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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE wonder, if the French Revolution were to occur to-day, whether a single English daily would take the trouble to inquire into its meaning. This reflection is induced by the spectacle of our English Press on its knees before the vulgar facts of the recent French railway strike, but blind to the significance, the moving ideas, of the strike itself. From the moment of the declaration of the strike, with its extremely dramatic and instantaneous spread, to its dramatic and equally sudden "collapse," our chroniclers concerned themselves wholly with picturesque stories of trains held up here and of motor services organised there. Then appeared on the scene the romantic hero of the piece, without whom no story for the children is complete: M. Briand, the resourceful, the prompt, the unbending, the courageous, the daring, etc., etc.; by whose magic the strike was made to collapse and to fall like a house of cards. Then followed jubilations over the defeat of the iniquitous workmen, more honour and glory to Briand, and finally the distribution of a handful of cheap "morals" to the workmen of our own country.

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Now it is safe to say that not only did the French railway strike not "collapse"—if by collapse is meant to suffer complete defeat—but, on the contrary, no strike on the same scale in the history of the world has been more successful. In material results alone we are assured that the victory lies, prospectively at any rate, with the men, since the railway directors have pledged their word to M. Briand that the minimum of five francs a day will in future be paid to railwaymen living in Paris. When it is remembered that this was the major demand and a demand pressed vainly hitherto on the attention of railway directors and the French Government alike, its immediate concession to the interrogation by general strike must plainly be counted as a workmen's victory; at last, after many years and many methods, they have hit on a tone of demand that has in fact elicited a favourable reply. Open Wheat was not the formula; Open Reason, Open Political Representation, Open a Socialist Premier were equally powerless; but Open General Strike, suddenly and loudly uttered, has proved in even a material matter the genuine Open Sesame. Nor, if we compare the gain in the material sense alone with the losses that have undoubtedly been suffered by the workmen while the strike lasted, shall we conclude that the victory has been bought too dearly. The maximum discomfort to

capitalist society has been wrought with the minimum of discomfort to the proletariat; and with the additional result that a minimum rate of wages hitherto denied will in future rule.

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But it is not on the material result of such a rehearsal of the General Strike that we would dwell so much as upon its moral effects. These include undoubtedly an increase of self-respect arising from the conscious possession of power among workmen. Everybody who regards politics psychologically is aware that the defect in modern States is the apathy of the working classes which has been engendered by centuries of failure. Classes of individuals no more than single individuals cannot continue to fail to satisfy their natural desires over very long periods without at last inducing in themselves a feeling of despair and an attitude of fatalistic submission; and these are the last conditions of any beneficent change. What, indeed, might easily arise from such a mood, spread widely over a whole class, is a desperate, blind, and bloody revolt; but it would be a revolt without hope, for it would be a revolt without ideas. To save society from such a fate it is essential that each class, and particularly the workmen class, should be not merely encouraged to hope for satisfaction in society but carefully permitted to taste from time to time the sweets of realisation. In fact, they should be, if not exactly assisted in winning, at least not seriously restrained; and when, as in France at this moment, by their own exertions they have undoubtedly scored a material victory, let us willingly add to it the victory which belongs equally to it, the increased sense of power which must inevitably arise in the class that organised the victory.

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But a still further implication of the French strike and of what is known as the General Strike is its tacit demonstration of a new point of view in the proletariat. Hitherto it has been supposed, even by the proletariat themselves, that what would command respect for them in the public mind is the possession of virtues, such as those of honesty, industry, thrift, and sobriety. So indeed they have been taught and so indeed they have believed. Yet it is evident that the doctrine is false, since nobody will affirm either that the working classes of the world are without these qualities or that public respect and esteem have accompanied their possession. On the contrary, public esteem has been given to qualities of another, though not of an opposite kind. Public esteem has been reserved, like every other valuation, for what is at one and the same time indispensable and dangerous. Where an individual or a class has proved itself to be indispensable to society and, in addition,

has put a high price on its services such as to make them precarious or their absence dangerous, the individual or the class has become valued in the superlative degree. But to be indispensable yet neither precarious nor dangerous is infallibly to be despised. Some inkling of this new doctrine is undoubtedly filtering its way into the minds of masses of workmen, and the propaganda of the General Strike is the firstfruits of it.

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We are quite prepared to be told that the doctrine of the General Strike is immoral in theory and inexpedient in practice. Immoral in theory it certainly would be if politics or statecraft were nowadays the science and the art it once was or was claimed to be. If anywhere there existed in modern States a governing class intent on maintaining society in political health by rules other than those of the quack and the charlatan; a disinterested class of scientific statesmen supremely indifferent to anything but the highest welfare of society; a class, let us say, of Platonic guardians; then, indeed, the doctrine of the General Strike might be regarded as immoral, since it would imply the subversion of knowledge and reason by brute appetite. But no such ruling caste of disinterested politicians exists in any State to-day; and far, therefore, from being able to regard rebellion or revolt as politically immoral, even the most Conservative of journals is compelled tacitly to invite rebellion. In what other sense, for example, are we to read the following terrible words which appear in an editorial article in the current "Spectator"?—

While we hate the slum and all that it means with a deadly and uncompromising hatred, we feel that the only real remedy is for workers to determine, come what may, that they will not live in slums. . . . If there is little or no resistance to slum life, slum conditions are bound to grow up.

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Are not the obvious assumptions of these opinions, first, that there is no disinterested body of rulers spontaneously and by their own profession concerned to abolish slums as fatal to the health of a state; secondly, that if not the slum dwellers themselves nobody and no class will trouble to improve their conditions; and, lastly, that "come what may," by anarchic means or by any other, the slum dwellers' duty is to refuse to live in slums—failing which the rest of society will acquiesce in their condition and tell them that they have their deserts? Plainly these are the underlying assumptions of the "Spectator's" political philosophy; and in our opinion they lead directly to sheer anarchy, and, as we have maintained above, to more than mere approval of the General Strike, to a positive incitement and invitation to violent means of every kind.

* * *

Now, being Socialists we are in the position of being able to approve as necessary and inevitable the propaganda of the General Strike without, however, either inviting it or regarding it as anything but a desperate remedy. In our view it is the disgrace of the governing classes that not only should the conditions of workmen render the threat of a General Strike advisable, but that the governing classes themselves should be so purblind as positively to see no other means of dealing with the situation. It is as if a doctor should refuse or be unable to administer remedies until his patients had been driven mad; at which point he decamps leaving poisons as well as medicines at their untutored disposal. But if the "Spectator," on behalf of the governing classes, frankly informs us that this is the case, that the custodians so-called of Society have no intention of stirring until the slum dwellers are driven mad, what alternative have we, who, as the intellectuals, hold the balance between the governed and the governing, but to cry Havoc to the former and let slip the dogs of industrial war? Against the immorality of political governors there is, unfortunately, only one remedy, the immorality of the governed. Against tyranny there is assassination; against Capitalism there is the General

Strike. But who is responsible save those who began it by rendering it necessary?

* * *

But it is not only the morality of the General Strike that has been called in question, its expediency has been recently impugned by that great paper revolutionary, Mr. Bernard Shaw. Echoing, doubtless, the opinions in this respect of Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Shaw observed at a public meeting last week that the method of the General Strike was a kind of Chinese vengeance which consists in a man's hanging himself by the door of the man he hates. We may let pass the inaccuracy of naming this, Chinese vengeance; Mr. Shaw has been misled by Nietzsche. As a matter of fact, it is a custom of the Tchouvac, a Russian tribe on the banks of the Volga, as Mr. Chamberlain informed the Birmingham artizans in 1885 (see his speech on the New Democracy). We may also let pass the assumption that the threat of such a vengeance, if determinedly made, and once or twice illustrated, would need to be followed by its universal fulfilment; a false assumption, as Mr. Shaw's own citation of Russian schoolboys and their heroic means of abolishing flogging conclusively proves. (Rather than submit to the degradation of flogging, Russian nobles' sons committed suicide, with the consequence that flogging in such schools has now been forbidden.) The fallacy of Mr. Shaw's view lies, however, in this: that with the complete abandonment by the governing classes (vide the "Spectator") of their responsibilities and duties, there is, literally, no other way of reform open to the working classes than this of sheer industrial revolt. Let us put it in this way: If the manifest grievances of the masses are not to be remedied by the governing classes, despite all appeals to reason and duty; if, further, the political weapons at the disposal of the poor are so loaded against them that their "kick" is more disastrous than their blank cartridges (and this has been shown to be the case by Mr. Cecil Chesterton in our own pages); and if, finally, all the means of armed resistance, whether by rioting simply or by a general rebellion, have been carefully preserved in the hands of the oligarchy; what way, we ask, is left open for the masses save the way of industrial war, of declaring, "come what may, that they will not live in slums"? Admitted that this way is the worst of all possible ways, admitted that the remedy of this way is almost, if not quite, as bad as the disease, admitted that society should never permit it, what other way, we continue to ask, is left open when all other ways are closed and the grievance remains?

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We were able a few weeks ago to quote Mr. Sidney Webb against himself in the matter of the Osborne decision. Let us now quote Mr. Shaw against himself in the matter, if not exactly of the General Strike, of a situation which any fair-minded reader will see to be parallel. In "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. Shaw's earliest and, to our mind, his best book, writing on the subject of Women's Revolt, Mr. Shaw employed an illustration which has become classic. We shall give ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage at length, more readily since the book unfortunately is out of print:—

If we have come to think that the nursery and the kitchen are the natural sphere of a woman, we have done so exactly as English children come to think that a cage is the natural sphere of a parrot—because they have never seen one anywhere else. No doubt there are Philistine parrots who agree with their owners that it is better to be in a cage than out, so long as there is plenty of hempseed and Indian corn there. There may even be idealist parrots who persuade themselves that the mission of a parrot is to minister to the happiness of a private family by whistling and saying "Pretty Polly," and that it is in the sacrifice of its liberty to this altruistic pursuit that a true parrot finds the supreme satisfaction of its soul. I will not go so far as to affirm that there are theological parrots who are convinced that imprisonment is the will of God because it is unpleasant; but I am confident that there are rationalist parrots who can demonstrate that it would be a cruel kindness to let a parrot out to fall a prey to cats, or at least to forget its accomplishments and coarsen its naturally delicate fibres in an unprotected struggle for existence. Still, the only parrot a free-

souled person can sympathise with is the one that insists on being let out as the first condition of its making itself agreeable. A selfish bird, you may say: one that puts its gratification before that of the family which is so fond of it—before even the greatest happiness of the greatest number. . . . All the same, you respect that parrot in spite of your conclusive reasoning; and if it persists you will have either to let it out or kill it.

Or, we will add, it will kill itself in beating against the bars. Very well, if in the foregoing extract from Mr. Shaw we substitute Workmen for Women, does not the reasoning apply exactly to the General Strike? What women have been advised in desperate straits to do, workmen may equally be strongly advised to do in the same straits; for it will be observed that at bottom the industrial struggle is not for economic advantage primarily but for "respect." Like the revolt of women, the revolt of workmen is at bottom in fact moral, and its aim is the redress of a moral grievance whose symbols only are poverty, excessive labour, and bestial conditions. In naming the General Strike "Chinese vengeance," Mr. Shaw has not only gone back on his view as expressed twenty years ago, but he has overlooked the moral advantages to be derived from an attitude which by commanding respect ensures that all things afterwards shall be added to it.

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Leaving the proletariat to accept the invitation of the "Spectator" to refuse to live in slums, "come what may," and with Mr. Shaw's parrot to serve them as an example, we turn now to the politics of the week. There are our governing classes all at play. Of the Conference of the silent Octave it is impossible as yet to say much. All that can be gathered is from signs that appear in the papers of preparations for an immediate General Election. These signify, it would appear, either that the Conference has actually broken down or was or is on the point of doing so. Last week no less than four meetings of the Eight were held, and on Friday we are to suppose that Mr. Balfour, the only member of the Tory four that counts, delivered an ultimatum which required the consideration of the Liberal four at a separate meeting on Saturday morning. What was the conundrum for them to solve or whether they solved it we do not know; but, again from straws that blow in the wind, we gather that the drift of the discussion has been in the direction of vaster Constitutional changes than ever were contemplated when the Conference began its labours. If so, so much the better, since anything that really establishes democracy in England is to be welcomed from every point of view, and no constitutional change that does not make for democracy is a conceivable proposal of the present Conference.

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We say this because we happen to believe that not only is the mind of political England set towards representative government, but it has become more rather than less confirmed in this volition from contemplation of the Osborne judgment and the agitation connected with it. Whatever else the decision of the law lords in this matter has done it has compelled attention to the real nature of representative government. We were, it is clear, drifting politically with the winds and currents of expediency before the Osborne judgment sharply reminded us that there was both a port and a compass. And if in respect of the Labour Party instructed public opinion (the brain cells of the body politic) has concluded that as delegates the Labour members have no right in a national and representative assembly, it is further to be surmised that when the time comes public opinion will be found to have hardened its heart somewhat against the House of Lords. We have no particular evidence that this is the case, yet we are prepared to believe and to act on the belief that the proposal to abolish the veto of the Lords is more generally accepted to-day than it was before the Osborne judgment was canvassed.

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But if more rather than less radical reform proposals issue from the Conference, either out of the back or the front door, it is certain that not only will they be more

favourably received by their friends but they will be less unfavourably received by their enemies. The Unionists, in fact, are less united than almost any political party has ever been. We can easily imagine that under the circumstances Mr. Balfour would not only not trouble to win a General Election, but he would be at some subtle pains to lose. Two elections have already been lost by Unionists since the millstone of Tariff Reform was hung about their necks by the malicious Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; and it may conceivably be Mr. Balfour's duty to see that the third is so patently and grossly lost that even Mr. Garvin may perceive that Tariff Reform is dead. If that is the intention we really do not see why a General Election in January should not be held so as to settle the political issues well in advance of the Coronation. Royalists anxious to catch a ray from the Crown have been urging that at all costs an election should be postponed until after the June Coronation; but the fact is that if the Election is postponed the political heat will be maintained.

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From all we can gather it appears to us that there is not much doubt now that Payment of Members will be instituted for the next Parliament, whenever that may be. This we regard as an immense step in the direction of securing representative government. Not, by any means, that we suppose the working classes of the country will immediately take advantage of it to return their own representatives, as they will have the power to do, in nine out of every ten constituencies. No, Payment of Members has long been in operation in other countries—in fact, England is a surviving exception—without producing much of a crop of working-class members. But, on the other hand, the door is open for them; it will be their own lookout if they do not avail themselves of their opportunities; and, further than that, the door will also be open for independent spokesmen of the opinions of the proletariat whether drawn from the middle or the upper classes. What has been in the past one of the great wrongs done to the workers is that not only have members of their own class been discouraged from entering Parliament on their behalf, but sincere advocates of their views, drawn mainly, let us say, from the Fourth Estate, have been prevented by the same lack of means from representing them. Payment of Members, while only remotely contributing to the direct representation of the workmen, will certainly conduce to their indirect representation by publicists and politicians of a professionally humane order.

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With the concession of Payment of Members it is unlikely, as we observed last week, that much force will be left in the Labour agitation to reverse by legislation the Osborne judgment. What may remain, however, and we hope it may, is a determination to equip Trade Unions for the work that is and may be proper to them. For instance, it is generally agreed that of the coming industrial legislation, of which the next Liberal Government must see a good deal, the unions will be expected to take a share of the responsibility in administration. Their technical knowledge as well as their organisations will be urgently required to supplement and in some cases to dispense entirely with any bureaucratic or governmental machinery. Their position will be something akin to that of the mediæval Gilds, voluntary bodies with legal privileges but with corporate responsibilities. Individually their members will, of course, be free to join in any political party or none. Corporately they must remain outside party politics at the cost of forfeiting their rights to national responsibilities. It is an enormous subject, and covers an immense area in which discussion will be needed. If, however, the Cabinet has the courage to stick to its guns, to institute Payment of Members, and to refrain from encouraging Trade Unions to re-enter politics, the discussion will be worth entering on, for a new and rosier future for Trade Unionism will have dawned.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I FULLY expected that the "Daily News," in defiance of all diplomatic usage and commonsense, would call for the immediate recognition of the Portuguese Republic, and I was not disappointed. It did. And nevertheless it had been announced previously that the opinion of the Portuguese people as a whole had not been taken; that, indeed, the people were not yet ready for voting, and that before the elections came off a dictatorship of six months would be necessary. This dictatorship, it appeared, would be upheld by the Army and Navy; so here we have our old Bouverie Street friend calling out for so undemocratic a thing as the recognition by our Government of a military dictatorship. The "Daily News," in fact, has been down the area again. Why will people write on subjects which they know so little about?

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From a diplomatic standpoint, of course, the Portuguese Cortes elected not long ago are still in esse; and in the ordinary course the Republic cannot be officially recognised until new Cortes are summoned, for, let it be remembered, there is a Monarchist majority of thirty in the present Chamber. If the Republic were approved of by the majority of the nation, then their decision would be made known by a Republican majority in the next Cortes. If, however, there is a dictatorship for six months, the natural conclusion is that it will take the Provisional Government this time to subdue the monarchical influence in the country districts, which, indeed, is now being done. The Revolutionaries showed remarkable perspicacity in blocking the roads and railways and interrupting the telegraph service; for assuredly if the country regiments could have arrived in time a speedy end would have been put to the revolt. As it is, the Lisbon affair was in no sense a popular movement, pace the newspapers. It was a case of regiment against regiment, urged on by the bourgeois while the working classes mostly hid in the cellars. This information, indeed, is now beginning to filter into the columns of the Press, whose special correspondents tell a different story from that related by the passengers on the Asturias.

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In point of fact, no one who is at all acquainted with the Portuguese character will be in much doubt as to what has taken place. A set of fairly strong scoundrels have been hustled out of the way, and their places have been taken by a set of rather weak knaves. Formerly the elections were jerrymandered in favour of the Monarchists; now they will be jerrymandered in favour of the Republicans. In any case, the government of the country cannot well be worse, and there is always the chance that it may be better. A slight change has been made in its form; no change has been made in its character.

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Needless to say, Senhor Braga's proclamation did not impress me. The flamboyant rhetoric of the French Revolutionists is out of date in these days, and has long since lost its effect. The mild sarcasm of Confucius and the dictatorial maxims of Lao-Tse appeal more to the modern mind than the blustering of Robespierre and the turgidity of Barère. References to "austere morality" and "immaculate justice" and, above all, "order and work," far from arousing enthusiasm and patriotism, merely provoke a contemptuous and pitying smile from the philosopher and lead the labourer to scratch his head, even a Portuguese labourer. For what is this revolution based upon, this bourgeois revolution? Upon Positivism. And those of us who have wrestled with Positivism in our youthful days have always found that it contains not a single element that appeals to the imagination; nothing that makes allowance for the nature of man. Think of the English Positivists and die: Grote (yes, Grote dabbled in it), John Stuart Mill, Frederic Harrison. Is it not appalling?

* * *

Appalling, I say; for no one would look to the three estimable gentlemen I have named for any creative

work. In this they are at one with their Portuguese confrères; but woe to the revolutionary movement which is carried out by men lacking in imagination! Mill in particular, is the laughing-stock of modern Europe. To come to our Positivism again, however, what have we found it to be based upon? Upon mathematics in the first instance; for Comte was a man with a mathematical mind, and the trail of mathematics is over his sociological system. Fancy worshipping the great names of the past in lieu of a Divinity—why, the Chinese have been doing this with their ancestors for untold centuries! On the whole, it strikes me that Positivists are European Chinamen. I bear them no particular ill-will; for it takes all sorts to make a world, and everything is grist to the psychological mill. The Portuguese peasant, however, has little of the Chinaman in him.

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In truth, when I call this Portuguese revolution a bourgeois movement, I mean that it is bourgeois not only socially but also intellectually. The so-called free spirits of the new Provisional Government are merely tintured with the destructive and uncreative atheism which was so common in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Under the influence of Braga they have seized upon Positivism as a constructive policy, which is distinctly humorous. Hence the desire to get rid of the priests as quickly as possible, because even the Portuguese priests whom I have spoken to exhibited a certain ability to think. The Jesuits, being still more cultured, and their profound education is proverbial, are disliked still more. I admit that the priests should be held in check; but not by their intellectual inferiors.

* * *

King Manoel will probably come to reside in England, for Señor Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, has distinctly stated that, while his Government can manage to look after one King, it cannot be responsible for the safety of two. Besides this, all the sympathies of the English Court are with the Portuguese Royal family.

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In regard to the suggestion in some of the German papers that England and Germany should divide the Portuguese colonies, a rather curious story may be told. Some eight or nine years ago Germany, who had always been anxious to secure a coaling station in the Atlantic, asked the Portuguese Government for permission to establish a sanatorium on one of the Azores, Santa Maria, I believe. It was added that a coaling station might be necessary in connection with the sanatorium. The request was put before the British Government of the time, which replied that England would prevent by force any attempt on the part of Germany to establish a coaling-station in the Azores, either directly or indirectly. Speaking from memory I rather think that the sanatorium proposal was then dropped.

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While the hands of the Spanish revolutionaries may be strengthened to some extent by the Lisbon rising, it must not be assumed that Spain is equally ready for a Positivist Government. Lerroux, the Spanish revolutionary leader, is young and ignorant; Perez Galdós, the well-known novelist, is becoming old and rather stupid. Again, the Monarchist sympathisers in Spain have become more united and are now in a better position than previously to combat the revolutionary elements.

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Quietly during the last few months, however, Spain has been concentrating her troops round Tetuan and Melilla, and another Morocco outbreak may shortly be troubling us. In Spain, it must be recalled, these expeditions are ascribed by the majority to the malign influence of the Jesuits and not to King Alfonso personally. Nevertheless, the Iberian Peninsula will be a lively spot for some months to come.

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I have some grave news from Greece about the position of the dynasty, and unless matters are very tactfully handled the throne cannot be considered as safe.

The Uses of Osbornity.

By Cecil Chesterton.

II. Back Stairs or Front Door.

THE rich, as I have already pointed out, have the keys of our Constitution in their pockets along with other unconsidered trifles filched from the people. The main entrance which they themselves use is shut, bolted and barred against the poor. But there is, or was, a narrow back door by which a few selected and not very dangerous ex-workmen were allowed to creep in and take their places, though not without trepidation and awkwardness, at their masters' tables. The Osborne judgment means that that door is closed.

Now, my real and rooted objection to the present Labour agitation is this: that it involves the assumption that this system which made the path of the rich in politics broad and easy, and the path of the poor narrow and beset with difficulties, was a just and natural one, that the poor ought to be content with getting a few picked men into Parliament in certain picked constituencies, and that the wealthy political class ought to have the main part of the representation in their own hands. I do not like to see the representatives of Labour (that is to say of the People of England minus their exploiters) whining round the back door and begging that it may be opened to them once more. I would rather that they demanded the key of the main entrance.

The key of the main entrance is the Payment of Members and of candidates' election expenses by the nation. This reform, so long overdue, is, from the democratic point of view, so obviously just and necessary, that it seems waste of time to argue in favour of it, especially in *THE NEW AGE*. But some of its implications and consequences are not, perhaps, fully grasped even by those who enthusiastically endorse it. And these implications and consequences are important as explaining not only the hostility (open or covert) of the official parties, but the coldness and secret unwillingness of the Labour Party itself.

The effect of Payment of Members and of election expenses will undoubtedly be to make Members of Parliament less dependent on their party and more dependent on their constituencies. The latter point was actually urged by Mr. Balfour with innocent oligarchism as an argument against it. If members were paid, or I should rather say, if members other than those on the front benches were paid, out of public funds, they would, Mr. Balfour thinks, actually vote as their constituents wanted them to vote. Mr. Balfour does not seem to have asked himself what is the good of a representative system if it does not represent, or how one can be said to represent a constituency if he is in the habit of saying "Aye" when his constituents would say "No." But, however that may be, I do not think that there is any doubt that the effect of paying Members of Parliament would be that they would be called to stricter account by their constituents—to almost as strict account, perhaps, as they are now called by the secret Party Caucus. If they wanted to keep their seats and salaries they would have to toe the line. And this is right; for, though it may be heroic to champion an unpopular cause, you have no right to champion it at the expense of those who dislike it, still less to call yourself the "representative" of such people.

The second effect of the Payment of Members out of national funds would be that it would be far more difficult to maintain what is called "discipline" in a party. The most effective way of keeping a party together is by giving or promising members money if they are obedient and mulcting them of money if they are disobedient—in plain English, by corruption. Ever since Parliament became supreme in the State this has been the ordinary way of managing it, and it is the ordinary way of managing it to-day. The official parties do this partly by secretly paying the election expenses of subservient members and withdrawing such payment where the member is recalcitrant, partly by offering rewards in

the shape of highly paid offices to the "good boys" of the party. The Labour Party, having no highly-paid offices in its gift, is obliged to do the thing a little more crudely, by paying its members a fixed salary which they will lose if they break away from the party.

Now it is clear that if every member, so long as he satisfies his constituents, is paid a living wage out of the public purse, his temptation to subordinate his own convictions to those of his party will be very much reduced. If he is an honest man, he can stand by his own opinions without any danger of starving for them, while, even if his motives are sordid, he will be more afraid of offending his constituents, who can deprive him of his salary, than of offending the party managers who cannot. It is, therefore, certain that one effect of paying members would be a general loosening of party ties, and in no direction would this be felt more directly than in that of the Labour Party. I fancy the Socialist element in that party would have "bolted" long ago but for the pressure brought to bear on them by those who hold the purse-strings.

But there is one enormous advantage which Payment of Members has over the reversal of the Osborne judgment. It is that the poor man would, under such a system, enter Parliament as a citizen. The Labour men who entered Parliament by the use of the Trade Union funds came in by a special process different from that by which other members were returned. They were, not only in fact, but by the very theory of their position, exceptions. The psychological effect of this both on themselves and on the House can hardly be exaggerated. They became shy and self-conscious, as a workman would be in an upper-class drawing-room. They felt that the eyes of the world (that is of the governing class) were on them. They wished to show that they were not rowdies or bounders, that they were fit to associate with gentlemen. So, when the politicians complimented them on their "helpfulness" and assured them that they had thoroughly caught "the tone of the House" (as set by the rich), they were as gratified as a timid school-girl who receives a compliment from her mistress. The result is that their speech and behaviour in the House are quite different from their speech and behaviour at Trade Union Congresses and other assemblies of their own class. And all, at bottom, because, deep in their sub-consciousness, they have a sort of feeling that they have no real right to be there. Payment of Members is the public recognition of their right to be there, not as specialists tolerated on account of their "helpfulness," but as free citizens possessing the same right as all other citizens to take part in the government of the State.

Of course, I fully admit that the Payment of Members and of the official election expenses goes only a little way towards a solution of the problem. It would not of itself destroy the plutocratic power over the legislature, though I think it would considerably weaken it. But the returning officers' fees are, after all, only an infinitesimal part of the cost of elections, and so long as rich men can pour out money like water in order to win an election, the poor man will always be at a disadvantage. This may partly be met by limiting more strictly the amount which may be spent by anyone for electoral purpose, and by dealing drastically with the scandal of numerous "leagues" and "unions" notoriously formed for the purpose of supporting certain candidatures yet spending money which is not included in the election expenses. I also do not see why certain election expenses other than the returning officer's fees should not be paid for by the nation. I think at least every candidate ought to be allowed to print and circulate his election address, and, perhaps, a certain quantity of literature at the public expense.

But that is not all. I have not touched yet on the secret evil which is everywhere eating out the heart of England and quietly soaking our politics with silent, unseen corruption. How that evil may now be attacked and attacked on the principles laid down by the judges in the Osborne Case will be the subject of my concluding article.

Our Yesterdays.

By Holbein Bagman.

ALL history and biography and a great deal of science are accounts of what took place Yesterday, leading up by a chain of events to the circumstances that surround us To-day. This helps to explain the interest we take in past times and in dead races of men. The Yesterday of the world is, in fact, our Yesterday, having as much influence for good or for evil over our present condition as almost any act of our own. Civilisation and religion and agriculture and government are bequests from the days that have passed away. Even in little things we feel the close relation. The Greek knot in which the women of every English homestead bind their hair comes down from antiquity, from the women of Athens, who used it at least 500 years B.C., and in their turn received it from others. The art of stiffening linen with some kind of starch and ironing it in pleats and folds was practised in Egypt 6,000 years ago.

Nowadays science is having as much to say about past times as history itself. Yesterday, thanks to science, has grown to a position of much greater importance in human thinking than it ever held before. Evolution, that great word of science which explains our relationship to the lower animals and to plants, and our sensitiveness to the influence of climate and soil and everything else that is spoken of as environment,—evolution is a surprising new name for Yesterday. Yet another name is Heredity. Are you a promising craftsman? Do you possess any faculty of brain or hand or will which is capable of being trained into excellence? Then Yesterday has been kind to you. We find that men are most likely to tread in the path their fathers and grandfathers trod before them. Business aptitudes and talents are inherited. Several generations are needed to make a good cabinet-maker, a musician, or even a cricketer. Yesterday is often the largest part of us, our wisdom and our knowledge, our skill and our prosperity.

Yesterday, therefore, has printed itself upon our hands and our minds and all that we are. We carry its likeness in our very faces, which resemble those that time has covered, and even in our moral disposition. "The best part of every man is his mother." If we are at all proud of ourselves for any good reason, we ought to be very pious towards our parents and grandparents. Our health, innocence and understanding, if we possess these things, should make us good to the old folks who nursed our father and mother in infancy, whose heads time has silvered, whose feebleness and (it is possible) fatuousness we may be tempted to despise. The grandmother whom we take to live with us is ourself, our Yesterday, our virtue and sinew and bone. The more venerable she is in our regard of her the more good sense and piety belong to us.

Another name for Yesterday is "Our Country," and that is a name we hope for To-morrow as well. If we do not know or care for our country's history, what do we know of the hour in which we live To-day, of the blood that flows in our veins, of the qualities that make us Englishmen? We owe our country the piety of knowing something about her Yesterdays—enough to show us why she is great, and what it is that she has done to enable us to hold up our heads in pride of her. A great people in an hour of peril falls back upon the memory of its most heroic Yesterdays. Then it is that a nation of men who have done great deeds in the past reap again what they have sown. Demosthenes, when his country was hard pressed by an eager enemy, admonished his fellow citizens: "Communities, like individuals, should ever strive to mould their futures by the noblest chapters of their past. . . . You must identify yourselves with your country's best moments, and make yourselves feel that she was never more truly herself than when at her grandest." In matters of less moment, in business life and athletic life, what value is attached to Yesterdays! Once a record has been made it is the aim of the business house, or the football team, to keep it unbroken. In our personal and private life, Yesterday exercises the same influence. If we have

been used to telling the truth courageously, and to living honestly and fearlessly, it will be the harder for us to do the base deed, or show the white feather, at the present moment. We can make of Yesterday a powerful friend or a powerful foe, for Yesterday shapes To-morrow—very largely—and what is there to hinder us performing To-day some act which shall exercise a good influence over us when To-day in its turn shall have been transformed to Yesterday?

We look forward to what we hope for, we look back upon what we possess. In the past lie our securest possessions—our memories, our habits, our deeds, all our experience. Man has two religions—the religion of looking forward, which is Hope, and the religion of looking backward, which is Gratitude. Piety towards Yesterday is one of the roots of wisdom in man. How often we do not know that we have been fortunate until the fortunate days have gone by and left us with no other hold upon them than a golden picture in the memory. No sooner has To-day become Yesterday, and we look back upon it, than we are aware that it had a beauty that we failed to notice. Everyone of us has pictures of the past treasured in recollection, sacred Yesterdays, lying all beautiful in his thoughts, and none of us can escape a feeling of tender pleasure in the past, which I say once more is piety. Even our faults and mistakes make us grateful to them. They taught us so much. I think we can hardly care for the present time and for our To-morrows if we do not preserve tender and grateful recollections of our Yesterdays. It is the past in his soul as much as any present good thing that he enjoys which sweetens a man's nature, and makes him confident and kind for what of life remains for him. So much we owe to the religion of Yesterday. Tender affection, tender memory towards Yesterday will teach us so much for To-day. They will teach us gratitude for sunshine and sweet air, for human voices and human faces, for knowledge and skill and freedom and health and power. We must love the past, or we shall fail to love, while it is yet with us, the good that life holds.

There is one way of thinking about Yesterday in which I find no pleasure. There are people who tell us that, reaping what we have sowed, we shall be punished in this life or the next, for every fault and every past error. I rather think not. I think many of our Yesterdays get altogether buried and done with, and have no power to threaten us with consequences and penalties for actions which we could not repeat. I wish I might reap as much profit from many of my good deeds as I have already done from certain of my sins; I should grow the faster. It is true that many faults and mistakes are bound to follow us with evil effects, but not all. All would, if we went on with them, but what can faults do if we cast them away? They are then forgiven and forgotten by God and man. It is true that we can involve other people in suffering by our misdeeds, and the suffering may be long-lived. Some Yesterdays overshadow not only our lives, but the lives of others with the evil harvest we sowed in them, and that is a terrible thing to think about, and a warning to us to act heedfully as we may. If evil comes to us, however, through our own fault or another's, we must be robust to put up with it and contend with it, and change it as far as possible into good. The history of fault and error and weakness is for the most part the history of growing out of fault, and getting free from any terror of Yesterday. The spirit in man can strive and uplift itself and make To-day a better day, notwithstanding the faults of Yesterday. Even if our wills are determined they are still an unknown quantity, and there are unexpected furtherances of good endeavour. We remember our good actions and we forget our bad—that is life's way with us if we are living with vigour. Memory means kindly by us. We shall not be called to account for every fault if we are casting away our faults. For every living spirit To-day is a new day, with new hopes and new responsibilities, and Yesterday is no terror to it and no chain, but an encouragement, or a warning, or a spur to aid us in looking forward.

En Voyage; or, The Traveller in England.

By Vincent O'Sullivan.

CONSIDER, as a preliminary, the boredom of the Commercial traveller. To mount daily into the same dusty railway carriage; to change daily from one town long ago explored to another still less novel; to meet the inevitable 'bus at the station; to descend at the invariable hostel; to swallow the eternal strong tea; to pass the evening in the dreary "commercial room," surrounded by maps, railway guides, business directories, pens and ink, and matches; to be dependent for company on the chances of the inn; to seek refuge in a stifled sleep in an uneasy chair, only to be roused by a "boots" turning off the lights; to stumble to an unrestful couch and long for the morning: all that seems about as much as one can stand in the way of penitential desolation. The localised man, no doubt, regards enviously the chances and changes of the travelling life, but he knows not his own happiness. For the irony of the Commercial traveller's situation is, that what his fellow travellers are doing as a means to some form of excitement, he, poor wretch, is doing as a task. How bitterly he would smile at the physician who should prescribe him "a little change!" The very taste for reading he manifests proclaims how heavily winged are his hours. It is astonishing how a dull railway journey will encourage a dependence on printed matter in the most unlitrary. I myself, in a train that for hours through a summer's day stopped at every wayside station, feeling that I must either read or go mad, have read carefully a two-columned article which described the working of a large furniture store in the London suburbs. And this explains how it is that the gentleman in a frock-coat, with a morose, unhappy look, who sometimes descends from the train you are about to enter, has resisted the blandishments of the comic papers he has left strown on the floor behind him. He has tried them merely as a drowsy physic.

He needs it, I think. You, however, may think not. You may think I have stood the traveller in a light too lurid, and encumbered him with superfluous sympathy. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps the traveller reads the comic papers, not as a resource, but with passionate interest. Certainly you have it on your side that another kind of traveller, beside whose boredom the boredom of the Commercial traveller dwindles to insignificance, whose existence, in fact, is one huge yawn, relies hardly at all on printed matter to sharpen an appetite for life which becomes hourly duller.

Who is this? you ask, perturbed. *Circumspice!* At this season of the year the American has dropped into London on the way home. You meet him and her in all the big streets of the West End, vague-looking, tired-looking, slow. Time, you perceive, has no meaning for them—no meaning and no importance. In their own idiom, they burn time. Seeing them, you may have envied them. They have—many of them at all events—plenty of money. With the impetus to imagination which the idea of anyone possessing much money gives, you picture them, perhaps, in a swirl of dissipation: horse racing, yacht racing, attending Anglo-American marriages. Alas! Disconcerted, we discover that it is quite otherwise. Disconcerted; because it is so hard for us to realise that to have money is nothing unless you have the art of life to boot. I have heard of a lady of great wealth who, finding herself always unwell, became convinced that the one means to regain her pristine health was to give away all her money. Her friends, of course, considered her mad, and employed lawyers and doctors to erect barricades. Now, there was really nothing so mad in her notion that her riches were the cause of her ill-health, and that she would be better poor. It is, in truth, quite probable. But where the poor lady gave herself away, and offered a plausible excuse to her detractors, was in her choice of beneficiaries. These, if you please, were the Zulus. For what would the Zulus find to do with your bank notes,

your sovereigns, your small change? A few spear-heads, a few feathers and beads, much liquor—there would be about the sum of their innocent pleasures. These satisfied, the Zulus would feel an imperious need of getting rid of their superfluous cash. They would burn it, they would bury it in the sand, rather than have it lying around.

Well, have you never connected this revolt against useless possession with the long stations of our travellers in the dressmakers' rooms for the purchase of unnecessary expensive apparel? Sometimes you even find them buying not only what they don't need, but what they don't want to buy. The jewels, too! Whenever you see a woman in private life extensively bedecked with diamonds, you may know that she is simple and barbaric, and that her life has terribly arid spaces of vapidness and boredom which she dreads. Many of my travellers affront the noon-day sun in diamonds.

There is an hotel in London where they gather in large numbers in the courtyard, and I often go there to watch them. Here they are seeing Europe, and what strikes a pathetic foreign note, not without symbolism, they are seeing it sitting on the pavement. The Englishman is shy of sitting out of doors in town; old instincts of privacy surge; he feels himself obnubilated by the street. But these people, from long training, take publicity easily: they come from a country where privacy is suspicious and desired by none but criminals. Do you perceive any sign of *trac* in the nonchalant attitudes around you? On the contrary, what is most pervasive is an overpowering atmosphere of listlessness, of boredom. Here they sit publicly in the various stages of doing nothing. No interest gleams in those half-shut eyes. A few, I think, are positively asleep. Should there occur an altercation with a cabman, they brisk up wonderfully; the day has not been altogether lost. The question with them, you see, the literally appalling question, is how to get through the day. They have begun the day confidently: reminding themselves sternly that they were on a tour of pleasure, they have sallied forth at some miserable hour of the morning dressed in a feverish hope. But sights pall or fail; some must be left for to-morrow; there only remains the refuge of the hotel, where they sit spurring their flagging energies with the thought that they are enjoying themselves, and that all this will be good to talk about when they get home. They dare not reflect, poor things, how much happier they would be, or rather—for your true American is never happy—how much better they would like it, at Rockaway Beach or Naragansett Pier.

For these here are some of the true Americans, the backbone of the country, with their engaging naiveté and candour and simple boastfulness—not the absurd people who are scrambling to get into some kind of society or other in some European capital, and to marry their daughter to a title. About many of the people here hangs the fragrance of the Hawthorne romances and the stories of Miss Wilkins. They reveal themselves in the plaintive voices of the women. A girl passing brushes against my shoulder. "Pardon me," she says. She is very pretty, with the wistful, tired, American prettiness; she is very provincial, notwithstanding the up-to-dateness of her dress; she is, one sees, very lonely. That gentleman yonder, who has just sat down, looks weary and lonely too. The dust on his boots has been gathered at the Tower, the British Museum, the Mint. The Mint!—think of that! Have you ever been at the Mint? Have you ever even been at the British Museum? But as for these people here—you will think I am going a little too far when I say I have met some of them in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. I leave that statement bare. Its very enormity dispenses with proof. People don't invent things like that.

Such fathomless boredom could not, of course, be endured by the most patient without intervals of relief. Various means offer—many of them questionable—and are snatched at desperately. The frequent appearances of Americans at the police courts, who, having taken up

with rogues whom they met in some bar, have eventually found themselves swindled of their money, is not to be put down so much to the native simplicity of the American, as to a general atrophy of the faculties induced by boredom. Find the same man in Chicago leading his usual life and he will discourage the stealthiest "crook." Here, irresponsible and demoralised in a foreign land, he takes his company with the chance of being robbed. Nay, he is not too much surprised when that happens: it is one more traveller's tale come true.

But by far the greatest part of our travellers forgo these moody experiences, content with the soluble mysteries of the theatre. Surely, all the opprobrious words that have been fired at the British drama must lose their sting in face of its medicinal uses for American travellers. The day with its sights is over; the evening meal is eaten; night cries fretfully from the avenues and squares. An agitation is in the air, a heady excitement for those who can arrive at it, which intensifies the loneliness of those who can't. Boredom with its thousand claws leers in the corners of hotel rooms. Then, at this moment of crisis, the words of safety are uttered in all the accents from Idaho to Connecticut: "Well, I guess we'll get round to the theatre." And there, before the sparkling damsels with their personally-conducted smiles, and the top-hatted peers of musical-comedy, our travellers feel that they have at length got into touch with English domestic life.

The Unfinished Story.

By O. Henry.

(Reprinted from *McClure's Magazine*, August, 1905.)

WE no longer groan and heap ashes upon our heads when the flames of Tophet are mentioned. For even the preachers have begun to tell us that God is radium, or ether, or some scientific compound, and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis; but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination, and without the possibility of being controverted. You may talk of your dreams; and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incompetent witnesses; and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme—chosen with apologies and regrets instead of the more limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable, and lamented bar-of-judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind; but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles, and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

"Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked.

"Who are they?" was my answer.

"Why," said he, "they are——"

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department-store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the ledger kept by G—— Oh! primal energy, you say, Reverend Doctor—well, then, in the Ledger of Primal Energy.

During her first year in the store, Dulcie was paid five

dollars per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well; probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on six dollars per week.

One afternoon at six, when Dulcie was sticking her hatpin within an eighth of an inch of her medulla oblongata, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say, Sade, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly. "Well, ain't you the lucky one? Piggy's an awful swell; and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music, and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulce."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's—real life's—approaching dawn. It was Friday; and she had fifty cents left of her last week's wages.

The streets were filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odoured petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap, and bought an imitation lace collar with her fifty cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise—fifteen cents for supper, ten cents for breakfast, ten cents for lunch; another dime was to be added to her small store of savings; and five cents was to be squandered for liquorice drops—the kind that make your cheek look like the toothache, and last as long. The liquorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding-house. In a furnished room, other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room—the third floor back in a West Side brownstone-front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas burners; and one may stand on a chair and dig at it in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth-candle-power glow we will observe the room.

Couch-bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's. On the dresser were her treasures—a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle works, a book on the divination of dreams, some rice powder in a glass dish, and a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon. Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster-of-paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon-coloured child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art; but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at seven. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.

For the room Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On week-days her breakfast cost ten cents; she made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant, at a cost of twenty-five cents—and tipped the

waitress ten cents. New York presents so many temptations for one to run into extravagance. She had her lunches in the department-store restaurant at a cost of sixty cents for the week; dinners \$1.05. The evening papers—show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper!—came to six cents; and two Sunday papers—one for the personal column and the other to read—were ten cents. The total amounts to \$4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes and—

I give it up. I hear of wonderful bargains in fabrics, and of miracles performed with needle and thread; but I am in doubt. I hold my pen poised in vain when I would add to Dulcie's life some of those joys that belong to woman by virtue of all the unwritten, sacred, natural, inactive ordinances of the equity of heaven. Twice she had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobby-horses. 'Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him, an undeserved stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine. The words-of-three-letters lesson in the old blue spelling book begins with Piggy's biography. He was fat; he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat, and the magnanimity of a cat. . . . He wore expensive clothes; and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shop-girl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea. He hung about the shopping districts, and prowled around in department-stores with his invitations to dinner. Men who escort dogs upon the streets at the end of a string look down upon him. He is a type; I can dwell upon him no longer; my pen is not the kind intended for him; I am no carpenter.

At ten minutes to seven Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the wrinkly mirror. The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but-slightly-soiled gloves—all representing self-denial, even of food itself—were vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment except that she was beautiful, and that life was about to lift a corner of its mysterious veil for her to observe its wonders. No gentleman had ever asked her out before. Now she was going for a brief moment into the glitter and exalted show.

The girls said that Piggy was a "spender." There would be a grand dinner, and music, and splendidly dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls' jaws when they tried to tell about them. No doubt she would be asked out again. There was a blue pongee suit in a window that she knew; by saving twenty cents a week instead of ten, in—let's see—oh, it would run into years! But there was a second-hand store in Seventh Avenue where—

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for cooking by stolen gas.

"A gentleman's downstairs to see you," she said. "Name is Mr. Wiggins."

By such epithet was Piggy known to unfortunate ones who had to take him seriously.

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief; and then she stopped still, and bit her under lip hard. While looking in her mirror she had seen fairyland and herself, a princess, just awakening from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful stern eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did. Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

"Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked, Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful moustache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that

stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house sometime, and ask for her, with his sword clanking against his high boots. Once, when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamp-post, she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan, leading his army against the savage Turks; and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

When her cry was over, Dulcie got up and took off her best dress, and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of "Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. After that was attended to, she drew up a chair to the rickety table, and told her fortune with an old deck of cards.

"The horrid impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At nine o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk, and had a feast. She offered General Kitchener some jam on a cracker; but he only looked at her as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly—if there are butterflies in the desert.

"Don't eat it if you don't want to," said Dulcie. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on six dollars a week."

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexcusable; for she had always thought he was Henry VIII., and she did not approve of him.

At half past nine Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light, and skipped into bed. It is an awful thing to go to bed with a good-night look at General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini.

This story doesn't get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later—sometime when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way; and then—

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working girls, and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

A Christmas Tree and a Wedding.

(Translated from the Russian of F. M. Dostoyevsky
by R. S. Townsend.)

THE other day I saw a wedding, but no, I had better tell you about the Christmas tree first. The wedding was very fine, but the other event was much more entertaining. I don't know why the wedding reminded me of the Christmas tree, but it happened in this way. Exactly five years ago on Christmas eve I was invited to a children's party. The host was one of those well-known business men with connections, many acquaintances, intrigues, etc., so that one might have thought the party was given as an excuse for parents to come together and talk over certain interesting matters in a most casual and innocent manner. Being an outsider and having no interesting matters to talk about, I was allowed to spend the evening in a sufficiently independent way.

There was yet another man who it seemed was also a stranger, and who, like me, had accidentally fallen

upon this family happiness. He was one of the first to catch my eyes. A tall, meagre individual, very serious and elegantly dressed, but one could see at a glance that he was quite uninterested in the merry-making. When he retired into a corner he at once ceased smiling and frowned heavily. Besides the host, he seemed not to know a single soul. He was evidently frightfully bored, but, nevertheless, held out bravely to the end in the part of a perfectly enchanted guest. I learnt afterwards that he was a provincial who had a very important affair in the capital and had come to our host with a letter of introduction, and whom our host patronised not at all *con amore*, and had invited to the party out of sheer politeness. Nobody entered into conversation with him or offered him a cigar, and as there were no card tables our provincial seemed at a loss to know what to do with his hands. To keep them employed he kept stroking his side whiskers incessantly during the whole evening. The whiskers were certainly very fine, and from the ardour with which he stroked them one might have thought that the whiskers were created first and foremost and the man added afterwards in order to stroke them.

Besides this person there was yet another man who took my fancy, but this was a great personage: he was called Julian Mastakovitch, and he was obviously a much respected guest. He stood in exactly the same relation to our host as our host to the man of the side whiskers. Both the host and hostess treated him with unbounded affability, hovered round him, introduced all their guests to him, their eyes even filled with tears when Julian Mastakovitch happened to remark that he rarely spent an evening in such a pleasant manner.

I felt quite overawed in the presence of this great personage, so that after admiring the little ones I withdrew into a small sitting room which happened to be quite empty at the time and sat down in a sort of floral bower which occupied almost half the room.

The children were delightfully sweet and most emphatically did not wish to be like their elders in spite of all the admonitions of mammas and governesses. They stripped the Christmas tree in the twinkling of an eye to the last *bon-bon* and had succeeded in breaking half the toys before they even knew whom they were intended for. Especially sweet was a curly, dark-eyed little fellow who wanted to shoot at me with his wooden gun, but of all the children the one who attracted the most attention was the sister of this boy, a child of eleven, beautiful as the day, quiet, thoughtful, with large dreamy eyes. The others seemed to have offended her, and so she retired into the room where I sat and occupied herself with her doll. A short time ago I had seen someone point to her father, a rich farmer, and had overheard a whisper to the effect that he had already put by thirty thousand roubles for her dowry.

Julian Mastakovitch was standing close by the gossipers with his hands behind him, his head a little on one side, listening to their talk with extraordinary attention.

After some time I found myself wondering at the marvellous wisdom shown by our hosts in the distribution of the prizes. The little girl with the thirty thousand roubles dowry received a most expensive doll, then followed presents graduated in value according to the respective ranks of the parents of the happy recipient. The last child, a boy of about nine, red haired, freckled, thin and undergrown, was given a story book which expanded upon the beauties of nature, the tears of emotion, etc., without pictures, and even unbound. He was the son of our host's governess, a certain poor widow. The boy was dressed in a coat of some wretched material, and seemed extremely crushed and frightened. After receiving his little book he hovered round the other toys for a long time; he longed to play with the other children, but dared not, evidently feeling and understanding his position.

I am very fond of observing children; their first independent appearance in society is very curious. I noticed that the red-haired boy envied the rich toys and games of the other children, especially the theatre,

in which he longed to take a part, to such an extent that he decided to cringe. He smiled, lost in games to the others on purpose, gave up his apple to another boy who had a handkerchief full of goodies tied to his waist; he even decided to give one of them a ride on his back so that they shouldn't turn him away from the theatre, but in spite of all his efforts a rather impudent little fellow soon elbowed him out of the way. His mother at once appeared and forbade him to interfere in the other children's games. The poor boy dared not cry, but walked away crestfallen and came into the room where the little girl sat playing with her doll. She made room for him by her side and they continued playing together.

I had been sitting for nearly an hour, and almost dozed off whilst listening to the chatter of the red-haired boy and the beauty with the thirty thousand roubles dowry, when suddenly Julian Mastakovitch entered the room. He had evidently seized an opportune moment in which to slip out of the drawing-room. A short time ago I had seen him talking to the little girl's father whose acquaintance he had only just made, about the preference of one kind of service over another. When he entered the room he was intently calculating something on his fingers.

"Three hundred. . . Three hundred. . ." he muttered to himself. Eleven. . . Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen. . . Five years. At 4 per cent., let us say, it might be four thousand. At any rate it's bound to be fifty thousand in all, deducting something for the trousseau."

He finished his calculations and was just about to leave the room when his eye fell upon the little girl, and he stopped short. He could not see me through the greenery. He seemed extremely excited and could scarcely contain himself; he rubbed his hands, peered round cautiously, and drew near the little girl on tip-toe. He approached her with a smile, bent down and kissed her forehead. The child screamed at this unexpected attack.

"What are you doing here, my dear child?" he asked, stroking her cheek and peering round cautiously at the same time.

"Playing," answered the child.

"Are you playing with him?" Julian Mastakovitch pointed to the boy.

"Go into the drawing-room, little one," he said to him.

The boy sat still and gazed at him with wide-open eyes. Julian Mastakovitch looked round and again bent over the little girl.

"What have you got there, dear child? A doll?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the little girl.

"Do you know what your doll is made of, little one?"

"No."

"It's made of rags, dear. Go into the drawing-room to your chums," he said severely to the little boy.

The children clung to one another.

"Do you know why they gave you a doll?" asked Julian Mastakovitch, lowering his voice.

At this point Julian Mastakovitch peered round more cautiously than ever, and dropping his voice still lower asked tremulously:

"Will you love me, dear child, when I come to visit your parents?"

He again attempted to kiss the child, who was almost on the verge of tears, when the red-haired boy began to whimper out of sympathy for her.

"Get out! Get out of here!" Julian Mastakovitch cried angrily. "Go into the drawing-room to your chums!"

"Don't! Don't go! Leave him alone! You go away!" burst out the little girl.

At this moment a noise was heard in the door-way and Julian Mastakovitch drew himself up nervously; the red-haired boy, quite terrified by this time, ran away into the dining-room. I suppose in order to avoid suspicion Julian Mastakovitch also went into the dining-room. He was as red as a lobster and seemed annoyed

with himself for his recent behaviour. It may be that he was so carried away by his calculations that he was led to act in the undignified manner of a school-boy going straight for the thing he wants.

I followed them into the dining-room and was met by a strange sight.

Julian Mastakovitch, red to the ears, was bullying the little boy, who was backing away from him, but evidently too frightened to run away.

"Get out! What are you doing here? Stealing fruit, eh? You good-for-nothing! Get out!"

The boy, resolving on desperate measures, crawled under the table. Julian Mastakovitch took out a large pocket-handkerchief and began striking the boy with it under the table. I may say that Julian Mastakovitch was rather stout and the effort made him puff and pant horribly.

I was so amused at the spectacle that I burst out laughing. Julian Mastakovitch turned round, and on catching sight of me became somewhat confused, but at this moment our host entered the room from the opposite direction. The boy crept out from under the table, brushed his elbows and knees, and Julian Mastakovitch instantly raised the handkerchief to his nose.

Our host was somewhat perplexed, but being a man of the world and allowing no occasion to slip by, he instantly availed himself of the happy chance of finding his distinguished visitor alone.

"This is the boy about whom I had the honour. . . ." he began.

"Ah!" exclaimed Julian Mastakovitch, who had scarcely had time to collect himself.

"He is the son of my children's governess. . . . a widow, poor woman. Could you if possible. . . .?"

"No! No!" hastily put in Julian Mastakovitch. "Excuse me, but it's quite impossible. There isn't a vacancy, and even if there were, I have already ten other candidates with far more claim than he has. I'm very sorry."

"I'm sorry," repeated our host; "the boy is very deserving."

"A mischievous rascal as far as I can see," Julian Mastakovitch remarked, smiling nervously. "What are you standing there for?" he asked, turning to the boy. "Go into the drawing-room."

At this point I could no longer contain myself and laughed aloud. Julian Mastakovitch stared at me and asked the host who I was. They left the room whispering together.

In a short while I returned to the drawing-room, where at that moment a rather portly person was standing surrounded by fathers, mothers, host and hostess, talking very ardently to a lady who held a little girl by the hand, the heroine of the scene with Julian Mastakovitch. The portly person was holding forth on the beauty and graciousness of well brought up children, and turned especially to the mother of the little girl, who with tears in her eyes listened proudly whilst the father stood by smiling. Our host and hostess were filled with joy at the general flow of emotion; the children's games had to be stopped so as not to interrupt their elders. The air was filled with reverence.

A few moments later I overheard the happy mother of the little girl ask Julian Mastakovitch very graciously if he would be kind enough to call upon them, and the latter accept the invitation with alacrity. I was standing close by and asked aloud of an acquaintance if the gentleman was married.

Julian Mastakovitch gave me a spiteful look.

"No," replied my acquaintance, annoyed at my clumsiness.

A few days ago on passing a certain church my attention was attracted by a crowd gathered outside. They were talking about a wedding. My curiosity being aroused, I elbowed my way through and caught sight of the bridegroom—a short, round, very much dressed up little man—running to and fro giving orders. In a minute or two the bride appeared, a beautiful young girl of about sixteen. She was sad and pale, and her

eyes were stained with tears. Her severe classic features added a certain dignity to her beauty, but behind it one could see a perfectly naive child.

I looked again at the bridegroom and recognised Julian Mastakovitch, whom I had not seen since the evening of the children's party about five years ago. I examined the bride more carefully. "My God!"

From the gossip of the crowd I learnt that the bride was very rich. "A dowry of fifty thousand roubles, and such a trousseau!" someone remarked.

At all events, his calculations were correct, I thought, as I pushed my way out of the crowd.

M. Debussy's Musical Impressions.

(Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich.)

ON Good Friday the symphonic concerts are called "spirituel." One has never understood why, seeing that the compositions which are played "spiritually" are the same as on other occasions. This year M. Colonne proclaimed himself "spirituel" by embellishing his programme with an ornamental and varied group of virtuosos. It was an occasion for allowing oneself to be crushed with cosmopolitan ardour. I think I may also affirm that on this evening the regular habitués were inconvenienced by the close proximity of persons more eager to watch orchestral pantomimes than to experience artistic emotions. The magnetic attraction exercised by the virtuoso on the public seems to be somewhat similar to that which draws a multitude to a circus. There is always the hope that something dangerous will be attempted. M. Ysaye will play, and at the same time he will balance M. Colonne on his shoulders, or M. Pugno, as a finale to his piece, will hold up the piano with his teeth. None of these acrobatic feats are essayed.

Ysaye played the Concerto in G for violin of J. S. Bach as he alone can without appearing in any way an extraneous factor to the music. He possesses that freedom of expression, that apparently unstudied beauty of tone, which are gifts essentially necessary for the interpretation of this master. This was all the more noticeable, as the rest of the execution was heavy and laboured. It seems as if the accumulated weight of past centuries was heaped on to Bach's music when it is played in this rigid way. Yet this concerto is an admirable work among many others already inscribed in the note books of the great Bach. One finds in it almost intact that "musical arabesque," or rather the substance of the "ornament," which is the basis of all art modes. The word ornamental has no connection here with the meaning given to it by the musical grammars. The primitifs, Palestrina, Vittoria, Orlando di Lasso, were mindful of this divine "arabesque." They found its germ in Gregorian chant, and they supported its slender convolutions with strong resisting counterpoint. When Bach began again to use the "arabesque" he made it more supple, more plastic, and, in spite of the severe discipline which this great master imposed on beauty, it was able to move with that free and ever-recurring fancy which is still a wonder at this epoch in which we live.

In Bach's music one is struck not so much by the character of the melody as by its curve; more often even it is the parallel movement of several lines of which the accidental or accepted conjunction stirs the emotions. By this ornamental conception music acquires the certainty of a piece of machinery for impressing the public and for evoking imagery. It must not be imagined that it is anything unnatural or artificial. On the contrary, it is infinitely more "true to life" than those little human cries which are tentatively murmured by the lyrical drama. Above all, the music keeps its dignity; it never condescends to adapt itself to the sentimental demands of those of whom it is said that they "like music." But it prides itself on

compelling, if not their devotion, at any rate their respect. It must have been easily noticed that one has never heard anyone whistling Bach. . . This particular glory has not been denied to Wagner. On the boulevards, at the hour when the captives of pleasure are coming out of the prison-houses of music, they may happen to hear the Spring Song and the opening phrase of the Meistersingers being merrily whistled. I know very well that for many this is the highest honour that can be paid to their music. Nevertheless, without any desire to appear singular, one may be of a different opinion. I must add that this ornamental conception of the art has completely disappeared; people have succeeded in domesticating music. . . After all, it comes in handy for parents who are puzzled what to do with a child—the career of a brilliant engineer is terribly overcrowded—so they arrange for him to learn music: it is only one mediocrity more. If now and again some genius tries to shake off the heavy yoke of tradition, people set to work to kill him with ridicule; then the poor genius makes up his mind to die quite young, and he finds that this is the only enterprise for which he is given hearty encouragement.

But to return to M. Ysaye, who subsequently played a transcription of his own of a study in waltz form of M. Camille Saint Saëns. In this composition Ysaye displayed more virtuosity than art. This annoyed some exceedingly severe individuals who clearly showed their small amount of taste for the expenditure of such a large measure of virtuosity on a mere trifle. Some folk can never understand a joke; why, therefore, should a sense of humour be forbidden to M. Saëns?

M. Pugno next gave a performance of a concerto of Mozart, which could not be badly played, so well written is it for the piano. Of course, as usual, he transcended it. In the interval Herr A. Van Rooy, of the Bayreuth Opera, sang Wolfram's lied from the song competition (second act of "Tannhäuser") with so much charm that one almost forgot to notice its uniform dullness. Good Lord! but this air is of competitive examination calibre. And to such an extent is it so that one succeeds in finding an excuse for the military allegro with which Tannhäuser emphasises the gentle Wolfram's noble and wearisome eloquence. However, this does not prevent the said Wolfram singing "The Evening Star" a quarter of an hour afterwards. This Wolfram is incorrigible. M. A. Van Rooy then sang three Schubert lieder. They are inoffensive these lieder; they retain the scent of the inside of old chests of drawers belonging to quiet old maids in country parishes—faded bits of ribbon, dried flowers, old-fashioned photographs—only the same effect is reiterated during interminable verses, and by the time the third is sung one asks oneself if there is any possibility of getting our national Paul Delmet on to the platform to demonstrate the variety of vibrations contained in his fine metallic vocal chords. M. A. Van Rooy finally sang Wotan's "Farewell"; its pyrotechnical display has an unfailing influence on every kind of public. He strove with the orchestra without any detriment to his voice, and the tempest of applause assured him of this once and for all.

The Ninth Symphony.

The choral symphony has been surrounded by a mesh of words and important epithets. Together with the celebrated smile of the Gioconda, which has been persistently labelled "mysterious," it is the chef d'œuvre which has heard the greatest amount of nonsense. That it has not been buried under the mass of prose it has provoked is astonishing. Wagner contemplated completing its orchestration; others imagined they might explain its signification by luminous tableaux; finally, this intelligible work has been used as a kind of conundrum to provoke public curiosity. Even admitting that it contains a good deal of mystery, one could perhaps elucidate it; but is it worth while?

Beethoven was not at all literary, at any rate

not in the present sense of that adjective. He had an overweening love for music; it gave him all the passion and joy so cruelly denied him by Fate. Perhaps one should look upon the Choral Symphony as a still stronger indication of his lofty pride in his art and nothing more. A little note book, in which the leading idea of the finale to this symphony had been recorded in over two hundred different ways, testifies to his determined research and to the purely musical nature of the thoughts that prompted the work—(Schiller's verses have there only a sonorous value). He wanted this idea virtually to sum up his actual development, and if in itself it is of marvellous beauty it is also magnificent, because it responded so completely to his expectations. A more successful example is not to be found of the pliant conformity of an idea to its proposed form; each of its bounds is a fresh joy; and this without fatigue, without appearing to repeat itself, seemingly like the imaginary budding of a tree whose leaves would all sprout forth at one and the same moment. In this work of such enormous proportions there is nothing useless, not even the andante which some modern aesthetes have pronounced too long. Is it not a respite delicately foreseen between the rhythmic persistence of the scherzo and the instrumental torrent leading the voices irresistibly to the glory of the finale? Besides this, Beethoven had written eight other symphonies; the number nine must have impressed itself on his mind in an almost fatalistic manner and forced him to surpass himself. I do not think anyone can doubt that he succeeded. As to the overflowing humanity which broke through the traditional barriers of the symphony, it came from his soul inebriated with the desire for freedom, and which, by irony of fate, was an oppressed prisoner behind golden bars erected by the mistaken kindness of the rich and powerful. Beethoven must have suffered acutely from this treatment, and he must have longed ardently that all the human race should have been in communion with him: hence that cry sent by the thousand voices of his genius to his "brethren": to the humblest as well as to the poorest. Has he been heard by these? A disturbing question. The Choral Symphony was played on Good Friday under M. Chevillard's direction with a comprehension which raises that conductor above the greatest. In the same programme were some of Richard Wagner's unpalatable chefs d'œuvre. "Tannhäuser," "Siegfried," "Lohengrin" once again insisted upon their separate claims to their rightful liet-motifs! The austere and straightforward mastership of the old Beethoven triumphed easily over these high-helmeted and somewhat unqualified phrasemongers.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

HENRI BECQUE, one of the greatest dramatists of the nineteenth century, and certainly the greatest realistic French dramatist, died at the close of the century in all the odour of obliquity. His work is now the chief literary topic in Paris, and it has indeed rivalled the Portuguese revolution and the French railway strike as a subject of conversation among people who talk like sheep run. This dizzy popularity has been due to an accident, but it is, nevertheless, a triumph for Becque, who until recently had won the esteem only of the handful of people who think for themselves. I should say that no first-class modern French author is more perfectly unknown and uncared for in England than Henri Becque. I once met a musical young woman who had never heard of Ibsen (she afterwards married a man with twelve thousand a year—such is life!), but I have met dozens and scores of enormously up-to-date persons who had never heard of Henri Becque. The most fantastic and the most exotic foreign plays have been performed in England, but I doubt if the London curtain has ever yet risen on a play of Becque's. Once in Soho, a historic and highly ceremonious repast took place. I

entertained a personage to afternoon tea in a restaurant where afternoon tea had never been served before. This personage was the President of the Incorporated Stage Society. He asked me if I knew anything about a French play called "La Parisienne." I replied that I had seen it oftener than any other modern play, and that it was the greatest modern play of my acquaintance. He then enquired whether I would translate it for the Stage Society. I said I should be delighted to translate it for the Stage Society. He expressed joy and said the Committee would sit on the project. I never heard any more. No doubt the Committee sat on it.

* * *

Becque wrote two absolutely first-class modern realistic plays. One was "La Parisienne." The other was "Les Corbeaux." Once, when I was in Paris, I saw exposed among a million other books in front of the window of Stock's shop near the Théâtre Français, a copy of "Les Corbeaux." Opening it, I perceived that it was an example of the first edition (1882). I asked the price, and to my horror the attendant hesitated and said that he would "see." I feared the price was going to be fancy. He came back and named four francs, adding, "It's our last copy." I paid the four francs willingly. On examining my trophy I saw that it was published by Tresse. Now Stock became Tresse's partner before he had that business to himself. I had simply bought the play at the original house of its publication. And it had fallen to me, after some twenty-five years, to put the first edition of "Les Corbeaux" out of print! I went home and read the play and was somewhat disappointed with it. I thought it very fine in its direct sincerity, but not on the same plane as "La Parisienne."

* * *

Antoine, founder of the Théâtre Libre, director of the Théâtre Antoine during brilliant years, and now director of the Odéon (which he has raised from the dead), was always a tremendous admirer of Becque. It was through Antoine that Paris had such magnificent performances of "La Parisienne." He had long expressed his intention of producing "Les Corbeaux," and now he has produced "Les Corbeaux" at the Odéon, where it has been definitely accepted and consecrated as a masterpiece. I could not refrain from going to Paris specially to see it. It was years since I had been in the Odéon. Rather brighter, perhaps, in its more ephemeral decorations, but still the same old-fashioned, roomy, cramped, provincial theatre, with pit-tier boxes like the cells of a prison! The audience was good. It was startlingly good for the Odéon. The play, too, at first seemed old-fashioned—in externals. It has bits of soliloquies and other dodges of technique now demoded. But the first act was not half over before the extreme modernness of the play forced itself upon you. Tchekov is not more modern. The picture of family life presented in the first act was simply delightful. All the bitterness was reserved for the other acts. And what superb bitterness! No one can be so cruel as Becque to a "sympathetic" character. He exposes every foolishness of the ruined widow; he never spares her for an instant; and yet one's sympathy is not alienated. This is truth. This is a play. I had not read the thing with sufficient imagination, with the result that for me it "acted" much better than it had "read." Its sheer beauty, truth, power, and wit, justified even the great length of the last act. We thought Becque had continued to add scenes to the play after it was essentially finished. But it was we who were mistaken, not he. The final scene began by irritating and ended by completely capturing the public. Teissier, the principal male part, was played by M. Numès in a manner which amounted to genius.

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"Les Corbeaux" was originally produced at the Théâtre Français, where it was not a success. All Becque's recent fame is due, after Becque, to Antoine. But now that Antoine has done all the hard work, Jules Claretie the flaccid, director of the Français, shows a natural desire to share in the harvest. Becque left a play unfinished, "Les Polichinelles." Becque's executor,

M. Robaglia, handed this play to M. Henri de Noussanne to finish—heaven knows why! M. de Noussanne has written novels entirely bereft of importance, and he is the editor of "Gil Blas," a daily paper whose importance it would not be easy to under-estimate; and his qualifications for finishing a play by Becque are in the highest degree mysterious. The finished play was to be produced at the Français. The production would have been what the French call a solemnity. But M. Robaglia suddenly jibbed. He declared M. de Noussanne's work to be unworthy, and he declined to permit the performance of the play. Then followed a grand and complicated shindy—one of those charming Parisian literary rows which excite the newspapers for days! In the end it was settled that neither M. de Noussanne's version nor any other version of "Les Polichinelles" should ever be produced, but that the journal "L'Illustration," which gives away the text of a new play as a supplement about twice a month, should give, one week, Becque's original incomplete version exactly as it stands, and M. de Noussanne's completed version the next week, to the end that "the public might judge." Then Stock, the publisher, came along and sought to prevent the publication on the strength of a contract by which Becque had bound himself to give Stock his next play. (Times change, but not publishers!) However, "L'Illustration," being wealthy and powerful, rode over M. Stock. And the amateurs of Becque have duly had the pleasure of reading "Les Polichinelles." Just as "Les Corbeaux" was the result of experiences gained in a domestic smash-up, and "La Parisienne" the result of experiences gained in a feverish liaison, so "Les Polichinelles" is the result of experiences gained on the Bourse. It is in five acts. The first two are practically complete, and they are exceedingly fine—quite equal to the very best Becque. The other acts are fragmentary, but some of the fragments are admirable. I can think of no living author who would be equal to the task of completing the play without making himself ridiculous.

* * *

Becque was unfortunate in death as in life. At his graveside, on the day of his funeral, his admirers said with one accord: "Every year on this day we will gather here. His name shall be a flag for us." But for several years they forgot all about Becque. And when at length they did come back, with a wreath, they could not find the grave. It was necessary to question keepers and to consult the official register of the cemetery. In the end the grave was re-discovered and everyone recognised it, and speeches were made, and the wreath piously deposited. The next year the admirers came again, with another wreath and more speeches. But someone had been before them. A wreath already lay on the grave; it bore this inscription: "To my dear husband defunct." Now Becque, though worried by liaisons, had lived and died a bachelor. The admirers had discoursed, the year before, at the grave of a humble clerk. After this Paris put up a statue to Becque. But it is only a bust. You can see it in the Avenue de Villiers.

POEMS.

By E. H. Visiak.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

O great and splendid shining light,
O lantern of the earth;
All things by thee are manifest,
Save Him that gave thee birth.

I know not what thou art, O sun:
I know not what am I;
I know not how I came, nor whence,
Nor whither go, nor why.

But this I know, that I must tread
The path that seems me right,
And climb the sky-way of my soul,
And sink into the night.

THE MURDERER.

I've tricked them ! At dawn another dies,
Caught in the net of liars' lies.
But the black night is shot with bars;
And, through the murk, two stony stars
Peer forth like gaolers' eyes.

A BALLAD.

I went with murder in my heart :
The sun was in the sky ;
He looked from out a shaggy cloud,
With small and glittering eye.

I went to do a deadly deed :
The sun lift his bright head ;
He smote me with a bearing blast,
That I fell down like dead.

* * *

The sun was sunk into the west ;
He smiled across the sea :
I rose and praised Him who made
The sun that blasted me.

HEADACHE.

Life hath its Inquisition ; and this iron pain,
This ring of fire that girds my tortured brain
Still puts me to the question, and will tell
Whether I be faithful found, or infidel.

FAITH.

The clock ticks on : the past is gone ;
Its sorrows fade.
And every ghost of the dread host
Is laid.

*Nothing can do us any scath ;
Nothing can curse :
Nothing can rob us in all
The universe.*

A Grand Pretender. V.

By Alfred E. Randall.

HERR VON DÖNNIGES knew how to organise victory. He had already imprisoned Helene in her room, and forbidden the servants to communicate with her; he even threatened to shoot anyone leaving the house. In addition to these precautions, he petitioned the authorities and obtained from them a guard of soldiers: to which defence Lassalle could only oppose the poor resistance of spies, and these were incapable of passing a letter to Helene. "I, who have always managed to correspond as I pleased, in workhouses and prisons, have not yet been able in eight days to get a single note to reach her. Even visitors are not allowed to see her," Lassalle wrote to Holtoff. Herr von Dönniges also demanded that the Government should banish Lassalle from Switzerland as a dangerous political agitator and a tool of Bismarck; the Government refused to do this, but compelled Lassalle to withdraw his spies and cease all interference in the family affairs of the Bavarian Minister. But if Herr von Dönniges could not compel Lassalle to retire, he could conquer Helene's resistance to parental authority; and as victory over her meant victory over Lassalle, on her he concentrated all his craft and force. Fortune favoured him at the outset, for Helene had left an unopened letter from Holtoff behind her when she fled to Lassalle's hotel. This was a belated reply to her letter from Wabern announcing her engagement. The Princess says:—

The next morning after my first entirely sleepless night, my father appeared and handed me Holtoff's letter, which he had opened, saying, "Here, read—you can see for yourself what your good friend thinks of your disgraceful behaviour with that rascal Lassalle." He then left me. I read the letter upon which Ferdinand and I had built so many hopes. He advised me in Heaven's name to do nothing against the wishes of my parents. Lassalle was not a fit husband for any girl of good family! This was Lassalle's best friend!

The one on whom he counted and trusted implicitly—*my* best friend!

Elizabeth Evans denies the authenticity of this letter. I do not doubt that Herr von Dönniges would have stooped to forgery, but it is not likely that the necessity for it would have occurred so early in the struggle. Moreover, Helene states that she left a letter from Holtoff on the table, and as Holtoff was an old friend of the family, and had seen her father's indignant refusal of the first suggestion of her marriage with Lassalle, it was not likely that he would offer any advice. But Helene places the matter beyond all doubt by her statement:—

I heard later, as soon as he had received my letter, Holtoff went to my uncle in Berlin, talked the matter over with him, and then wrote to me in the manner described. My uncle assured him that my family would never consent to this insane marriage!

So Holtoff made up his mind to become a turncoat.

It certainly seems unfair to brand Holtoff as a turncoat. As far as the Princess's narrative goes, he had never suggested the marriage, although, being Lassalle's lawyer, he had approached Helene's grandmother with a proposal, probably at Lassalle's request. True, he arranged a meeting at his house, but he swore both of them to secrecy; and he may have been sincerely friendly to them without being prepared to jeopardise his relation with her family. Neutrality is not hostility, and if Holtoff's advice was not neutral it had sufficient warranty in facts to be reasonable. His letter may have disappointed Helene's hopes, and it certainly was unfortunate in the moment of its arrival, but duplicity cannot be fairly alleged for these reasons. Holtoff may have enjoyed Lassalle's conversation and admired his powers and promise, without being committed to the assertion that those qualities and graces were appropriate to the mysterious functions of a husband. If Lassalle suffered from syphilis, as Bernstein suggests, Holtoff was at least justified in his advice. Whether the letter was genuine or not, it served the purpose of Herr von Dönniges. It added to Helene's loneliness the sense of being forsaken treacherously, and brought her nearer to reliance on that self which she, Lassalle, and Herr von Dönniges knew to be so weak of will.

Supported by the approval of her friends her contumacy might have been prolonged and finally successful; but forlorn of hope or even commendation, denied the applause that sweetens martyrdom, she was easy in her father's grasp and nigh to surrender. By threats and entreaties, by the pleadings of her brothers, by the wailing of her mother, she was beset; and the burden of the outcry was the ruin she would bring upon her family by her marriage with this "dreadful revolutionist." Her heart was hard against them, yet yearning for tenderness; but Love, she knew, withstood all meaner ties, and in Ferdinand was her hope. So for a while she was perverse: to-morrow, always to-morrow. "Siegfried" would pass the ring of flame and wake "Brunhilde" from her penal trance. But

One night I heard a gentle scratching at my door, like one of the dogs I was so fond of. It was no dog, but my faithful Thérèse.

She whispered through the closed door, "I am only able to come to you because everyone is asleep. All intercourse is forbidden, gnädiges Fräulein, and his Excellency says that anyone leaving the house will be shot. I felt I must let you know that Herr Lassalle has left Geneva. I know it for certain. What is to be done now?"

The news came upon me like a thunderbolt! "For heaven's sake, Thérèse, go and find out all you can, and come to me at night."

She then stole away, and I was left alone in my despair.

Ferdinand had left Geneva and deserted me! The words echoed through my soul again and again, and my heart became tortured by doubts.

"Has he given me up? And has Holtoff persuaded him of the impossibility of his undertaking? My God! My God! What shall I do? What shall I believe?" I suddenly realised how little we really knew each other. He perhaps knew me, as it was easy to fathom "the child"—but I him! I had only seen him those few months in Berlin, and then in the short glorious days at Wabern. What had I not heard of his love episodes? Perhaps I was only one of these. Perhaps it was not worth his while to fight such a

hard battle for "the child." I have never felt so small and worthless as on that dreadful night. No further news reached me. I heard and saw no more of Thérèse.

Herr von Dönniges was a diplomat, and, like most diplomats, he had the gift of prophecy, but, more marvellous still, he could transpire the afflatus to his maid-servant. The Princess says that Thérèse was entirely devoted to Lassalle and herself: it is strange that she should have lied to Helene if this were so. For it was a lie. Lassalle had not left Geneva, although he did so before many days had passed. Still, an unfaithful servant can be used by either side: a dog that will fetch will carry, says the proverb; and that Lassalle never attempted to corrupt her allegiance to the Minister, never used her as a medium of communication, is one proof the more of his utter inability to deal with the situation. Herr von Dönniges lost no time in pressing his advantage.

The morning following the terrible night when Thérèse had brought me the news of his departure, my father entered the room and exclaimed in a triumphant voice, "So, now you are free! Your miserable lover has deserted you. No doubt he was afraid of me, for I have summoned the authorities to my aid, and soldiers are now in the house and garden. As Ambassador this is easy for me. The coward has thought wiser to fly."

My heart bled at every sentence uttered.

"How do you know this?" I asked, tremblingly.

"I know everything he does," was the reply, "but I hear from Holtoff that he has persuaded Lassalle to give up the whole affair."

I was again left alone, and in my humiliation and anguish the following questions arose in my mind:—

"What can you be worth yourself, if no one seems to give you a pitying thought? If Ferdinand can give you up so easily after you have made such a sacrifice as to return to your parents, trusting entirely to his guidance and strength, then give *yourself* up—sacrifice your happiness and everything else, for you are not worth it."

Next morning, when the usual question was asked me, my despicable weakness gained the upper hand and I gave in. I uttered the fateful words, "Very well, I give it up. I renounce Lassalle in order that all of you may be happy."

The whole family rejoiced at this, but I stood by perfectly apathetic.

That Helene accepted this gratuitous information without questioning its truth shows how completely Herr von Dönniges controlled her. He, at least, was determined to have his own way, and to make sure that no influence but his should operate upon her, he wished to remove her secretly from Geneva. The calculated lie produced the calculated effect: the capitulation was made, and at midnight the captive, wrapped in innumerable shawls and veils, was transported across the lake in a boat manned by gendarmes. She hoped what they feared, that Lassalle would carry her off by force; but he was trying to describe his anguish in his letters to Holtoff, and knew nothing of her departure. She arrived at Bex indifferent to everything but the facts that Lassalle had lost another opportunity, and that she was still with her "dreadful parents."

That the Princess loved Lassalle it is impossible to assert or deny, without some definition of a word that, by constant misuse, has become incapable of explaining or dignifying any sex relation. Certain it is that her love was not of that inevitable kind that finds the line of least resistance to its mate; it languished in bondage, but it did not thrill anew in freedom.

Things were thus in our household, and with me, when one day—when I was sitting in my customary pitiful condition—I saw three people coming towards the hotel: my father, Dr. Arndt, and Yanko! So my father had sent Dr. Arndt to Berlin to fetch him! The sight of him roused deep feelings of compassion within me.

A moment later he was at my feet.

"Will you take me!" he sobbed.

"You?" I exclaimed, horrified. "I wrote to you from Wabern, telling you whom I wanted. Nothing is changed since then. My wish is to marry Ferdinand Lassalle."

He told me later that I looked almost uncanny—deadly white, in a long black dress, as if in mourning for my happiness. He kissed my icy cold hands, and tried to console me, and I felt once more that he was my only friend, and one who would protect me against my wretched parents.

The next moment he said, "I won't let them worry you any more, and will protect you as I promised grandmamma."

Then for the first time tears came to my relief.

He continued to tell me that shortly before his departure from Berlin, after Dr. Arndt had told him everything they had been doing to me, he had sworn to sacrifice all for my happiness, even to giving me to Lassalle, but to throw dust in my parents' eyes, he suggested my openly announcing my engagement to himself.

I shook my head.

"But do you not see, beloved, that this is the only plan that can save you? It is only in such circumstances that they would trust you to me," and here he burst into sobs. "I am and must be your faithful Moorish page."

We mingled our tears, but our heavy hearts saw no gleam of light in the future.

I replied, "I must tell you that in spite of your being so good and noble, the day I see Lassalle, nothing will part me from him again, even if to reach him I had to step over all your corpses—yours included. This is the truth, and I have never lied to you."

Maybe these words, uttered passionately, and revealing the depths of my feeling for the first time to him, caused him to pause a moment. Then he put his arms round me, and said gently, "Even then you would still find me at my post taking care of you." After this, he went to tell my parents I had accepted his proposal.

(To be concluded.)

Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

IV.—Hermann Sudermann.

SUDERMANN arrived at a critical point in the history of the German Theatre. In 1889 the revolutionary Freie Bühne (the Free Stage), discoverer of Hauptmann and pioneer of Ibsen, was established in Berlin. In November of the same year Sudermann's first play, "Die Ehre," appeared at the Lessing Theater, and was received with an enthusiasm altogether beyond its merits. The early catchwords of Ibsenism and advanced drama had just reached the ears of the general public, and the audience, steeped in the demi-monde sentiment of Dumas and the theatricality of Sardou, welcomed Sudermann as the prophet of a new era. He tempered the Scandinavian winds to these shorn lambs of the theatre. He nursed them tenderly, adding a cautious teaspoonful of modernity to their mother's milk in order to flatter their vanity and assist digestion. "Honour" was his theme—the honour of an officer and a gentleman. He attacked the conception with bourgeois bravado. He ridiculed the duel as a vehicle of personal satisfaction. But in place of honour he had nothing to offer but vague and pretentious sentiment, theatricality and falsehood. There is not one glimmer of reality in the whole play, and the hero, a young merchant, is a man of straw upon whose making no artist could conceivably have wasted an hour. All this may have appeared highly revolutionary to a Prussian Junker or an officer in a cavalry regiment, but after Ibsen it contributed less than nothing to drama. The production of "Die Ehre," in short, was a landmark in theatrical history, but not in the history of the theatre.

Sudermann, however, had displeased the military caste, and his next play, "Sodoms Ende," was condemned as immoral and suspended for a time by order of the Court. This was unfortunate, for there is nothing which stamps an author as "advanced" so distinctively as a conflict with the censorship, and nothing (in Germany) so likely to gain him popular respect as an artist. Sudermann was instantly classed with his betters, Ibsen, Hauptmann and Strindberg; although in reality "Sodoms Ende" was as trivial a piece of work as "Die Ehre." It was followed by "Heimat" (Magda), and this, the third play of an already successful author, marked him finally as a pedlar of stale wares. Sudermann's instinct for the

theatre and nothing but the theatre led him here to the apotheosis of the commercial playwright—the creation of a great emotional part for a great actress. “Magda” is a dramatisation of half-truths and commonplace. It is sultry, stagey, sentimental to the point of nausea. It has all the surface characteristics of a great play, but the compelling force is lacking. Your true dramatist is driven to write because he has something definite to say. Sudermann is never so driven. With a cold-blooded refinement of theatricality he devises scene after scene, arranges situation after situation, purely for the effect of the moment. His “curtains” are mechanically perfect. He has wit, geniality, real gifts of dialogue, sense of the theatre—everything but the mind that can choose a worthy subject and handle it finely. That word “subject” is all-embracing. It means more than a single dramatic idea. It includes a whole group of personalities with an infinite interplay of thought and feeling. From this vast material the dramatist must choose, and it depends upon the quality of his choice—that is to say, upon his own temperament—whether his play shall be distinguished or commonplace. Sudermann has always made his choice in the spirit of the theatrical purveyor. Dumas and Sardou did the same, and if Sudermann were content to rank with them there would be no necessity to deal with him among the modern dramatists. But his plays are pretentious. He claims to solve the problems of the age. In “Die Ehre,” as we have seen, he deals with the conception of honour; in “Magda” with the problem of the artist-woman and her family; in “Das Glück im Winkel” and “Das Blumenboot” with the woman and marriage; in “Es Lebe das Leben” with Socialism and again with marriage; in “Morituri” with “the eternal masculine”; and in “Johannisfeuer” with the instincts of “heathendom” breaking out in the lives of modern men and women. In every case the atmosphere is created with extraordinary skill, and in every case the characters, the presentment of the problem and its solution are false through and through.

Take the instance of the protagonists in “Magda.” On the one hand is the old officer, the iron head of the patriarchal family, a man devoid of any power save obstinacy. On the other, the actress-daughter, lineal descendant as a stage type of the Lady of the Camellias. The catchwords of feminism are upon her lips, but coming from her they have no meaning. She is a garrulous sentimentalist, and the only convincing conflict in the play is not the alleged clash of interests between the artist-woman and her surroundings, but the old struggle between parent and child over filial piety and obedience. The modernity of all the other plays I have mentioned is just as superficial. In “Das Blumenboot” the “strong, silent man” (a stupid but honest merchant, that familiar Sudermann type!) dominates the play. His wife, bored to death by him and egged on by her flighty sister, begins an intrigue with a big game hunter home from Africa, and not averse to stalking small deer. The “strong, silent man” shoots the hunter, and enters triumphant at the end of the fourth act. All the sinners of the play cower before him. Wives return to their husbands with prayers for forgiveness, and amid universal repentance the curtain falls.

The same type may be seen in Vogelreuter of “Johannisfeuer,” an honest farmer with a violent temper and a confirmed habit of getting his own way. Vogelreuter’s daughter Trude is to be married to a young architect, Georg von Hartwig. But Trude has a foster-sister Marikke, a gipsy child found long ago upon the high-road in a year of famine. As the play develops, Georg finds himself drawn more and more to Marikke and away from Trude, who is at best a doll. The third act passes upon Midsummer Eve (the Johannis night), and opens with a banquet in Vogelreuter’s house. Through the open windows there is seen the glow of bonfires, as

the peasants keep their yearly festival. The pastor rises to make a speech—a heathen speech to fit the occasion, as Vogelreuter suggests. But he has only one speech, a sermon; and only one text to offer: “God is Love.” He has barely done when Georg springs to his feet. The spirit of Johannis night is upon him. He will preach another gospel:—

GEORG: . . . Look you Herr Pastor, a spark of heathendom smoulders in us all. It has lingered through the centuries. Once in every year it bursts into flame, and then it is called Johannis Fire. Once in every year comes a night of freedom. Yes, a night of freedom. Then the witches ride upon the wind with scornful laughter, up to the Brocken in the height; then the wild army stalks across the forest; then there awaken in our hearts the wild desires that have never been fulfilled by life, and, indeed, should never be fulfilled. No matter what the laws may be that rule the world of every day; for one desire that is gratified, for one fulfilled ambition that comes mercifully to make glad our hearts, a thousand others must perish miserably—some perhaps because they were eternally beyond our reach, but others—yes, others because we let them slip from our grasp like wild birds upon which our hands closed all too carelessly. . . . However that may be, once in all the year comes our night of freedom. Do you know what those flames are that are shooting up out there? They are the ghosts of our dead longings, the red plumage of the birds of Paradise that we could perhaps have sheltered for a lifetime, had they not flown away. They are the old chaos—the heathendom in us. And though law and comfort rule our lives at other times this is Midsummer Eve. To those old pagan fires I raise my glass. May they flame high for ever as they flame to-night! Hoch! Hoch! and once more, Hoch! . . . Will no one drink with me?

(A pause.)

MARIKKE (trembling): I will.

(They touch their glasses, looking one another in the face.)

The passage is characteristic of Sudermann’s method. Slowly, sentence by sentence, through two long acts, the play has climbed to reach this scene. The thrill was predestined. It is the motive of the drama, not the inevitable result. Midsummer Eve—the Johannis Feast—*young hearts on fire—wild longings—painted rhetoric*—“heathendom” and the Church. Here is matter enough and to spare. A flare of red light in the background; the family party about the table, ruled by the inexorable Vogelreuter; Georg and Marikke upon their feet, touching glasses; “ghosts of dead desires,” “red plumage of the birds of Paradise.” This is the triumph of the playmaker—the pinnacled third act. Later on comes a touch of anti-climax and pathos. The Johannis fires are out. Georg and Marikke are left alone. The house is still. And the ashes are kindled once again. Marikke, daughter of the gipsy-woman, comes to Georg and kisses him. “My mother steals. I will steal too!” The curtain falls.

In that word “steal” lies Sudermann’s confession of impotence. The love of Georg and Marikke is stolen love. Why? Because they dare not face Vogelreuter and tell him what has happened. He “would strike them both dead.” Vogelreuter is an honest Protestant, with no sympathy for heathendom, and Vogelreuter wins. In the end Georg marries Trude, and Marikke is left watching them set out for the church.

Once again it must be said that Sudermann solves no problems. He is incapable even of presenting them fairly. His only real and living characters are figures like Vogelreuter, who destroy drama by the blind force of unintelligent will. Such a person cannot be moved either by emotion or logic. Both break about him harmlessly in sentimental spray. To make him the arbiter of life is to appeal to a stone wall. Sudermann, like so many dramatists before and after him, has attempted the impossible. He has tried to get great drama from second-rate people, second-rate life, second-rate thought. From all his work two facts emerge. The first, that he is technically the most accomplished of living playwrights. The second, that he has never drawn a memorable personality nor said a memorable thing.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE USES OF OSBORNITY.

Sir,—I do not want to discuss the general question of whether it is or is not "against democratic theory" that Trade Unions as such should be directly represented in Parliament. I merely wish to make two observations regarding the line of policy adopted recently in your editorial columns, and in Mr. Cecil Chesterton's article of last week.

1. The Osborne judgment does *not* make it impossible for a Trade Union to have a representative in Parliament. What it does do is to prevent Trade Unions contributing to a central fund to be expended for political purposes by an independent body, i.e., it makes the formation of a Trade Union party organisation practically impossible. If any Trade Union chooses to pay its secretary a good big salary, sufficient to cover all expenses connected with the retention of a seat in Parliament, no Court of Law can prevent it doing so. And if the Osborne judgment remains unreversed there is little doubt that a number of Unions will adopt this course whether or not payment of members is in the meantime secured. Consequently, the appeals to "public policy" made by those who, being hostile to the Labour Party, wish the Osborne judgment maintained, are not very much to the point. In any case the evil which you and Mr. Chesterton so much abhor is likely to remain—with this difference: that the Trade Union M.P.'s, being without a party organisation of their own, will probably drift along the line of least resistance into the position occupied by the miners' and other "Lib-Lab" members before 1906. I do not know whether or not Mr. Chesterton would prefer this to the present situation. I imagine he would, but it is possible that some of those who tend to accept his theoretic arguments would not.

2. The case, however, for the reversal of the Osborne judgment does not rest upon the comparatively minor question of whether the Labour Party is to disappear or not. What is threatened by that judgment is not merely the existence of the Labour party but the existence of the organised Labour movement from which it springs. The Courts, contrary—as I think all impartial persons would agree—to the intention of the Act of 1871, have assumed the power of dictating the expenditure of Trade Union funds. They have laid it down that the clause in that Act which names the main functions of Trade Unions is a clause not merely of definition but of limitation.

I have no copy of the clause by me, but this decision certainly means that the Courts can, if and when they choose, confine Trade Union expenditure within very narrow limits indeed. Under the terms of the judgment delivered by a majority of the Law Lords the Courts could certainly prohibit the use of Trade Union funds for educational purposes, such as the maintenance of Ruskin Hall. Indeed, I think they would be obliged to do so if any member of a contributing Union should choose to move for an injunction. Probably also they could prohibit contributions from one Union to another for strike purposes, contributions for the foundation of a Labour newspaper, contributions which go to support the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and all other contributions which, in their opinion, are not strictly devoted to improving the condition of the members in their own particular trade. It is no use replying that these things are not likely to be done. The point is that they are possible, that they *can* be done, and that if at any time the governing classes become sufficiently frightened, they will be done. At all costs, quite apart from the question of direct political representation, it is necessary that the Courts should be deprived once and for all of the power which they have assumed of defining the proper function of Trade Unions.

No doubt it is true, as Mr. Chesterton says, that the demand for the reversal of the Osborne judgment is not so fierce and unanimous among the rank and file as in the case of the Taff Vale judgment. But that is only because the rank and file have not realised the full implications of the later decision and the danger with which they are threatened. If it is decided on grounds of public policy to maintain the Osborne judgment in so far as it prevents the Unions contributing to party funds, well and good. I am prepared to admit that provided we get State payment of members and election expenses there is a good deal to be said for this view. But the Osborne judgment must be reversed—even though the Act which does so makes contributions by Trade Unions to party funds illegal. That is to say, it must be made clear that Trade Unions have a right to dispose of their funds exactly as they please, except in so far as Parliament has specifically decided otherwise.

CLIFFORD D. SHARP.

P.S.—May I add that the agreement of some of us with Mr. Chesterton's pessimistic view regarding all existing political parties only adds to our anxiety to see the Osborne judgment reversed. Amidst all the difficulties and discouraging failures which seem to beset working-class movements in the field of politics, it is always possible to draw comfort and confidence from the knowledge that, though Labour parties may fail, there is always the great organised economic movement represented by the Trade Unions to fall back upon. Anything which seems to threaten the untrammelled development of that movement, along whatever lines it may itself select as best suited for the attainment of its purpose of raising the economic status of the worker, threatens the very basis of our confidence that the mastery of the governing classes will sooner or later be broken down. The Osborne judgment is the reply of the lawyers to the Trade Disputes Act, which they so deeply resented. Who can say that it is not the first move in an attempt (not necessarily a *fully* self-conscious attempt) to cripple Trade Unionism as a fighting force? At all events, under existing circumstances it is impossible for us to guard too jealously such freedom from legal shackles as the Trade Union movement in this country has hitherto enjoyed.

* * *

Sir,—Will you kindly stay Mr. Chesterton's hand and not allow him to annihilate Mr. Skelhorn until that gentleman has had the opportunity of answering one or two questions I should like to put to him? The questions are as follows: Where is Rome to-day? Where are the Venetian and other Italian Republics of the Middle Ages? Where will England and Modern America be in another hundred years if governed on Joint Stock Company lines? And where did Napoleon—"the master among men of affairs"—finish *his* career?

Again, Mr. Skelhorn gibes at Mr. Chesterton for wishing to reconstruct from below rather than from above, and suggests that the task should (must) be approached from the centre rather than from the circumference. May I ask, is the centre "the above" or "the below"?

JOHN E. PERKINS.

* * *

LABOUR AND POLITICS.

Sir,—Mr. Kirkby ingeniously constructs a chain of evidence which convicts the writer of your "Notes of the Week" (October 6) of a tendency to anarchism. But a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and I have to observe of one of the links that it is really no link at all, but a slip of the pen or of the printer. When I wrote (as I suppose I did) that "Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally would be better off out of party politics," I meant to say: "Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally would be better off if Trade Unions were out of party politics." Your courteous and able correspondent will perceive that his conclusion is no longer supported.

THE WRITER OF YOUR "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

SHAKESPEREOLATRY.

Sir,—I have read with much interest the controversy going on in THE NEW AGE in the matter of the Bacon-Shakespearean question.

Mr. G. Greenwood's masterly criticism which appeared two or three years ago, added to the many preceding expositions of the anti-Shakespeare case, seems to me (impartially judging) to have made the pro-Shakespeare position most difficult to hold—so far, at least, as the best parts of the Shakespearean drama are concerned. At the same time, as it seems to me, although Bacon may have had some hand in it, it is, upon the whole, more likely that the Shakespearean drama was the work chiefly of various Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists collaborating, rather than that the time-serving and not very morally estimable chancellor had any very considerable share in it. But what I must profess always has excited my wonder is that the Shakespearean drama, as a whole, has been, and is, regarded with so much of adoration and, I will add, with so much of indiscriminating idolatry. Many of the dramas—especially the comedies—are full of forced conceits and of intolerable bombast—largely due, perhaps, to the false taste of the age, and perhaps to the necessity to secure the suffrages and applause of the theatre-goers in particular. Jonson, the friend and eulogist of the reputed author, himself expressed the fervent wish that he had "blotted" a large portion of his works, and that, surely, must be the wish of every person of good taste and of sound judgment. An equally famous eulogist of the "Swan of Avon," with Jonson, Dryden, admits that "he is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast," and it is only "blind affection" that will attempt to elude, or will deny, this so transparent and too obvious fact.

But this "blind affection" of literary hero-worship, which refuses to recognise grave faults in the object of adoration, is far from being confined to adoration of the Stratford player. Once the idol has been set upon its pedestal, with the general acclamation, all refusal to worship indiscriminately is regarded as rank heresy. "Homer," Milton, Dante—to name but the most eminent among the poets—are conspicuous illustrations. Perhaps, among modern prose-fictionists, the most striking instance of blind hero-worship is the great popular hero, Dickens. No one but a determined heroölater can read with patience a very large proportion of his productions—even of his (by the general run of conventional critics) most admired fictions—"The Pickwick Papers," the "Tale of Two Cities," "Barnaby Rudge" (this last, in particular, is, for by far the largest part, to speak plainly, mere twaddle). In less degree, the same must be asserted of the "Wizard of the North"; and, in more or less degree, the Homeric Slumbers (in the expression of the Latin satirist) affect disastrously the productions of the most adored poetic and prose fictionists; and tediousness and trifling—whether the result of the mental exhaustion of a popular writer, and of the unceasing demand of the interested publisher, or of whatever other cause—too often are in painful evidence.

In my firm conviction, for the mass of readers in particular, as regards the public free libraries—it would be an inestimable benefit, and conducive to the interests of the higher ethics and of the higher education, were there a judicious editing and excision of all the books generally received as masterpieces. Such editing and excision to be made by a thoroughly well-selected commission of competent, impartial critics.

But to return to the special matter of this criticism, it is as respects the Shakespearean mixed drama that this compression, effected without fear or favour, is especially and devoutly to be desired.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

OBSCURE RHYMES.

Sir,—In your issue of October 6 Mr. E. Wake Cook puts forward certain cryptic rhymes fabricated by Lord Francis Bacon as discovered by Professor Edwin Bormann. Mr. E. Wake Cook states that Professor Bormann "shows by hundreds of examples from Bacon's writings that though written as prose they are full of obscure rhymes." Mr. E. Wake Cook appears to think such rhymes prove that Lord Francis Bacon's mind was "saturated by poetry." He gives an example from II. Kings, ix. 18:—"And Jehu said, What hast thou to doe with peace? turn thee behinde me." This, we are told, the tremendous rhyme-seeking mentality of Lord Francis Bacon reconstituted in the following form:—

"Is it peace, Jehu?
What hast thou to doe
With peace? turne thee
Behinde me."

But such marvellous rhyming effort by Lord Francis Bacon is not so absolutely original a feat as Professor Bormann and Mr. E. Wake Cook evidently believe. If these honest and ingenious gentlemen had consulted the original document they would have discovered that in verse 22 its compiler had anticipated the noble lord by using the first line of the aforesaid tremendous composition in the exact words and order as quoted by them, viz., "Is it peace, Jehu?" Obviously, either the noble lord wrote the second book of Kings or the author of that book wrote "Macbeth," and the other plays.

But still more wonderful is it to find that in all probability Mr. E. Wake Cook himself wrote the second book of Kings, and also every play we associate with the name of William Shakespeare. His own cryptic obscure rhymes are infinitely superior to those perpetrated by Lord Francis Bacon. On page 545, second column, Mr. E. Wake Cook demonstrated this fact of unsuspected authorship thus happily and irrefragably—"Bacon was as wise as a *serpent* and as *beneficent* as a god . . . quite equal to throwing people off the *scent* by *intentional* anachronisms in non-*essentials*." Is it not about time that the laggard London County Council granted a freehold site for the E. Wake Cook Memorial Theatre?

QUIDDAM.

WORN CONTROVERSIAL METHODS.

Sir,—I am surprised that Mr. Hooper should have thought it necessary to answer at length a remark about Rationalism in a letter headed "Chestertonism," in THE NEW AGE of October 6. Does he not know that the Chestertonian trick of dubbing something which is very conspicuously modern and "going strong" as "stale," "mediæval," "belated," or, to quote the expression much affected by our Chestertonian friends, "early Victorian," is "only pretty Fanny's way" of intimating that a certain established truth or obvious fact is unpalatable to her? It is interesting to trace the genesis of this controversial trick, which we may call the "paradox bluff." It began, I think, with Shaw,

who, as I have often said, was always prepared to defend the thesis, say, that in point of mountain scenery Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn wasn't a patch upon Primrose Hill. Mr. Chesterton, though not its originator strictly speaking, absorbed it and made it his own in a way which almost gives him a proprietary right in the trick. He, too, will doubtless be equally prepared to prove to you that the notion of a river as usually involving moisture, not to say water, is an exploded "early Victorian" fallacy, and that dryness is the modern, up-to-date attribute of a river. But this "paradox bluff" has been worked rather too much of late. It is wearing just a little thin. The young gentlemen who now assume the religious pose of Catholicism, just as their predecessors of a generation ago affected the æsthetic pose of the lily and the sunflower, must really look out for some newer, or, at least, not quite so threadbare, a controversial cloak.

Of course, everyone knows that now, for the first time in history, Rationalism dominates man's intellectual outlook all round. It is quite true that the old dogmatic religious systems, Christian and other, are not yet dead, but in most countries, even where not moribund, they are looking very "sere" and very "yellow." This is conspicuously true of Catholicism with its intellectual priesthood honeycombed with Modernism and its hold over the Latin nations all but gone. For this the Catholic Church has to console itself with some recruits, largely in the shape of decadent intellectual "exquisites" of the literary class, in England and America.

E. BELFORT BAX.

CHESTERTONISM.

Sir,—I am a child of Nature, and take after my Mother. Not, of course, that I would cast any aspersion upon my perfectly respectable forbears—a phalanx of middle-class respectability sufficient to have produced a Browning, a Dickens, a Shaw, a Chesterton, or an Arnold Bennett. But Nature, in her fantastic way, played a little joke on your readers last week, a joke for which I was in part responsible.

Tired, after a day on the hills, followed by a long run for the last train, I found, in the small hours of the morning, a strange beast running amok in the passive letter-bag of THE NEW AGE. I therefore set out to hunt the snark and (here is the joke) landed—not some muddle-headed Oxford don; not even the Missing Link, but—the eminently respectable and excellent secretary of the Rationalist Press Association. "Misopseudes" (whom I believe to have been either Bottom or the Devil), has, I trust, returned to the limbo whence he came, so I may now try to allay the alarms of innocent Mr. Hooper.

Let me assure him of my deep admiration, not only for his Association, but for himself. I have, I believe, several Rationalist Press publications upon my scanty shelves, and should have many more could I afford them. If Mr. Hooper will inscribe my name on his list of members, I shall consider it only too great an honour.

Mr. Hooper's letter, however, is not only more charming than that of "Misopseudes," but even more glaringly devoid of the first elements of logic, proportion, and humour. Personally, I deny absolutely that Rationalists are "at heart opposed to all religions" or even "to all religions which involve the supernatural and claim to be divinely revealed." Mr. Hooper might as well say that all streams are at heart opposed to water, at least to all water which flows along their courses. Has Mr. Hooper the remotest idea as to what religion is? Will he accept Professor McTaggart's definition of it as man's sense of his own harmony with the universe?—or Bernard Shaw's, "What a man believes may be ascertained, not from his creed, but from the assumptions on which he habitually acts"? Mr. Hooper again does me a great honour in placing me in the same "confident class" as Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Is Bernard Shaw a member of this class, too? Mr. Hooper will find in "Man and Superman," page 238 (the Revolutionist's Handbook), the following estimate of Rationalism: "The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable man persists in trying to adapt the world to himself; therefore all progress depends upon the unreasonable man. The man who listens to reason is lost. Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her." I hope Mr. Hooper is not lost.

I do not wish to be unkind to Mr. Hooper, especially when he has written such a nice sensible letter in your columns, but it is quite safe for him to quote Arnold as an authority on a question like this—poor old Matthew Arnold, whose definition of religion was "morality tinged with emotion"? If Mr. Hooper will be any happier to know that I, for one, do not scorn Spencer, Huxley, Mill and Arnold, for the last-named of whom I have the greatest respect and reverence, he is welcome to the information. I only claim to be a serious thinker who on many points disagrees with Mr. Hooper. As Mr. William Watson has it:

"Folly and hate are the children of blindness;
Could we but see one another, 'twere well.

Knowledge is sympathy, charity, kindness;
Ignorance only is maker of hell."

If Mr. Hooper (for whom I have the greatest respect) would read, mark, learn and inwardly digest a selection of Mr. Chesterton's works, which I should be delighted to catalogue for him, I have little doubt that he would soon become, if not the "chief of those who know," at least an exceedingly active and useful member of that "confident class" to which I am happy to belong.

J. RUSSELL SOWDEN.

THE MEANINGLESS ARGUMENT.

Sir,—Will you allow me to make a protest against a controversial method which disfigures all the discussions on religious subjects in THE NEW AGE? I make it the more impartially because the defenders of religion are quite as bad as their opponents, if not worse. The method to which I object is well exemplified in the controversy now going on about some article written by a relative of mine. A gentleman signing himself "Misopseudes" does not like Mr. G. K. Chesterton's philosophy, but, instead of saying (as he has a perfect right to do) that he is wrong, he says that he is "mediæval." Then comes Mr. Russell Sowden to reply, and, instead of pointing out the irrelevance of the adjective, says that it is "Misopseudes" who is "mediæval," and that "Rationalism has been destroyed long ago." Then Mr. Hooper intervenes, telling Mr. Sowden that Rationalism is growing, and that it is Christianity that is in decay. The same character marked the controversy started some little time back by Mr. Grierson. I remember that Mr. Wake Cook talked about "the swing of the pendulum" as if philosophy were a piece of dirty humbug like English politics, and the Secularists replied that he was wrong, and "the flowing tide was with them," as old Gladstone said when he thought he had bribed enough people to vote for Home Rule, but found he hadn't.

Now, I do hope that nobody, Catholic or Agnostic or Calvinist or Mormon, will allow himself to be bullied out of his considered opinions by this sort of rubbish.

God may exist or He may not, but He certainly does not go in and out of power as the result of a General Election. There is no such thing as "modern thought" or "advanced thought." There are only two kinds of thinking: correct thinking and incorrect thinking; and these have existed from the beginning of time and will exist to the end of it. I am not a Rationalist in the ordinary sense of the word, but I am sufficiently rationalistic to think that philosophy ought to make its appeal to eternal reason and not to the accidents of time.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

Sir,—By his question, "What is the good of benefiting man?" "Victim of Conscience" reveals himself to be an Intellectualist pausing before taking the step which so many others have taken. By his bloodless confession, "I find life, on the whole, agreeable," he reveals how "Intellectualism" has sucked him dry, even (the pun is not mine) to "Shawdust."

"Care killed the cat." "Don't care" kills the "Intellectualist." For "Intellectualism" is the phantasm of the divorce of mind and emotion, of thought and will, of philanthropy and love, of faith and works. Its fruit is pessimism, indifference, Pharisicalness. It drifts the soul with dust because it is a lie. It is a lie because the only truth in the universe is the universe—is the supreme optimism of the eternal effort of God manifesting in evolution. Let him come out from these shadows and mirror-lights, into the reality of the sunlight. There is no Intellectualist bunkum about the sun; else, as Blake said, it would "immediately go out."

E. H. VISIAK.

Sir,—I am much touched by the letter appearing in your columns over the signature "Victim of Conscience," and I beg leave to offer the writer a few words of consolation and sweet comfort.

There is certainly an answer to his question, just as there is to every question, but that answer has not hitherto been found. Shaw hasn't found it, Wells hasn't found it, and they can only help him in as far as they are able to help themselves. They are in the same boat with him and me and all humankind, afloat on an unknown sea, with philosophy at the look-out and religion at the helm. Whatever may lie behind us, whatever may lie before us, it is from the present that we have to reason back to the past and to argue forward to the future, and it is in the present, in the things that are with us *now*, that our living strength is rooted. The past is a dream and the future is a vision. Whether we are to look upon the past with congratulation or with commiseration, whether we are to look to the future with vivifying hope or with sickening despair, depends not upon some eternal yea or nay of which we know nothing, but upon our understanding of the present, of which we know a little.

We live for happiness and health because "the strong necessity of living," of living, growing, doing, or what you will (they are all one), will not allow us to do anything else. We simply cannot help ourselves. We make for love and happiness and health as naturally as we make for life against death. All men and women ask "Victim's" question, but they do not cease to strive while seeking an answer, because the necessity of striving is greater than the need to know *why* they strive.

It is not God, nor the gods, nor the life-force which demands the struggle for greater depth, greater breadth, greater strength of life, but this necessity which has created God, and the gods, and the life-force out of itself to give point and direction to the strife.

Let "Victim of Conscience" take courage. His strength lies not in any philosophic system nor in any religious creed, but in his inborn desire of all that is great, noble, pure, broadening, and uplifting. He need not fear the passing of God, nor of the life-force, nor of any other philosophic images if their going but throw him back upon himself to realise that *within* him is the rock-foundation of all the philosophies and religions ever projected. He will find that his own unreasoning longing for freedom, for justice, and for truth is stronger and far more imperative than the reasoned arguments of all the philosophers or the finest destiny for mankind and the universe that can be imagined. He will understand that if all the philosophic systems were to collapse to-morrow, and all men turn pessimists, so far from "toppling over into a nothingness" he would feel himself impelled to even greater efforts on behalf of the truth, the freedom, and the justice that his nature cries out for.

Let that unreason be his reason. Let him satisfy himself for the time being that he must strive for great and greater things for no other reason, proximate or ultimate, than his irresistible inner impulse. Once he has found himself, once he has recognised his own verity as distinct from others' visions, he will have power to create his own gods, his own life-force, and to make his own compromise, as every thinker has to, with the hitherto unanswerable question that at present so profoundly troubles him.

HAROLD FISHER.

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Sir,—In your last issue "A Victim of Conscience" asks: "What is the good of benefiting mankind?" The question betrays an ignorance of the real meaning of the philosophy to which he clings, or he would realise that his first duty is the "benefiting" of mankind, not in the interests of mankind, but in the interests of the life force.

The world is life's laboratory; humanity an evolutionary experiment. Life in its efforts to develop a higher and yet higher form has as yet achieved nothing finer than us: a depressing result, as all sensitive people see. What they do not see is that it is by our very humanity we fail. Compassion, affection, tolerance, self-sacrifice, charity, forgiveness, sympathy, kindness, every concession to our own or anyone else's feelings that permits the false or the weak or the ugly to exist will by the form of life which succeeds mankind be dubbed human, just as we now say bestial of the characteristics of the beasts. To restore order and cleanliness in its laboratory life sent Jesus once with the message of co-operation. But we have forgotten the message in our conceit that His sufferings were human, and allowed filth and confusion to grow to a strength which can laugh at its traditional interpretation.

Let "A Victim of Conscience" obey the order of co-operation as expressed to-day in Socialism and Feminism not to benefit mankind, but to provide life with a tidy workshop. That may appear a thankless task, a responsibility too heavy to be expected to undertake.

But one of two powers will compel its undertaking—beauty or fear. If no vision of the beauty of the might-be comes to drive him to work for its realisation, then fear of the hour of judgment will. In that hour he will have to answer, not the question of a merciful God, "Were you poor or meek or oppressed?" but the question of life, too insistent on its own high purpose for pity, "What have you done to help me?"

"BROOK."

* * *

MODERN DRAMATISTS.

Sir,—The following plays by Björnson have been translated into English and published:—

The Newly Married Couple. Translated by S. and E. Hjerleid. (Simpkin. 1870.)

Sigurd Slembe. Translated by W. M. Payne. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1888. Copies were, I believe, circulated in England.)

A Gauntlet. (First version.) Translated by H. L. Braekstad. (French. 1890.)

Pastor Sang. (Over Aevne. Part I.) Translated by William Wilson. (Longmans. 1893. Afterwards published by Elkin Mathews.)

A Gauntlet. (Revised version.) Translated by Osman Edwards. (Longmans. 1894.)

Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg. Translated by H. L. Braekstad. (Harpers, 1899.)

Laboremus. (Chapman and Hall. 1901.)

Most of these are now, I think, out of print.

A few performances of an adaptation of Mr. Edwards's translation of "A Gauntlet" were given at the Royalty Theatre in January, 1894. Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave some performances of "Over Aevne," Part I., translated under the title "Beyond Human Power," by Jessie Muir, at the Royalty Theatre in November, 1901.

Wedekind's play, "Frühlingserwachen," has been translated into English under the title, "The Awakening of Spring," and was published by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Philadelphia, in 1909. A review of the translation appeared in "The Athenæum" in (I think) May of this year.

ALLAN WADE.

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Sir,—In your correspondence columns of last week Ashley Dukes states that no translation of Björnson's plays has been published in English. "Laboremus" appeared in the "Fortnightly" some years ago.

Three plays by Strindberg, "The Outcast," "Simoom," and "Debit and Credit," are to be found in the Autumn number (1906) of "Poet Lore," an American quarterly, while "Swanwhite" is published in English by Brown Bros., Philadelphia. The same publishers issue Wedekind's "Frühlingserwachen" in English. Any of these, I suppose, can be obtained through the usual agents. E. L. A.

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NOTES OF CRITICISM.

Sir,—To an American who has cause to be dissatisfied with the characterlessness of most of our weeklies and monthlies, a reading of such a paper as THE NEW AGE is rather refreshing. I suppose that anywhere in Europe one is more likely to find papers expressing the views of a fixed class than in America; surely nowhere can all the periodicals be so much addicted as in America to pleasing all possible classes, and avoiding any semblance of a firm expression of opinion in any direction on which all the readers are not agreed. Few violent ecstatic enthusiasms, and much discussion of definite and unpoetic questions—these are the things that please me in THE NEW AGE.

But in the effort to be firm and definite I think some of your contributors have gone a bit too far. Mr. Ashley Dukes, in his essay on Björnson, for instance, has indicated his possession of opinions concerning Björnson that can hardly be based on any real information. And why that dramatic opening sentence, to make us believe that no one on the Continent ever paid any attention to Björnson before Ibsen had called attention to the dramatic literature of Norway? True, there is no reason why a man should know that Björnson was a comparatively well-known writer in England long before Ibsen's popularity began, and that on the Continent the same condition of affairs prevailed (witness, the dates of the first editions in all Western countries in the British Museum catalogue); but there is every reason why no man should affirm the opposite, even at the cost of appearing to be a weakling afraid to risk an amazingly incorrect statement. Furthermore, as Mr. Dukes says, only the first part of "Beyond Human Power" is generally played, and therefore he carefully outlines this first part for us. Of the second part, which was performed about five years ago, in New York, by the Progressive Stage Society, we are told nothing, nor of the much later play, "Laboremus."

And there is your terrible and bloodthirsty Mr. Verdad, no doubt the Spanish for "Truth," and not related with any root meaning "green." Like a true philologist, he makes his study of foreign peoples include attacks on their morals, their literature, their graphic arts, and now, at last, their music. "Wagner is abominable" (September 22), and even the testimony of German "intellectuals" is admitted when so important a question is under discussion. If I were not myself part of the manure out of which the German Jews are produced, I should attempt to call Mr. Verdad's attention to the comparative dignity and amiability in the standpoint of many Germans towards "Things English," a standpoint frequently of unqualified admiration and eagerness to emulate. And the fact that even severe criticism of a foreign people may be couched in terms that are helpful and generous, this fact Mr. Verdad might draw from a reading of the preface to the latest edition of "The Perfect Wagnerite."

J. WITMER HARTMANN.

THE REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL.

Sir,—The omniscient prophet on foreign affairs of THE NEW AGE is again to be congratulated. On September 1 the following perspicacious paragraph was published:—

"The threatened revolution in Portugal inspires me merely with languid interest. To all those who are knitting their brows and saying fiercely that there are several Cromwells among the revolutionary elements, I have only to reply, 'Yes, Richard Cromwells, not Oliver.' If there were even John Wilkeses among the Portuguese Republicans I should leave for Lisbon tomorrow. But there isn't. Therefore, as unintellectual revolutions never amount to a row of pins, I shall not go. True revolutions are carried out in silence by men of determination—witness Abdul Hamid's fall and the United States Declaration of Independence. The more talk, as a rule, the less fighting. There has been quite a lot of revolutionary talk in Portugal recently."

This sublime dismissal of revolutionary possibilities, taken in conjunction with recent events, inspires me merely with languid amusement. In this week's issue we read:—

"Three weeks ago one of my friends (undoubtedly Dom Oliver) among the Portuguese Revolutionists informed me of the coup which has just been executed at Lisbon, but at that date I understood that it was timed for November."

It is unfortunate that Oliver should have been misinformed as to date: the loss sustained by Europe by Mr. Verdad's lamentable absence from Lisbon on the memorable occasion of the Revolution is irreparable. But is not Mr. Verdad wasting his distinguished judgment on desert soil? I am of opinion that Old Moore's, Ltd., would afford his genius greater scope than THE NEW AGE.

S. ROGERS.

[Oh, these names, these names! Is a real revolution a mere change from Tweedledum to Tweedledee? I never denied that a revolution of this kind was due in Portugal; I denied that there were any ideas behind it. Anti-clericalism is not an idea, neither is Positivism. When an intellectual revolution takes place, I shall be there; meanwhile Braga or Manoel, what is the difference?—S. VERDAD.]

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MR. STANLEY MORLAND ON EDWARD CARPENTER.

Sir,—The announcement in your columns by Mr. Stanley Morland that he "cannot bear Carpenter" ought, I suppose, to dispose of the author of "Towards Democracy" once and for all time. It is a somewhat petulant announcement, but it is Mr. Stanley Morland's own. Possibly it makes all comment needless on Mr. Morland's other fierce and strange remarks on Edward Carpenter, for who would venture to remonstrate with a man who "cannot bear"? De gustibus non disputandum. But the statement that "No public man has done less for life or literature" than Carpenter is peculiarly offensive in a Socialist review. A generation has arisen that knows nothing of all the work Carpenter did for the Socialist and Labour movement twenty to fifteen years ago when the movement had no friends in Parliament, and enjoyed no popularity with the great mass of trade unionists and working people in the North of England. Edward Carpenter did much for "life" in the service he gave to the building up of the Socialist movement, at least, pace Mr. Stanley Morland, it might be thought so. The influence of Carpenter's books, "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation, its Cause and Cure," must have been powerful in their day, not only in turning the minds of many of us towards Socialism, but in creating a social conscience that demands the extinction of poverty, and a wiser and humaner attitude to "criminals," and to the animals. How much of our humanitarian legislation is due to the work of men like Carpenter and H. S. Salt cannot be told, but it must be a very considerable amount. Is this to leave "no mark on our national life" when, all around us, men and women are carrying out Carpenter's social and humanitarian teaching? "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation, its Cause and Cure" are, to Mr. Stanley Morland, "not too remarkable"; but that is just because they were written more than twenty years ago. They were "remarkable" enough when they were published, and before their sense and humour had become commonly acceptable.

After all it is a little premature to talk about Carpenter "leaving no mark" and doing "less than any public man for life or literature." Time enough fifty years hence to write the epitaph of a man who is still in active work. Mr. Morland seems to think that the sentence he pronounces—"he (Carpenter) and his followers alike are dismissed as cranks"—is final and conclusive. But, really, such a sentence, though it sounds severe, is bound to leave us cold. Carpenter and his followers have been called "cranks" long before this, and nobody seemed a penny the worse. It is such an old-fashioned device to yell "Yah! You're a crank!"—unworthy of a NEW AGE reviewer.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

AN ENDOWMENT SCHEME.

Sir,—Having been more than commonly interested in the various proposals lately made in these columns and other places, on behalf of men and women of genius, I should have set out my views long before this, only I was restrained by the reflection that many persons might, rightly or wrongly, consider I had no place in such a discussion: I might, therefore, address deaf ears. However, since several geniuses of my acquaintance have put forward in unmistakable language their views of what they do not want, namely, charity, but nevertheless have failed so much as to indicate what they do need, it occurs to me that perhaps modesty, or may be the fear that the plan I have so often heard them discuss could find no one willing to carry it out—one or other of these difficulties—prevents them from making plain the only manner in which any *deus ex machina* might possibly benefit genius. Now, considering that my innumerable enemies and detractors, hating me for my lofty superiority (though they naturally never admit their dislike in these particular terms), would never allow it to be imagined that I might conceivably be speaking for myself and will therefore readily suppose that my interest in the question of the defence of genius is merely academic, I have come to the conclusion that I may be the very person to make the suggestion so often debated in my company as to the best way of encouraging artists. To assume myself nobody but a writer of the ordinariness of ability gives me at least the courage to unfold the only acceptable plan of endowment which so many indubitable heirs of fame have kept concealed.

Everybody knows, though few realise, that the first requirement of genius is a hermitage. Not necessarily this a place in the wilderness or a cave of rock amid inaccessible mountains—but certainly a thick-walled room, absolutely dedicated to the working artist. One could recount endless instances of the torment artists have suffered through the fear of interruption. The luckless Sir Joshua, driven to turn his poor fond parents out of his studio, will do for a hint of the horrible dilemma in which domestic persons may innocently place their gifted relatives. I have heard it said that the truly great artist would not hesitate about the sacrifice of the ignorant to the service of Art. That may be; in fact, we know it is so; yet, however slightly the artist suffers in performing the expulsion of intruders from the Temple—and the pain and consequent irritation may sometimes be anything but slight—he must, and does, suffer disturbance, and that disturbance may creep into and spoil the form as well as the feeling, of whatever work he has in hand. Counter examples may be adduced to show that certain artists have apparently not suffered from the proximity of uncongenial or over-fond relatives; but the mass of evidence from Ovid to Dante and Milton exhibits everywhere the sign of the struggle of men of literary genius to pursue their labours in spite of environment.

Poverty is certainly the least of the inimical fiends, though want is, of course, a different matter; yet, with few exceptions that I can remember, the cause of actual want has not usually been that the artist could not earn enough for his own support, but that some female relative—wife, mother, or sister—has tacked herself on to be kept out of the meagre purse. If a married philosopher is a figure of comedy, a married artist is certainly a figure of tragedy, though the last individual to confess as much would naturally be the married man himself. But by their works we know them! In the case of artists married to artists, the union indeed may be made sublime, and if anyone is possessed of the novelistic notion that where both man and woman are types of genius they are bound to become furiously jealous, let them die in that belief. All the same, it is safest not to marry. One word as to artists deliberately marrying a sort of major-domo—such are nearer blank hell than they dream—and I proceed to unfold the plan.

A large solidly-built and secluded mansion is necessary. It is to be temporarily endowed only as to initial expenses of procuring and furnishing. I say temporarily; but the *deus ex machina* must be prepared to consider his money as possibly sunk. It is to be run like a club, on the strictest lines as regards entrance and residence. None but members must be admitted on any consideration. There must be rooms to the four aspects, so that members may choose according as they prefer, morning or evening light. The charge of residence should be fixed at a uniform sum whatever the room selected; since a large and lofty room is by no means precious in all eyes. There should be not more than one common room, since this place is not intended as a social centre, but as a refuge for working artists; but a good library should be given space to grow with time. Meals must be served as required, with no extra charge whatever. Every private room being fitted as a bed-sitting-room, should be provided with a tea and coffee outfit so that the resident can help himself as often as he chooses. About bed-making, this should not be done until the resident rings for service; if he chooses not to ring for three

days, or to make his bed himself (I use the masculine pronoun as convenient) so be it.

Some sign equivalent to "sporting the oak" shall be agreed upon.

That, roughly, is an outline of an idea I have heard discussed at endless length and with endlessly loving attention to detail.

It is, of course, only practicable for men and women who have more than a blank shield. The qualification for entry would have to be some published work. It would not therefore include such untied artists as Mr. Upton Sinclair champions so nobly, if rather pathetically. There really is small excuse for these unknown geniuses remaining unknown, while THE NEW AGE exists; and to such persons as would ballot upon the names of those desiring to enter the club, the evidence of disinterested love of Art would be clear in however small a work. Finally, the cost of living at the club would be as low as anywhere else.

The place would be for literary artists only. No musical instrument could be permitted; and painters require altogether different conditions from those above stated.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

P.S.—The *deus ex machina* must not expect necessarily to be made an honorary member, or, unless otherwise qualified, to come near except at stated intervals, when he may entertain the whole club or refurbish the place.

* * *

A LABOUR DAILY.

Sir,—The announcement made by Mr. Keir Hardie in the "Labour Leader" of his intention to publish the first number of a Socialist daily newspaper on May Day next year has excited considerable interest not merely among Socialists but among intelligent persons generally. The preliminary information given by Mr. Hardie necessarily is vague, but roughly his proposal is that an evening journal, nominally costing a halfpenny, shall be printed in Manchester and sold to the public at a charge of fourpence per week. Mr. Hardie even asks that members of the Independent Labour Party should consider seriously whether or not they are prepared to pay for this halfpenny evening paper the sum of sixpence per week. Now, there can be no doubt that a journal dealing with the Socialist and Labour point of view is highly desirable, indeed, absolutely necessary; and it is a matter for regret and astonishment that in England we have no such paper, whereas in Germany there are many largely-circulated and efficiently-conducted Socialist newspapers. The urgent necessity for a daily refutation of the calumnies of the baser Press and a continuous exposition of our point of view is sufficiently obvious; and therefore in treating Mr. Keir Hardie's proposal in this article, I will assume that there is no opposition to his idea of founding a newspaper. But it is desirable that some criticism of the scheme, vague though it is, put forth by Mr. Hardie should be offered; and it is with this intention that this letter is written.

I find it difficult to understand why the proposed new paper should be issued in the evening. The average man likes his newspaper in the morning. He certainly will not consent long to support a newspaper which places him in the position of having to say when asked for his opinion on a given subject, "Oh, I don't know anything about that yet; I don't get my paper until I get home." The evening newspaper to-day is more or less in the nature of a stop-gap; at its best, it is a review of the morning's problems, such as the "Westminster Gazette"; at its worst, it is a flimsy, ill-contrived, vulgar record of the trivial things of the day, such as the "Evening News." It has little vitality; it has not got that spacious outlook on the world that denotes the morning paper; and, most important of all, it is not fresh. You do not waken up in the evening and say, "I have been unconscious these twelve hours, and much has happened on the earth in that time; I desire to catch up with the world." The morning paper presents to you a fresh world at a time when your mind is clear: the evening paper presents a jaded world to you at a time when your mind is tired. If Mr. Hardie imagines that men will wait until the evening for their knowledge of the world's affairs, Mr. Hardie is labouring under a singular delusion; and if he imagines that they will not only wait until the evening for their paper, but will pay twice the cost of their usual morning journal for it, he is plainly about to waste a considerable sum of money on an enterprise inevitably bound to fail.

I cannot for my part see why Mr. Hardie should expect the working class to pay more for a Socialist paper than they pay for the ordinary Capitalist journal. I believe that the majority of the members of the I.L.P. who can afford to do so, will be quite willing to pay sixpence a week for the paper, and even more, if by doing so they think they can help on the movement, but I cannot see why they should be expected to do so. A journal which has to be maintained in that fashion is invariably a journal which ought not to be maintained at all. Its appeal is

narrow; its interests are limited; its influence is nil. Consider for a moment the sad case of the "Labour Leader." If the new journal is to be a daily edition of that paper, then it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Hardie will not succeed in obtaining the ten thousand pounds which he states he must possess before the paper is published. I make bold to assert that a considerable number of readers of the "Labour Leader" buy it, not because it interests them, but solely out of loyalty to the I.L.P. The manner in which it is put together, the style in which it is written, the waste of space on trivial matters such as reports of branch meetings, the inability to understand that discontent in the movement is a matter calling for serious consideration and not for exhibitions of puerile wit, all these things make the "Labour Leader" contemptible to the people who support it most assiduously. Precisely what value accrues to the Socialist movement through the publication of a whole page of paragraphs of this character, I cannot imagine:—

Pippleton I.L.P. Our comrade, John Jones, delivered a rousing address on "Free Trade, Tariff Reform, and Socialism" in the market place. Attendance good. Many questions. Moderate collection. "Labour Leaders" sold out. Next week William Williams will speak on "Tory Hypocrisy."

Nor can I discern much point in the extraordinary effusions from "Casey." I wish it to be understood that I am not now putting solely my own opinion of the "Labour Leader," but as accurate a summary as I can of views culled from the members of the I.L.P. in various branches in London. I find that very few people read "Casey" in London; and I have not yet discovered anyone who reads "The Movement." There is, too, a neglect of all things outside the immediate purview of politics which is a strong condemnation of the paper. Beyond an obscure paragraph, treated to the ignominy of smaller type than the rest of the paper, there is no recognition of the theatre. It may, indeed, be argued that the contemptible condition of the London stage at this date makes it impossible for a self-respecting paper to take any serious notice of it; but the "Labour Leader" does not concern itself to any extent with the London stage; it deals almost exclusively with the productions at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, and whatever else is said about that remarkable place, it cannot be said that its productions are contemptible. The book reviews deal mostly with works treating of politics and political economy. Painting and music, for the "Labour Leader," do not exist. In short, it is a review of bread and butter and of nothing else.

Mr. Keir Hardie founded the "Labour Leader," and is, I imagine, tolerably proud of the deed. If his vision of a daily paper is equal to his vision of a weekly review, then that vision had better fade away like the stars in the morning. The new journal must be as good, at the least, as the ordinary newspaper; it must make the same appeal to the general interests of the common man; it must not limit its columns to records of the deeds of Socialists; it must be prepared to satisfy the curiosity of the common man concerning the exploits of Dr. Crippen; it must be prepared to tell him which team won in the match between Sheffield Wednesday and Tottenham Hotspur; it must not be a mere propagandist journal, for the ineptitude of all such journals is patent; in short, it must be a newspaper. It must not be started with the idea that it is a poor orphan to be treated differently from other newspapers; it must not cadge; it must not demand sixpence for an article which other newspaper proprietors give for threepence, particularly if its quality is such as not to make it worth more than three ha'pence. It must pay its contributors, and pay them properly. There are enough Socialist journalists in England to turn out an uncommonly good Socialist paper, to turn out a newspaper not merely as good as the average of newspapers, but one which is very much better; but, despite that fact, the level of most Socialist papers is distinctly below that of the least efficient orthodox journal. Socialists, journalists or not, require food and clothing and shelter like other men, and if the Socialist journal is not prepared to pay its contributors, it will not get their work. The old heresy which still haunts the minds of the labourer that the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brain is only playing at work, and that he is prepared to sit down and write articles for the good of the cause for the sheer delight of the thing is one which the experience of all journals which do not pay their contributors or pay them badly should have dispelled long ago; but apparently it is clung to tenaciously by all Socialist editors from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald onwards.

I do not wish to appear carping concerning the proposal made by Mr. Hardie. I desire as keenly as any man to see a Socialist journal flourish in England. The desperate necessity for such a paper becomes obvious to any man who takes part in a bye-election. The Bermondsey result

might have been very much different had there been a Socialist journal to counteract the journals of the Liberals and Tories; but unless Mr. Hardie is prepared to put an efficiently-conducted paper on the market, he may as well desist from any attempt to cope with the matter.

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

* * *

SENSE AND SENTIMENTALITY.

Sir,—In stating that the artist's duty is to avoid sentimentality and to create beauty, Mr. Jacob Tonson is not so wide of the mark as his critic, "S. D. S.," thinks. Perfectly sincere people produce sentimentality and other forms of ugliness in large quantities every day, so sincerity is not the test. For example, nobody doubts the sincerity of Miss Corelli, but . . .

RAYMOND NEEDHAM.

* * *

THE SHEFFIELD CONGRESS AND EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS.

Sir,—May we be allowed to draw the attention of your readers to the present position of an important question in education politics, which our Union has for many successive years brought before the Trade Union Congress as part of its general education programme? We refer to the demand for the restoration of the wealthy university and public school endowments which have been stolen from the poor.

Socialists and Trade Unionists will perhaps remember that the Minister of Education, in March last, gave a flat refusal to the demand of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress for a Royal Commission to inquire into these great endowments, a demand which was made in accordance with the instructions of the Ipswich Congress in 1909. The recent Congress at Sheffield gave to the Parliamentary Committee an emphatic instruction to repeat the demand, with the important addition that the Royal Commission shall not only give the history and present value of the endowments originally intended for the poor, but also that it shall issue recommendations showing how the universities and public schools may be brought under public control.

We appeal to speakers and to members of the Socialist and Trade Union movements to keep these demands well to the front. This is especially necessary at this juncture, as an organisation known as the Workers' Educational Association, which is in close touch with the Board of Education, is anxious to make it appear that the working-class organisations desire a Royal Commission on university education on the lines of a reactionary memorial sent many months ago from the office of the Workers' Educational Association to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. This memorial has now been published, with comments, in pamphlet form by Mr. A. H. M. Robertson, an Oxford man, who has thus done a great service to the working-class movement.

We hope that members of branches of Trade Union and Socialist organisations which are affiliated to the Workers' Educational Association will study the proposals laid down in the memorial, and ask themselves how they would like such representations to be made to the Government in their name. This memorial asks, in the name of "workpeople," and without any proposal for accompanying public control, for large Treasury grants for the universities.

Following Lord Curzon's lead, the memorial asks for grants—not from philanthropists, it is true—but from the Treasury, for the University of Oxford as distinct from the Colleges. This, too, in the name of "workpeople," and without any reference to the Trade Union demand for a return showing the history and present value of the wealthy endowments of the colleges at Oxford—endowments which, according to Lord Curzon's own showing, are worth at least an annual income of over a quarter of a million. Large grants from the Treasury are also asked for, that university professors may have a higher rate of trade union wages, and that universities may carry on scientific research into the causes of the diseases from which the poor suffer!

In return for securing these blessings for the universities, and for shielding them from public control, representatives of Labour are to be "co-opted" on to a permanent "National Universities Council," whose duties would be "advisory" and not "executive": and we are further told that "the presence upon it" (this Council) "of leading members of the university would be a guarantee against anything like unwise interference."

The memorial contains no proposal for a balance-sheet of the endowments, either of the universities or of the great public schools.

After a persistent and systematic propaganda extending over many years, in which the Gasworkers' and General Labourers' Union has taken a bold initiative, we claim that the time has come when these great endowments should be restored to the people. Popular education is starved: the children are not yet fed adequately; they do not get the medical treatment they need; and we have not secured the maintenance of the children necessary for raising the school

age. Many bright poor children who obtain scholarships are unable to benefit by them because parents cannot afford to buy books, etc. In Wales to-day there is great suffering among the children affected by Labour troubles, and we have it on good authority that £30,000 goes from the Welsh Educational Endowments to Gloucester Cathedral—and the Liberal Nonconformist Minister of Education has refused a demand made by the representatives of the Trade Union Congress for a Royal Commission to unearth this and many similar scandals of whose existence he must be fully aware!

WILL THORNE.
M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Articles of the Week.

ANON., "Positivism and Revolution," Nation, Oct. 15; "The Gothic Contribution to Renaissance Art," Edinburgh Review, October; "The Past, Present and Future of Medical Women," Times, Oct. 15 (Woman's Supplement).

ARCHER, WILLIAM, "Ferrer and Mr. Belloc," Daily News, Oct. 13 and 15; "Lysistrata," Nation, Oct. 15; "On Caricature," Morning Leader, Oct. 15.

BARR, JAS. R., "The Rise of the Socialist Labour Party in Denmark," Socialist Review, October.

BAUGHAN, E. A., "The Repertory Theatre Question," Daily News, Oct. 15.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, "Ferrer and Mr. Belloc," Daily News, Oct. 14 (letter to the Editor).

BINYON, LAURENCE, "A Postscript to Pater's 'Renaissance,'" Saturday Review, Oct. 15.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "Reflections on the British People: With a Suggestion for a Statue in Gold," Clarion, Oct. 14.

BROOKS, SYDNEY, "Beet versus Cane: The Struggle of the Sugars," Daily News, Oct. 10.

CARTMEL, J., "Is Blatchford a Sentimentalist?" Clarion, Oct. 14.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "A First Sight of France," Daily News, Oct. 15; "Ferrer and Mr. Belloc," Daily News, Oct. 15 (letter to the Editor).

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, R. B., "The Crow Road," Saturday Review, Oct. 15.

DELL, ROBT., "The French Government and the Strike," Nation, Oct. 15.

GUYOT, YVES, "Timid Rulers: The Cause of the Railway Strike," Daily Mail, Oct. 15.

HARDIE, J. KEIR, M.P., "Revisionism in Germany," Labour Leader, Oct. 14.

JONES, HARRY, "Wages of M.P.'s: How Corruption Followed the Abolition of Payment," Daily Chronicle, Oct. 11.

LANG, ANDREW, "Weapon Worship," Morning Post, Oct. 14.

LANKESTER, Sir RAY, F.R.S., "The British Association and the Appreciation of Science," Daily Telegraph, Oct. 15.

LLOYD, C. M. (barrister-at-law), "The Osborne Judgment and the Pledge," Labour Leader, Oct. 14.

LOW, FRANCES H., "The Women of Germany: Their Sensible Charities," Daily Mail, Oct. 11.

LYNCH, Dr. ARTHUR, M.P., "M. Aristide Briand," Westminster Gazette, Oct. 14.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD, "The Americans at Oxford: What they Think of the English," Daily Mail, Oct. 14.

MIDDLETON, W. L., "Strike Methods in France," Morning Leader, Oct. 13.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "The Root of the Matter," Daily News, Oct. 12.

RAPPOPORT, Dr. A. S., "Love Affairs of Famous People: No. I. Robespierre, the Incorruptible," Throne and Country, Oct. 15.

SAXON, EDGAR J., "Sun Worship," Open Road, October.

SPIELMANN, M. H., "Rights of Brains: Copyright in Art," Morning Leader, Oct. 11.

THOMPSON, ALEX. M., "The Work of the Fellowship," Clarion, Oct. 14.

VAN KOL, HENRI, "A Socialist Colonial Policy," Socialist Review, October.

WELLS, H. G., "Dull Work: The Real Source of the Labour Trouble," Daily Mail, Oct. 10.

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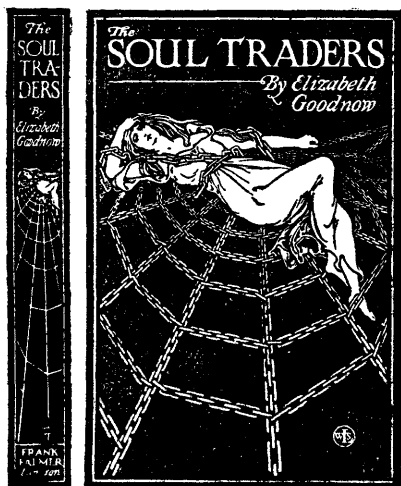
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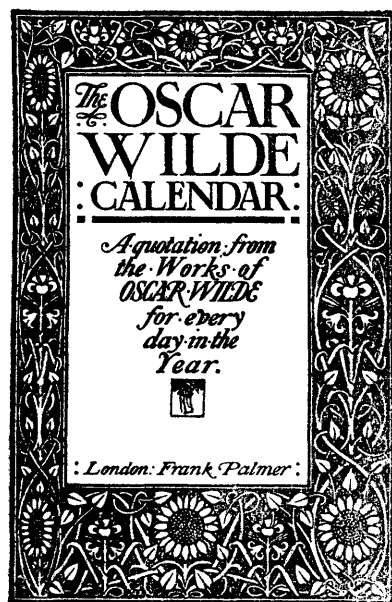
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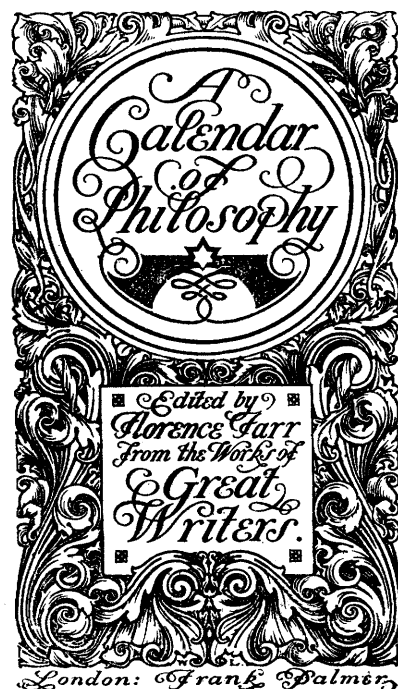
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