is most truly himself. His gem "April" has long since delighted us all. So, too, have "Scentless Flowers" and "Thy Voice from Inmost Dreamland Calls," and, among things lengthier, his "Ode to Autumn." But if any would wish to discover the daintiest chiselling of verse-form and moulding of subdued imagery, let him turn to, and ponder over, "Leave-taking." It comes over the lips like the softest soul-breathing, and is a final utterance, "in perfect solution," as Pater would have it. There is no problem here, but perfect joy, even though it be the joy of an infinite sadness.

Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

III.—Wedekind.

IN his "Playboy of the Western World" Mr. J. M. Synge satirised bitterly the effect of even a self-styled giant upon a race of pigmies. His Christopher comes to a remote village in the West of Ireland with the tale that he has killed his father, and the decadent peasants, drained of their best blood by emigration and reduced to a group of women, old men and weaklings, make a hero of him. The story of his crime fascinates them. He has at least done something notable, something powerful, something that stands for will and firm resolve in this land of dreams and despair. The women worship him and bring him presents; the loafers of the village inn regard him with awe. Christy finds himself famous.

Even so Frank Wedekind came, a few years ago, to the German Theatre, with the reputation of having slain, not his father, but morality. His plays were the last word in unconventionality and daring. Where other dramatists touched delicately, for fear of over-boldness, upon the woman with a past or the life of the demi-monde, he dragged pathology, sex perversion and insanity relentlessly upon the stage. He thrived upon prohibitions, prosecutions, newspaper outcry and notoriety in general. He proclaimed openly his contempt for the public, and no critical attacks could penetrate his monstrous egoism. Beside the other playwrights of the period—Sudermann the trimmer and Gerhart Hauptmann the sensitive idealist—he seemed a giant individuality, like a Bismarck or a Nietzsche. A self-styled giant, perhaps; but that only made him the more attractive to the weaklings. He insulted them, and they rushed to see his plays. His vogue increased when he appeared himself as actor, and swaggered like the Playboy in a leading part. This was, indeed, a phenomenon. The German playgoers gasped. They had heard of dramatists who ventured to despise the public—indeed, the attitude was considered highly creditable, as indicating lofty ideals and intellectual refinement; but of an actor audacious enough to claim the same superiority, never. That Wedekind should dare to defy the critics and exhibit himself night after night in an indifferent display of acting—this was inexplicable. So bold a spirit, they reflected, must at least have the attributes of Superman.

Mr. Synge's Christy, of course, had not really killed his father, and neither had Wedekind really killed morality. Like all alleged immoralists, he had a stern gospel of his own to preach. Behind the brutality of his plays there is the force of conviction that no mere sensationalist or commercial playwright can ever show. Wedekind's contempt for "das Publikum" is real. He despises the theatre-going mob so sincerely that he refuses even to make use of it as a speculative investment. He may be a fanatic, but he is never a charlatan. An ingenious aphorist has named him "Frau Nietzsche"; and as far as popularity-hunting is concerned, Nietzsche's wife should be above suspicion.

Wedekind as dramatist is something more than an eccentric, but something less than a creative genius. Flashes of genius he has, emerging fitfully from clouds of eccentricity. He is an author who cannot readily be "placed." To the critic bent upon classification, who would label him as naturalist or symbolist, realist or idealist or mystic, he must remain an enigma. He belongs to no school, and hitherto he has had no followers. His plays are the most aggressively individual of our time. Some of them, like "Oaha" and "Hidalla," are not only frankly autobiographical, but appear to exploit a personal grievance. The individuality behind them is crude and obtrusive. It is almost devoid of taste or sense of form. But it is valuable because of its power. It offers us a rare criticism of modern life by presenting it from a new angle. Wedekind is no hawker of a cheap optimistic philosophy like Sudermann. He has none of Hauptmann's sym-

pathy with the common man. For him the common man is merely a member of the public which he despises; an animated doll built of cowardly prejudices; one of the mob that howls the artist down. Wedekind in the theatre is like Zarathustra in the market place.

His practice of the playwright's craft is just as individual. In the construction of his plays he obeys no law but his own convenience. He has revived the monologue, which was said to have been destroyed by Ibsen twenty years ago. He writes speeches as long as those in the hell scene of "Man and Superman." His "curtains" are no more than chance interruptions of an otherwise interminable dialogue. He never leads up to a scene; it simply occurs casually and passes. This scorn of theatrical effect is strange enough in a dramatist who is also an actor; but his other variations of form are stranger still. In "Die Buchse der Pandora" the first act is written in German, the second in French and the third in English.* In the modern tragedy of "Frühlings Erwachen" he introduces a scene in a graveyard at night, where a boy comes from the grave carrying his own head beneath his arm, to talk with his old schoolfellow. In the same scene "der vermummte Herr"—the Man with the Mask—appears in order to drive the dead boy back into the grave, and to carry the living back with him to life. This passage (to which I shall return later) is beyond a doubt the most beautiful in the play, but it was clearly not designed for the stage. The leap from realism to fantasy is too sudden, and it is a leap which Wedekind is constantly taking. Over and over again, in his modern plays, the characters who begin as real persons become the vaguest shadows, and pass into a dream world of their own. They may not visibly carry their heads beneath their arms, but a veil of mist seems to descend between them and the audience, and they grow unreal without growing ethereal. In Anton Tchekhov's play "The Seagull," the idealist Constantine maintains that it is the function of the artist to represent life neither as it is nor as we think it ought to be, but as we see it in our dreams. Of many of Wedekind's plays it may be said that they represent life neither as it is, nor as it ought to be, but as we see it in our nightmares. They create the same effect of vague oppression, of meaningless effort, of vast heights and depths, of tremblings upon the precipice of insanity.

I turn now to Wedekind's masterpiece, "Frühlings-erwachen" (Spring's Awakening). It is necessary first to understand how such a play came to be written. Wedekind names it "a children's tragedy," and the "Frühlingserwachen" is the awakening of sex. For some reason (to be found probably in the introspective national temperament) Germany has the unfortunate distinction of being the land of child suicides. Many hundreds of these suicides are recorded yearly, and practically without exception they occur at the age of puberty. The subject of "Frühlingserwachen" was bound to be touched upon sooner or later in literature, and Wedekind chose to deal with it in the form of a play. No one can quarrel with this choice, for he has treated it (unlike the themes of his other plays) with rare delicacy and beauty. Wedekind is at his greatest here because he is most in earnest and most courageous. The play is an indictment of the whole present upbringing of children, yet it has the force, not of a pamphlet, but of a work of art. It is in reality what it claims to be—"a children's tragedy."

In it there is no need of argument, or of patient hearing of both sides. Argument belongs to the grown ups; here Wedekind presents simply a group of innocents striving after the unknown. "Frühlingserwachen" belongs to the category of dramas that are inevitable.

Moritz and Melchior are two boys at school. Both are at the critical age of puberty. They talk to one another of their first impulses of sex; now haltingly,

* Wedekind is himself half Swiss and half Hanoverian. The English of "Die Buchse der Pandora" is calculated to impress Berlin rather than London.

now with sudden bursts of confidence. All is speculation; they have found a new mystery.

Some girls pass by; among them Wendla, lately promoted to long frocks because short ones at her age are "not proper." The girls, too, hover about the mysterious subject in their own fashion. "What does it mean to be married?" "Are boy babies nicer than girls?" They pass on.

Melchior and Wendla meet by chance in the woods. Wendla leads him on to romp with her, and then, at first half in play, to strike her. He does so, and then rushes shamefully away.

Wendla's married sister has a new baby. Wendla implores her mother to tell her how it came, but she is put off with empty phrases.

Melchior and Wendla meet again. This time they have taken refuge in a hayloft from a thunderstorm. The great, unknown instinct drives them to one another.

The following day Wendla has no feeling of shame. She is triumphantly happy; she longs to tell someone all about it. Now, at last, she knows.

Moritz, the duller of the two boys, sits alone in the forest, brooding. He cannot take this new mystery of life light-heartedly. It is all so ugly. No one has made it clear to him; no one has cared. Ilse, an artist's model, comes by. She speaks to him, tells him of her life. She is ready to make love to him. He could have her for the asking. But he flings her aside, sends her away, and shoots himself.

The schoolmasters sit in judgment. Among the dead Moritz's papers his father has found a drawing made by Melchior, representing the physiological facts of sex. This drawing is held to be the cause of suicide. Melchior is silenced in every effort to defend himself. The authorities speak ponderously of "moral insanity." Melchior is sent to a reformatory. There he finds no peace, for the other boys are unashamedly corrupt.

Wendla dies in giving birth to a child. She cries, "Oh, mother, why didn't you tell me everything?" and the reply is the old one: "My mother told me no more."

Last comes the graveyard scene. Melchior, escaping from the reformatory, leaps over the wall and discovers a new mound of earth with a tombstone. "Here lies Wendla Bergmann. Blessed are the pure in heart." Then it is that Moritz appears, carrying his head beneath his arm. A conversation between the dead and the living. Moritz urges Melchior to kill himself. "Hold out your hand to me. The dead are exalted above all." But the Man with the Mask—the spirit of Life—is waiting. He curses Moritz as a lying phantom, a stinking breath of the grave. "Who are you?" asks Melchior, and the spirit of Life replies: "You cannot learn to know me until you trust yourself to me." Melchior follows him back to life, and Moritz returns to his grave with a smile.

These disconnected scenes, as I have set them down, bear little enough resemblance to the framework of a play. "Frühlings Erwachen," indeed, is only a group of such scenes of life and death. But one can forgive Wedekind much for having written it. He has realised the child mind, and made clear the gulf between parents and children where ignorance of sex is left to grope unaided. As a result, he has produced such a drama of all-compelling force as can only be written once in a lifetime.

I shall deal in my next article with his "Hidalla."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE QUESTION.

Sir,—Mrs. Nesbit has so cleverly impaled Mr. Haldane Macfall on the horns of a dilemma that I have no wish to add to his embarrassment, and should not trouble to reply if he had not put a series of questions to me; and if he had not suggested something untrue in every reference he makes to me. He speaks of me as being of the "Academic type"; he knows that in all my writings I appeal to the

sanity of to-morrow against the aberrations of to-day; and that I am as "conservative" as most of the other readers of THE NEW AGE. He speaks of my view of the purpose, or the significance, of Art as being that of Ruskin; he knows that my view of the purpose of Art as expounded in the "Contemporary Review," and hinted in "Anarchism in Art," is the first chapter in a new and much-needed Philosophy of Art; which bases Art more broadly, and gives it a greater and more secure place among the higher utilities than any other writer has yet done. Then he coolly asks me—a Turner-worshipper from boyhood who has won his spurs both as a colourist and a draughtsman—whether I can "sense" the difference between a Turner and a Corot! This is too bad; Turner was the most glorious poet of painting and colour the world has yet produced, and Corot was one of the minor poets, whose endless pot-boilers, nearly all of one pattern, are all but colourless, blackened prematurely by time. As for sensing the difference between musicians, Mrs. Nesbit has admirably replied to that question.

The principle Mr. Macfall lays down is that art is not an intellectual activity, but wholly an affair of the senses. It is just this belittlement of art, this limiting of art to limited faculty, against which I have protested so vigorously. Art is the expression of the whole man, senses, instincts, intellect, intuitions, and of those opening Blake-like soul-senses, that imagination which is prophetic of the glories yet to come. It is the union of thought with feeling which gives us the poetic emotion. Feeling gives the musical accompaniment to the poetic thought. To speak of music, the least intellectual of the arts, as a matter solely of the senses is to belittle it. The feeling excited by music in all worthy minds rises to the dignity of an emotion; it suggests thought and a panorama of dream-like picturings, or the thought-feelings cluster round some beloved being, real or ideal. So to say that even music, the vaguest of the arts, is simply an affair of the senses is to sadly belittle it. To say this of "Shakespeare's" works, which range through the whole realm of knowledge, the whole gamut of the emotions, is to put the critic out of court. It is to be hoped that Mr. Macfall has not committed himself to any such mannikin-like views in his book; if he has he will bitterly repent it when he cuts his artistic wisdom-teeth.

It is a common argument with the Stratfordians that if Bacon had written the plays there would have been no slips, no anachronisms. This is another of the assumptions which do duty for facts with them. Bacon wrote as an artist, not as an archæologist. Then it stands to reason that a man who had taken all knowledge for his province would sure to be lacking in thoroughness in the less essential fields. Then again, Bacon was as wise as a serpent and as beneficent as a god; and if he feared detection under his Shakespeare mask, he would have been quite equal to throwing people off the scent by intentional anachronisms in non-essentials.

This brings me to a new and most interesting question which would appeal to lovers of literature. Prof. Edwin Bormann, a writer of profound scholarship, with a wonderful eye for occult rhymes, and who has written quite a small library in favour of Bacon's claims, has one work on "Francis Bacon's Cryptic Rhymes," which opens out some fascinating fields of thought. He shows by hundreds of examples from Bacon's writings that though written as prose they are full of obscure rhymes; proving, as his secretary, Rawley, said of him, that whatever he touched turned into verse! He seldom made correct quotations from the Bible or the Classics; he nearly always altered them so that they fell into rhyme; showing that his mind was so saturated by poetry from writing plays that his pen ran into rhyme even when writing his weightiest prose, as in the Essays. Some of these rhymes are so fantastic that it seems impossible to suppose them intentional. They were emergings from the sub-conscious. As other writers have the feelings for the vowel sounds, he seemed to go further and his ear demanded rhymes. Here are two curious examples in the Essays. Quoting from Montaigne Bacon actually writes it "Mountaigny" that it may rhyme thus:—

"And therefore Mountaigny saith prettily, when he enquired the reason, *why* the word of the *Lie*, should be such a Disgrace, and such an Odious Charge? Saith. . . [1625 edition] *he*. . .

Here is one from Scripture, Kings ix. 18, "And Jehu said, What hast thou to doe with peace? turn thee behinde me." Bacon turned it into:—

Is it peace, *Jehu*?—
What hast *thou* to doe
with peace? turne *thee*
behinde *me*

written as prose. Amongst the writings of Bacon's mentioned in his Will are "my book of orisons and psalms

curiously rhymed." These have been lost; but Bormann's discoveries show that most of his "prose" works are "curiously rhymed." These curious facts should interest the curiously minded *littérateurs* with whom I must leave this suggestive theme.

* * *

Sir,—Mrs. Nesbit's personal attack on me leaves me defenceless. To attack a friend; surely that were impossible! To attack a woman, still more impossible. And when, as here, both are one, I am disarmed. Before her contempt I must therefore bow; her belittling of my powers I must live down—I had not suspected my so utter unworthiness.

Indeed, if Bacon must screen his claim to Shakespeare's bays behind her pretty petticoats, rather than strike at her, I will even admit that perhaps Shakespeare's plays were written by another fellow—of the same name. Therefore, I retract. Let Mrs. Nesbit empanel her jury and put Shakespeare to trial. The jury? God knows. Who will accept the finding? God alone knows.

HALDANE MACFALL.

* * *

Sir,—I expect the majority of your readers are, as I am, sitting on the fence in this matter; but whether we stay there or finally drop down on either side will not matter a scrap, as it will not affect our real enjoyment or appreciation of either the "Sonnets and Plays" or the "Essays," "Atlantis," etc. Whatever the final ascription may be, it is of interest only to the curious, "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet."

Mrs. E. Nesbit's parallel of "Fiona Macleod" is a 'cute one, as I'm sure the most critical and sensitive of us would have scouted the idea of the real authorship. May I suggest a further parallel?

I am sure my friend Haldane Macfall's knowledge of FitzGerald's writings is complete and adequate; but let us suppose that FitzGerald's "Letters" had no reference to Persian studies, and that Mr. Macfall had never seen the Omar versions. If a copy of this Omar, with no name to it, were then given to him and he be asked to declare its authorship, would he be in the least likely to father it on FitzGerald from his knowledge of FitzGerald's letters, Spanish translations, etc., etc.?

We have, each of us, so many sides; we are such complex creatures, that we are always likely to break out in some new and totally unexpected direction. But there are so many points in Shakespeare's life, as far as known to us, that are in such essential conflict with the "exquisite artist" the playwright must have been, the double-sidedness is in this case so inexplicable, that I should like to think Maurice Baring's witty solution the right one, that Bacon wrote 'em and Shakespeare arranged 'em for the stage, fathering them for social, theatrical, financial and political reasons.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

* * *

Sir,—Mrs. E. Nesbit cannot have it both ways. She is angry with Mr. Macfall for maintaining that one can sense the personality and individual style of a great writer, and then she proceeds to cite a number of style parallels between Shakespeare and Bacon to prove that they were one and the same writer! She plays into Mr. Macfall's hands; and Mr. Macfall plays into her hands. There never was such a contest in the annals of *THE NEW AGE*. As for me, I put down two cards for Mrs. Nesbit or Mr. Macfall—whoever gets hold of them first:—

Style-parallel:
Shakespeare says: "Who steals my purse steals trash.. . But he that filches from me my good name [referring to

Mrs. Gallop and Mrs. Nesbit],
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Milton says:
". . . ; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature. . . ; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God. . . ."

Substance parallel:

Leonardo da Vinci says:

"All our knowledge originates in opinions."

Milton says:

"Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making."

E. H. VISIAK.

* * *

S. VERDAD WEEK BY WEEK.

Sir,—I fear Mr. Fisher scarcely gives me sufficient credit for what I know of Finland and the Finns. My remarks concerning the Finns of Swedish descent, for example, were all based upon what I actually saw and heard in Finland, and my remarks concerning the documents in this complicated case were not made without an exhaustive examination. I regret that Mr. Fisher should think the Finns incapable of leading the Russians by the nose; though I be-

lieve that he is hardly correct in saying that the Russians are masters in this art. The Teutonic Powers have pulled Russia's nose several times lately.

I am really sorry to think that the latter part of my notes this week may not please Mr. Fisher; but I will tell him where he is on safe ground. In the face of the grave danger which menaces Russia from Germany, via Finland, documents would in any case go by the board. But I do not think it would "pay" Russia in the long run to introduce the evil factors which my critic dreads—"deterioration of the schools, the police chicanes, the system of official robbery, theft, provocation, 'administrative' justice and arbitrary taxation." In such a case, however, since Mr. Fisher at all events gives me credit for a "love of truth and right," let me assure him that he need only send me proofs of such maladministration to this office, and the matter shall have the publicity it deserves. It does not follow, merely because I have had to criticise the Finns, that I look upon the Russian authorities as angels of light; far from it. I know them too well. But if one is confronted with the alternatives of an attempted German conquest of Russia and an actual Russian conquest and administration of Finland, I think Mr. Fisher will find that every Foreign Office in Europe will plump for the latter.

It does not necessarily follow, however, that the Finns are to be ruled as if they were Siberian exiles, or that Finland is to be Russianised to the extent that Germany has Germanised Alsace-Lorraine. If this sort of thing is attempted to an unjustifiable extent during the time I hope to have the honour of being associated with *THE NEW AGE*, then I can assure Mr. Fisher that I will "show up" the Russian authorities to an extent which they will not like. Publilius Syrus is not a particularly brilliant author to quote; but he nevertheless summed up an important truth when he wrote *Nocentem qui defendit sibi crimen parit*. What more can one promise?

Will you kindly allow me to correct a slip of the pen which I made last week? I find that I referred to Djavid, the Turkish Finance Minister, as a Pasha, whereas he is as yet but a Bey. Doubtless the Pashaship depends on his handling of the loan.

I think that, in my letter last week about America, I anticipated Mr. Skelhorn's objection about the Germans. I regard the Germans as the most stupid people in Europe, generally speaking, and, in proportion to their numbers, they have produced but few great men. It is a remarkable fact, too, that German culture has not yet been able to stand on its feet. What I mean is that, while there is a definite French culture, a definite English culture, or a definite Italian culture, the Germans have as yet had no cultural history. Schopenhauer, Goethe, and Nietzsche, to take only three names which occur to me off-hand, owe their culture to foreign sources, and I admit that it is painful enough to read through the works of men like Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling. But a coarse, rough-hewn idea rewards one every five or ten pages, and even an unfinished idea is valuable when completed and developed by a connoisseur.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

THE CASE OF DICKMAN.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent, Mr. Rowan Hamilton, I quote (with permission) from letters Mrs. Dickman has written to me:—

"Aug. 30.—I have a hideous ordeal facing me. At the time of my husband's arrest, more than seventeen years' receipted bills, letters and other papers were taken. I have applied both to the Home Office and police to have them returned, because among the papers are letters proving how much money (nearly £300, I believe), W. Dickman owes to my husband. I must go to the Moot Hall, the place of the trial, and apply to the magistrates, and they will decide whether I get them."

"Sept. 7th.—You will think trouble is my constant attendant. It is not trouble, but injustice. I appeared before the magistrates to-day. All the horrors of the past months came back a million fold. I had to watch one or two cases—the well-fed prosecutor calmly telling his version of the story while the poor wretch in the dock, unbelievably, doubtless too hungry to think clearly, is powerless. My turn came. The magistrates, good county gentlemen, believing in the police as in their God, heard me in a private room. Tolerant, polite, they listened. I retired while they discussed; then was brought back. The chairman said they sympathised deeply with me, but as Superintendent Weddell objected to me receiving any papers, they could not make any order. I pleaded, urged, begged of that cruel man for at least some reason. He told me in so many words that it did not concern me. Something opened in me and I broke out into reproaches for all the indignities I and mine have suffered at his hands. My poor husband, at an interview he had with Weddell just before the end, implored him to allow me to

have these letters and left me the charge of getting them and righting matters. Weddell told me to-day that he thought I, of all persons, ought not to complain of anything—I had been well treated. I suppose I ought to be thankful to have been left alive. I have written the Home Secretary—but of what avail when the police are absolutely autocratic? Forgive this scrawl. I have cried so much that my head is raging."

"Sept. 19.—After a great deal of trouble I have got back a promissory note and some letters written by W. Dickman. There are still some letters written by another man to my husband and relating to money. This man has a high social position here (but not too high to borrow) and I'm afraid the police may destroy them. However, I have given an alternative, and I think I will be listened to. I hope I do not worry you by writing."

Sept. 21.—It seems incredible that this man, a bad brother, should have been allowed to influence the authorities against my husband, while the facts of the debt were suppressed, and my affairs, which were ordinary domestic matters, were illegally used to get a conviction.

I will give you extracts from the papers I now have:—

1. A promissory note for £40.
2. Letter, dated June 5th, 1904. He says, "I will come and see you about ten o'clock to ask for your cheque for £30, and I think by Saturday I can repay you £60, which will leave the bill for forty."
3. June 19, 1904. 'I would like you to let me have £45 until the week-end.'
4. Dec. 29th.—'I am sorry I have no money to send as I anticipated. If I can spare anything I will send on Saturday.'
5. July 29th, 1908.—Wires: 'Come to police-court; am charged with obstruction.'

"My husband never pressed for payment; he was always a very generous man and people imposed on him more than I knew. Oh, if I could only recover the bank books from the Treasury, I could set many things right! Why should they be kept from me? When I think of the horrible treachery and injustice of this case, I feel that time will never be long enough for me to unravel and expose all."

The above extracts will surely convince people that this case ought not to be dropped. For my part, I believe John Dickman was innocent. The authorities, up to the very last, held a star-chamber inquiry about him; and now we are beginning to see how corrupt the private information was. On the evidence the man should have been acquitted.

I have before mentioned as against capital punishment, the sufferings of the innocent families of even proven homicides. In the days when the family was held responsible for individual members, there was permitted a chance of wiping out the stain of crime. Nowadays we punish, without mercy, the whole family of a homicide, though the homicide may be patently to everybody but the police experts a lunatic. Our judges, apart from their memory of precedents in law, are the most ignorant of public men. Last week a jury objected to trying two small boys for theft. Whoever heard of a judge refusing to try anyone? Parrett, the lad of sixteen, who was condemned to death by the present Lord Chief Justice, was known to everybody in his village as half-witted. It is really preposterous to think of a man of Lord Alverstone's family and training bringing all his advantages to bear against a half-witted lad. However, with the increasing facilities doctors are getting towards the early detection of feeble-mindedness, the Alverstonian tragi-comedy must disappear.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

CHESTERTONISM.

Sir,—May I ask, in a spirit of love (as Mr. Chesterton would say) what on earth was the object of "Mysopseudes'" classical outburst in your issue of September 29?

THE NEW AGE has an almost unrivalled reputation for honest journalism. Surely the letter in question escaped from the apron-strings of the "Daily Telegraph"? I maintain that it is not playing the game for a writer, whether a victim of Higher Education or of something worse, to publish amid intellectual surroundings such a farrago of nonsense as that letter. A little literary skill is a deadly boomerang, whose only effect is to expose the ignorance or incompetence of the writer.

THE NEW AGE, I repeat, is not the place for yellow journalism. I say yellow journalism because I have a shrewd suspicion that our friend "Mysopseudes" has never read a word of Mr. Chesterton beyond an occasional article in the "Daily News." Personally, I have read almost every word that Mr. Chesterton has published in book form, as well as his "Daily News" and numerous other articles for several years past, and I hereby counsel "Mysopseudes" to be content with Mr. A. C. Benson, the "Daily Mail," and

"T.P.'s Weekly" for the present. One cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles, and it is equally hopeless for a person to whom it appears that Mr. Chesterton's chief object in life is to darken counsel, obfuscate the ideas of British citizens, and so on, ever to have more than a distant glimmer of the meaning of Mr. Chesterton. Still, even that distant glimmer is worth something; so, with perseverance, "Mysopseudes" ought to reach the level of, say, the "Spectator" in a dozen years, with luck. The proper attitude for him to adopt towards Mr. Chesterton "is one of doubt and hope, and a kind of light mystery." This is faith. I use the much-misused term in its higher and worthier meaning, of course, but I am sorry for the man who should try to explain (to "Mysopseudes") what that means. I do not say that the above philosophical reflections are necessary in order to destroy "Mysopseudes"—surely I have taken a sledge-hammer to crush a butterfly (a "skipper," obviously). If "Mysopseudes" is so mediæval as not to know that rationalism has been destroyed (for all practical purposes) long ago, I shall be delighted to send him the date of a discussion in the "Daily News" a year or two ago, entitled "On a Recent Sermon," between "H. N. B." and Mr. Chesterton. Finally, I consider it highly audacious of "Mysopseudes" to accuse anyone of a desire to juggle with logic, reason and truth.

J. RUSSELL SOWDEN.

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THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA AND CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARSHIP.

Sir,—The precise reasons which have led to the remarkably abrupt change in the ownership of the copyright of the Eleventh Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at the eleventh hour of its preparation are by no means clear, and have given rise to much speculation on the part of outsiders and the reading public generally. It was a matter for congratulation however to all who appreciated the excellent manner in which the Supplement of the Ninth Edition was brought out, to find that the editorship remained in the hands of Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who by the way, is an Oxford man, as a wholesome antidote to the predominant influence of Cambridge. There are of course many and serious objections to a single university possessing the monopoly in such a publication.

Cambridge fads, which are innumerable, will no doubt prevail, as in so many publications of the "University Press." If the Roman Curia succeeds in purchasing the twelfth edition it would be going one better. So we would advise those with a mission and enough money to keep their eyes open. Mrs. Eddy may be a good bidder and win the thirteenth. To be logical, indeed, we see no reason why there should not be such trusts for propaganda in all schools of thought, if only to prove their absurdity. It seems a pity that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" should be dominated by any particular schools of thought. Mr. Chisholm will, we trust, see that it is free from this objection this time. But the complaint has been urged before now that there is an ill-bred tendency on the part of Cambridge professors to push their own "policy" or views against all others. In this respect indeed German scholarship is vastly superior to that of the Cambridge schools at the present day. There is a scrupulous and chivalrous feeling of fair play towards others which is singularly lacking in such writings as, for instance, those of Sir J. J. Thomson on electricity.

Your esteemed contemporary the "Outlook," from which you differ widely in politics, has in its issue of February 5th, 1910 (and the "Electrician" many times), directed attention to this fact, and something should be done to elevate the tone of English morals in science; if nothing else. Mr. Chisholm will no doubt see that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is free from blemishes in this respect. For science is not religion, nor Cambridge an Insurance Company for professors' "policies."

Y. Z.

* * *

SENSE AND SENTIMENTALITY.

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE of September 22nd "Jacob Tonson"—to whom my humble respects—says: The first business of a work of art is to be beautiful, and its second, not to be sentimental."

Now, is this true? Jacob Tonson's view would, I know, be endorsed by many critics, and, unfortunately, by many artists, but is it a true view of the most important business of art? Should not the second stated of those duties—"not to be sentimental"—be placed first, emphatically first? Or, better still, make your first rule read: "Not to be insincere," by which you exclude not only sentimentality—but oh so many other tiresome things. You might also make that the second rule—and the third.

As for the business of making the work "beautiful," is that necessarily the artist's business? Indeed! wouldn't such an undertaking often enough be entirely incompatible with sincerity?

For instance, a portrait of Mr. Asquith might be a sincere work of art, but in that case it could not conceivably be beautiful.

On the other hand, the least touch of sentimentality may kill the portrayal of beauty. Let Mr. Lavery (say) make a beautiful portrait of a professional woman "model" in her ordinary garb, calling it "My Model," or simply by his model's name as with any other portrait. Well and good. But now suppose him—if you can!—to dress and pose his model to a part, painting in an elm with rustic bench, a crumpled letter, and still more crumpled pocket-handkerchief, and calling the whole production "The Broken Tryst." Although the beauty of the woman remained, the sweet milk of our appreciation would be quite curdled by this cheap sentimentality.

Turning from that picture, we might at once find immense satisfaction in a faithful sketch of London street arabs grubbing in a dust-heap.

Why? Is the sight of ragged, dirty children raking among garbage peculiarly fitted for artistic presentation? Is the grief of an affectionate woman at the faithlessness of her lover peculiarly unfitted for artistic presentation? Surely neither is the case.

But one artist had looked upon life, and felt the meaning of what he had seen, and had given us that as sincerely as he might. The other had painted a professional model in hired clothing, grimacing to order, with the calculated intention of telling us by an inscription on the frame that it was a scene of human sorrow.

The one with all its beauty fails, the other, despite the repellant nature of its subject, triumphs. Sincerity—not beauty—was the touchstone here.

Therefore I say the first and second and third business of the artist is to eschew sentimentality or any other insincerity whatever. As for "beauty," let the thing be in truth a work of art, and one may be sure it will be beautiful enough or wonderful enough or terrible enough.

Although I have chosen the work of the painter as an illustration, what I have written can be applied with no less force to the work of all artists. To the writers of fiction it applies with more force perhaps than to any other artists. I should think that is obvious. S. D. S.

* * *

THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

Sir,—When a broken-down bricklayer asks me for bread, I give him a stone. When a moth-eaten medico begs for an egg, I hand him a scorpion. When a little girl asks for a baby, I buy her a doll. And when a woman demands a vote, I present her with a matinée hat. You see, in the absence of information, I have to guess what these things are wanted for. I assume the bread is required for building purposes: and I consider that a stone or a brick is more suitable than even the most refractory tin-loaf. I assume the egg is required for anatomical purposes, and I know that a scorpion is more finished, more highly differentiated as to its organs than a mere half-developed egg. The little child wants something to fondle, to dress and undress, and to prattle to: and I know that she would kill the baby or be bored to death by it. I assume that the woman wants a vote in order that she may cut a dash, canvass and be canvassed and figure as "somebody": and I think a matinée hat will be more conducive to this end than a vote. Am I not right?

When I am told why and for what purpose the thing is wanted, I act accordingly. Why does a woman want a vote? Because men have votes, and it is not fair that women should not have them, too! True: that reminds me of my own sad lot, the grinding grievance of my brother commoners. It is still part of the law of England that in certain painful eventualities every commoner is liable to be hanged with a hempen rope: whereas a peer can claim to be hanged with a silken one. Despite all my protests and seething propaganda, even Mr. Lloyd George may in the fulness of time have to submit to this degradation. After repeated appeals to the Upper Chamber, I received but one reply, in which a certain Earl courteously assured me that if I would obtain a peerage, he for one would be delighted to see me hanged with a silken rope. Let me emulate this nobleman's magnanimity, and assure my suffragette friends that I admit their abstract right to a vote, and that when they get it, I shall be delighted to see them bored to death by canvassers, even as I am myself. All this applies only to those women who clamour for the vote because men have it, and for no higher reason. But there are others who think they believe or believe they think that they really desire the equality of the sexes. But do they? Do they realise what it means? Are they prepared to surrender all their legal privileges? Mr. Belfort Bax has told them plainly what those privileges are. Their social privileges may be left out of account. Any one may touch his hat to a bishop, or put coals on the fire for a lady. There

is no compulsion: and whatever the law might be, man's chivalry could not be eradicated.

Take the case of partnerships. Two young farmers agree to keep house together and work a small poultry farm without servants or farm labourers. At first they both do some house work and some farm work: then they take it in turns: but eventually one of the two finds that he prefers cooking, washing and mending at home to cleaning out fowl houses, mixing chicken food, bullying broody hens and wringing necks: while the other prefers outdoor work. A division of labour results: what is called a differentiation of function. "You make the beds, get dinner ready and do the washing and scrubbing, and I'll see to the poultry and the market, and we will go halves as usual." If all goes well, good. If not, the partnership is dissolved. Are women prepared to enter into partnership with men on even terms without State interference? If two humans of the same sex or of different sex agree to keep house together, one to attend to the domestic comforts, and the other to manage the shop, or the church, or the warehouse, dividing the profits in some pre-arranged proportion, I can see no injustice. If one of the parties is a rector earning £1,000 a year, and the other a schoolmistress earning £40, why should not the latter, for her services to the partnership, accept, if willing, say, £100 a year? And if one of the parties is an actress earning £3,000 a year, and the other a subaltern earning a minus income, why should not the latter agree to accept £300 a year as his share of the partnership, without feeling any degradation?

If, now, in addition to this division of duties, the further onus of bearing and rearing children should be undertaken by one of the partners, why should not the contract (commonly called the marriage contract) contain additional clauses: one of them being a settlement on every child born during the partnership and within three-quarters of a year of the dissolution? Such settlement might take the form of a lump sum vested in trustees, or of a weekly allowance recoverable in a police court, according to the means or wishes of the contracting parties. But, you say, the State will not recognise such a contract. True: and why not? Because women do not really desire the equality of the sexes. The State treats the woman as the woman treats the child. And if women prefer not to have it so, let them speak out, instead of using words of which they do not understand the meaning. Messrs. Thomson and Baines have worked together as cotton spinners for twenty years, and now Baines wishes to retire, but Thomson appeals to the State: "Don't let him; I am not so active as I was; don't let him dissolve partnership; but if you do, make him grant me alimony." What would the State say to Thomson? "Is there a clause to that effect in your deed? If not, go away." Are women prepared to make their own contracts, and to stand by them? At present the woman calls to the State, "Take hold of my hand; I am not fit to manage my own concerns; I am but a poor, weak creature." And the State does so. If women sincerely desire equal liberty, they should ask the State to enforce the fulfilment of an honourable contract by which both parties agree to be responsible for the suitable maintenance (according to their respective means and ability) of all children resulting from the partnership—just that and nothing more. There the duty of the State ends. There is no need to "put down" any of the rites and ceremonies desired by the contracting parties. Under a system of equal freedom, notoriety hunters could, as now, call their friends and the public around them to witness both the wedding and the dissolution of partnership, if any; chunks of iced cake could be distributed; pretty speeches made; suitable tears shed; old slippers and rice thrown about, and all things done which are now done by properly civilised men and women. If we were not trained to rely upon the State is it probable that any impecunious woman with a rag of self-respect would undertake the sole responsibility of the children? Is it possible that any decent man would dare to insult a woman by asking her to do so? For a penny a form could be obtained from any stationer to be filled up and duly signed by the parties, and witnessed, preferably by parents or guardians. Prostitutes and persons who require no such formal contracts (and would not get them if they did), deserve to be saddled with the whole responsibility, well knowing the consequences. What these consequences should be is another question. But even in the most enlightened community there will be some victims of midsummer madness, of infatuation, of recklessness and of treachery. How should we treat the destitute mother of an unacknowledged child—perhaps some silly kitchenmaid, untaught and unwarned by her parents, and befooled by vicious acquaintance? Ancient civilisations held that if the parents of a child did not want it, no one else had any business to insist on its maintenance. Exposure was the general practice in the case of female infants. But modern society prohibits infanticide. Certain benevolent persons are of opinion (mistaken, as I believe) that the State should

itself undertake the support of all children whose parents are unable, or even unwilling, to maintain them. Others believe (and I am one) that in modern countries which accord such abounding charity to misfortune, voluntary associations would readily spring up to meet these pitiable cases, were it not for the discouragement and, indeed, hostility of the State. The foolish but friendless girl would have no difficulty in depositing her child with the officers of the Association without publicity, well knowing that it would be provided for. She might incur the contempt of her relatives, as most fools do, but she would keep her situation and overlive her shame. One lesson would suffice, and she would in future treat the male blackguard with less trustfulness. But our all-wise State cannot tolerate the forgiveness of sin. That function is invariably left to private enterprise.

Under our present Christian system, what is the poor thing to do? She has the choice of several courses. The best is to drown herself; the second best is to "remove" the unwelcome visitor and take her chance of discovery; the third and worst course is to take the child to the workhouse, and make a clean breast of it, and thereby incur the eternal scorn, implacable hatred and brutal persecution of the pure in spirit.

Maternity without contract is of course deplorable; and the omission should be rectifiable immediately after the lapse, or on the birth of the child, or at any subsequent period on the application of both the parents. As in France, prompt legitimisation should be withheld from no child whose parents are ready and willing to recognise it.

Recherche de la paternité is of course intolerable. A State which (rightly) forbids infanticide has no choice; it is compelled to presume that by bearing a child, a woman has entered into a social compact to support it. To be unable or unwilling to support it must, and will, be regarded as disgraceful. No self-respecting woman would allow herself to be reduced to such an extremity. But since these things always take place in the absence of witnesses, the State must presume consent, and the mother's willingness to accept undivided responsibility. Child-bearing is a serious matter, and should not be lightly undertaken. No wise girl would undertake it alone. Parents or guardians should be consulted who should insist on a proper contract. The contract should provide for the support of the children. Beyond that the State has no concern. But other covenants may be added, according to the wish of the parties, and the advice of the relatives. If women are not willing to manage their own agreements on equal terms with men, even in matters which concern them more vitally than anything else, it is folly to talk about the equality of the sexes before the law. They are not equal, and the State-coddled sex will take good care that they never shall be.

Of course if the village leech wishes to enter into partnership with Dr. Croesus he will have to bring something to the joint fund which will, in the opinion of Dr. Croesus, counterpoise his gold: such as knowledge or skill. So if the beggar maid wishes to marry King Cophetua, she must also bring a make-weight, say physical beauty, wit, accomplishments or a sympathetic nature. When each has brought his and her contribution to the joint chest, they must agree as to the share of the income to be drawn by each, until the time (if ever) at which the arrangement ceases to be satisfactory to both. The village leech and Zenelophon will then retire better off than they would have been if there had been no such partnership. Some of the best contributors to THE NEW AGE are women, and I wish they would give us the benefit of their reflections on the whole problem of sex equality without entangling themselves and us in the utterances of the Ancients.

If "Votes for Women" means more shackles and fetters for me, I am against it. If it means equality and liberty for all, I am for it. But I want to know which it means first.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

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WOMEN AND THE TIMES.

Sir,—Thank you for your note about the "Times" woman's supplement. I am just back, and not quite in touch with everything; but however nobly one would wish to encourage the "Times," it must be confessed that something better was expected of the long-delayed supplement. Twelve pages of millinery and beauty restoratives against eight pages of matter (some of this suspect), is a disproportion. One is driven to say of the articles that almost nothing except the first, on "Women and the 'Times'," has not appeared in essence in the country-house weeklies.

It reveals the protective solicitude for women's powers that not one of them is thrust openly into competition with the masculine writers in this "woman's supplement. The sole signed article is by a man.

Professor Gilbert Murray's disquisition on "The Weaker Sex" is undoubtedly intended to stimulate as well as to comfort. Ladies who trade in marriage may receive both im-

pressions; they will be sure to take at least one of them. Professor Murray considers that the Platonic view of women's sphere as being identical with men's, is exploded. "Woman's constitution is conditioned and dominated by her prospect of wifehood and motherhood." For those of us who understand that Plato distinguished between the female and the woman, and the male and the man, Professor Murray's article contains something of a challenge, since Platonists are begged "no longer to deny or evade the physiological specialisation of women." The reply would be that the suggestion is false. No Platonist ever denied the physiological specialisation of the female.

I heard of a circle where the recent discussion of this distinction between women and females ended on the highest note of the Platonic theory. The idea is abroad again, after a long eclipse.

"A Correspondent" writes on "The Spinster Influence in Education"; and appears to protest against the spinster as teacher. It must sound like uncommon nonsense to many who remember their calmly competent spinster guides and friends, to read of the "nervous tension" here alleged to have "reacted" upon their innocent youth. Personal experience makes me suspect that women who have to teach children of their own along with other pupils, attempt an impartiality which ends in all-round harshness. It is rather unnatural not to favour one's own and the effort is petrifying. Perhaps the best assumption would be that nice women are born with that nature, and do not change for better or worse according as they marry or refrain from marriage. Pupils have to take their chance.

A sentimental set of verses by Mary F. Robinson describes the terror of the River Wye at having to ebb with the tide and its trembling joy when it finds a comrade in the Severn!

"Oh fortunate and favoured stream, though loud the sea-birds moan,

Thou shalt not pass the un pitying bar in terror and alone!
The salt is dreadful to thy springs as death to flesh and bone,

But give me such a friend as thine, and I'll affront the unknown."

Of the two remaining articles (one cannot count menus-for-country-house-breakfasts, sportswomen's-clothes, or coming-fashions as articles), one on the "Cottage Woman," by a man, is amusing, though very slight; but "Bringing out a Daughter," presumably by a woman, is almost too bald even for a masculine pen on a feminine subject. The final paragraph comes nearest to the point, in advising the girls be sent abroad at the age of sixteen. But then, the young ladies who take what the writer calls "the great plunge," perhaps meaning that they make the ordinary début, usually go abroad as a matter of fact.

It won't do! There is scarcely sufficient food in this supplement for an intelligent fly; yet far too much for the intelligent female. Women want something better than Professor Murray's Plato and water; and the others want many more than only a dozen pages of illustrated advertisement. A small supplement like this cannot compete with the plethoric fashion weeklies. Why not, then, devote it to the service of ideas?

D. TRIFORMIS.

* * *

LABOUR AND POLITICS.

Sir,—In my letter published last week "evolutionized" should have "r" in front, and in the last line but one, "see" should be inserted between "cannot" and "cause." I deny the charge of pessimism. I am an optimist. A belief in the impossibility of the political organisation of the working classes does not imply that they are different from any other section of the community. Any sound political organization has an economic as distinct from a class basis.

You have a wonderful faith in the people. Blatchford has some of a very wonderful faith left yet. What Hyndman really thinks of us would be interesting. Grayson is young enough yet to be blinded by his enthusiasm: and the amusing thing is, none of you know us. We did not buy your paper at a penny and we don't buy it now. Grayson lived in a slum and went to college, Blatchford was a bottom dog, a soldier and a labourer, but never a "canny" North-country trade-unionist.

Your endorsement of the article in the "Hibbert Journal" appealing to the "gentlemen of England" is sufficiently fresh to cause one to doubt the faith you boast.

We who have worked with the workers know that their organised political activity has only been possible because of the economic foundation of their organisation. If you value your friends who are to attempt the "impossible" you will advise them to keep their money. Enough has been wasted already in attempting our political organisation. It is strange of you to complain at one time of the Labour Party's political dulness; and at another to grumble that they have side-tracked Socialism. Some of us know that Parliament has authority over the Judiciary, and that alone

is a justification for the continued political activity of Trade Unions.

We do not agree that politics will look after themselves if we look after economics. The proverb is not analogous. We are numerous enough, and we hope are becoming intelligent enough to manage both. W. BEAUCHAMP.

* * *

Sir,—My main purpose this time is to deal with the following passage in your editorial :—

"It may be true . . . that the House of Commons is, in fact, the arena of a vulgar and interested pull-devil-pull-baker order. That is obviously the view taken by one of our correspondents."

Meaning me.

"But the view in our opinion is not true; and, even if it were, the remedy is not to legalise and intensify the scramble."

I never suggested that any remedy was required. Why should you wish for a remedy? You, and I, and all of us, delight in vulgar struggles. For instance: Near the end of your notes (p. 507) you recommend "industrial pressure," which is not a loving squeeze; and you allude to the scheme for a Confederation of Labour, to prepare the way for a general strike, as a "businesslike proposal," without a word of condemnation for its selfishness. And you say, in answer to a question which I did *not* ask, concerning employers and horseponds, "All we know is that, if Labour had any dignity worth talking of, no employer in England would dare to impose Cradley Heath conditions on working people," which I take to mean that you are inclined to keep the horsepond in reserve for those bad employers who are not awed by the dignity of expression upon our countenances.

General strikes, and the immersion of bad employers, and all other kinds of industrial pressure favoured by you, may very possibly be, as you claim they are, more efficacious in bettering the conditions of the working-class than Labour representation in Parliament. But, if the struggle is out of place in Parliament because it is "of a vulgar, interested, pull-devil-pull-baker order," it cannot, by reason of its transference to a non-political, industrial sphere, become less vulgar, less interested, or less tug-of-war-like. Therefore, if you base your objection to trade-union Parliamentary politics upon an allegation of vulgarity and selfishness (and your whole argument has been that industrial politics are by these qualities unfitted to the dignity of Parliament), then you stultify all you have said in commendation of industrial pressure, which is equally sordid.

JOHN KIRKBY.

* * *

MR. CECIL CHESTERTON AND "THE PEOPLE."

Sir,—Mr. Chesterton prefaces his reply to Mr. John Fletcher by the solemn assurance that "such matters as he refers to . . . will be settled by the people of Great Britain, and quite possibly in a manner not acceptable to any of us." The latter part of this deliverance shows real discernment, and for a Socialist, candour as well; but the former part betrays stone blindness. It is the old golden calf which the Socialists have set up from the beginning, and which accredited leaders of the movement worship with the same simple faith as the more ignorant rank and file. What I take to be Mr. Chesterton's belief is that in the settlement of religious and other problems under Socialism, the initiative, or the organising, shaping, and directing power will spring from the people. O sancta simplicitas! Why does not Mr. Chesterton hammer out his theories on the anvil of facts rather than construct them from the vagaries of a speculative fancy? He has read some history: then let him appeal to the past. Can he bring forward a single instance (outside the incidents of revolution) where the initiative has come from the "people?" Where did it come from in the old Roman world? Or in the Venetian and other Italian Republics of the Middle Ages? Or in England after the revolution? Or in modern America? Where did he discover it in England to-day when writing his recent articles on "How the Rich Rule Us?" Where does it show itself at a public meeting or in a Joint Stock Company or in the House of Commons? In each and every case alike, they who nominate govern—not "the people." A certain freedom of choice it is true belongs to the people, but it is only a choice of alternatives, any one of which is almost equally acceptable to the governing body who hold the trump cards. Mr. Chesterton is clearly the victim of the common Socialist delusion that society can be reconstructed from below, that is, on the opinions of the great masses of men, and that the task must be approached from the circumference rather than from the centre. This is the pons asinorum of political science, and many there be that topple over. The world is, and possibly always will be, ruled not by votes

and ballot-boxes, but by the invisible nominators who appoint the leaders and in turn rule the ballot-boxes and votes. Napoleon—probably the master among men of affairs—instinctively knew this. Hence as we see in his celebrated Concordat, everything else might perish, but his control over nominators must be supreme.

S. SKELHORN.

* * *

A CHALLENGE TO THE C.S.L.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. John Fletcher's letter in your issue of September 22nd, it should first be observed that under Socialism religion and its practice would necessarily be left wholly to the individual, and as such would be no affair of the State: except in so far as that the State would secure to any and every religion freedom from molestation in its exercises.

I will repeat each of Mr. Fletcher's questions for the sake of clearness together with the answer to it. It should be understood that I can only speak for the Church, and not for any other body of Christians.

1. (a) Under Socialism will a priest draw a salary from the State simply for conducting divine service? (b) Or will he be required to do other work, and if so, what?

(b) The congregation would be responsible (probably, unless there were a Central Fund for the whole Church to which every member would contribute) for the maintenance of their Priest.

(c) If he did his work thoroughly there would be no time for him to do other work.

2. If the congregation would just as soon have an unordained layman read the service and preach the sermon, will their wishes be deferred to?

On the principle laid down above any set of persons would presumably be free to club together for religious purposes and employ any kind of person they might choose to say prayers and preach sermons. This would not happen in the Church, because the laws of that body do not allow of it: and each congregation (of the Church) is bound by the laws which govern the whole body.

3. Will religion be taught in the schools or left to private option?

I should think that certainly religion would not be taught in the schools, but left to the activity of each religious body.

4. Will the blasphemy laws be allowed to stand?

I should say certainly not.

5. Will Socialist Agnostics be tolerated or ostracized?

Socialism to be true to itself should tolerate and respect any and every opinion in matters of private judgment.

6. If there are monks and nuns, will they be state-inspected and self-supporting?

I should think that a Socialist State would probably require that all monasteries or nunneries should be state-inspected, especially if they carried on any trade or business (laundry work for example) as a means of support. I suppose that such establishments would under Socialism be maintained in much the same fashion as they are to-day: viz., partly by their own labour, and partly by the alms of Church people.

7. Will Sunday still be a day of rest for the rich and work for the poor—or will all have to work just as long as on any other day, and thus the saying come to be fulfilled, "The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath?"

To the first part of this question I should reply that the principle of one day's rest in seven will probably be valued and preserved in practice apart altogether from religious considerations, and that for convenience the Sunday will continue to be observed as the Day of Rest for all equally.

Yet we all know that some few must work in order that others (the majority) may rest and play on Sunday. That is quite right. But I am sure that in a Socialist State, those who work on Sunday will get a day off in the week, and that no man will work on more than (say) one Sunday in a month, except perhaps the Policeman, the Physician, and the Parson; and I don't know why the Policeman should, now I come to think of it. I confess I don't quite understand Mr. Fletcher's application of the quotation with which he closes his last question.

As to the last sentence of his letter (not in very good taste, Mr. Fletcher) I should reply that the shepherd will not "feed himself," but be "fed by the fruits of his congregation's toil," if they think his work worth paying for, and with just so much of those fruits as they think his work is worth.

If there is a demand for his work, it is quite just that those who want it should pay for it, and he need no more be subject to a sneer because he is paid his wages than if he were a plumber or a journalist.

ARNOLD PINCHARD.
Chairman C.S.L.

WHAT TO READ.

Sir,—May I call the attention of "A Student" and all other persons who are interested in the teachings of modern Socialism to the fact that the Fabian Nursery are arranging a course of twelve explanatory lectures on the growth and meaning of the Socialist movement, to be delivered during the ensuing winter.

The lectures will be free to anyone who wishes to attend, and will be given at the Fabian Office at eight o'clock on alternate Wednesdays, beginning on October 26th, when Sidney Herbert will speak on the Historical Aspect of Socialism. A syllabus of the lectures (which will include addresses on the case against Capitalism, Municipal Trading, Trade Union Structure and Function, the existing Government of England, Destitution, the National Minimum, Taxation, and Socialism abroad) will also give a list of books to be read on each subject.

The syllabus may be obtained from Mr. Jack Gibson, 9, Aberdeen Court, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N., or from the Fabian Office, 3, Clement's Inn, Strand. No person is in any way committed to Socialism by attending the lectures, which are being arranged solely for educational purposes.

HENRY H. SCHLOESSER.

(Chairman Fabian Nursery Education Sub-committee.)

* * *

NEW MAGAZINES.

Sir,—Upon opening my copy of THE NEW AGE I was greeted by the advertisement of a magazine which promised to keep me in touch with Life. It further exhorted me to "Give House-room to the Best." Moreover, printed large, I saw the name of Maurice Maeterlinck.

Now, I desire to keep in touch with Life (till Death do us part), and, as far as a garret will permit, to "give house-room to the best," but it was the name of Maurice Maeterlinck that did the trick—and bang went sixpence.

The first paragraph of "The Two Kinds of Courage" sounded reminiscent, so I turned up page 148 of "Wisdom and Destiny" to discover that the whole essay had seen the light of print over twelve years ago.

Feeling done, and wondering what possible reason Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., could have for omitting the slightest indication that it was all hash, I turned for solace to the new and original verse. There I found that Mr. O'Connor, remembering the hardships and suffering he endured before prostrate London recognised his genius, had lighted upon Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Edgar Allan Poe and Mr. William Sharp, and that he was now determined, *at any cost*, to give these gentlemen a chance of being heard.

Well, I have found suitable house-room for my one and only copy of "T. P.'s Magazine." The obvious reflection is that the regular magazine public is undoubtedly a peculiar one. The other day Mr. Jacob Tonson heralded the advent of "The Open Window." Will any of the more sporting and optimistic of your readers accept odds on the comparative longevity of two magazines?

PAY PAY.

Articles of the Week.

ALDRIDGE, H. R., "A Great Municipal Opportunity: Town-Planning in Great Britain," *World's Work*, October.

ARCHER, WM., "The Theatrical Situation," *Fortnightly*, October.

BALDRY, A. L., "Miniature Painting," *Art Journal*, October.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, M.P., "The Roman Roads in Picardy," *Saturday Review*, Oct. 1.

BENSUSAN, S. L., "London's Minor Markets," *Windsor*, October.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "The Mind of Turner," *Saturday Review*, Oct. 1.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "An Outburst of Rabid Jingoism," *Clarion*, Sept. 30.

BLATHWAYT, RAYMOND, "The Smart Woman's Mental Outfit," *Daily Mail*, Sept. 28.

BRIDGES, the late Dr., "Aids to Mental Health," *Positivist Review*, October.

BROOKS, SYDNEY, "The Confusion of American Politics," *Fortnightly*, October.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "A Romance of the Marshes," *Daily News*, Oct. 1.

COLLINS, the late Prof. CHURTON, "Browning and Butler," *Contemporary*, October.

COX, HAROLD, "The Story of the Osborne Case," *Nineteenth Century*, October.

CRACKANTHORPE, MONTAGUE, "Marriage, Divorce, and Eugenics," *Nineteenth Century*, October.

DIMNET, The Abbé ERNEST, "The Sillon," *Nineteenth Century*, October.

DUNNING, W. MARY, "William Morris: 1834-1896," *Labour Leader*, Sept. 30.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "Can Socialists Unite?" *Clarion*, Sept. 30.

HARCOURT, ROBERT, M.P., "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," *Times*, Sept. 28 (letter to the Editor).

HEWLETT, MAURICE, "The Profaned Sacrament," *Fortnightly*, October.

HYNDMAN, H. M., "Trade Union Unrest and the Class War," *English Review*, October.

HOLLAND, Canon SCOTT, "The Church and Labour: Fifty Years Ago and Now: A Personal Reminiscence," *Morning Post*, Sept. 29.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE, "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," *Times*, Sept. 29 (letter to the Editor).

HUEFFER, FORD MADDOX, "William Holman Hunt, O.M.," *Fortnightly*, October.

IRWIN, MARGARET, "The Bitter Cry of the Irish Home Worker," *Nineteenth Century*, October.

JONES, HY. ARTHUR, "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," *Times*, Oct. 1 (letter to the Editor).

LANG, ANDREW, "A Mystery of Crime," *Morning Post*, Sept. 30.

LEE, VERNON, "A Tyrolese Crucifix," *Westminster Gazette*, Sept. 30.

LOW, FRANCES H., "The Women of Germany," *Daily Mail*, Sept. 29 and 30.

MAGUIRE, Dr. T. MILLER, "The Mind of the Fighting Man," *United Service Magazine*, October.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "The Crisis: Industrial Discord," *Morning Leader*, Sept. 26; "The Modern Press and its Public," *Contemporary*, October.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "Of the Sad End of Form IV.: What the Tory Press Came to Realise," *Daily News*, Sept. 30.

MURRAY, Prof. GILBERT, "The Weaker Sex," *Times*, Oct. 1 (Woman's Supplement).

PICKERSGILL, E. H., M.P., "How Gaol-birds are Made: A Painful Case," *Daily News*, Oct. 1 (letter to the Editor).

ROBERTSON, JOHN M., M.P., "As Others See Us: The French Tradition," *Morning Leader*, Sept. 30.

ROSSETTI, W. M., "Reminiscences of Holman Hunt," *Contemporary*, October.

SINCLAIR, WM., "Socialism according to William Morris," *Fortnightly*, October.

SWINNY, S. H., "The Labour Crisis," *Positivist Review*, October.

TANNER, J. R. W., "A Brief Analysis of Anti-suffragism," *Englishwoman*, October.

TITTERTON, W. R., "On Loneliness and Isolation," *Vanity Fair*, Sept. 28.

TODD, E. ENEVER, "Wages and Prices since 1895," *Westminster Gazette*, Sept. 27.

UPWARD, ALLEN, "The Shadow of the Sword: Impressions of the Greek Crisis," *Daily Chronicle*, Sept. 30.

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