LITERAL SUPPLEMENT TO "THE NEW AGE."

VOL. VIII. No. 23. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1911.

SHAVIANA.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

In the preface to "Getting Married," Mr. Shaw continues his work of "showing us up." "My mission," he says, "is not to deal with obvious horrors, but to open the eyes of normal respectable men to evils which are escaping their consideration." That he has no moral licence for this attack is shown by the first page of this preface. "Because our marriage law is inhuman and unreasonable to the point of downright abomination, the bolder and more rebellious spirits form illicit unions, consent to marry the man they have decided to live with; and they are perplexed and astonished when I, who am supposed (heaven knows why!) to have the most advanced views attainable on the subject, urge them on no account to compromise themselves without the security of an authentic wedding ring." Clapham would be pleased with its conquest, for Mr. Shaw proceeds to state, more clearly than Clapham itself could, its reasons for perpetuating the "inhuman and unreasonable" estate of holy matrimony.

Now most law are, and all laws ought to be, stronger than the conscience of the individual. Certain defects in the marriage law is. The only people who successfully evade it are those who actually avail themselves of its shelter by pretending to be married when they are not, and by Bohemians who have no position to lose and no career to be closed. In every other case open violation of the marriage laws means either downright ruin or such inconvenience and disablement as a prudent man or woman would get married ten times over rather than face. And these disablements and inconveniences are not even the price of freedom; for, as Brieux has shown so convincingly in "Les Hannetons," an awfully illicit union is often found in practice to be as tyrannical and as irrlands from a moral one.

It is clear that Mr. Shaw does not wish to abolish marriage, and it should also be clear that he has no serious intention of reforming marriage. In the passage entitled, "Wanted: An Immoral Statesman," he says: "When a reform in the other direction is needed (for example, an extension of divorce), not even the most unbearable hardships will induce our statesmen to move so long as the victims submit sheepishly, though when they take the remedy into their own hands an inquiry is soon begun." Mr. Shaw's practical advice, viewed in the light of this statement, shows him to be a deliberate and willing reactionary against the very reform he advocates. This is even more clearly seen if we compare his reasons for getting married with his statement of divorce. 145. "Far from society being organised in a defence of its ideal so jealous and implacable that the least step from the straight path means exposure and ruin, it is almost impossible by any extent of misconduct to provoke society to offer its steady pretence of blindness, unless you do one or both of two fatal things. One is to get into the newspapers; and the other is to confess." Mr. Shaw, unlike the statesman pretends to conform, insists that there shall be not only no open violation of the marriage law, but no secret evasion of it. "Our marriage law is inhuman and unreasonable to the point of downright abomination." therefore, get married.

It may be asked, why has Mr. Shaw written an 80-page preface if his practical conclusion is the Pauline one: "I suppose, therefore, that this is good for the present distress, I say, that it is good for a man to do." The answer is that Mr. Shaw has discovered a "mere's nest." The new attack on marriage is based "on the plain fact that marriage is now beginning to depopulate the country with alarming rapidity. . . . As usual, this change of front has not yet been noticed by our newspaper controversialists and by the suburban season-ticket holders whose duties to the newspapers make. They still defend the citadel on the theory of which nobody is attacking it, and leaves its weakest front undefended."

So Mr. Shaw proclaims "the right to motherhood," even of "the old maid's right to motherhood" though if the old maids find the "right to conjugal rights to any person under any conditions intolerable by their self-respect," it is not easy to see how the right can be exercised. But as this is a problem for "an immoral statesman" (Mr. Shaw loves redounding to the most of his own question to submit to this person is the question of population, it is worth while quoting what is perhaps the most contradictory, senseless piece of intellectual scare-mongering that Mr. Shaw has ever written. I quote from p. 135.

If we desire to maintain the population at its present figure, or to increase it, we must take immediate steps to induce people of moderate means to marry earlier and to have more children. There is a lack of interest in the middle classes in the very poor and the very rich.

Shaw's practical conclusion is the so-called "moral" policy of his book, Nature, which must be held to be a "moral" policy. He states that if every woman were provided with £10,000 a year to-norrow, women would still have more and more to continue bearing children until they are exhausted whilst numbers of others are bearing no children at all. Even if every woman bearing and rearing a valuable child received a handsome series of payments, thereby making motherhood a real profession, as it ought to be, the number of women able and willing to rear a child from infancy to maturity would be as large as from three or four children would cost them might not be very large if the advance in social organisation and conscience indicated by such payments involved also the opening up of other means of livelihood to women. And it must be remembered that urban civilization itself, in so far as it is a method of evolution (and when it is this, it is simply a nuisance), is a sterilising process as far as numbers go. It is harder to keep up the supply of elephants than of sparrows and rabbits; and for the same reason it will be harder to keep up the supply of highly cultivated men and women than it now is of agricultural labourers.

If the problem for the statesman is one of population (and it is), obviously he must encourage fecundity wherever he finds it; and by Mr. Shaw's own showing, the very poor are the most fecund. But there is no demand among them for the reform of marriage, nor is there any revolt against child-bearing or domesticity. That demand and that revolt are confined entirely to those classes which Mr. Shaw says are neither able nor willing, even if the economic problem were solved for them, to bear and rear large families. On Mr. Shaw's premise, the statesman's problem is soon solved; it is not worth his while to reform marriage for the sake of those women who will neither live nor lie with a man; nor for those who are highly cultivated and naturally infertile. The reform of marriage cannot be put off for ever," says Mr. Shaw;" and it will be a very splendid and hazardous adventure for the Prime Minister who takes it in hand." But the statesman will evade the difficulty by endowing motherhood, by reducing infant mortality (as Mr. Burns is doing), by improving the education of poor children, and by improving the reduction. The case for not reforming marriage could not have been better stated than by Mr. Shaw's showing that the women who demand it

* "Getting Married," etc. Three plays by G. Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 6s.)
are sexually valueless to the state. O Clapham! Thou hast conquered.

Marriage, then, is not to be abolished; and the reason for it is to be postponed to an indefinite future, when an immoral statesman, who will consider only the population question, will legislate to suit the infertile women of the upper classes. G. K. C. said in his "George Bernard Shaw" that "The fact is that marriage will live in the future, because it is featureless; it is a soft job; you can make it what you like." Mr. Shaw seems to have made a mess of it, and if we consider Mr. Shaw’s statement of the revolt against marriage, it may well wonder if it is more than a barren logomachy.

Mr. Shaw says that "home life, as we understand it, is no more natural to us than a cage is natural to a cockatoo. Its grave danger to the nation lies in its narrow view, its unnaturally sustained and spirited jealousy of concubinances, its petty tyrannies, its endless grudges and squabbles, its sacrifice of the boy’s future by setting him to earn money to help the family when he should be in training for his adult life (remember the boy Dickens and the blacking factory), and of the girl’s chances by making her a slave to sick or selfish parents, its unnatural packing into little brick boxes of little parcels of humanity of ill-assorted ages, with the old scolding or beating the young for behaving like young people and thwarting the old for behaving like old people, and all the other ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation." This may sound very shocking, but it really means no more than Stevenson said in his book for girls behaving like old people, and all the other ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation.

But this only proves that the facts differ from the ideal; and if the revolt against marriage is a revolt against its sanctity, its romance, its absurdity, even against its enervating happiness, it must be a revolt against the ideal. But if we may not be romantic in our ideals, it is difficult to see why "we must be reasonable in our domestic ideals." Ideals are only ideals, and its unnatural packing into little brick boxes of little parcels of humanity of ill-assorted ages, with the old scolding or beating the young for behaving like young people and thwarting the old for behaving like old people, and all the other ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation.

Mr. Shaw says: "My own experience of discussing this question leads me to believe that the one point on which all we get at an unceasing revolt against the existing law is the saddling of the right to a child with the obligation to become the servant of a man." The revolt against marriage, in this aspect of it, is simply a fight between rational and romantic ideals, a war in the air, in its other aspect, it is a secret determination to intensify "all the ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation." Mr. Shaw says: "It is the cultivation of our children without their consent. Whether or no it is our own reputation is well enough if the cause be great, but none of us has the right to the reputation of our children without their consent. It was only within a month or two of her death that Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin learned this fact. Of the Imlay episode, which occupied so much of Mary’s spiritual life, as we understand it, there is no more natural to us than a cage is natural to a cockatoo. The revolt against marriage, in this aspect of it, is simply a fight between rational and romantic ideals, a war in the air, in its other aspect, it is a secret determination to intensify "all the ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation." Mr. Shaw says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is not at hand. Clapham has conquered. ‘To sum up, we have to depend on the solution of the problem of unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation.' Mr. Shaw’s other conclusion is that divorce should be granted whenever it is desired, without asking why. I have not attempted to deal with Mr. Shaw’s exposure, because it is admittedly factitious. He says on p. 157: "Without pretending to be an expert on the subject I have said enough to make it clear that the moment we lose the desire to defend our matrimonial and family arrangements, there will be no difficulty in making out an overwhelming case against them. No doubt until then we shall continue to hold up the British home as the Holy of Holies, in the temple of honourable motherhood, innocent childhood, manly virtue, and sweet and wholesome national life. But with a clever turn of the hand this holy of holies can be exposed as an Augustan stable, so filthy that it would seem more hopeful to burn it down than to attempt to sweep it out. There would be something of a consolation to all those young women whom Mr. Shaw has advised to get married; and as Mr. Shaw has no alternative to marriage (readers of the play will remember the failure of the attempt to draft the first marriage contract), let us at least do justice to Mr. Shaw’s work. It is not that of an artist, a statesman, or a reformer; so far as civilisation is concerned, it is worthless. He is simply a showman, and most of his freaks are frauds.

* * *

BIOGRAHY.

Mary Wollstonecraft: A Study in Economics and Romance. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. (Martin Secker 76. 6d.)

Mr. Taylor makes a great mystery of the contrast between Mary Wollstonecraft’s theories and her practice. But the mystery is familiar enough to have become a commonplace. Nobody, least of all a pioneer of ideas, has time enough to practise all he thinks, and the distance between the two is in all of us unbiddable in a single life. What we are concerned about is in the case of thinkers like Mary Wollstonecraft is her ideas. They at least can feed our minds if the spectacle of her own practice is depressing; for depressing it was, and we do not agree at all with Mr. Taylor when he tells us that more is to be learned from her deeds than from her words. Certainly she had the courage, once, twice, and again, to live with men without marriage, but as there were children of the union in two instances we see how circumstances might have changed her judgment. The mystery of one’s own reputation is well enough if the cause be great, but none of us has the right to risk the reputation of our children without their consent. It was only within a month or two of her death that Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin learned this fact. Of the Imlay episode, which occupied so much of Mary’s spiritual force, the less said the better. We are grateful to Mr. Taylor for collecting all there is to be known on the subject, but we cannot congratulate him on his judgments concerning it. Mary’s shameless importunity of Imlay long after he had tired of her betrayed a weakness not only in her judgment but in her instincts. So powerful a nature as hers should either have been able to secure her prey or to release herself from an ignominious pursuit. Mary did neither, and, in consequence Imlay comes better out of the encounter than herself. Mr. Taylor, however, is never tired of suggesting that Imlay was a coward not to have broken away from Mary; but this is to expect heroism of the one of the pair who was, ex hypothesi, least capable of it. A similar defect of judgment is displayed by the author in his vain attempt to explain Mary’s wretchedness as a governess in Ireland. The “nervous” which Mary Wollstonecraft exhibited in the house of the dog-breeding Kingsborough family were the most natural thing in the world; there was nothing logical about them. Such signs of discomfort in ungenial surroundings are as natural to sensitive persons as the tremors which shake a young cuckoo in a hedge sparrow’s nest. What, indeed, was wrong with the attempt to explain Mary’s wretchedness as a governess in Ireland. The “nervous” which Mary Wollstonecraft exhibited in the house of the dog-breeding Kingsborough family were the most natural thing in the world; there was nothing logical about them. Such signs of discomfort in ungenial surroundings are as natural to sensitive persons as the tremors which shake a young cuckoo in a hedge sparrow’s nest. What, indeed, was wrong with the attempt to explain Mary’s wretchedness as a governess in Ireland. The “nervous” which Mary Wollstonecraft exhibited in the house of the dog-breeding Kingsborough family were the most natural thing in the world; there was nothing logical about them. Such signs of discomfort in ungenial surroundings are as natural to sensitive persons as the tremors which shake a young cuckoo in a hedge sparrow’s nest. What, indeed, was wrong with the attempt to explain Mary’s wretchedness as a governess in Ireland. The “nervous” which Mary Wollstonecraft exhibited in the house of the dog-breeding Kingsborough family were the most natural thing in the world; there was nothing logical about them. Such signs of discomfort in ungenial surroundings are as natural to sensitive persons as the tremors which shake a young cuckoo in a hedge sparrow’s nest. What, indeed, was wrong with the attempt to explain Mary’s wretchedness as a governess in Ireland.
them. Listen to this, and lay your hand on your heart and swear that Mr. James Douglas did not write it: "For sheer virility and grip of her verbal instruments it (the "Vindication of the Rights of Man") is probably the finest of the modern constitutions which give the quality of a sword-edge, and they flash with the rapidity of a practised duellist." No, reader, you shall not be disappointed: the author does indeed continue, "it was written at a white heat of indignation." There's praise for you! And just as if this were not enough, Mr. Taylor must needs put down the wretched scribbler whose work Mary Wollstonecraft attacked in her "Vindication of Man" as a "narrow class-pleader," a "sickly refer to style" and refer to style as a "high falsetto." This wretch was Edmund Burke. Judgment, as we have said, is not the distinguishing mark of Mr. Taylor's work.

* * *

By J. M. Kennedy.

The House of Hohenzollern. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. Illustrated. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

There are several lessons to be derived from this book apart from the amusing anecdotes, historical information, and little character sketches which Mr. Hodgetts has arranged skilfully and artistically and set forth in a very pleasant style. One is the proof of what may be done by an obedient nation directed by a strong hand and head; another is the proof of how easily all this may be undone when a strong ruler is succeeded by an irresolute one. A third lesson is the startling rapidity of the German nation, even at the present day.

It is perfectly true to say that without Prussia there would never have been a German Empire, and our author starts, rightly enough, with the first King of Prussia, Frederick I. By consolidating his own kingdom Frederick I. undoubtedly laid the foundations of modern Germany; but, in spite of Mr. Hodgetts' interesting account of his reign, there is little else to say about him. His son, Frederick William I, the father of Frederick the Great, was a much more interesting personality. He wanted his country to advance; and he achieved his purpose by kicking it along, so to speak, by sheer brute force. When work was to be done he never spared himself, or, indeed, anyone about him:—

Originally of a powerful physique, he undermined his constitution by expecting too much of it. He would rise at the dawn, and work several hours a day, manifesting an indefatigable assiduity in the hours a day, manifesting an indefatigable assiduity in the work. He abolished the so-called Countesses' table, and sold the rare wines in the castle cellars by auction, as well as over one hundred State horses, besides a number of coaches, sedan chairs, etc. (pp. 91-2).

This, somehow, is the impression which it is difficult for a foreigner to get rid of when reading about Germany or travelling through the country. There is neither time nor opportunity for the finer sides of life—art, literature, or the development of a sense of humour. Everyone seems to be saving, hoarding, struggling to complete something. The Italian, the Frenchman, the Englishman, have all completed their circle; the German is still in the rough state. The distinction is apparent now. It was even clearer in the early part of the eighteenth century. It is appalling even to think of the utterable stupidity and slowness of the German of that period. So we need not be surprised that Frederick William I often found it necessary to adopt strong measures:—

His methods were prompt, energetic, and exceedingly unpleasant. The postmaster of Potsdam was one of the first to feel the weight. On the royal command constitutional he saw the night diligence from Hamburg drawn up in front of the post-house, while the travellers were vainly knocking at the door and obtained admittance. The King forced his way into the house and himself belaboured the slattern postmaster in his bed, driving him into the street and out of office; he then turned to the travellers and humbly apologised to them for having been kept waiting, and for the latxy of Prussian officials. . . .

Everybody feared the weight of his redoubtable cane, which he wielded with all the force of his great physique (p. 203). He did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, but comined a constant pressure on the outlying provinces. His methods were prompt, energetic, and exceedingly unpleasing. He would rise at dawn, and work several hours a day, manifesting an indefatigable assiduity in the

"And here is a quotation from the Comte de Ségur which Mr. Hodgetts happily introduces in connection with Frederick's share in the partition of Poland: "Attributed to the policy of Frederick, it was really the work of Catherine II, who made the first overtures regarding her scheme to Prince Henry. The King of Prussia seized with avidity this opportunity of extending his power. Morality condemns, but diplomacy excuses him (p. 202)."

In chapters XI to XIV Mr. Hodgetts gives us a concise account of the ruin of the great kingdom built up by Frederick the Great and of the subsequent risorfilms. We see the importance of the army above all, and how it led to the decline of the German language. It is only to look upon universal service as a matter of course, and how, despite unceasing agitation, the anti-militarist movement has made so little progress. The succession of military geniuses is also worth noting. The celebrated Gneisenau was Blücher's trusted companion, and he trained the equally celebrated Clausewitz, whose great book on war has become a classic. Clausewitz in his turn trained Moltke, whose magnificent organization of the German Army is, or should be, fresh in our memories.

There are numerous little touches and character sketches scattered throughout the book which serve to show us that they come from the hands of an artist and craftsman. Ministers and officials at the Court of King Frederick William IV were often puzzled by the reluctance of the King and Queen to impose their will on each other. The King was always to do what the Queen wanted, and the Queen to anticipate the King's wishes, either hesitating to ask the other point-blank for fear of unwittingly causing the other to make a sacrifice. It thus came about that Ministers were frequently employed to discover from the servants of the other what that other would desire to have done (pp. 347-8)

What a contrast between this Court and that of Frederick II or his father! Mr. Hodgetts describes Blücher amicably and happily, and he describes the man's appearance quite home to us when he tells us that his face was frequently flushed, especially in the region of the nose. It is quite correct, too, to say of the present Emperor that he is a much more discreet
and prudent person than it has been the fashion to paint him. "As a matter of fact, in addition to the gift of eloquence, William II possesses considerable hysterionic ability, and if he had not been an Emperor would have made an excellent demagogue." Mr. Hodgetts, too, well remembers Mr. Gladstone's force early in the middle part of the nineteenth century when he writes: "The intellectual world of that day was animated by ideas and conceptions which have been crystallised for us by Lord Macaulay and John Stuart Mill. Whatever the merits of the thought may have been, a sense of humour and a toleration of the opinions of others were not amongst them."

An optimistic note, which, however, not everyone will share, concludes the book. During its forty years of peace since the humiliation of France the German Empire has made gigantic strides; but its progress has been materialistic and philosophy and art have been elbowed out of the way. The advancement of German culture, the development of the old German spirit, ceased with the founding of the German Empire. History repeats itself, and Rome may once again be overrun by the barbarians.

* * *

By C. H. Norma.


Sir William Butler was a fine-spirited Irish gentleman who combined military ambitions with an unsparing devotion to the ideals of justice and honour.

Butler's fervent advocacy of the cause of Irish democracy was based upon the many tragedies of the Irish evictions during the 'forties and 'fifties. This is one of Sir William Butler's pen pictures of the agents of Irish landlordism engaged upon their favourite occupation.

At a signal from the sheriff the work began. The miserable inmates of the cabins were dragged out upon the road; the thatched roofs were torn down, and the earthen walls battered in by cowbars; the screaming women, the half-naked children, the paralysed grandmother, and the tottering grandfather were hauled out. It was a sight I have never forgotten. I was twelve years old at the time; but I think if a loaded gun had been put into my hands I would have fired into that crowd of villains as they plied their horrible trade.

There are few men who retain the generous emotions of youth beyond the routine of middle age. Sir William Butler was one of those men whose heart never grew old, and whose sense of justice never flagged or wavered. He records, on the same subject, a conversation between the late Sir Arthur Kennedy and the late Lord Granville:

"I can tell you, my lord, that there were days in that western county when I came back from some scene of eviction so maddened by the sights of hunger and misery I had seen in the day's work that I felt disposed to take the gun from behind my door and shoot the first landlord I met." "Strong words, Sir Arthur," was all that the then Colonial Secretary could say. "Not stronger, my lord, than were my feelings at that time," answered the old soldier.

Such events as these inevitably cast the shadow of Home Rule and the Land League before them. These evictions were of daily occurrence throughout Ireland; while the absentee landlords enjoyed the profits of rack-rentals and tenants' improvements. Can one be surprised at the bitterness in Ireland towards the English Government? That bitterness is still permeating Irish opinion. The civil war of the Irish and English temperaments is always being waged. Their undying hatred of oppression is very creditable to the humanity of the Englishmen. They have not learnt a few lessons from the Land League and the Fenian movements; because, then, it might be possible to re-spiritualise the political and public life of England.

Sir William Butler quotes some stories from Lord Wolsey's "Story of a Soldier's Life," upon which he makes this shrewd remark: "I have found this feeling of sympathy with prisoners a very general one through the world, and I do not think that human nature has any reason to be ashamed of it." The quality of mercy and the spirit of pity are enshrined within the hearts of most of us. The official class is so well aware of this that the most drastic penalties are imposed without any personal guilt, or help him to escape. But, as Lord Coke said, officials, like corporations, have no souls. To obtain security of employment one has to sell one's soul to the King's service: the Devil is a more honourable market.

There are many interesting chapters in this autobiography describing military life in all parts of the world. Sir William Butler served in many countries and in many climes. One true and illuminating description of the Eastern landmarks of European civilisation: "It used to be said of old that the Portuguese began their colonial settlements by building a church, that the Dutch inaugurated theirs by building a fort, and that we commenced ours with a public house." The Dutch, anyhow, chose an honest symbol of their intentions. A somewhat cruel analysis of the Indian Civil Service is contained in the story of Bungay Smith. "Bungay Smith was a type. He possessed one moral social accomplishment . . . . He could buzz like a humble bee. From the moment it was discovered, his success was assured."

Sir William Butler had no illusions about the moral consequences of his profession: "Men will rob and outrage and rape and burn in war who would have lived very passable and decent lives in peace." Yet, in a letter to the present reviewer, Sir William Butler expressed a reluctance to join in applause against some of the organisers of recent war scares: "What you have written about the financial aspects of recent wars is strictly true [he wrote] . . . . The world has before it enormous problems. These will run their several courses, despite of Lord Roberts or any other passing personality, and burnt fingers will in the future, as in the past, prove the best teachers in the long run to war-kinders of this kind. In his autobiography, the General deals with the close relationship between the modern wars and finance with keen feeling: "It is a misfortune of the first magnitude in the lives of soldiers to-day that the majority of our recent wars should have had their origin in purely financial interests or sordid Stock Exchange ambitions." That connection was never better expressed than by the "Morning Leader" cartoon depicting the ghost of Tommy Atkins murmuring to himself as the Chinese passed him on their way to create wealth for Japan. "This is what we fought for." While discussing this matter, we must refer to a singular omission in the book. Page 361 is headed "Financial Mysteries." Halfway down the page there is a number of asterisks, which are continued into half the next page. On that page is there any reference to "Financial Mysteries." Has the editor acted as censor, or is there another explanation for this strange hiatus?

In 1898 General Butler was appointed to the Cape command, and also became Acting-Governor and High Commissioner during Sir A. Milner's absence. The chapter recounting his administration of the military forces in Cape Colony is exceedingly interesting, but tragic. Some complications of a political nature are referred to without telling the story, which must be told one day, of the South African catastrophe. What motive led him to withhold his knowledge cannot be fathomed from the book itself. Unconsciously, probably, he fell into line with the modern practice in biographies and memoirs of not allowing too much information relating to the years 1901-1902 to be seen by the ordinary reader. The present reviewer has not found any new information in the year of the Boer War. There are some documents and papers reposing in the drawers of men like Sir William Butler which would shed light upon the complicity of Lord Milner, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and many others in the disastrous adventure. In a pregnant passage, Sir William Butler shows how the wires were manipulated:

All political questions in South Africa, and nearly all the information sent from Cape Town to England, are now
being worked by what I have already termed a colossal syndicate for the spread of systematic misrepresentation, and I am therefore very careful to insist upon the verification of intelligence before transmitting it to you. . . .

I cannot tell which of the following items I should experience if obtaining really accurate information upon the true state of affairs here.

Again, he says, despairingly: “We are working very hard. If you could induce a few of that class to emigrate here, we might have hope in the future; but I fear that neither Houndsditch nor even the Stock Exchange will help us much in that line.

Again, he cabled: “It is easy to see that the present agitation in Johannesburg is a prepared business . . . . It is needless to indicate the original train-layers: they are nearer to you than to me.”

The condition of Johannesburg then, as now, was unspeakable in its vileness. The politician had described it to me.

“Again, he said, despairingly, to a group of layers: they are nearer to you than to me.” The politician had described it to me.

“Again, he said to a group of layers: they are nearer to you than to me.” The politician had described it to me.

The despatches of Sir William Butler began to make Mr. Chamberlain uneasy. He asked Lord Milner to see Sir William Butler with a view to excision of the latter’s despatches. This is Sir William Butler’s note: “My own impression is that behind all this lies a plot to work their way will not be as opposed to the true interests of the Empire as was that done 120 years ago by our Government in North America; and that Mr. Chamberlain will not live in history as Lord North lives, but will remain in the same position as Lord North.

I, of course, refused my consent. Sir William Butler (in June, 1899), put his view quite definitely before the War Office: “If the Jews were out of the question, it would be easy enough to come to an agreement; but they are apparently intent upon plunging the country into civil strife. . . . It has been my aim here that I should come here to keep myself clear of this gang. . . . Let us leave the Jews and their gold alone. The history I was taught as a boy showed me that the patriot’s road led often to the scaffold and it is a mine of information to the general observer of politics and affairs. Sir William Butler taught us many lessons; but, above all, his life proclaims that the trials where they are thumbed by a perspiring and half-educated human sociologist in letters,” p. 205. Mark Twain not only ranks as a moralist with the four “advanced” thinkers previously mentioned, although his own views are not “advanced.” We are further told on p. 176 that “it is more gratifying still to rest confident in the belief that, in Mark Twain, America has contributed to the world a genius siezed of the tribe of Molikre, a congener of La Sage, of Fielding, of Defoe—a man who will be remembered, as Mr. Howells has said, with the great names of all the world.” He might, for Swift, or with any others worthy his company; none of them was his equal in humanity.”

Sir William Butler was not a pliant tool to the Rhodes-Milner-Chamberlain gang, so he was recalled. Victor Hugo paid Sir William Butler the most subtle, yet the highest, compliment that any man can pay another, the compliment of knowing, “and if I was ever to be tried, I would wish to have you for a judge.” There is nothing more to be said of Sir William’s personality. It is revealed in that one penetrating sentence.

This book should be read by those independent-minded men who are the uncorrupted element in England. Its style and tone are admirable; and it is a mine of information to the general observer of politics and affairs. Sir William Butler taught us many lessons; but, above all, his life proclaims that the trials and temptations of the world matter not, so long as we preserve our own integrity and honour.

By A. E. Randall.

Mark Twain. By Archibald Henderson. (Duckworth. 51. net.)

In the “Observer,” dated Feb. 12, 1911, Mr. Shaw declared: “I am led forward to the appearance of Professor Henderson’s biography of himself—‘with quite undisguised terror.’ Judging by this book on Mark Twain, I should say that Mr. Shaw is needlessly alarmed. Professor Henderson says in his preface that Mark Twain authorised him to write an interpretation of his life and work. I have read the 211 pages of this book very carefully, and found nothing original in it but its contradictions. For instance, on p. 65, Professor Henderson says: “He is not a great thinker: his book even the Third ATTRIBUTE is not ‘advanced.’” On p. 106, Professor Henderson says: “Was it Heaven or Hell?” in its simple paths, “The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg’ in its morally salutary irony, present vital evidence of that same transvaluation of current moral values that marks the age of Nietzsche and Ibsen, of Tolstoy and Shaw.” We have two different explanations of the increase of seriousness in Twain’s work on p. 99 and p. 183. The first attributes it to the critical comment of Tom Fitch, the second to the critical comment of Mr. Shaw. As he testified to Professor Henderson by Mark Twain, we can only suspect that the Professor’s leg needed pulling. For he is evidently a very simple and enthusiastic person.

To him, Mark Twain was simply a great genius; he was a great man,” p. 66; “Mark Twain is primarily a great artist,” p. 204; “But there is yet to come that greater posterity of the future which will, I dare say, class Mark Twain as America’s greatest, most human sociologist in letters,” p. 205. Mark Twain not only ranks as a moralist with the four “advanced” thinkers previously mentioned, although his own views are not “advanced.” We are further told on p. 176 that “it is more gratifying still to rest confident in the belief that, in Mark Twain, America has contributed to the world a genius siezed of the tribe of Molikre, a congener of La Sage, of Fielding, of Defoe—a man who will be remembered, as Mr. Howells has said, with the great names of all the world.” He might, for Swift, or with any others worthy his company; none of them was his equal in humanity.” In short, Mark Twain was like everyone whom he resembled, and was better than they were. In this little book, Professor Henderson has managed to quote almost everybody who ever wrote a few lines of eulogy of Mark Twain; and yet the book abounds in repetition. I am still waiting for the interpretation. Meanwhile, I console myself with the illustrations, which are excellent.

By Hylton Carter.

The Life of Robert Browning. By W. Hall Griffin and H. C. Minchin. (Methuen. 6d. net.)

The chief characteristic of Browning as a writer is that he is unintelligible. Dr. F. J. Furnival was one of the first, after Browning himself, to make the fact publicly known. In 1884 he started the first Browning society with the avowed aim of explaining the poet. Naturally Browning resented this attempt to advertise his obscurities, and told people what he felt about the society. He complained that he wrote poems that they may be read, “and fifty years now—people said they were unintelligible.” Such people he thought ought to be left alone with their ignorance. But what irritated him was “the sudden assemblage of men and women to cry the names of those which a stranger, who choose to incur the ridicule sure to come readily to the critics who dispose of my works by the easy word ‘unintelligible’ instead of saying safely to themselves ‘I understand it—or something of it anyhow.’ That there would be an exegation in the approval was to be looked for; they react against a great deal.” Apparently the sorrows of Browning were more fancied than real. Had he possessed a profound sense of humour as well as of philosophy, he would have shut down like an oyster. The sight of a group of industrious persons advertising him in a medium which circulated among the kind of people to whom his works were especially unsuited, as for Titanic laughter, not Liliputian tears. Browning, however, became reconciled to being placed in a foolish and undignified position, and when after eight years of desperate efforts the Browningites elevated him to public favour to the tune of “See the conquering hero comes,” he wrote, “When all is done I cannot but be very grateful for the institution of the society; for to what else but the persistent calling attention to my works can one attribute the present demand for them?”

Since that time the good work of explaining Browning has gone on. “Lives” and other forms of interpretation have sprung from the Press to find their way into the free library, where Corelli and Hall Caine throw glances of contempt at the work where they are thumbed by a perspiring and half-educated public. The late Professor Hall Griffin, to whom
belongs the conception of the work and the collecting of the materials has so overloaded his hero with unnecessary facts that it is almost impossible to see Browning for the biographer. The unexpressed aim of Professor Griffin has been to expand an interesting paper on Browning and his friends which appeared, I believe, in the Contemporary Review some years ago. So far as I remember, the paper was designed to throw light on a very interesting period of Browning’s life, and detailed at some length the constitution, saying and doing of Browning. The set "Colloquials," "whom palmy days," as the present volume reminds one, "seem to have been from 1835 to 1840, and who used to meet at the Young’s house at Limehouse, then a riverside village." This paper tells us in a condensed form all that we really need know about Browning, the sort of men he associated with, men like Arnold, Domett, Coventry Patmore, who in a sense reflected his characteristics, and who were not slow to criticise his strange poetry with its obscure passages, its lack of rhythm, love of harsh consonants, its Mere- dithian unaccustomed word and phrase and condensing figures, its absence of lyricism, spontaneity, and, above all, its "old chums" colloquialisms. The latter may be the arresting light of having swallowed an over-dose of the Colloquials and of being unable to keep it down. If one may judge a man by the company he keeps one may form a very true estimate of Browning from a mount of his Colloquials. It is strange therefore that this important aspect of his life has been disposed of in a very scrappy chapter in the volume before me, the remainder of which is occupied with an account of Professor Griffin’s pursuit of Browning from pillar to post in an endeavour to put down the poet’s career and writings from "Parentage and Birth," during his whiskings across the Continent, unto the "Last Decade. Even the fact that this Life" is based upon new material chiefly derived from the letters of Browning and his wife, and the diary of Alfred Domett, "of which last Professor Griffin was practically the discoverer," hardly justifies the length of the volume and the abundance of facts that have been wedged into it.

Apart from this consideration the book is of distinct value to Browningites. To them and to other readers the chapter on Browning’s introduction to the stage will be of most interest, seeing that it throws a great deal of arresting light on the history of the so-called advanced drama and makes it much older than it really pretends to be. It presents a curious picture of popular actor-managers on their knee. begging for Browning’s play that time Browning adopts a lordly air, and pleases himself whether he shall accord to their request for more Browning tragedies.

For the rest Mr. Minchin has done his collaborating and editing with judgment.

* * *

**POLITICAL.**

*Riches and Poverty,* 1910. By L. G. Chiozza Money. (Methuen 4s. 6d. net.)

If England perish it will not be because there is no open vision. Such books as Mr. Money’s are a clear indication not only of how matters stand and whether they point, but of the means of avoiding the dreaded conclusion. The present volume is not a reprint of the 1902 edition. Mr. Money, though his conclusions are breath-bereaving,贯彻 them by carefully conservative paths of calculation. Nothing is over-estimated or under-estimated, you may be sure, to produce artificial high lights or black shadows. The results, as we say, are absolutely appalling. In the five years under review (1905-1910), the share of the national income which goes to profits has increased by 21.2 per cent. During a little longer period nominal wages have risen 7 per cent., while the cost of living has increased by 9 per cent. These are the indisputable figures which support the statement that the rich tend every year to become richer and the poor poorer. As a frontispiece to this volume, Mr. Money prints a diagrammatic representation of the existing mad distribution of national annual income. The income of the 444 million people who are our fellow citizens amounted in 1908 to 1,844 million sterling, and this was apportioned after this three-bears fashion:

- The Rich (numbering 1,400,000 persons) took £934,000,000.
- The Comfortable (numbering 4,100,000 persons) took £275,000,000.
- The Poor (numbering 39,000,000 persons) took £935,000,000.

We leave our readers to draw their own deductions from this accurate table. Our own conclusion differs little from that of Mr. Money himself; in politics one may be anything one pleases without offence to reason or humanity, but whoever is not in economics a Socialist is a fool or a knave. Mr. Money in this volume offers invaluable service to the nation. It is the nation’s to take or leave the Sibylline book of its fate.

**The New Social Democracy.** By J. H. Harley. (King 6s. net.)

If Mr. Harley had made up his mind as to what sort of book he would write, the result might have been creditable to him and pleasing to his readers; for he is very well informed. He might have written a history of Socialist thought, or a series of biographical and critical sketches of Socialist teachers and their lives and works, or a book about the relations of sociology to Socialism. He has tried to do all three in 210 pages, and has failed. His dictum (for thesis he has not) is that "the New Social Democracy is the birth of Sociology." But what is Sociology? It one may judge by this book, it is simply the determination of a number of writers to notice certain phenomena that are ignored by other writers, and to assume that these are important. What is the new Social Democracy? Mr. Harley does not tell us very clearly. It seems that something practical must be done, and for our guidance Mr. Harley states the seven types of association in society in the order of their increasing complexity. They are: Domestic, economic, religious, artistic, juristic, political, and rational associations. But in making his practical suggestions (and Mr. Harley prides himself on being constructive) Mr. Harley has failed. His dictum (for thesis he has not) is that "Sociology is the science." But what is Sociology? It one may judge by this book, it is simply the determination of a number of writers to notice certain phenomena that are ignored by other writers, and to assume that these are important. What is the new Social Democracy? Mr. Harley in this edition, but in substance a completely new work of the Colloquials and of being unable to keep it down. If one may judge a man by the company he keeps one may form a very true estimate of Browning from a mount of his Colloquials. It is strange therefore that this important aspect of his life has been disposed of in a very scrappy chapter in the volume before me, the remainder of which is occupied with an account of Professor Griffin’s pursuit of Browning from pillar to post in an endeavour to put down the poet’s career and writings from "Parentage and Birth," during his whiskings across the Continent, unto the "Last Decade. Even the fact that this Life" is based upon new material chiefly derived from the letters of Browning and his wife, and the diary of Alfred Domett, "of which last Professor Griffin was practically the discoverer," hardly justifies the length of the volume and the abundance of facts that have been wedged into it.

Apart from this consideration the book is of distinct value to Browningites. To them and to other readers the chapter on Browning’s introduction to the stage will be of most interest, seeing that it throws a great deal of arresting light on the history of the so-called advanced drama and makes it much older than it really pretends to be. It presents a curious picture of popular actor-managers on their knee: begging for Browning’s play that time Browning adopts a lordly air, and pleases himself whether he shall accord to their request for more Browning tragedies.

For the rest Mr. Minchin has done his collaborating and editing with judgment.

* * *

**TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.**

By S. Verdad.

**Brazil.** Translated from the French of Pierre Denis, and with a historical chapter added, by Bernard Miall, and a supplement by Dasyon A. Vindin. Maps and illustrations. (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

That very great interest is now being taken in South America is amply shown by the success which seems to be attending Mr. Fisher Unwin’s South American.
Supplement to the New Age

Series. To the previous volumes dealing with Chile, Peru, Mexico, and Argentina there has now been added a fifth volume, dealing with Brazil, and this last book is of particular value. Not only is Brazil politically and economically the most important country in South America, but it is also, from a European point of view, the oldest. It differs from its neighbours in that it is Portuguese, and not Spanish, and in the fact that it has been peopled by Europeans for more than 300 years.

It is justly to say that M. Denis, with the artistic intuition and keen observation which we expect politically and economically the most important Series. To the previous volumes dealing with: Chile, its neighbours in that it is Portuguese, and not Spanish, book is of particular value. Not only is Brazil for more than 300 years.

The result is that laws are not enforced, that a Constitution which is theoretically perfect is found to be useless in practice, and that practically all the power of the country is in the hands of a few capitalists. Not so in the south:

-Brazil possesses what the United States and the Argentine do not: the privilege of the old society. It is true that her political organisation is perfectly democratic, and wherever I have gone I have met with profoundly democratic convictions; but neither the constitution nor political theories can alter the historical facts. In the Southern States, which were largely populated by the immigration of the nineteenth century, there is everywhere above the working classes, which are often of black or mingled blood, a ruling class of almost purely Portuguese origin. Almost everywhere the land belongs to this ruling class, or social author. This Brazilian aristocracy enjoys political power as well. Brazil has, it is true, established universal suffrage; but the sovereign people, before delegating its sovereignty to its representatives, confides to the ruling class the duty of supervising its electoral functions. The large landed proprietors choose the candidates, and their instructions are usually obeyed. They form the structure, the framework, of all party politics; they are its strength, its very life; it is they who govern and administer Brazil (pp. 98-99).

I have thought it well to lay stress upon this matter; for it distinguishes Brazil from every country in North or South America. The people of England; for here the old landed gentry are gradually being ousted by the capitalists. It is a significant fact, not merely in the history of government, but in the history of philosophy and sociology, that a ruling class should have been evolved in this manner in a Latin country within the relatively short period of three centuries, and this is spite of the democratic tendencies of the people, to which M. Denis bears witness. This, in truth, sound democracy. The Spaniards, however, recalls none of these things. It deals only in the Southern States, which were largely populated by the immigration of the nineteenth century, there is everywhere above the working classes, which are often of black or mingled blood, a ruling class of almost purely Portuguese origin. Almost everywhere the land belongs to this ruling class, or social author. This Brazilian aristocracy enjoys political power as well. Brazil has, it is true, established universal suffrage; but the sovereign people, before delegating its sovereignty to its representatives, confides to the ruling class the duty of supervising its electoral functions. The large landed proprietors choose the candidates, and their instructions are usually obeyed. They form the structure, the framework, of all party politics; they are its strength, its very life; it is they who govern and administer Brazil (pp. 98-99).

Another point which is well brought out in the introduction to the book is the harmonious relations between the large landowner and the tenants or workers on his estate. When it is remembered that the Brazilians, on the whole, prefer country life to town life, this state of good feeling is also a significant factor.

For the rest, the book contains all the information which previous volumes in this series have led us to expect. Chapter V., treating of the economic life of Brazil, is particularly mentioned, as are also the chapters which end with Sao Paulo. A specially interesting feature, too, is Chapter XIII., giving a complete account of the negro populations. The well-reproduced illustrations and maps complete a highly creditable volume.

By Hunty Carter.

Home Life in Spain. By S. L. Bensusan. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

There are two things noticeable to the close observer in Spain: religion and dirt. The one is the unnatural outcome of the other. Spain is renowned for dirt. In this country a princess has been known to wear her shift for two years under a religious vow. Thus religion exalts dirt to a virtue. It recalls the promotion of dirt in another direction. Millet made his wife wear her clothes over and over again, until they were modelled to her form. He encouraged art to exalt dirt to a virtue. Religion has, indeed, thrown a veil of gloom over sunny Spain. It has metaphorically banished its own sunshine. It has seen the sun rise, and went on with its work. The only thing to do is to see who these leaders govern the country in practice.

Another point which is well brought out in the introduction to the book is the harmonious relations between the large landowner and the tenants or workers on his estate. When it is remembered that the Brazilians, on the whole, prefer country life to town life, this state of good feeling is also a significant factor.

For the rest, the book contains all the information which previous volumes in this series have led us to expect. Chapter V., treating of the economic life of Brazil, is particularly mentioned, as are also the chapters which end with Sao Paulo. A specially interesting feature, too, is Chapter XIII., giving a complete account of the negro populations. The well-reproduced illustrations and maps complete a highly creditable volume.

By Hunty Carter.

Home Life in Spain. By S. L. Bensusan. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

There are two things noticeable to the close observer in Spain: religion and dirt. The one is the unnatural outcome of the other. Spain is renowned for dirt. In this country a princess has been known to wear her shift for two years under a religious vow. Thus religion exalts dirt to a virtue. It recalls the promotion of dirt in another direction. Millet made his wife wear her clothes over and over again, until they were modelled to her form. He encouraged art to exalt dirt to a virtue. Religion has, indeed, thrown a veil of gloom over sunny Spain. It has metaphorically banished its own sunshine. It has seen the sun rise, and went on with its work. The only thing to do is to see who these leaders govern the country in practice.

Another point which is well brought out in the introduction to the book is the harmonious relations between the large landowner and the tenants or workers on his estate. When it is remembered that the Brazilians, on the whole, prefer country life to town life, this state of good feeling is also a significant factor.

For the rest, the book contains all the information which previous volumes in this series have led us to expect. Chapter V., treating of the economic life of Brazil, is particularly mentioned, as are also the chapters which end with Sao Paulo. A specially interesting feature, too, is Chapter XIII., giving a complete account of the negro populations. The well-reproduced illustrations and maps complete a highly creditable volume.

By Hunty Carter.

Home Life in Spain. By S. L. Bensusan. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

There are two things noticeable to the close observer in Spain: religion and dirt. The one is the unnatural outcome of the other. Spain is renowned for dirt. In this country a princess has been known to wear her shift for two years under a religious vow. Thus religion exalts dirt to a virtue. It recalls the promotion of dirt in another direction. Millet made his wife wear her clothes over and over again, until they were modelled to her form. He encouraged art to exalt dirt to a virtue. Religion has, indeed, thrown a veil of gloom over sunny Spain. It has metaphorically banished its own sunshine. It has seen the sun rise, and went on with its work. The only thing to do is to see who these leaders govern the country in practice.

Another point which is well brought out in the introduction to the book is the harmonious relations between the large landowner and the tenants or workers on his estate. When it is remembered that the Brazilians, on the whole, prefer country life to town life, this state of good feeling is also a significant factor.

For the rest, the book contains all the information which previous volumes in this series have led us to expect. Chapter V., treating of the economic life of Brazil, is particularly mentioned, as are also the chapters which end with Sao Paulo. A specially interesting feature, too, is Chapter XIII., giving a complete account of the negro populations. The well-reproduced illustrations and maps complete a highly creditable volume.
characteristics he has tried to veil them with his sunny optimism. Accordingly, he informs us that Spain has a sufficient number of competent writers to carry on the traditions of Calderon and Lope de Vega; that it has almost boycotted Ibsen; that it affects Shakespeare. He seems unaware that he is telling us that the Spanish theatre is provincial, antiquated, poverty-stricken and altogether uninspiring. But he rightly places an emphasis on Spanish dancing, and treats the subject with much interest. If he had spread himself out in the same manner throughout his book, his many-sided view of Spain would have been more attractive, even though a roving journalist's view. As it is, he has produced a nicely-illustrated volume of journalistic geography for optimists.

**SCIENCE.**

By M.D. Land.

Contemporary Social Problems. By Achille Loria.

This series of lectures does not discuss the problems of the day, nor does the author attempt a profound analysis of our social organisation. The lectures were delivered to the students at the University of Padua, and deal with the "more general notions of political economy" in a popular manner. Nevertheless, there is much matter of interest in them, and the author's refutation of social Darwinism is very convincing. They are very readable, perhaps too clear to be of any use for practical guidance. For instance, such a statement as this in the lecture on "Population" is really doctrinaire: "Here again we have proof that it is absurd to ascribe unchecked procreation to a physiological law—to an irresistible instinct to which the logical law is not identified with them. Unrestricted procreation is induced, not by nature, but by social institutions," etc. Without a physiological explanation of how an institution can modify the human organism, the dictum, although probably true, is not really acceptable. The book is well calculated to arouse interest in economics, and to inspire what the author will call "altruistic ideals."

Advice to Consumptives. By Noél D. Bardswell.

A. and Somersleeve. 1s. 6d.

"The present work by Dr. Bardswell is sensible, concise and highly practical; it is likely to prove of the greatest assistance to patients leaving the sanatorium." These introductory words by Dr. C. Theodore Williams practically value the whole of the book. It is written with a view to advising those who have had the advantage of sanatorium treatment, how to proceed when they are at home or abroad, so as to avoid dangerous relapses. Beyond this it aims to prevent tuberculosis infection. Accordingly it considers the nature and cure of consumption; the value of fresh air treatment; food; rest; exercise and recreation; provides hints as to various factors in sanatorium treatment and advises upon occupations. The advice as to occupation in other countries and climates is particularly valuable. The information has been obtained from educated patients who have settled in various places abroad and have acceded to the doctor's request for a syndicated report based upon questions supplied to them. The cautions contained in these reports, coming from America and the Colonies, should prevent intending emigrants from making serious mistakes. Finally, a chapter on the disposal of sputum warns us against the dangers of the air-borne tubercle bacilli, and indicates "bacilli carriers" both human and inanimate, and other important sources of infection for the disease. If it is true that over 60,000 persons die annually of consumption this book should be widely circulated.

**FICTION.**

The Purple Land. By W. H. Hudson. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

By republishing in "The Reader's Library" this first novel of Mr. Hudson, Messrs. Duckworth have done a service to the reading public. The book is certainly not a master-piece, but its pervasive charm fascinates the reader. Ingenious and naïve it is: the author's description at the end of the first chapter of the curse he pronounced on Monte Video, after climbing to the top of a high hill to deliver it in the most impressive manner, could only have been written by a youth. The affection with which every word was regarded by the all-wash crank who "never takes a bath." There's no-wash crank "who never takes a bath." There's the apostles of the simple life who herd squamous heads of stock, and fought terrible wickedness. Clearly a book for a Sunday school prize.

The Simple Life Limited. By Daniel Chaucer. (Longmans. 6s.)

In this book two things are obvious. Mr. Chaucer is a young author, and this is his first book; so there is no need to treat it gently. It is able to take care of itself and does not ask for kindness. The author's slashing youthful exuberance and total disregard of "corns" is manifest on every page. He is out for blood, and gets it. He casts his nets into the social whirlpool and captures, not a miraculous draught of heroes, but a queer batch of up-to-date martyrs. These simple-lifers, what a lot of "squamous heads of stock" they are! Mr. Chaucer is a young author, and this is his first book; so there is no need to treat it gently. It is able to take care of itself and does not ask for kindness. The author's slashing youthful exuberance and total disregard of "corns" is manifest on every page. He is out for blood, and gets it. He casts his nets into the social whirlpool and captures, not a miraculous draught of heroes, but a queer batch of up-to-date martyrs. And these simple-lifers, what a lot of "squamous heads of stock," as Sir Thomas Browne once labelled the Cabinet. There they all are, samples of the apostles of the simple life who herd 40 and 50 strong on remote commons and get as near to Nature as eccentricity and heresy will permit. There's the all-wash crank who "stands for hygiene, and takes
a dip in the puddle at the bottom of the garden, twice a day winter and summer." There's the anti-clothes person, and there's the girl who will not cross a manured field because manure is "a ferment and therefore unnatural." There's the young anarchist who Trafalgar Squares everybody, and jumps viciously upon the crank who foreswears vegetables, and there's the crank who eats nothing but grass, so to speak. Yes, there they all are—all defining the simple life from a point of view of individual experience and temperament. Says the young anarchist, "The simple life isn't a mode of living, it's a habit of mind. It's beauty. It's truth." Says another reformer of a different temperament, "The simple life. It's the most accursed, the most odious. It means there was nothing there in the world." So they go on delightfully ignorant of the nature and aims of natural selection. Needless to say, the author does not approve of the simple life, and his intense aversion from this strange phenomenon has even led him into caricature. The truth to the real thing is there, the many malicious strokes make his characters almost unrecognisable. The most consistent simple-lifer, the anarchist Hamnet Gubb, is too slowly and hesitatingly written. Mr. George Everard has slipped out of musical comedy. Another sign of the author's youthfulness may be found in the great abundance of riotously funny situations and very clever dialogues with which he packs the book. When he grooms his elderly grandchild, and says "I will find it is unusual for a novelist to give so much value for money. He will also discover that footmen do not read The New Age as in his present volume. The reading of The New Age means the increase of critics; and the higher criticism below stairs would never do—at least for employers who do not read The New Age.

Le Gentleman. By E. Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

"It was a Sunday morning in France. Alexander Ferguson had known many Sunday mornings, but none the least like this. . . . He felt like a well-trained sheepdog on his native hills, on trial service with a simple, frisky lamb in charge. "These are the opening words of his second, tiresome novel, or "cette étude," as it is called. On page 290 one reads "Meyse (the frisky lamb) was tired." It is not surprising. Trying to follow the adventures of the Lowland Scottish-bred sheepdog with the French sub-title of "Le Gentleman," is a fatiguing business. If meaning to follow the "hero"'s pursuit and possession of a vapid English girl who thinks him "quite useful to carry things," as Hilda Wangel would say. Unfortunately, Mr. Beresford has provided a very poor set of stimuli, and his hero's responses to the five or six predominating factors of his environment—among them Madeline, a sort of French version of Nelly Grey—has even made him an mitigated bounder, and Lola, a harlot separated from her husband, who lures Jacob into marriage—do not send the blood swirling to the brain. Dragged through this unworthy country, only to be left among scientific jargon, our garments covered with bits of strange philosophy, we arrive finally at a point where Jacob has betaken himself unto a height overlooking the sea. Here for the first time he finds himself and attains cosmic consciousness, as it were. This should be the starting point of Jacob's story. We could then follow the author's investigations into the human and social forces that determine the manifestation of genius, with greater interest. These post and pre-natal stages of Jacob's life may be nicely dissected according to the modern notion of minute analysis, they are unconvincing. Though Jacob is a genius there is little to distinguish him from aspiration from the men of talent and the groundlings, the Eric Stahl, Bradley, Bennetts, Farrell, Cairns, of the story.

What Diantha Did. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. (The Charlot Co., New York. 2s. 6d.)

Diantha is the new spirit of the modern housewife (to whom the book is dedicated). Her part in the story is to show the relation between the manufacture of household jam and the new according to the economic gospel of the author. The new preserve will be found to conceal many pills, purgatives which the reader may swallow without serious inconvenience, again according to the pungently serious gospel of the author. The secret of the manufacture in the present instance is as follows. Take one strong arithmetical-minded person desirous of immediate marriage. Remove the unfavourable economic conditions which make for a ventional home and unremunerative occupation (here school-teaching). Steep the S.A.P. in domestic service. Bottle and stand in a cool place for six months. The result will be a considerable, constitutional disturbance of the elements in the jar, the gradual elimination of household poisons in the way of incompetent household administration, and a gradual rise in the standard of health and sanity. At the end of six months the preserve may be served with a little water to colour the white of the egg. For you may make your own, and there is no question of philosophical systems, and discuss without reserve each other's most intimate affairs. A passage on p. 209 describes them nicely. "Their talk is like the dialogue of a society play. They make poor epigrams and stale paradoxes." The hero, he who sets the pendulum swinging, is an American, a sort of Galahad potted by Pelissier, who, though "a brilliant philosopher," finds his theories too confusing to be accepted. At one point he labels himself as "a kind of unconscious and unwilling Don Juan." But it is not explained how he can be both unconscious and unwilling at the same time. The Woman is apparently meant to be a type woman. She is frequently referred to in such sentences as, "Like a true woman," "A woman's reply," and so on. She has bright eyes too, and a curious way of looking at men, which the latter interpret in the light of their own complex feelings, and try to make her understand their points of view.

Some Stories. By Charles Granville. (Daniel. 6s.)

Though these "studies and stories" have no organic unity in idea or development, they have the far more arresting link of the author's personality. Throughout...
one is conscious of Mr. Granville's intense human sympathy, and his strong feeling for his subject. The best and longest story, "How Professor Lacroix Found His Soul," serves admirably to reveal his philosophy, that life should not be a matter of narrow specialisms with slavery, both married and otherwise. There are touch with Nature and the humanities, and finally one is conscious of Mr. Granville's intense human sympathy, and his strong feeling for his subject. The remainder of the book the two of the importance of life and not of its futility. Noble. (Constable. 6s.)

Chains. By Edward Noble. (Constable. 6s.)

This is a debased lyricism of the Augustus Harris Grand Uproar order. The story is mainly an affair of screens. As the title implies, the screens have to do with slavery, both married and otherwise. There are three screens (spelt plots). Number one reveals the efforts of a romantic fool to raise the screen which her sea-faring husband, Bully Sheen, has literally drawn round the latter, dies of his that the beautiful Diadem. "I demand freedom," exclaimed the "tall, dark, little" person in revolt. "I refuse any longer to sit behind screens and be miserable." The middle, dryer, wiser one. The Seraglio Point nor doubled Cape Turk, takes the news calmly, and Betty goes off on a cruise with a friend and finds Andrew. For the remainder of the book the two exchange moral sentiments that would turn the hero green with envy. Plot 2 is of a far more serious order. It raises the screen on Sheen's real occupation, the traffic in white and coloured virgins in South America, "where ships brought in women, and one can bid for them just as once southerners foregathered to buy slaves in the States." Plot 3 is mainly concerned with the efforts of the mountains in the background, the Cordilleras, to raise the screen of their inscrutability and clever things up in their own way. Without the aid of the other characters they play their part by becoming exceedingly angry with the foolish antics of the unconvincing puppets let loose beneath their blazing crests, and by wiping some of them out in burning lava. What with the noise of volcanoes, earthquakes and melodrama, the author's thesis on the inequality of our divorce laws hardly gets a look. Perhaps it is as well in view of the feebleness of the small portion that does make itself heard.

The Bermondsey Twin. By F. J. Randall. (Lane. 6s.)

If this story had been written for the stage its description would be "A comedy of improbability, or the stuff that light farces are made of." The star parts are a highly virtuous hypocritical Balham tradesman, who is a myrrh in whiskey and a French novel on the sly, and a long-lost brother, who, for the purpose of the story, bears the usual startling improbable resemblance in form, speech and manner, and whose self-applied description supplies the title of this book. The latter turns up, bent on practical joking, and sets the long arm of coincidence waving in all directions. This gives rise to the re-appearance of Messrs. Jekyll and Hyde, in whose light the Balham draper de-velops all sorts of startling symptoms of change. Finally the Balham draper is whisked off to the ends of the earth in order to fall in love with a motherly person under whose philosophy he develops a wider conception of life. Apparently his experiences are intended to make the reader to appeal to the hard old miser in "A Christmas Carol." It will be gathered that the diversions of the two brothers, as alike as "two lovely berries moulded on a French novel on the sly," and a French novel on the sly, and insight into the realms of the narrow shopkeeping class, and a very amusing and well-written book is the result. * * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment. By Maurice Fishberg. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. 1911. 65s.)

One could be wished that there was no need for this book. But few students familiar with the actual phase of the eternal Jewish Question will deny that its appearance is both necessary and opportune. For among the many current fallacies concerning the Jews none has held the field longer, or been more fruitful of practical mischief, than the belief in the purity and homogeneity of the race. Having originated in Jewish arrogance, this belief has been fostered by Gentile ignorance, and it has for centuries supplied both the allies and the adversaries of Israel with a favourite basis for their admiration or execration of the Chosen People. Like other popular errors it has displayed a vitality proportionate to its absurdity. It was in vain that, four hundred years ago, Martin Luther ridiculed this by pointing to the wholesale violations to which Jewish women had been periodically subjected from ancient times down to his own day. It was equally in vain that Ernest Renan, during the last century, demonstrated its obvious untruth by pointing to the palpable variety of types found among contemporary Jews. The theory has survived all refutations and, at the hands of anti-Semitic pseudo-scientists and Jewish nationalists, has continued written in the minds of all established truth. The reason must be that no serious scholar had hitherto thought it worth his while to disprove systematically a thesis which bore on the face of it such glaring marks of its absurdity.

The present volume aims at laying the secular error to rest by an elaborate appeal to anthropological and sociological data. The author is sanguine enough to hope that statistics will succeed where commonsense has failed. This hope seems to have ample reason in an industry that certainly merits success. Mr. Fishberg has done his work well. His style may not be all that a fastidious critic would wish for, but his facts are carefully collected and lucidly tabulated. An air of judicial detachment pervades all his pages, and we often have both sides of the argument set before us in a manner that inspires confidence. It is possible to dispute, now and again, the value of some of the author's sources; it is also possible to contest the soundness of some of his deductions. But, on the whole, no unbiased reader of this painstaking treatise will see reason to dissent from the writer's general conclusion—that there is not at this hour, nor, as far back as historical knowledge goes, has there ever been such a thing as a homogeneous Jewish nation. The one thing that really distinguishes the Jew from his Gentile neighbour is his religion and the mode of life imposed by it. In every other respect he is a creature belonging exactly to the same species as the Gentiles among whom he lives. He is tall or short, dark or fair, long-headed or round-headed, just as they are. Further, our author makes it clear that this physical identity is due not so much to the influence of local environment as to a mixture of blood brought about by intermarriage and proselytism—two causes of fusion that have acted for a far longer period than is commonly imagined by historians of the Jewish people. This conclusion is illustrated, not only by statistical data derived from official and other trustworthy documents, but also by a number of photographs, a mere glance at which is sufficient to convince all those whose minds are open to conviction.

Although Mr. Fishberg's work is scientific in its spirit and anything but polemical in its tone, yet the view it expresses has a direct practical application which the author candidly faces. He recognises that Judaism has been preserved partly by its own separative ritualism, and partly by hostile legislation. The Synagogue on one side and the State on the other have done their best to perpetuate an isolation which has...
new and had any justification in racial disparity. But neither of these forces has been wholly successful in its object. Despite them both, the denominationalisation of the Jews has been going on through the centuries, and it has been lately accelerated by the partial emancipation of both Jew and Gentile from the prejudices of the past. The educated Jew of the present day will not return to the Ghetto of his fathers, and modern States cannot compel him to do so. It follows that the final settlement of the Jewish question is a matter of time, though it may not be found in the assimilation of the Jews to the nations among whom they dwell. But, while holding fast to this same view of the problem, the author does not ignore the obstacles which still lie in the way of its solution. These obstacles are the survivals of old prejudices, both sides, of the Jewish pale. On the one side we have Christian anti-Semitism, and on the other Jewish Zionism, both factors operating against assimilation. It is worthy of note, however, that the operation of these factors is in inverse ratio to the advance of civilisation. In Western Europe anti-Semitism manifests itself chiefly in social ostracism—a force which, though no doubt retarding fusion, is not strong enough to check it permanently. In Eastern Europe, political disabilities, massacres, and forcible emigrations render fusion impossible: "The laws enacted and enforced by the Christian Governments in Russia and Roumania," as our author justly observes, are more injurious in maintaining the race than all the rabbis in the world. Moreover, these laws are keeping up Judaism numerically not only in their own countries, but by producing a surplus of Jews who, by emigration to Western countries, replace those who have been lost through assimilation." Fortunately it is not Russia and Roumania, but the civilised countries of Western Europe and America that indicate the direction in which things move, and in all those countries, advancing, notwithstanding, the Jews show an unmistakable tendency towards assimilation.


We have received with pleasure the above-named books which have just appeared in Messrs. Dent's Everyman's Library. 'Three of them are classics, and the fourth is at least historically interesting. We cannot ourselves find what Disraeli raved of "Charles Ancestor." Remarkable and curious as the work of a precocious girl of nineteen, it has nothing else to recommend it. The discussions of music which Disraeli described as classical we find tedious and unilluminating. Of the remaining three, "Spencer's famous "The Philosophy of the Affections" (or as we prefer to say, infamous) treatise on education, a work which has been as disastrous to education as Mill's work has been to statesmanship. The truth is that the writers of that school, being materialists, had no knowledge of the only fact of importance in individual as well as in national education, namely, the existence of the soul. We are not prepared even now to demonstrate the existence of the soul or to define its nature, but it is indisputable to be moved by a principle, no matter what it is, that would be necessary to the existence of the soul. All we can say is what has always been said on the subject: You either do or do not believe, you either do or do not know, and your works will prove it. On even a rational planet, it is obvious that the primary defect of modern education is the absence of any science in the science of any subject. Nobody knows what it is; that teachers are to operate upon. Without the soul, in fact, there is nothing in particular, but only anything and everything. Spencer believed he had mapped out the field of education exhaustively in his influential definition: "Education tells us in what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to order our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilise those sources of happiness which Nature supplies; how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others; how to live completely." From this it appears that education is a Jack-of-all-trades; and in the absence of the soul, master of none. We have seen what has come of a system based on this belief; we have trained a generation of mental and moral anarchists, masterless men, and menless masters. Our youth are indeed Jacks of all trade, but masters of none. Whether Spencer, we even love him; but there is no denying the influence he has exerted. His chief value lies in the demonstration his work affords of the potency of education for evil. Presumably education may one day be made equally potent for good.

England's Need in Education. By J. S. Knowlson. (Field. 3d. net.)

There is so much that is both true and useful in this book that we hesitate before deciding that the author is on the wrong track. As an elementary teacher with twenty years' experience, his views are certainly worth reading, and his condemnation of the prevailing system naturally authoritative. When, however, he comes to lay the foundations of a better system, we feel that he is attempting too much. The greatest service that anybody can render to education at this moment is to unify its subject no less than its object. Thereafter all that would be necessary would be to infect your teachers with the new spirit and to leave them to work it out. Mr. Knowlson is perfectly right in insisting, as he does, on the necessity for the freedom of the teacher; but it does not appear to us that in the matter of the wide scope and subject of education he has reached yet a really new point of view. He constructs what he calls a "Circle" theory, the features of which assume that the "ego" is divided into three segments of potential experience—intellect, feeling, and will; and he regards the object of education as the cultivation of the three sets of faculty corresponding to these fields. This is certainly an improvement on the classification of educational activities by Herbert Spencer, since it transfers the centre of interest from the field of experience to the "ego" that experiences. But we are disposed to think that Mr. Knowlson has escaped Spencer's materialism only to fall under the comminations of the Athenian Creed; for he is guilty of dividing the indivisible in segmenting the ego. From this defect spring all the faults we have to find in the chapters subsequent, notably the heresy which we thought had died of its own dulness, the heresy of setting moral lessons, also the curriculum of games for the training of the emotions. To those, however, who, like ourselves, endeavour to miss nothing that is written in criticism of existing educational systems or in adumbrations of new, the book is of interest.

Progress. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

This reprint of Mr. Graham's six-year-old book is not the most welcome addition to "The Reader's Library." Mr. Graham is so acrimonious that his satire only irritates the reader against the writer. He cannot get civilisation out of his head, and to him it is an unholy trinity of priests, prostitutes, and pox. But his barbarians and renegades are as mercilessly exposed: in fact, it is impossible to find from this book what Mr. Graham likes. He sneers at science, but his descriptions of scenes are mere statements of objections which do not touch the imagination. So far as he shows any appreciation of human nature, he sympathises with Christian ethics. But he is more delighted to show us Christian hypocrisy, Christian ignorance of the heathen, and the bloody manner in which fanatical Christians are exterminated. Apart from the fact that all this is old-fashioned, it is certainly not art; for civilised peoples sympathise with civilisation. If Mr. Graham were to elaborate himself in known ideas or would fix his eyes on the good in civilisation, and show us how that might be increased, he would do us a service. But these cruel sketches have the defect of bad art: they depress vitality. They lack humour, beauty, love; they manifest neither better rancour, feelings which are inimical to the exercise of imagination.
By Huntly Carter.

The Quest. (Watkins, Cecil Court, London. 2s. 6d. net.)

In the January "Quest" Mr. Kineton Parkes makes a decision the examination of a new phase of Croce's theory of aesthetic. One of Mr. Parkes' many strange statements is that "the secret of Croce's system is that Nature lies somewhere outside the spirit which informs it; it is the non-being which aspires to be." If Mr. Parkes will examine this non-being, he will find it is not as foolish as he makes it seem. "The non-being which aspires to be," he says, "is the little black box with which he rushes round taking pot-permitted to use it."

Mr. Parkes has got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Croce's theory is that the human mind projects itself in space and there materialises itself, which is quite another thing. It is in fact being aspiring to create something from non-being; in short, imagination or intuition busily engaged in the first act of expression. Mr. Parkes speaks of Croce having submitted a new phase of philosophy to us. If Mr. Parkes will consent to use the aid of the faithful little box and certain "fakes," permitted to use it, he will find that would try old Job himself. He starts from the results as handed out by his faithful little friend the photographer is to be compared to these. He is a person who, even if he possess inspiration and intuition, is not a menace to the development of women. Mrs. Billing-Greig depreciates her presence at her own pragmatism as the "first serious public criticism." That is not quite so; but it is the first confirmation by an official of what has been only too well known. We, indeed, scarcely needed to be told that Mrs. Pankhurst is unscrupulous, her daughter a hard young woman, or that Mammon is their deity. We know already of the system of boycotting and intimidation which keeps the better women in the background and of the vicious outbreaks of last November. That will seem as very good for excited suffragettes, but not a great deal more than that. The vocabulary of this book is still bristling with military and political language. It arises from a total want of understanding, comprehension, and appreciation of the part played by the camera in photography. The camera is a machine, nothing more, nothing less. Like a machine it turns out machine-made pictures, just as other machines turn out shirts and stockings, on the whole fairly sound and fairly ugly. Art has nothing to do with the mechanical, but is a result of spontaneity, hand-brain labour, of spontaneity, inspiration and intuition. Before photography can be said to be artistic it must be shown that the camera has a soul and can express it. In other words, the photographer must get inside the little black box and take off his own cap to life. Pending the arrival of this millennium in photography, photographers must be silent on a matter of which apparently they know nothing. For instance, Mr. Anderson, so long as he is dealing with treatment involving modification from varying degrees of half-tone and shadow to absolute obliteration, illustrating his views as he goes with adequate photographs, is interesting and of use to students and artists. On the practical side he is convincing, but on the theoretical he fogs his plate, and in speculating on art and artists he gets fearfully involved.

By D. Trifonov.

The Militant Suffrage Movement. T. Billington-Greig. (Frank Palmer. 2s. 6d.)

To feminists who were never beguiled into joining any mere social society and who have no moral chaos to set in order or overstrain to recover from, this belated protest against "emancipation in a hurry" must appear still somewhat breathless. Interesting though may be the causer discourses contained here, the effects of what is going on behind the scenes of the W.S.P.U. are long since plain to the open mind. A year ago in these columns I detailed the follies, and noise, of the W.S.P.U. officials, regarding this union as a menace to the development of women. Mrs. Billington-Greig depreciates her present position as the "first serious public criticism." That is not quite so; but it is the first confirmation by an official of what has been before precisely psychologised. We, indeed, scarcely needed to be told that Mrs. Pankhurst is unscrupulous, her daughter a hard young woman, or that Mammon is their deity. We know already of the system of boycott and intimidation which keeps the better women in the background and of the vicious outbreaks of last November. That will seem to many scarcely sufficient reason, if considered apart from the conscientious scruples which the author confesses to have suffered and overcome, but which finally overcame her desire to see the thing through.

We find, however, very little more than hints as to what Mrs. Billington-Greig regards as true feminism. She writes significantly, "we must have time for thought before we act again." In the circumstances, the prospect of an immediate series of lectures from Mrs. Billington-Greig is not very promising. The Militant Suffrage Movement is decidedly a form of action, and emphatically time for thought is needed before speech may be convincing. The vocabulary of this book is still bristling with military and political language. Like a machine it turns out machine-made pictures, just as other machines all been clipped away or whipped off the press. The type of a solid paragraph is that which enumerates some of the "avenues of productive feminism. . . The cause of the wage-workers, slaveries of wives, unwilling matrimony, local authori- ties, and so on, is a matter for excitement and sympathy. . . . The Militant Suffrage Movement is the first serious public criticism." That is not quite so; but it is the first confirmation by an official of what has been before precisely psychologised. We, indeed, scarcely needed to be told that Mrs. Pankhurst is unscrupulous, her daughter a hard young woman, or that Mammon is their deity. We know already of the system of boycott and intimidation which keeps the better women in the background and of the vicious outbreaks of last November. That will seem to many scarcely sufficient reason, if considered apart from the conscientious scruples which the author confesses to have suffered and overcome, but which finally overcame her desire to see the thing through.

We find, however, very little more than hints as to what Mrs. Billington-Greig regards as true feminism. She writes significantly, "we must have time for thought before we act again." In the circumstances, the prospect of an immediate series of lectures from Mrs. Billington-Greig is not very promising. The Militant Suffrage Movement is decidedly a form of action, and emphatically time for thought is needed before speech may be convincing. The vocabulary of this book is still bristling with military and political language. Like a machine it turns out machine-made pictures, just as other machines all been clipped away or whipped off the press. The type of a solid paragraph is that which enumerates some of the "avenues of productive feminism. . . The cause of the wage-workers, slaveries of wives, unwilling matrimony, local authori-