No great Bill was ever better received than Mr. Lloyd George's National Insurance Bill. From the most uninterested and unoccupied, to the most interested and engaged, the Bill and its author has been lavish. Reserve of a friendly character has been made in regard to the details of the Bill; but in regard to its principles no voice has been raised in opposition up to the moment of our writing these notes. This is by no means remarkable, since, in spite of all the discussion of the last twenty years, the distinction between Social Reform and Social Amelioration has yet to be generally realised.

Generally, do we say? Not more than half a dozen publicists in England, partisan, non-partisan, Collectivist or Socialist, have the faintest notion of the direction in which legislation by sentiment without science is carrying the country. Nor is it likely that for some years, the distinction between Social Reform and Social Amelioration has yet to be generally realised.

There need be no fear whatever that the Bill, when finally passed, will not work. In several towns in France, notably Dijon, Orleans and Paris, it is true that a contributory scheme of insurance has failed. On one other point also it appears to us that the Government are acting wisely. They intend the Government has already gained enormously by Mr. Lloyd George's new Bill. Mr. F. E. Smith has been generous enough to welcome the Bill upon the fortunes of the new Tory Democracy.

We may be sure that not only the economic but the political consequences of the Bill have been taken into account. These are obviously extremely favourable from the Liberal Party standpoint. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George may be said to have come by means of this Bill in the very nick of time to extricate his Party from what promised to be a difficult position. Enthusiasm for the Parliament Bill has, as everybody knows, declined rather than increased in the country at large; and it is quite probable that with the imminence of Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, the fortunes of the Liberal Party would have been still further depressed. Exactly as by his Budget Mr. Lloyd George lifted his Party from the Sough of Despond, so now he has lifted them again. The prestige of the Government in the public mind has been suddenly renovated; and for the first time for some months Mr. Massey's unceasing diatribes in the 'National Review' appear comic. We by no means imply that the Government have driven a nail into the coffin of their hopes. If, as we believe, the country is actually set upon social amelioration, the present Government has now plainly established its right to power. A very different programme from that of Mr. F. E. Smith's Committee will be needed to dislodge it. * * *

Superficial observers will say at once that the National Insurance Bill is a great piece of Socialist legislation. Once upon a time we should have said the same thing ourselves. What leading Socialists have advocated for years and what the majority of them now declare to be an instalment of Socialism should surely be at least Socialist in character. Besides, has it not been generally admitted that Laissez-faire is at last dead,—killed...
by this Bill? Mr. Garvin himself has said it. And is not Laissez-faire the very opposite of Socialism? If Laissez-faire be dead, it is Socialism that must have killed it. Contraries alone exclude contraries, as Plato pointed out. So, it seems, to the Ishmaelish Mrs. Partington, we must deny all the assumptions involved in this line of reasoning. Laissez-faire is not the contrary of Socialism, nor is Laissez-faire dead. State responsibility for the worker is not Socialism, nor under the present Bill or all the Bills together of the Government, is even State responsibility for the worker established. Finally, the stereotyping of status now rapidly in progress and almost completed by the National Insurance Bill, is in our opinion as contrary to Socialism as it is at the same time to diminish the area over which private authority has diminished this area by a single rood; and the same time it diminishes the area over which private authority remains the same. Now Socialism in human society has as its main object the abolition of the profit and wages system—no doubt of that whatever. Whoever does not realise that the objective of Socialism is the abolition of private capitalism is a tyro with whom it is not worth discussing. Consequently, no mere amelioration of the conditions of labour in the form of provision for labour’s food, shelter and comfort is in the smallest degree Socialist in character unless at the same time it diminishes the area over which private capital rules. There is not the smallest sign, as we have often pointed out, that recent Liberal social legislation has diminished this area by a single rood; and there is not, nor is it the best hope that the National Insurance Bill will do any more. On the contrary, as it has become clear that, despite legislation, the gulf between the rich and the poor has widened rather than diminished within the last ten years, so it is clear enough to us that Mr. Lloyd George’s great Bill will tend to widen it still further.

* * *

The trinity of powers under the régime of Laissez-faire was, it is now well known, the employer, the labourer and the devil; and the motto of the band was: Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. With what Mr. Garvin triumphantly announces as the death of Laissez-faire, only one person of this trinity is left to establish the hindmost. And by the necessity the State is under to provide means for distress. It is true that the law of the wealthy man could only blush.

And when the Sabbath morn came round In church I always might be found—
Endowed of hospitals a score,
Of public libraries still more
I paid to God a million pounds
I dropped my sovereign in the plate,
And, what is more, I ne’er was late.
They called me ‘Patron of the Poor,’
I thought my seat in Heaven secure.”

And Satan said: “Now tell me, friend, Of that foul factory near Mile End,
Where, in unmitigated gloom
Deep as the shadow of the tomb,
Weak women stitched their sight away—
For a few wretched pence a day—
That your name might adorn a list,
And you be dubbed ‘philanthropist.’ ”

There was a moment’s awful hush; The wealthy man could only blush.
Then Satan spake again: “Come, sit Upon my right; a hypocrite
Is of all souls most welcome here—
Myself of hypocrites am peer—
Around, my lesser angels stand;
Sit you, my friend, at my right hand!”

GILBERT THOMAS.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

To those readers who have carefully followed recent events connected with international politics I need hardly say that the question which is at present exercising the minds of European statesmen is, Who is to succeed M. Sasonoff at the Russian Foreign Office? There are many candidates with strong claims, there are others with no claims at all; but at the time of writing only two men are seriously in the running. One of these is M. de Hartwig and the other is M. Kokosfteff.

M. de Hartwig may stand in need of introduction. He is a representative in Servia, and he was formerly Russian Minister at Teheran. When in Persia his relations with the British Embassy became so strained that M. Iswolsky, then Foreign Minister, thought it advisable to recall him, M. de Hartwig, instead, is a Russian in everything but nationality. It will thus be understood that his qualifications include a certain amount of brusque forcefulness sufficient to render him dangerous, and a certain amount of stupid cunning, or cunning stupidity, if you prefer, sufficient to render him contemptible. A significant feature is that German influence, including the German influence in the Tsar's entourage, is moving heaven and earth to have M. de Hartwig appointed to the post, partly because his sympathies are thoroughly German, and partly because he is tentative.

As for M. Kokosfteff, he is the man for the job, in so far as any leading Russian statesman of the present day can be said to be fit for it. In tact, insight, and knowledge of men and things he is miles ahead of M. de Hartwig; and he is more disinterested. He knows the difficulties of the post, however, and is in no hurry to thrust himself forward unless he can be sure of getting a freer hand than his two immediate predecessors.

Of course, it may be remarked that M. Sasonoff, the present Foreign Minister, has not yet resigned. It must be remembered, however, that he has not recovered from his severe illness; and it is probable that, if he does not show distinct signs of improvement, his physicians will order him to the Riviera or the Crimea covered from his severe illness; and it is probable that, if he does not show distinct signs of improvement, his physicians will order him to the Riviera or the Crimea for a long time to come.

As a force in Russian politics, therefore, he must be counted out for an indefinite period.

I wish to direct attention to the state of affairs at the Russian Foreign Office, because the balance of power depends upon what is done there in the near future. If the Tsar appoints M. Kokosfteff all will be well. But if he appoints M. de Hartwig we shall have to take this as a definite indication that German influence has triumphed, and that Russian sympathies will become overtly and privately distinctly more pro-German than they have been for years past. The repercussion is bound to affect France, Italy, Turkey and ourselves.

Two months ago I called attention to a statement in the "Westminster Gazette" of March 4 to the effect that Count von Aehrenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, would remain at his post. I at once denied this in these columns. Time has shown that my information was more correct than that supplied to the "Westminster Gazette," for two months have lapsed and Count von Aehrenthal is still absent. I knew that this would be so, and I likewise hinted at my reason for saying so. The truth was, of course, that the Kaiser had, and has, a sort of lien on Count von Aehrenthal, and can do as he pleases about him. If he stands in the way of a Russo-German "friendship" he must go. If not, he may come back, which latter event I regard at the present moment as extremely improbable. (I may say in passing that I am penning these lines in Berlin; not, however, without having previously taken counsel with certain high authorities).

Who, then, will replace Count von Aehrenthal? Most likely the Marquis Pallavicini, now Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople. He is a friend of Germany, and may, on the whole, be relied upon to do the right thing by the Triple Alliance, whatever injury he may wittingly or unwittingly do to the Young Turk régime. But he is stupid, somewhat lacking in foresight, and unwilling to act on his own initiative. To get Pallavicini into the Austrian Foreign Ministry and Hartwig into the Russian Foreign Ministry is at the moment the main object of German diplomacy.

Let us come to actualities: Morocco. The German threats to France, through the medium of the semi-official Press, are absurd in view of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, in which Morocco is specifically referred to and by which Great Britain is bound to render assistance to France in the event of trouble. At this moment the whole weight of British diplomacy is being thrown into the scale against German intervention in this affair. I see that a section of the Radical Press here is beginning to protest at the very idea of English support being given to France in connection with Morocco: but it is called for by our Treaty. The same newspapers "went for" Germany in 1908 because she tore up the Treaty of Berlin. Are we in our turn to be attacked, and with reason, for tearing up the Anglo-French Agreement?

Now, supposing a quarrel did ensue between France and Germany over Morocco, and supposing Great Britain refused to aid France: what do these Radical papers think would become of our prestige all over the Continent?

I am glad to say that assurances have reached me from Downing Street to the effect that the situation, as I have expressed it in the last paragraph, is fully appreciated by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith.

Moreover, the German Foreign Minister, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, has just left for two or three weeks' holiday.

About Easter I mentioned that German money and German agents had something to do with the revolt in Morocco. I knew this for a fact at the time I wrote, and since then I have come into possession of the name of at least one German army officer who went to Morocco several months ago and incited several Kabyle chiefs to revolt. I have also seen copies of certain Notes which have passed between the authorities of Madrid and Berlin and which would certainly stagger M. Monis or M. Delcassé if they knew to what his attention. Perhaps by the time these lines are in print I shall have arranged for their communication to the Quai d'Orsay.

Briefly, the Spanish Government, intensely jealous of France's action, which may result in a decline in Spanish prestige, invited the German Government to interfere. The latter, while willing, would make no definite statement in view of the fact that the British Government appeared to favour France. Spain is desirous of establishing once and for all her express claims to Tetuan and Ceuta, and cannot do so in the present circumstance. Hinc clamor.

As for the rebellion itself, it was nasty looking at first, but is not nearly so serious now. Of course, it is the aim of the French Imperialists, who want to remain at Fez indefinately, to make it appear that the situation is very grave and that she calls for extreme measures. On the other hand, the aim of the Spaniards, who want to get the French out of Morocco, to make it appear that things are quiet and that there is really no reason for any unusual precautions. Once a crisis bursts on the French and Spanish "inspired" Press during the last few days has afforded several amusing moments to a certain rather cynically-disposed person.

I may state, however, that Germany has no desire to go to war over Morocco; but she may show her
The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton.

1.—Labour Politics before 1906.

The idea of an independent working-class party is as old as modern English democracy. It was in the minds of Cobbett, Carstairs, Hunt and the other Radicals of the Reform era. Indeed, the Radicals of that time were quite as much opposed to the Whigs as any Socialist to the Liberals, sometimes even combining with the Tories against them as in the case of Disraeli’s first candidature at Wycombe.

When the Reform Bill had taken from the workers such few new franchises as had their originators shown their true temper, not only by their neglect of the workers, but by passing the monstrous and brutal Poor Law of 1834, an attempt to organise the labouring class politically was made by a man on the opposite pole of politics from Cobbett and Hunt. Richard Oastler was one of those to whom posterity has done something less than justice. He was a wealthy man and a High Tory, but indignation by a man at the opposite pole of politics from Cobbett and Hunt. Richard Oastler was one of those to whom

...
possible to make out a plausible case for it. But it is no good saying that there is nothing wrong with a society that sheds its most distinguished members in this way. It is like the man who said that he had been five times on a jury, and every time there were eleven obstinate men who would not listen to reason, or, like Hunch, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," as a gentleman of the noblest character quite inexplicably unfortunate in his choice of wives! Something there was that made the S.D.F. unendurable to men of widely different types, some of them certainly not lacking of brilliant imagination and eloquence.

I have called that something "Sectarianism." What I mean is that the S.D.F. did not merely affirm a dogma; it attempted to dictate its phraseology. Expositions for the men in "Fabian Essays" still holds the field as the best popular exposition of Socialist economics; the Fabian tract, "Facts for Socialists," is the best weapon ever provided for the Socialist's armoury, and some of the other tracts on the inert mass of the Syndicalists, the Socialist statesman of the future. Moreover, the Fabian temper, the contempt for mere washy sentiment, the insistence on the necessity of facing facts and accommodating oneself to them was needed in those times when Socialists tended to be either too sentimental or too rigidly righteous.

The Fabian policy of "permeation" has been much misunderstood. The other Fabians were certainly never formed on the model of the Left Unionists. They would carry through a Social Revolution. What they said was this: "We are too few and too weak to take the field yet; but if we can fill the left wing of the Liberal Party with Socialist ideas, their new convictions will inevitably bring them into conflict with their chiefs. An explosion will inevitably result; the Liberal Party will be shattered; and a Socialist Party will find the path open for it." That was the true Fabian doctrine of permeation as set forth in Mr. Hubert Bland's masterly contribution to "Fabian Essays." Permeation was not to be a constructive but a destructive operation; it was loading the Liberal Party up with dynamite. The failure of the policy was due to the fact that the Fabians underrated the power of the Liberal leaders over their followers. That power was indeed by no means so great as it is to-day, but it was sufficient to spoil the Fabian game. When it came to the point the "permeated" Radicals did not revolt; they abandoned the Fabians and followed their leaders. It is significant that some of those who had joined Radical associations at the bidding of the Fabian Society afterwards left the Fabian Society at the bidding of the Radical associations.

Towards the end of the period of which I am speaking two events combined to bring Socialism and Labour politics prominently before the country. One was the depression of trade of the latter 'eighties, with its accompaniment, a vigorous unemployed agitation, organised mainly by the S.D.F.; the other was the great Dock Strike. The effects of the unemployed agitation were temporary; it advertised Socialism, frightened employers, and taught the least of the Socialists to handle great masses of men. It did not mean the revival of trade. The Dock Strike was historically a much more important incident. It was a strike of casual labour, the class that the older Trade Unions had neglected. It was the first handling of the old-fashioned Trade Union officials, but for the most part of prominent Socialist agitators. Finally it was entirely successful, and ended in a complete victory.

The triumphant issue of the Dock Strike brought into existence a new mass of human material upon which to work. The secessions from the S.D.F. which occurred about the same time set free the men who were to work upon it. The Independent Labour Party was the joint product of the two.

Henry Hyde Champion, one of the ablest men the Socialist movement ever produced, the waste of whose talents is one of the tragedies, was one of the leaders of the new departure. With him were Mann, Tillett and Curran, all veterans of the Dock Strike. The new party had also the good fortune to secure the support (though, I believe, he never joined it) of the most brilliant of the popular controversy and exposition since Cobbett. The "Clarion" was founded, and the articles and pamphlets of Mr. Robert Blatchford carried the new gospel everywhere. A new and most valuable recruit appeared in the person of Mr. Keir Hardie.

The policy of the I.L.P. was, like that of the Fabians, a policy of permeation. But its aim was to permeate, not the politicians, but the Trade Unions, especially the mass of new Trade Unionists created by the Dock Strike. It was a sound policy, and it ought to have succeeded.

Success, of course, came slowly. The energy of the Socialists was wasted in futile local strifes, but at last the进程中 Progress fus; time was enough to carry resolutions at Trade Union Congresses. But it was another thing at election times to make any impress upon the independent vote. The bitterest of all was the Congress under Socialist leadership passed resolutions in favour of an independent Trade Union party. But as persistently the rank and file voted for the nominees of the oligarchical parties against the candidates of the I.L.P. Mr. Hardie got elected for West Ham in 1892 by the aid of Radical votes, and was defeated in 1895 when these votes were withdrawn.

Eventually something was done. Labour Representation Committee was formed, in which both the Trade Unions and the Socialist Societies were represented, and candidates brought forward under their joint auspices. A Central Labour Representation Committee came into existence. But still the electorate hung back.

It might have been long before anything definite happened if the governing class had at that moment held their hand. But that precise moment was chosen to strike a blow at the elementary rights of Trade Unions. The decision of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale case upset the settlement which Disraeli had made more than thirty years before. In the teeth of the obvious meaning of the law and the unquestionable intention of those who framed it, the judges decided that the Taff Vale was irretrievably at the mercy of the employer. An employer had only to induce a single member of a union to commit an illegal act in order to be able to break the strike and smash the union. Immediately all the passion of 1871 revived. The skeleton of the Labour Representation Committee was covered with flesh. All over the country the Trade Unions sprang to arms. England saw a thing which she had hardly seen for two centuries—a genuine popular mandate.

And the Labour leaders who had toiled so many years through darkness and winter looked up and saw the fields white with harvest.

FIELD GRASSES.
Purple and brown are they,
Purple and brown,
Yellow and silver-grey,
Clothing the down.
Purple and brown,
Gravely they go
Bow to the wide blue skies,
Stately and slow.
Dancing and nodding wise,
All little ladies gay,
Treading the down.
RUTH PITTR (aged 13).
Old Lamps and New Wicks.

By T. H. S. Escott.

"My dear Billy, look at me. I am old, I am deaf, I am blind, I am lame, all my farms are unlet, I owe thousands at my bankers, my heir has just made the very marriage that I didn't wish, and yet I am happy; I really wonder you should let yourself be worried by such an event as an elopement in your family which you couldn't possibly have prevented."

So the second Duke of Wellington to his one really intimate friend and counsellor, Russell, of the "Times," when on a visit to Strathfieldsaye. This was that one of the Waterloo conqueror's descendants, whose duchess was once Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, who himself had passed for a Conservative, but whose erratic voting brought him a request from the committee of the Carlton Club to resign. This communication only elicited the characteristic reply: "I shall do no such folly; for some reason I find the Carlton the most convenient house in London." His second Grace of Wellington had little enough of the reformer's enthusiasm; though essentially of the Tory temper, he deserves mention at the present time as a pioneer of the movement for widening the representative character of the magisterial bench.

In the duke's days, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county's recommendation went a longer way with the Lord Chancellor towards making a man a J.P. than it does now. Both events are, in their different ways and classes.

There is something more than an accidental connexion of time between comparatively recent changes in the magisterial personnel and the cordial welcome given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his reappearance at the ancient Palace of Westminster. Of course, a little sport, becoming a country gentleman also. The truth, however, is that the growing prosperity enjoyed by the professional classes for generations has already placed them to-day in a social position as nearly as possible identical with that of considerable squires, whose whole business, it used to be, was to find places on the Speaker's right, the sooner the Mother of Parliaments closed her doors the better; for such appalling personal innovations could not be long survived by our ancient Streets, Streets, Streets, the ancient Palace of Westminster. Of course, a little acquaintance with the personal aspects of our political story might have silenced the talkers of nonsense such as this. It was not less stale, too, than it was ridiculous and ignorant. What was said of Mr. Lloyd George in the twentieth century had been said at different points of the nineteenth about Canning first, about Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone afterwards. The actress's son, as they called Canning, Pitt's political heir and the first man of genius whom, since Pitt, the Tories had, was reviled equally by Tory and Whig, less because of his no doubt trying sarcasm at the expense of followers and opponents than because he was a new one. When someone ventured to point out that the ancient Bristol stock of Canynges had found a laureate in the poet Chatterton, that, it was said, only made things worse. By and bye his enemies changed their title to Canning, Canyng, calling the man a J.P. than, as it has, perhaps, generally done since. These appointments, he argued in his blunt, bluff way, were originally popular, vested practically in the people without reference to the sovereign or any powers that be. I am therefore reverting to the true constitutional principle in finding my nominees elsewhere than among titled or wealthy nobodies. Of those thus recommended by the ducal Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex the most intellectually distinguished was perhaps the happily still surviving Mr. W. S. Lilly, even then making his mark among scribes and contributors to the amiable eccentric host at Strathfieldsaye. Even then making his mark among scribes and contributors to Strathfieldsaye. Of course, a little sport, becoming a country gentleman also. The truth, however, is that the growing prosperity enjoyed by the professional classes for generations has already placed them to-day in a social position as nearly as possible identical with that of considerable squires, probably all but the greatest territorial magnates, in the Stuart and Cromwellian epochs.

This, of course, is only one among the innumerable instances of levelling up, noticeable through all sections of the community since the wide distribution of prosperity and of every opportunity for social or intellectual culture, whether in the great capitals abroad, or in schools and universities at home. The "new man" is therefore merely the absurd figment of ill-informed and surpassing imagination. So far from being new, he is really as old as Parliament itself, and, of course, a source of strength, not weakness, to our national being. There could only be danger if the living representatives of those who built up our parliamentary life should prove incapable of amalgamating with the later arrivals in the councils of the State. Mr. Lloyd George, of the later arrivals in the councils of the State. Of course, a little sport, becoming a country gentleman also. The truth, however, is that the growing prosperity enjoyed by the professional classes for generations has already placed them to-day in a social position as nearly as possible identical with that of considerable squires, probably all but the greatest territorial magnates, in the Stuart and Cromwellian epochs.
By Avalon.

The rural awakening has gone so far that it has at last become a live thing. It is but a tender weakling and, that it may grow on to a sturdy youth, it is well to consider the many kinds of authorities by which it will be guided and controlled.

These are about eight in number: The Woods and Forests, the Board of Agriculture, the Development Commissioner, the Local Government Board, and the Board of Education. There are also semi-official societies like the National Fruit and Cider Institute and minor official bodies, such as the River Conservancies, Drainage Commissioners, and the Office of Works.

In short, the name of this monstrous regiment is legion. It leads to waste, overlapping, and a starved Public Works. In future notes I hope to deal with the question whether it is possible or advisable to create them. One thing is certain; they would have to be staffed by a new type of officials not selected from them. One thing is certain; they would have to be staffed by a new type of officials not selected from them.

There is a great boom in small holdings. That acute, if hitherto minor, politician, Sir Edward Strachey, had the wit in his Crewkerne speech to place himself at the head of the new Small Holdings Commissioners to be made. But if their work is to be fruitful, the whole body of eight will need to form a distinct side of the Board of Agriculture with its own permanent secretary dealing directly with the President. And it must be the Commissioners' servant and not, as hitherto, their master. The worst of this boom, headed by certain rebellious Radicals sitting for rural constituencies, is that in its organised form it is no use for business purposes. Indeed, they say, there is a danger that the land hunger of the labourer will be exploited to this end. Still some organs of the Cocoa Press, notably the "Daily News" and the "Nation," are showing signs of grace at last after a barren period of ill-informed criticism. Liberal agitation for small holdings will do well to weigh this advice by the "Nation": the mere sparse sowing of our broad acres of pasturage and corn-crops with groups of isolated small-holders will not redeem the new society both from material failure and from moral poverty and listlessness. Co-operation is an essential engine of such a renovating process: co-operation combined with the educative and, where necessary, the coercive powers of the State.

However, as a purely party move, this Radical agitation is bound to fail in many Liberal constituencies; and for this reason: As a party they have very few local leaders of any force, weight, or public spirit in rural districts, though many windy talkers. These men shrink the hard work of organisation; any popular movement on a sound business basis—it is with them a case of, why does not somebody else do something instead of doing the work themselves? Moreover, they are intensely jealous and afraid of the growing forces of Socialism and political Labour which is drawing away many of their best workers. The result is their party is woefully short of good candidates for local authorities. There are constituencies where Conservatives make this the chief ground of their campaign. The Labour party have confidence in a committee combined with the educative and, where necessary, the coercive powers of the State. There is a great boom in small holdings. That acute, if hitherto minor, politician, Sir Edward Strachey, had the wit in his Crewkerne speech to place himself at the head of the new Small Holdings Commissioners to be made. But if their work is to be fruitful, the whole body of eight will need to form a distinct side of the Board of Agriculture with its own permanent secretary dealing directly with the President. And it must be the Commissioners' servant and not, as hitherto, their master. The worst of this boom, headed by certain rebellious Radicals sitting for rural constituencies, is that in its organised form it is no use for business purposes. Indeed, they say, there is a danger that the land hunger of the labourer will be exploited to this end. Still some organs of the Cocoa Press, notably the "Daily News" and the "Nation," are showing signs of grace at last after a barren period of ill-informed criticism. Liberal agitation for small holdings will do well to weigh this advice by the "Nation": the mere sparse sowing of our broad acres of pasturage and corn-crops with groups of isolated small-holders will not redeem the new society both from material failure and from moral poverty and listlessness. Co-operation is an essential engine of such a renovating process: co-operation combined with the educative and, where necessary, the coercive powers of the State.

But the labourers and small men who want land and cottages, not tied to a farm or some great industry, are tiring of these local party bosses and windbags, whose motives, at best, are envy of the squire and a desire to cheapen his land. Here then is the chance of the Young England Tories: let them accept the facts of recent legislation loyally and resume their natural place as leaders of the countryside. English land, it wisely developed, can more than pay for its improvement, so that intelligent landlords will stand to gain rather than lose money. Socialists, too, should develop a land policy of their own, free both from the extravagances of the Social Democratic Party and the vote-catching insincerities and the ignorant cant of the Liberal Party. This, however, is unlikely, for, as recent publications show, the bulk of the intelligence and sympathetic understanding of rural questions is on the Conservative side (see recent books by Messrs. Rider Haggard and Christopher Turner). Neither the Independent Labour Party nor the Fabian Society has any ideas on the subject less than five years old.

The good will of the local squire and his relations are needful for the success of land banks, without which the farm hand will be unable to secure and work a holding, or for existing small holders to adopt new and paying methods such as fruitgrowing, where such capital is wanted. No village bank can afford highly-paid full-time managers, nor would a small man and intending borrower have confidence in a committee composed of his own class; still less in a large farmer. There remain, then, the squire, the parson, and the schoolmaster; without their help little can be done. The success of the local credit banks in Ireland is probably due to the fact that the priest is trusted by his flock. The Council of England has here a splendid opportunity for doing sorely needed social work apart from all political partizanship: it is to be feared that it will not rise to the occasion. This is a pity, for there is much to be said from the Socialist standpoint for the State support of an independent educated man in every village. If Anglican clerks were less provincial and more learned they would know that the rural revival in Denmark was started by Grundvig, a Lutheran pastor and bishop, and that success was due not only to the religious and ethical spirit with which it was informed.

However, as a purely party move, this Radical agitation is bound to fail in many Liberal constituencies; and for this reason: As a party they have very few local leaders of any force, weight, or public spirit in rural districts, though many windy talkers. These men shrink the hard work of organisation; any popular movement on a sound business basis—it is with them a case of, why does not somebody else do something instead of doing the work themselves? Moreover, they are intensely jealous and afraid of the growing forces of Socialism and political Labour which is drawing away many of their best workers. The result is their party is woefully short of good candidates for local authorities. There are constituencies where Conservatives make this the chief ground of their campaign. The Labour party have confidence in a committee combined with the educative and, where necessary, the coercive powers of the State.

But the labourers and small men who want land and cottages, not tied to a farm or some great industry, are tiring of these local party bosses and windbags, whose motives, at best, are envy of the squire and a desire to cheapen his land. Here then is the chance of the Young England Tories: let them accept the facts of recent legislation loyally and resume their natural place as leaders of the countryside. English land, it wisely developed, can more than pay for its improvement, so that intelligent landlords will stand to gain rather than lose money. Socialists, too, should develop a land policy of their own, free both from the extravagances of the Social Democratic Party and the vote-catching insincerities and the ignorant cant of the Liberal Party. This, however, is unlikely, for, as recent publications show, the bulk of the intelligence and sympathetic understanding of rural questions is on the Conservative side (see recent books by Messrs. Rider Haggard and Christopher Turner). Neither the Independent Labour Party nor the Fabian Society has any ideas on the subject less than five years old.

The good will of the local squire and his relations are needful for the success of land banks, without which the farm hand will be unable to secure and work a holding, or for existing small holders to adopt new and paying methods such as fruitgrowing, where such capital is wanted. No village bank can afford highly-paid full-time managers, nor would a small man and intending borrower have confidence in a committee composed of his own class; still less in a large farmer. There remain, then, the squire, the parson, and the schoolmaster; without their help little can be done. The success of the local credit banks in Ireland is probably due to the fact that the priest is trusted by his flock. The Council of England has here a splendid opportunity for doing sorely needed social work apart from all political partizanship: it is to be feared that it will not rise to the occasion. This is a pity, for there is much to be said from the Socialist standpoint for the State support of an independent educated man in every village. If Anglican clerks were less provincial and more learned they would know that the rural revival in Denmark was started by Grundvig, a Lutheran pastor and bishop, and that success was due not only to the religious and ethical spirit with which it was informed.

However, as a purely party move, this Radical agitation is bound to fail in many Liberal constituencies; and for this reason: As a party they have very few local leaders of any force, weight, or public spirit in rural districts, though many windy talkers. These men shrink the hard work of organisation; any popular movement on a sound business basis—it is with them a case of, why does not somebody else do something instead of doing the work themselves? Moreover, they are intensely jealous and afraid of the growing forces of Socialism and political Labour which is drawing away many of their best workers. The result is their party is woefully short of good candidates for local authorities. There are constituencies where Conservatives make this the chief ground of their campaign. The Labour party have confidence in a committee combined with the educative and, where necessary, the coercive powers of the State.

It is surprising that the business interests which are hindering the introduction of co-operative methods on sensible lines and carefully applying them, are able tovlan the formers with a large, other societies of aafforestation. Cheap timber is a necessary factor in nearly all cheap production, and its price is rising rapidly and likely to go higher. Radical land reformers hitherto have not exploited this idea of the Development Act. Initiative is needed, but this is just what they lack. Their chief use being to voice the discontent of the landless man, they cannot as a body
be more farsighted than he. Meanwhile the Board of Agriculture, advised by one forest inspector and an assistant of whom no one has ever heard, is rejecting the recommendations of the Royal Commission, which, with all its faults, was at least based on the best expert evidence to be had, in favour of a scheme whose outlines have often been promised in Parliament but never yet disclosed. In this matter, as in others, it seems clear that the permanent officials have not been serving the Parliamentary secretary loyally. A grant of £25,000 has been made to Ireland, but nothing so far has been decided for England, where agricultural interests are always neglected by comparison. The work in Ireland is the only possible way of acquiring vacant lands in different parts of the country, on each of which a scheme of afforestation is to be carried out. There is plenty of land to be had in England and Scotland, too, judging from the advertisements of estates offered for sale. It is to be hoped that when Mr. Lloyd George returns to work he will realise that the promise of his Development Act is being brought to nought and will take steps to improve the French and set up a single department of Eaux et Forêts. A new motor road is to be made through the Black Country, and here, too, there are many opportunities for afforestation on a small scale, of the size beloved by caucasian, I believe, employing increase land taxes for a few years, his political reputation will become more and more bound up with the success or failure of this Act.

There is much to be done to improve unprofitable arable land by bringing water to it. Owing to these islands' evenly distributed rainfall, minor irrigation works have been more neglected than in any other civilised country. This question fits in very well with afforestation, and it might not be a bad plan to copy the French and set up a single department of Eaux et Forêts. A new motor road is to be made through the Black Country, and here, too, there are many opportunities for afforestation on a small scale, of the size beloved by caucasian, I believe, employing increase land taxes for a few years, his political reputation will become more and more bound up with the success or failure of this Act.

PUBLIC-HOUSES.

By Stephen Reynolds and Robert Woolley.

II.

"Anyway," Dave went on, "proper pubs isn't so bad as clubs an' side-bars. If they wants to make drinking better, why don't 'em do away wi' back entrances an' such-like. Everybody who goes to drinking does so because the bartender wants to make some money. If they wants it, but the worst does it slyly, an' 'there's more harm done in little side-rooms an' boxes, where people makes a hidey-peep o' theirselves, than in all the big bars. Women goes there most especially, where the publicans don't know how to behave themselves in the open. I've a-see'd respectable young girls half up the pole in jug an' bottle places, wi' chaps tickling o' em, an' them leading the chaps on; and then—well—us knows what happens. They'd ha' been all right in a proper open bar like a coffee tavern. Only that's it; they've a-made drinking into a sort o' disgrace, an' they've a-drove people into side-bars an' the like. An' that's the sort o' thing they do do, I tell thee, wi' their what they calls 'temperance an' their interfering ways. 'Tisn't to their credit that drinking isn't so bad as it used to be. Lord! what they there o' men could put down when they was minded an' had the money. An' they was admired for it. A man used to be proud to be drunk. 'Twasn't a nuisance, an' a man couldn't be made a fool to himself an' other people. I s'pose 'tins rents is dearer and there's more to spend your money on nowadays, an' people finds that 'tisn't so much advantage to 'em. 'Tisn't temperance chatter, that's a sure thing. They won't tackle drink by trying to do away wi' it. Better fit they made 'em sell proper good drink. . . .

A quiet man, who had been sitting in one corner of the bar, broke suddenly in upon the conversation. "You're right!" he said, very emphatically. "You're right. There's many a poor man falls into the hands of the police, not because he's drunk too much, but because the scoundrels have sold him rank liquor. And the poorer he is the more likely he is to be served with what's no better than poison. I'll tell you what happened to me one day: I shall never forget it. My mate and me went into Exmouth to do some business and then we were going up to Exeter to see a lady friend of mine. We were too early for our business, so we went into the "X," and had a drink. My mate had two rums, hot, and I had two gins. I always drink gin in a strange place, because, being cheap, it's the least likely to be adulterated. Those drinks we had in the bar-parlour, and, naturally, we were as right as rain after them. We then did our business, and then, as we were too early for the train up to Exeter, we called back at the "X." But the second time we met some fishing chaps we knew, and went into the tap-room, where we had two more rums and two gins, rather quick. I could smell the rum was rank while he was drinking it.

"Anyhow, he came out perfectly all right. But after going a little way, all in a moment he fell up against some railings. He was nearly blind! I got him to the station; got him into a cab, into the train. He started as gong one of 'em there, and telling him he'd got nineteen children. Said he always paid twenty-five shillings in the pound, and was paid ten. They all got out at the next station.

"Luckily my lady friend didn't come to meet us. My mate lurched up and down Exeter platform calling out, 'Miss B! Miss B! Miss B, where are you?' until I got him into the refreshment room and gave him a couple of cups of coffee. Then I took him out into Queen Street. He simply went unconscious. I had to put my arm round him and carry him; and as soon as I could, I dived into a side street. It's not good liquor, mind you, that acts like that; it's poison; nothing more nor less. I'd seen it before. He'd only had four rums, spread over a whole morning. That won't hurt a man if its good. Doesn't hurt him, I know.

"A fish-hawker came along and said, 'Why don't you give him some coffee?'

"'I have,' I said. 'Two cups.'

"'Well,' he said, 'for God's sake get him in somewhere. It looks so bad in the street.'

"But I couldn't see anywhere; and up the top of the street I did see a policeman standing. 'It's all up!' I thought; and I was just wondering whether 'twould be safe to take the hot coffee and tell him to fetch a cab, when I caught sight of a little eating shop. In I goes, like a rabbit. A rather nice old woman gave us the ham and strong tea I ordered in a little back room, out of sight. 'No sooner'd my mate eaten a morsel and drunk a sup of tea, than—well, the old woman hurried in with a bucket; and for two solid hours, in that little room without a fire, I held him over the bucket. Couldn't lay him back. Couldn't let him fall forward on his face. And, oh Lord, how that infernal rum did stick, and my arm ache fit to break! He wasn't properly conscious all the time.

"In the end I laid him back on a little sofa to sleep. The old woman lighted the fire and took away the bucket. Suddenly, again, he began urging. I felt for the nice old woman's floor after she'd been so kind. I looked round for the bucket. I rushed into the shop. I ran up a dark, narrow, corkscrew staircase. At the top there was an upstairs stair kitchen with bright pots and pans hung all round it, and standing there, little, old-fashioned, old lady with her black hair smoothed down in a sort of curl over her ears. I can see her plainly now—how she turned round inquiringly.

"'Have you got the bucket?' I asked.

"'What is it?' she asked very gently.

"'The bucket, please.'

"'Your poor friend below, is he any better?' she asked, as if there was plenty of time to spare. 'Is he still bad?"
"Oh, bad—damn bad—the bucket! I blurted out.

"I was just in time. . . . In the evening I got him home. We travelled in the guard's van, and I mind the guard walked quietly out of the door. I know he killed. My mate wasn't sober; he wasn't sober all next day; but he wasn't drunk; he never was drunk; he was poisoned by cheap liquor. If it hadn't been for the old woman giving us shelter, we should have been run in for a sure thing, and spent the night in the lock-up.

"And there's many a poor chap run in simply on account of bad liquor, but it isn't any use to tell the magistrate that, of course. . . . I've been in public-houses where if you ask for, and pay for, special, they give you common stuff after the first two or three; because they think then that you're too far gone to taste the difference."

"Aye," said Dave, "I've a-see'd it, too. If 'twas open to anybody to keep a public-house, then they'd has to sell good liquor, 'cause people wouldn't go to where they drinks 'em and say 'em gives all their own way to them that stays open. There's lots o' things concerning drink that they an't worked out yet, for all they tries to force 'ee from it. And if they close down houses, they'll add more policemen to take it in house 'long wi' 'em, which is ten thousand times worse, 'cause they nips at it all day till 'tis gone. They says that drink is the ruin of thousands, don' 'em; but if you looks into it you'll generally find there's summertime besides; you'll find that some 'em comed 'em into it, some worry or trouble on their minds. . . . You can't tell; and that's why I never likes to run down anybody, only for getting drunk. Among women, I've a-notice'd, 'tis often them as an't got no kids, or the legitimate ones, that goes for nort, as if they never hadn't happened. Drink, anybody genuine, then you thinks the world o'em after a few drinks, an' all the little bothers atween 'ee all about what drink

"It don't make 'em do it unless, or course, he goes in for it headlong: it unlocks 'en out o' hisself, an' makes 'en more alive; an' that the attraction o'it. Only thing is, when a man goes home to his o' woman a bit tin-hats, what thinks he's got enough kids to tend 'em, too, and when he's got 'em, then he's liable to say, 'Oh, hell about it! Let 'em all come!'

"And they do come. Which isn't a bad thing, I s'pose. They praises 'ee for having kids so long as they an't got to work 'an pay for 'em, 'an you save."

"Mr. Perring," said the barmad, " shuts up!"

"All right, my dear; I will if you'll call me Dave."

"Well, Dave."

"Then now! you owes me a kiss, because you've a-called me Dave, or else I shall change me pub, an' go to the 'Blue Light.'—Fill up these here glasses, please, if you won't give a fellow a kiss!"

A Clarion Critic.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

Of Mr. Blatchford's books, it has been my misfortune to read only those that have made him notorious. Of his novels, except the awful "Sorcery-Shop," I know nothing. When he tells me that he "could write two novels with less labour than he has spent upon this imperfect, but he hopes not wholly useless, book," I can only wonder what the novels would be like. For "My Favourite Books," although abominably printed on bad paper and published for sevenpence, is not a classic of criticism. Mr. Shaw has just been honest enough to ask sixpence for his masterpiece, and we may well haggle over a penny when Mr. Blatchford reprints; for not every cheap reprint is a classic.

Neither Harry Lowerison, who wrote the preface, nor Cecil Chesterton, who trumpeted two columns of panegyric in a recent number of the Clarion, can convince me that Mr. Blatchford is "a great critic," or that this book "is a book in a million." When Mr. Blatchford wrote to Harry Lowerison (who is Harry Lowerison?) asking him to write a preface, he added a postscript which is most unwisely printed: "You may send all your praise of this great book to me privately. See?" But I cannot accept even Mr. Blatchford's estimate of the book. Stevenson I know, and Birrell I know; but who is Blatchford?

We know that Mr. Blatchford is a failure. "The writer of short studies," Mr. White, Mr. Blatchford says with a trumpeter's temerity, "is poet, novelist, economist, and philosopher to the readers of that paper; and to that proud array of titles the name of critic is now added as a crowning glory." Hardly anyone seems to realise, says Mr. Chesterton, that the phrase of doubtful meaning, "that but for the public spirit and the hunger for justice which drove him into these polemics, he might have long ago gained an abiding name as a great critic of letters." We are told that "criticism is one of the most difficult of the arts, and that a great critic is probably rarer than a great creative artist." A little later, Mr. Chesterdon speaks of Blatchford's genius with a trumpet's temerity. It is recorded in profane history that a certain person named Pot declared Dr. Johnson's "Irene" to be the finest tragedy of modern times. When Johnson was told of this, he was heard to mutter, "If Pot says so, Pot lies." If that unfortunate postscript had not set my mind at rest, I should probably say: "You may send all your praise of this great book to me privately."

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ford is neither brief, reasoned, nor memorable. He is as prolix as a pupil teacher, and as profound. The reason is obvious. Mr. Blatchford writes for people who do not know that "all criticism is comparison," who have to be told the difference between matter and manner, who need to be instructed in the use of broad and short vowels and the meaning of alliteration. Instead of the brief, reasoned, memorable view, we have the elementary teaching of a primer of prosody. I offer one example. Mr. Chesterton commends to our notice a certain passage which illustrates Mr. Blatchford's great capacity for the effect of works of art. "I quote the passage in full":

Let us now take a passage of Sir Thomas Browne's and examine it. Speaking of some bones discovered in a tomb, he says they have their "springing and spacious buildings, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests."

"This is melody. Let us see if we can find whence the melody arises. Nearly all words holding the sound of the 's' -- as 'quaint,' 'antiquity,' 'sequestered.' And in this line we find 'quietly' and 'conquest.' Then we have four alliterative 'r's in res, rum, ram, and ree; we have the humming 'E's in 'drums' and 'trampled'; we have 'rest' and 'quest'; and we have a patterning series of short vowels suspended and pointed by the long e 'in 'three.'"

"So much for the melody. Sir Thomas's art makes the lines sing like a tune. Now for the quality of picturesqueness.

"Sir Thomas might have said 'and have rested peacefully for a thousand years,' or, 'and have rested quietly for ages during which the land they lay in was thrice conquestrd.' Sir Thomas is an artist in person as well as in sounds, and he suggests the dead men sleep quietly under the drums and tramplings of three conquests.

"So the quiet is broken to our ear by the drums and tramplings, and we see the mail-clad horsemen w-h-o-n, struggling, and straining, whip and sloop of the banner, the sunlight flashing on spear and crest, and our ears are filled with the roll of drums and clash of steel, and our minds take in the large idea of long duration, of deeds and destinies sweeping over the earth like turbulent seas. while at the same time we feel the presence only a few feet under the sod of those stark, still figures, blind and dumb, sleeping 'quietly,' in a kind of sad, ironic silence. How much more effective is this when compared to any statement of time in bald figures; and the thought of the dead sleeping quietly under the drums and tramplings, what contrast it gives, what meaning it carries, what suggestion and picture in a few words.

"I assume I made the point because it is characteristic of Mr. Blatchford's method, and because I needed to prove my statement. The technical instruction of this passage is given by any literary primer, and we can judge Mr. Blatchford as a critic only by this fact, that he never praises the effect of art without destroying it. When he applauds the selection and reticence of a writer, he does so by carefully stating everything that is omitted by the artist.

Mr. Blatchford's purpose is plain. He writes not to present a brief, reasoned, and memorable view of these writers, but to instruct John Smith of Oldham in the rudiments of literary art. But even as an instructor, he is not above reproach. Sir Thomas Browne wrote "for the love of writing," and is wholly commendatory. Gilbert White "described a thing either to inform the reader or to glorify Nature," and Mr. Blatchford has no criticism to offer. Thoreau, who attempted to combine the art of Sir Thomas Browne with the simplicity of Gilbert White, is at a disadvantage. Mr. Blatchford's description of a Merlin's flight, Mr. Blatchford says: "Which again is very fine--writing. But it is writing, with an artful employment of alliteration and cadence, of which our good old Gilbert was as innocent as a Covent Garden dancer."

He concludes that "White is a master; Thoreau is only an artist." But if Thoreau's observation was as exact as that of Gilbert White (and it was), and his writing had the charms which are so pleasing in Sir Thomas Browne, John Smith of Oldham will be puzzled to know of what White was good enough for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine; and "Bunyan's English is tinker's, and soldier's, and preacher's English. It is the English of the Bible, of the Ironsides, and of the village green." But the English language does not progress. Sir Thomas Browne has made such variable use of our language, and their English is not that of Bunyan. Speaking of elementary education, Matthew Arnold said years ago that children could not be made receptive to new knowledge only by enlarging their vocabulary. As an instructor of the ignorance of John Smith, Mr. Blatchford again fails. He would restrict us to Bunyan. "Sir Thomas Browne's sonorous and melodious sentences are a source of delight to scholars and to authors; but when a book is intended to appeal to the man in the street, it should be wrought out in hard-bitten, clean-cut Saxon English."

"The dilemma is obvious. John Smith cannot be instructed in the beauties of the 'hyperlaticism' English of Sir Thomas Browne if he is to know only tinker's English; and he will die in his ignorance. I conclude that the claim to the title of critic on behalf of Mr. Blatchford is not established. As a primer of literature, his book is not to be compared with the one written by Stopford Brooke; on the subject of composition and prosody, Nichol and Melkilejohn are more complete. His studies present no brief, reasoned, and memorable view of the men of or of their books, as Stevenson did; and as Mr. Birrell did, usefully, in his essays on Carlyle, Dr. Johnson, Milton, Pope, and Burke. Literature is not dignified by his babbling of it, and John Smith is not comprehensively instructed in its mysteries. Mr. Birrell's interrogation of the general public, 'What nobler night-cap could man desire than the magnificent invocation: Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood; etc.' It is the perfection of bedside music."

The final test is language. Mr. Blatchford, we are told, is a 'master of English'; and he was brought up on Bunyan. "The Homeless English," says Mr. Blatchford, "is good enough for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine; and 'Bunyan's English is tinker's, and soldier's, and preacher's English. It is the English of the Bible, of the Ironsides, and of the village green.' But the English language does not progress. Sir Thomas Browne has made such variable use of our language, and their English is not that of Bunyan. Speaking of elementary education, Matthew Arnold said years ago that children could not be made receptive to new knowledge only by enlarging their vocabulary. As an instructor of the ignorance of John Smith, Mr. Blatchford again fails. He would restrict us to Bunyan. "Sir Thomas Browne's sonorous and melodious sentences are a source of delight to scholars and to authors; but when a book is intended to appeal to the man in the street, it should be wrought out in hard-bitten, clean-cut Saxon English." The dilemma is obvious. John Smith cannot be instructed in the beauties of the 'hyperlaticism' English of Sir Thomas Browne if he is to know only tinker's English; and he will die in his ignorance. I conclude that the claim to the title of critic on behalf of Mr. Blatchford is not established. As a primer of literature, his book is not to be compared with the one written by Stopford Brooke; on the subject of composition and prosody, Nichol and Melkilejohn are more complete. His studies present no brief, reasoned, and memorable view of the men of or of their books, as Stevenson did; and as Mr. Birrell did, usefully, in his essays on Carlyle, Dr. Johnson, Milton, Pope, and Burke. Literature is not dignified by his babbling of it, and John Smith is not comprehensively instructed in its mysteries. Mr. Birrell's interrogation of the general public, 'What nobler night-cap could man desire than the magnificent invocation: Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood; etc.' It is the perfection of bedside music."

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Uncited Opinions.

Money-Changers in Literature.

I see it has been stated that at least forty of our novelists are making a thousand or more a year each. What do you think of that?

If that stood alone I should be indifferent. What are novelists to us? But unfortunately it does not. At least forty more writers, non-novelists, boast their slaying of a thousand a year. The facts together are alarmingly vulgar.

Do you then object to writers making a large income? I do. Anders. It is not the fact to the complaint being stated as if it were to their credit. Once upon a time, the most honourable distinction of the artist was that he remained poor. Artists nowadays positively brag about their income. Artists, did I say? But, of course, they are not. No artist would allow himself to be measured in money.

In what, however, can a writer measure his influence in these days if not in the universal medium?

Now you've hit it. The universal medium! But will you observe that this precious universal medium is of quantity alone? The one thing that cannot be measured in this medium or, in fact, in any medium is quality. And it is, I should have thought, with quality that artists are concerned.

But have you any reason for supposing that the quality of literature has suffered?

My dear friend, what a question! Saving for the classics, popular literature is a contradiction in terms. Every writer earning a thousand a year is a charlatan. The value of the art is inversely as the sum paid for it. That is axiomatic.

By no means. I indignantly deny it. You are assuming that the popular judgment is invariably wrong and consequently that large sales mean small art; but there are a hundred examples to the contrary.

Not so many, however, that the critic's first assumption on hearing that a book is a popular success is not that the book is vulgar. You cannot deny that. Besides, we have no right to expect that in a country like England of to-day, a large number of people will like anything really good. They would be a different people if they did.

Has not education made great strides?

Laugh! All we have done in education is to spread out, and over many of the culture that before was concentrated in a few. Everybody now has a scraping of culture, but there is no cultured class. That is what I complain of. Writers have watered down their art to the thickness of the veneer of culture in the largest class. They measure their work by its extension, and no longer by its intensity.

But you have surely no objection to this diffusion of culture.

Now whatever,—on one condition, namely, that the supply of intense culture at the source is maintained. Against popular writers (shall we call them sophists?) I should have no grievance if they were not so inimical to pure literature. Unfortunately they are its bitterest enemies. To pure literature the public generally is indifferent; but popular writers are hostile.

Come, come! Is that entirely without warrant? Would it were; but the facts are there to prove it. Who jeers most effectively at every attempt to restore the first condition of culture, the doctrine of Art for Art's sake? The popular writers of the day. Who teach the world to measure success by circulating classics, popular literature is a contradiction in terms.

What do you think of that?

I do, and I object still more to the amount being spent on this precious universal medium. That is axiomatic.

What new charge against them is this?

I am thinking of the way in which these capitalists of the pen spend their money. What a display of vulgarity they make! Even if homage to literature and culture were loud on their lips their contempt for it would be visible in their acts. Have you observed anything particularly magnificent in the way they live? They differ in no respect from successful stockbrokers.

I have observed nothing of the kind. They are a hundred examples to the contrary.

Yes, Why, I positively know stockbrokers whose respect for art goes to the length of buying works of living art, and of patronising poor living artists. Do you know any popular writer who has done the same? And if so of these are making between them hundreds of thousands of pounds a year. Contemporary with them are scores of artists starving to silence or death, to-morrow. Do you entirely despair of popular artists?

I do not. But Stevenson! Even if Kipling is the most honourable distinction of the artist was that he remained poor. Artists nowadays positively brag about their income. Artists, did I say? But, of course, they are not. No artist would allow himself to be measured in money.

In what, however, can a writer measure his influence in these days if not in the universal medium?

Now you've hit it. The universal medium! But will you observe that this precious universal medium is of quantity alone? The one thing that cannot be measured in this medium or, in fact, in any medium is quality. And it is, I should have thought, with quality that artists are concerned.

But have you any reason for supposing that the quality of literature has suffered?

My dear friend, what a question! Saving for the classics, popular literature is a contradiction in terms. Every writer earning a thousand a year is a charlatan. The value of the art is inversely as the sum paid for it. That is axiomatic.

By no means. I indignantly deny it. You are assuming that the popular judgment is invariably wrong and consequently that large sales mean small art; but there are a hundred examples to the contrary.

Not so many, however, that the critic's first assumption on hearing that a book is a popular success is not that the book is vulgar. You cannot deny that. Besides, we have no right to expect that in a country like England of to-day, a large number of people will like anything really good. They would be a different people if they did.

Has not education made great strides?

Laugh! All we have done in education is to spread out, and over many of the culture that before was concentrated in a few. Everybody now has a scraping of culture, but there is no cultured class. That is what I complain of. Writers have watered down their art to the thickness of the veneer of culture in the largest class. They measure their work by its extension, and no longer by its intensity.

But you have surely no objection to this diffusion of culture.

Now whatever,—on one condition, namely, that the supply of intense culture at the source is maintained. Against popular writers (shall we call them sophists?) I should have no grievance if they were not so inimical to pure literature. Unfortunately they are its bitterest enemies. To pure literature the public generally is indifferent; but popular writers are hostile.

Come, come! Is that entirely without warrant? Would it were; but the facts are there to prove it. Who jeers most effectively at every attempt to restore the first condition of culture, the doctrine of Art for Art's sake? The popular writers of the day. Who teach the world to measure success by circulating classics, popular literature is a contradiction in terms.

What do you think of that?

I do, and I object still more to the amount being spent on this precious universal medium. That is axiomatic.

What new charge against them is this?

I am thinking of the way in which these capitalists of the pen spend their money. What a display of vulgarity they make! Even if homage to literature and culture were loud on their lips their contempt for it would be visible in their acts. Have you observed anything particularly magnificent in the way they live? They differ in no respect from successful stockbrokers.

I have observed nothing of the kind. They are a hundred examples to the contrary.

Yes, Why, I positively know stockbrokers whose respect for art goes to the length of buying works of living art, and of patronising poor living artists. Do you know any popular writer who has done the same? And if so of these are making between them hundreds of thousands of pounds a year. Contemporary with them are scores of artists starving to silence or death, to-morrow. Do you entirely despair of popular artists?

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An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

With the closing of the Opera the fashionable season in New York came to an end and the smart sets, the fast sets, and the would-be sets, will be off to the country, to show off their best patent smiles, each trying hard to fool the other, each trying to look radiantly happy while dying of ennui. For there is nothing fashionable New Yorkers hate so much as life in the country. They know as much about nature as crows know about singing.

Town life is the only thing they care for. In town there are always plenty of occasions for the display of jewellery. When there are no balls there is the Opera ready to hand, although few of them have even a faint notion of what is wrong with the singers. When a tenor sings wobbly, how are the good people to judge whether the prima donna is in her best form? What are they to think of Tetrazzini, who was a hunchback, whose business it was to clean up the place, sweep out, and wash the cups and glasses?

The Berliners are supposed to be great Shakespeare enthusiasts; they boast of their admiration, but the fact is, no dramatist is so full of bluster as Shakespeare, and it is this element the Berliner loves most in the operas. They find King Richard’s hump most humpful and satisfying. Macbeth they find is a swaggetter who dies game, that is, with military “harness on his back.” His spouse they find is what a good Frau ought to be, four-square, solid on her feet, and refusing to die “hereafter.” Othello is a swashbuckler, and poor Desdemona a simple house frau who is not missed when her light is snuffed out, while the Merchant of Venice, clamouring for his pound of flesh reminds the audience of the dearness of good beef and the cheapness of tough horse meat, while the military officers scent from afar the fumes of grilling bookbeaks cut from the living hams of their gallic enemies on that great day of armageddon, when dog shall eat dog and Greek devour Greek.

New York at this moment is crowded with people in search of amusement and new sensations. The rich who leave town are not missed in the surging crowds. All the popular cafés and restaurants and the big hotels are alive with visitors looking for pleasure, and one would suppose that America was made up of hotels, cafés, restaurants, and theatres. Official reports give more than eighty theatres devoted to drama, opera, spectacles, concerts, circuses and other kinds of arena entertainment, and the number of such places will soon exceed a round hundred. April and October are perhaps the best months to see New York. In April and May Manhattan assumes an air that is strangely foreign, un-American, almost fantastic.

It is the season when the New York bohemians are to be seen in their merriest moods, when the adulterated wines giveth their colour in the cups, and headaches in the kops, and good or bad humours according to the “strength” of the decoction. It is the season when all Bohemia walks forth in search of fresh fields and pastures to say nothing of fresh drinking troughs, for New York affords all beers that are made in Germany and elsewhere. To see the way beer is drunk here one would take Manhattan to be a large imitation of Munich. In a few weeks New York will be given over to the mixers of iced drinks and the drinkers thereof, and the better the weather becomes the colder the drinks will be.

Who brings all the superstitious notions to New York? I heard the question posed the other evening at a certain café noted for its interesting characters. The typical American is not superstitious, but there is no denying that the New Yorkers are, at least the majority are, and I think the English speaking Americans of Manhattan become superstitious from contact with so many foreigners who bring with them from all parts of the world, not a score, but a thousand superstitious notions and rites.

One obscure proprietor who kept a small eating-house under the ground floor, made a fortune in a singular way. He had in his employ a young foreigner who was a hunchback, whose business it was to clean up the place, sweep out, and wash the cups and glasses.
One day the proprietor was surprised to see enter three fashionably dressed men. They ordered coffee, and it happened that it was the little hunchback who served them. When the three men left they tipped the waiter liberally, and in a few days others.

The amazed proprietor soon found his two small rooms crowded with people who seemed to have but one ambition: to tip the hunchback in sums often as large as the amount of the meal they had eaten. In six weeks time the delighted proprietor, a Hungarian, found himself being waited upon by fashionable men. They ordered coffee, and it happened that it was the little hunchback who served them. When the three men left they tipped the waiter.

One day the proprietor was surprised to see enter three men, again, this time into handsome quarters, for his name became identified with all sorts of lucky omens and influences, while the little hunchback was making a fortune in the tips he received from stockbrokers and others who regarded him as a marvellous mascot.

There are lucky Chinese restaurants, Turkish coffee rooms which are supposed to confer certain fortunate radiations, and for negro superstitions, no city in America, not even New Orleans, can show such an array of Hoodoo adepts. The belief in “charms” and “mascots” is all but universal here, yet if you ask these superstitious people what they know about the spiritual things you will get a blank look for an answer. All these people will tell you how sceptical and critical they are, how hard they are to fool, while they being led by the nose by Indian Fakirs and all sorts of impossible faddists with lucky secrets to unfold, and ways by which you can bring others under your control. Meanwhile the men and women who do succeed, who rise above the superstitious millions, go their way without much notice just these successful people being the votaries of superstition most try to imitate. The yoke of superstition forbids them success.

**Books and Persons.**

By Jacob Tomson.

**Commercially** the publishing season is not very good. This interesting fact I have learned from several chats with booksellers. Of course, the blame is laid on the mind of the reading public to the exclusion of publishing. If intelligent persons have already had a surfeit of the Coronation, why should it interfere with their perusals? Possibly because the streets, the newspapers, and the unintelligent insist on ramming it down their throats. But possibly the perusals of intelligent persons are not disturbed by the Coronation—how they may happen to succeed in the success of the publishing season depends largely on the co-operation of the unintelligent.

Anyhow, a modified gloom reigns behind the counters of bookshops and in the private parlours of publishers, though hope is still cherished for the autumn season. Publishers are naturally always incensed against book-sellers. But I have noticed lately that booksellers are growing stupider and stupider. Further, he had a heart-to-heart talk with one of the very first publishers in the West End, and he, too, had an ominous attitude towards publishers. He said that so far as his experience went, the brain of the average publisher was such that, when he was led by the nose by the little hunchback he would have been kicked out of it for incompetence and general crassness. Not merely did publishers not understand the art of choosing matter fit and proper to publish—they did not understand even their particular business, that of producing the physical book and putting it on the market. Assuredly there are only about two publishers in London who know how to advertise. And there are only about three who know how to produce a book with taste and dignity. The great majority have never studied typographical composition, the building of a page, the qualities of ink and of paper, the design of bindings and the processes of stitching and binding. They are grossly and shockingly expert, with the forced result that they offer to the public books which are offensive both to the eye and the hand. This is especially true of some of the largest and oldest established firms. So spoke my bookseller! I thoroughly agreed with him, and I was charmed at his outspokenness. Bookselling is in a bad state, but publishing is in a worse state.

My bookseller registered considerable changes in the public taste, and predicted others. He said that there was now no market, in London at any rate, for verse, and he saw no hope of a market for verse. He was dead against long books of all sorts, including novels. But he admitted that novels would be the last to change long books so frequently as short books. A library subscriber can, and does, read a sixty-thousand-word novel—say, “Mr. Ingleside”—in a day. In twenty-four hours she wants a fresh book, and as her subscription entitles her to change her book once a day there is no stopping the change. But she cannot read “The New Machiavelli” in a day; it will occupy her probably three days. “The New Machiavelli” will keep a subscriber quiet for a longer period than “Mr. Ingleside,” and it costs the libraries not a cent more. Hence the preference of the libraries for long novels. When asked whether he thought that memoirs, biographies and quasi-historical works would ultimately be cut down to sixty thousand words, he said: “Yes, in a year or two.” The demand for Coronations and Royal funerals is that the choir consists largely of notabilities and notorieties, largely musical, who have no knowledge of singing whatever.

This has nothing directly to do with the publishing season, but it does offer some reasons why the Coronation should not disadvantageously affect the enterprise of publishing. If intelligent persons have already had a surfeit of the Coronation, why should they let it interfere with their perusals? Possibly because the streets, the newspapers, and the unintelligent insist on ramming it down their throats. But possibly the perusals of intelligent persons are not disturbed by the Coronation—how they may happen to succeed in the success of the publishing season depends largely on the co-operation of the unintelligent.
in England, and which an Englishwoman who had been better off and who had been obliged to take a "combined room" at a very low rent, would find is "so depressing." Showing that the difference in classes is more marked in London than in Christi-ania, which is more cultivated as well as democratic than any city in England.

After Mrs. Linden has made sure that the soup will remain hot, she turns and looks at a small travelling clock standing on the cupboard, which she then takes up and carefully winds, setting it by her watch and saying as she does so, "Three o'clock! Then, as she picks up her knitted things from the table and carries it carefully to the cupboard, she gives a little happy laugh, in- stantly checked—the half-laugh of a woman who has not laughed often in her life. It is evident that she has lately been living a good deal by herself, for she has a habit of murmuring short sentences. She now says: "Fancy my forgetting my knitting!" After she has carefully put the knitting into an upper shelf in the cupboard, she looks very grave again, and goes to her trunk, from which she brings a fur cloak, from a scene in which Christina would remain less silent. He [Bitterly] You're laughing at me, Christina, like everyone else. [Mrs. Linden does not reply, but merely chafes Nora's hands.]

NORA: I nearly ran away when I saw him looking up at the house. Mrs. Linden: He saw me home, and he's been walking his hands.

Mrs. Linden: He claimed her off her hat and later on her cloak. What did Mr. Kroghstadt want here?

Mrs. Linden: Kroghstadt? Oh, Nils was always romantic. NORA: Mr. Kroghstadt romantic! Bitterly] You're laughing at me, Christina, like everyone else. [Mrs. Linden does not reply, but merely chafes Nora's hands.]

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of Krogstadt's life. If his father behaved badly, at any rate he left him plenty of money. I must have a talk to Dr. Rank about Nils.

NORA: You will never do that, Christina. [Shuddering] He is invisible now.

MRS. LINDEN: Why not? I think you should say, and I'm not a fair judge either, because I'm fond of him. When I saw him two days ago so changed, and when I heard how people spoke of him, I felt as though I was the criminal. But I don't want to talk about myself, anyway, and I certainly don't want to talk about Krogstadt.

NORA: I have no right to be hard on anyone. [Humbly] It's very good of you to take me in to-night, Christina. To-morrow I must try to get something to do.

MRS. LINDEN: But now come into my arms, Nora, and let me warn you. [NORA does not respond, but MRS. LINDEN embraces her and keeps the shaking body still.] So you are only going to be hard on Helmer?

NORA: If you knew everything you wouldn't talk like that.

MRS. LINDEN: You've left him for good?

NORA: I had to.

MRS. LINDEN: Why?

NORA: Can I live in that way with a man I don't know? A man who is totally different from what I thought—mean, hypocritical, cowardly—He called me a thief and a liar. The worst of it is I am what he calls me—no, that's not the worst, either—I am nothing at all. A poor creature who has been bought and paid for in her hand.

MRS. LINDEN: Hum!

NORA: Perhaps not. But I am not thinking of him. The worst of it is I am what he calls me—no, that's not the worst, either—I am nothing at all. A poor creature who has been bought and paid for in her hand, in her heart, in her hands, and her body is shaken by dry sobs.

MRS. LINDEN: Ah! I was waiting for that. [Going to the stove and bringing out the soup, some of which she pours into a cup which she has fetched from the cupboard. Then she deftly lays a small tablecloth and brings bread and salt and spoons, knives, etc., to the table. As she does these things she goes on talking.] I told Mrs. Schmidt I was expecting a friend who was at a ball, and that I had promised to take care of her till her own house was open—that she didn't want to disturb the servants so late. I had to tell a few falsehoods. She is so particular.

NORA: Tell me, how did you know I should come to you?

MRS. LINDEN: Where else should you go? NORA: I meant to kill myself, Christina.

MRS. LINDEN: No, you didn't, Nora. Nils would never have risked that.

NORA: [rising very wearily and going to the table]: No, he told me I hadn't the courage.

MRS. LINDEN: Now you must sit down and take this. [NORA plucks things before her] or you will really be ill. You know Nils wanted to get his letter back?

NORA: Then why didn't he do it?

MRS. LINDEN: I wouldn't let him.

NORA: [looking at her wonderingly]: How dared you, Christina?

MRS. LINDEN: Eat your soup, Nora [putting the spoon in her hand. NORA mechanically takes a few spoonfuls.] You see, I've been used to thinking for other people ever since I could remember. My father was the same. When he was alive I had to go to school—the school where we met. Please go on eating. [Cuts up bread and puts it in soup.] But I was only seventeen when he died, though I look so much more than my age now. Then Nils asked me to marry him. He was a bright young fellow then—rather wild and passionate. I hadn't actually accepted him, but we understood each other. Perhaps we might have married in ten years or so—but there were four of us at home to keep, and I was at my wits' end—and then Lindon proposed. What could I do?

NORA: I could have told you yesterday.

MRS. LINDEN: And you might have been right. I could at least have kept Nils straight and—[She turns quietly away and is silent for a moment or two.]

NORA: [with some of her old impetuous affection]: Dear, dear, Christina! You are going to be happy at last. I'm sure Nils will make you a good husband. [Slyly] I think I understand him better now.

MRS. LINDEN: But your husband is turning him out of the bank!

NORA: [impulsively]: No, no, he shan't! I'll—[Stops.] No, I can't help you. Christina. I can have nothing further to do with Torwald.

MRS. LINDEN: And the children?

NORA: [with a cry of agony]: Ah! don't torture me, Christina!

MRS. LINDEN: Everyone will call you a heartless mother.

NORA: [scornfully]: Just what Helmer says.

MRS. LINDEN: But isn't he right?

NORA: Heartless! Because I won't let such a creature as I know myself to be, ruin their lives?

MRS. LINDEN: So you leave them to Helmer?

NORA: You say that he is right, and that I am wicked and heartless!

MRS. LINDEN: No, not wicked, Nora.

NORA: No, I wish I was.

MRS. LINDEN: Nora!

NORA: I should be something. As it is I'm nothing—a puppet—a simple toy. Oh, I keep on going round and round in my cage—very bitterly—like—yes, like a squirrel. When I think of the life I've led—the trap I am in—I could throw myself out of that window, Christina! [Goes towards the window.]

MRS. LINDEN: [a little anxious; intercepts her, and leads her back to the table]: You wouldn't do that now, Nora, if only for the sake of those three children. You can't alter the past. But if you take yourself out of your children's lives, you owe it to them to leave no stain on your memory.

NORA: That's how Krogstadt beat me. Or perhaps—

MRS. LINDEN: Besides, think of me, Nora!

NORA: [with a flash of her old-time fun]: Oh, come! You are not so fond of me as all that, Christina. Besides, you have your Nils now!

MRS. LINDEN: It isn't that, Nora, though I do love you dearly, and I think I've proved it. But if I had not been raised above myself by happiness, I could not have dared to let that letter go. Think of my feelings, Nora, if I had been mistaken after all!

NORA: [darkly]: You are a bold woman, Christina!

MRS. LINDEN: I've had experience, Nora—and I knew. [Stops and listens.] What's that? Nils can't have broken his word. [She goes to the window.]

NORA: What's the matter?

MRS. LINDEN: [turning quickly]: Nothing. I thought I heard footsteps, but—[At this moment there is a knock at the room door.]

NORA: [going to the stove with her back towards the door. All through the following scene she keeps her back to the speakers]: Oh, Christina! I couldn't bear to see anyone just now, I—

MRS. LINDEN: [carrying the soup over to her and putting it on the ledge of the stove]: Very well; I'm afraid it's quite cold, but try to finish it. You are going to be happy at last, I'm sure Nils will make you a good husband. [Slyly] I think I understand him better now.
MRS. LINDEN: Very well. I'm just coming, Mrs. Schmidt. [To NORA]: It's only the landlady. I suppose we were talking too loud. [She opens the door and MRS. SCHMIDT bursts in. She is a stout, red-faced woman about forty, with tight grey curls and dull eyes. She is dressed in a pink dressing-gown, evidently hastily thrown on. She looks cold and shivered occasionally.]

MRS. SCHMIDT: Really, madam! I didn't expect all this noise and disturbance in the middle of the night, when I let my room to you. I thought I was letting it to a respectable lady! [She comes into the room and Mrs. Linden looks stiffly]: And what has made you change your opinion, Mrs. Schmidt?

MRS. SCHMIDT: I wonder you have the face to ask. First of all you walk home with a man that everybody knows is no better than he ought to be. [Looking at her earnestly]: I know he kept me waiting for my rent.

MRS. LINDEN: I'll pay you mine to-morrow, and I give you notice now.

MRS. SCHMIDT: Oh, I daresay. Mr. Krogstadt has been engaged to others before now. [Looking towards NORA.]

MRS. LINDEN: [interposing]: I told you I was expecting to tell you—both of you. If you're not out of the house by this time, I'll send for the police to turn you out.

MRS. LINDEN: He never had any tact. Poor Mr. Helmer! Perhaps you've spoilt him, Nora. Flat-tered him, fibbed to him—saved him from things that would have done him good?

NORA [bitterly]: Often! [She opens the door and Mrs. Schmidt bursts in.]

MRS. LINDEN: You see, he's not very old. At any rate, you've given him a severe lesson, Nora.

NORA: I've had one myself. I seem to see the world with quite different eyes. I don't love him any one else, even the children, any more. I'm numbed and bewildered, and hard and contemptuous. And yet I feel humble and wretched enough. Can't you help me, Christina [shaking her]—soften me—teach me?

MRS. LINDEN [looking at her earnestly]: You can help me, Nora. Prove to me that I was right in letting things take their course.

NORA: Of course you were. Anything rather than a life of sham and subterfuges.

MRS. LINDEN: But Mr. Helmer, too, hates sham and subterfuges.

NORA: In other people. And yet, when Krogstadt sent back the bill, he seemed not to care for the thing itself, only about its being found out. And then, as I was changing my things, I heard him boasting how he would protect me and take care of his property. I had never thought of it before— he looks on me as a piece of property, Christina! I told him so, that's how most men look on us—if we let them. What right had you to let him do so? Ignorant as you are, you know more than he does. You had your first lesson months ago, when you signed your father's name. Poor Mr. Helmer is still at the alphabet. Will you let him struggle on quite alone? And the children, Nora—the children? are they to be brought up as you were brought up by your father? As Helmer was brought up?

NORA: My first duty is towards myself. That is quite clear to me, Christina, and nothing you can say will shake it. I told Torwald so, and he said I'd no religion or morality. And he was quite right. But I won't have a sham religion and morality.

MRS. LINDEN: Am I a sham, Nora?

NORA: No; but what is right for you may not be right for me. You like working for other people, and you are satisfied with so little, like Anna. I want—I don't know what I don't want.

MRS. LINDEN: I suppose you want to think things out?

NORA: Yes; how did you know? That's exactly what I told Helmer, I want to think things out, and try to get clear about them.

MRS. LINDEN: Ah! it isn't done that way. We can't get at the best of things by thinking, Nora. But we sometimes learn very quickly if we get a good shock, and I can see that you've already learnt more than you know.

NORA: Perhaps. I'm so utterly tired to-night. I only want to rest. [Suddenly.] What's that? Listen! That woman's voice again!

NORA: [outside and knocking violently]: Let me in at once, Mrs. Linden. This is scandalous!

MRS. LINDEN: What can she want now? [Going to the door and opening it.]

MRS. SCHMIDT [coming into the room]: Now, I just have this to tell you—both of you. If you're not out of my house by nine to-morrow morning, I shall send for the police to turn you out.

NORA: Why, what have we done now?

MRS. SCHMIDT: You come home with a gentleman of shady reputation and he kisses you at the door. Ugh!

MRS. LINDEN: The gentleman to whom I am engaged.

MRS. SCHMIDT: Oh, I daresay. Mr. Krogstadt has been engaged to others before now.
Mrs. Schmidt: [bursting into the room once more as Nora slowly takes up the cup]. I won't have it. The man will certainly be dead in the morning, right in front of my house. There'll be a scandal in the neighbourhood. [Seeing Nora for the first time.] Why, it's Mrs. Helmer! I'm sure I'm very sorry if—[Nora passes her without a word, Mrs. LINDEN going to her and wrapping the fur coat round her.]

Mrs. Schmidt [coming up to Mrs. LINDEN as Nora goes out]: I promise you I can't turn you out in this weather, my fine lady; but she's not my tenant, and I won't be treated like the dust under her feet either. Let her go home with that fellow. He only lives round the corner. He'll be! I always thought Helmer was a fool. But I'll open his eyes to-morrow morning. First it was the doctor and now this scamp. I know one thing—she doesn't come into my house any more. [She goes out, and presently the door downstairs is heard to bang and the lock to turn.]

Mrs. LINDEN [at the window]: Good-night, Nora! I'm sorry, but Mrs. Schmidt won't let you in again. Say, do you stay?—Can he stand?—What, Mr. Helmer?—I can't hear. I'm afraid you'll get some serious complaints from Mrs. Schmidt to-morrow morning.—What! Your voice is so faint. —The miracle of miracles. [A pause.] Good-night. [Nora goes out through the window. Begins to undress, stops suddenly, and says, as if enlightened:] Ah! the miracle of miracles. CURTAIN.

The Real Meaning of the Controversy Concerning Pragmatism.
By Professor Albert Schinz.

TRUTH is and remains always the same. But each philosophical movement, that is to say, each conception of truth, each special aspect of truth which man chooses to emphasize at various epochs and under various climates, can be explained by contingencies, one can say even more precisely, by moral and social causes.

It would be easy to demonstrate—and it is strange that it was never done as yet—that each system since the time when philosophy parted with mythology, has been clearly an adaptation of human reason and of the scientific knowledge of any epoch in history, to social requirements. This, the writer would not have space enough to do here, but he can give at least some indications as regards the present chapter, and to point out what is wrong. We are doing, point out the real meaning of the controversy concerning Pragmatism, while at the same time offering an equitable test by which to measure the value of its philosophical claims.

But, first of all, what is Pragmatism? Pragmatism is a philosophy which judges of the value of theories and ideas by their consequences, by the results they yield to the thinker when he proceeds to apply them to reality.

It would seem that this could hardly claim to be a definition of a new philosophy, for, Pragmatists would evidently be much embarrassed if they were to point out either that 'it is useful because it is true,' or that 'it is true because it is useful.' But these phrases mean exactly the same thing, namely, that here is an idea that gets fulfilled and can get verified. ('"Pragmatism," p. 204.)

This is better. Still, we are not satisfied. What do you call useful? Here the Pragmatists will fight shy and avoid answering directly. But we can make them tell.
There are two sorts of "useful": the "scientifically useful," and the "socially or morally useful."

In 1743 Franklin founded in Philadelphia a society which developed into the American Philosophical Society for "promoting useful knowledge. Now, in the very interesting sketch of the history of that body, recently published by Mr. J. Rosenhans, we are recalled that the first great undertaking of that society for promoting useful knowledge" was to organise on a great scale astronomical observations with a view to determining the true "motion of the earth around the sun." In the ordinary sense of the word, it is useful to nobody to know anything about this question, or at any rate it would be of very indirect use, and life and society on our planet will go on, whether the experience is just or not. They are useful only to the scholar who wishes to investigate further in astronomy.

It is evidently not that useful which Pragmatists advocate; or, if they did, that philosophy would be so commonplace that nobody would pay any attention to it. They mean the "socially or morally useful." Here is the way Professor James develops his definition: "the true, to put it very briefly, is only the expedient in the way of Pragmatism." He says: "On pragmatic principles we cannot reject any hypothesis if consequences useful to life flow from it. . . They (universal conceptions) have no meaning and no reality (use for life) whatever. But if they have any use (for life) they have that amount of meaning" (p. 273). This is perfectly clear: what is useful to us, to life, not what is of import to impersonal science, must be considered our "truth" in Pragmatism. If something is not useful in this sense, we must quietly ignore it. Here is also the famous pragmatic question, the criterion of truth, as expressed by William James: "Grant an idea or belief to be true, what concrete differences will its being true make in anyone's actual life?" (p. 200). And here, as a concrete application of the principle, is the way the same author speaks of religion: "The whole defence of religious faith hinges upon action. If the action required or inspired by the religious hypothesis is in no way different from that dictated by the naturalistic hypothesis, then religious faith is a pure superfluity, better pruned away, and controversy about its legitimacy is a piece of idle trifling, unworthy of serious minds."

Now these two "truths," or rather these two "useful"—the scientific and the pragmatic—are not only different, but they may conflict. An illustration has been often already referred to; let us borrow another one from the same source. We will transport ourselves for one moment, by imagina-
tion, to the sixteenth century. The scientific world was then beginning to discuss Copernicus's idea regarding the motion of the earth around the sun, as opposed to the so-called Ptolemaic idea according to which it is the sun that is revolving around the earth. I may assume that we all agree now that Copernicus was right in advocating the heliocentric system; that was the "scientific truth" according to the terminology which we have adopted. Unfortunately the geocentric system had already been adopted by the Church, which was then the only dispenser of science to the world—and the Church claimed to be infallible in its teachings. Now, it must be born in mind that the Church was trying to solve the gigantic problem of civilising the people that had taken the place of the Roman Empire; the Church could not afford to lose its prestige, and any contesting the orthodox belief in the cosmological system then adopted by this Church, would be sure to shake the power and its influence. To unsettle this civilising force might have terrible consequences, republican and social; and that is why people were just as much afraid of the Ptolemaic system, which they were still "pawing to be free." It was, therefore, pragmatically desirable or expedient that for some time still the sun should continue to revolve around the earth. This, then, is "pragmatic truth," which, as one sees, can be in conflict with "scientific truth." To-day we have passed beyond that point, and such precautions regarding astronomical beliefs are no longer necessary, but can we easily imagine that similar conflicts may arise in our day and age among the various sciences—they will be pointed out later; for the present it was enough to show clearly the possibility of a conflict.

We have the two "useful" thus opposed to each other; we are now very near our problem: Why do Pragmatists to-day advise us to choose social results rather than scientific results in case of conflicts?

Before answering, it will not be out of place to remark that the pragmatic attitude is by no means new, even in philosophy. The whole philosophy of the middle-ages was pragmatic: Scholasticism was the philosophy which endeavoured to prove that the dogmas of the Church were to be true not so much in themselves, but because they allowed directly or indirectly to uphold social order. Then, there are such thinkers like Pascâ, Rousseau, and Kant who clearly advocated what the latter calls "practical reason" as opposed to "pure reason." The question before us then would be: Why is it to-day that Pragmatists have so paradoxically taken sides against scientific truth; and why is it to-day that such an attitude creates such a stir, while it did not in the middle-ages? And, in this word, why can people be induced to-day better than before to choose pragmatic or biased "truth," instead of scientific or plain "truth"? There are two reasons chiefly.

The first is that science has grown and spread enorm-
ously in our days. No need of insisting on a fact so well known. But the result of it is that if there is a conflict between science and morality, this conflict will become more apparent, and as the enemy (science) grows stronger, the necessity of open and vigorous fight imposes itself. Without going into detailed examples, which anyone can easily imagine for himself, let us only recall that the very spirit of scientific investiga-
tion is fatal to morality. The essence of science is deter-
minism. Science does not admit of anything happening without a cause, and this cause itself is explained by another, and so ad infinitum. Nothing begins. This is the credo, the sine qua non of science. Even if we know not all the causes, we go on the assumption that they are there, all natural causes, none outside the stream of determined events. And this credo of science is being verified day by day, by millions of facts. To make my argument short, this applies to the word, why can people be induced to-day better than before to choose pragmatic or biased "truth," instead of scientific or plain "truth"?

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May 11, 1911.

The New Age

43

a hopeless case, that most crimes are the result of moments of insanity which render the individual irresponsible? People cannot know of the unavoidable, of the inexorable course of passion. Even should they consent to be inconsistent and acknowledge a certain amount of free will, the latter is surely conceived as limited. People need not even realise that they have all those ideas in their head, for those ideas act automatically on our behaviour; they are in the air; we blame at times people who forget them; a judge must take into account what we call extenuating circumstances, also a physician, and even a clergyman, in his dealings with people. But if you allow people to apply such theories in a certain fashion to make them lenient for the sins of our neighbours, how can you prevent them from applying the same theories in an egotistic fashion to their own cases and excuse themselves on the same grounds?

In short, all we do in order to form the character of men, our churches, our exaltation of free humanity, our hero worship and glorification of their lower self and gaily entering the path of vice. Pragmatism, if consistently conceived, is not true philosophy, but expedient philosophy. And, moreover, this word true in the sense of socially useful is deceptive. Pragmatism is an attempt to solve a weighty social problem, a generous attempt, but which can hardly be expected to be adopted, since it can fulfil its purpose only by deciding against science whenever conflicts arise between really scientific truth and theories of social expedience.

We cannot go here into the question whether this pragmatic solution of our modern problem is a possible, or even a wise, solution, and whether the moral evil attached to science ought to be taken into consideration rather than the scientific solution which science gives us in the way of a materially more comfortable life. We may simply ask this: Is it the only solution, or could we not instead of stopping science, find a way of keeping this science, which is not only one of the purest and loftiest sources of happiness for men, but in many ways actually useful for the moral progress of humanity, although in an indirect fashion?

Such another solution, in the writer’s opinion, exists and it can be formulated thus: Instead of stopping science, let us conceal its results from unworthy or immature minds to whom it will prove harmful. Let us encourage further development of science, but be very cautious in spreading the results abroad. Thus we will achieve the same results as Pragmatists do—avoid the danger of deterministic convictions in lower minds; and yet not be obliged to propose such undesirable and impossible things which a consistent pragmatist must do—limit science. I say a “consistent” pragmatist, for so I too have hitherto been openly to the end; they always manage to stop when the conclusions to their premises become compromising. All this has been developed deeply by the writer elsewhere. Therefore only a few words will be added to carry hasty criticism.

Is it possible to conceal science? Yes; why not? People are not at all so eager to learn as some enthusiasts would like us to believe. One hears, constantly, complaints that the public will go to frivolous plays rather than to worthy ones. One hears that cycling and more recently automobilism make a disastrous competition to reading. In spite of all efforts of professors, librarians, and well-meaning ladies, our public libraries—even our college libraries—experience a still greater demand for the novel of the day than for Kant, Spencer or Nietzsche. So, suppose we just stop our misdirected attempts to scientifise the world, and scholars will be left alone, and we will no longer need a pragmatic disguise of the purely human.
The intuitional philosophy of Bergson—a system of philosophy for elevating and making vision more penetratingly human—has so taken possession of Paris that the spirit of it seems to fill every place. I have heard it discussed, when seated at the long glistering café that shoulders the perpetual mass of the magnificent Renaissance Opéra de la Reine. Broad boulevards flow away in leagues of rhythmical lustre. I have heard it mentioned in unaccustomed places in the "Quarter." In this city of sex, at this shrine of the satisfaction of senses, with its fretwork of open-air cafés carving vibrating pathways of fine gold, into which the mist of women, so graceful yet so graceless ("grâces au ciel!" as a Frenchman would say), seems to change and evaporate, men are everywhere busy, consciously or unconsciously, lifting the jewell of human vision out of the mire of logic.

The poets headed by Tristan Derème, the Yellow Syndicalists by Sorel, the literary critics by Remy de Gourmont, above all, the post-Impressionists—who are invading and transforming the theatre—are actively expressing the new idea. Thus they are working in complete harmony with a system that exhibits a great mistrust of organisation yet a great trust of corporate life; which emphasises the belief that the individual must be completely himself and by no means at all times to be completely himself, yet must express that corporate life of which he is but a part; which accordingly demands conscious intuition, clarity of suggestion, simple and direct expression, and an enormous analysis, but not the analysis of academical logic. It aims rather to remove the sluice-house of human beings, such logic from the life stream which flows through its effect on painting when I deal with the exhibition of third-rate Impressionists. It is largely influenced by Mallarmé, who persistently sought words which emphasise the belief that the past and possible were, for the most part, hopeless bad. At the very outset much of the beauty and suggestive of the words was brought into sharp conflict with the artistic portrty of the scene. Development of continuity and rhythm, and the fine feeling of suggestiveness of the words was brought into nationalism by the artistic portrty of the scene. Development of continuity and rhythm, and the fine feeling of suggestiveness of the words was brought into sharp conflict with the artistic portrt of the scene. Development of continuity and rhythm, and the fine feeling of suggestiveness of the words was brought into sharp conflict with the artistic portrty of the scene. Development of continuity and rhythm, and the fine feeling of suggestiveness of the words was brought into sharp conflict with the artistic port_BINARY.
The same fault is noticeable in all the colour arrangements. One colour, red, alone stands out clear and tends to be cheap.

The cemetery is a great improvement on the Haymarket-Covent-Garden-Market version. It is very simply treated, just a church front in the centre, and the graves with crosses outlined in black and gold on either lower side, against a quiet blue sky hung with golden stars, changing suddenly to a big design of lilies. The decorator's favourite black and gold wall reappears for the coloured figures to orchestrate themselves against it. In the Garden of Happiness, replacing the Forest Scene, we are introduced to Puisis de Chavannes in a very charming scene delicately and decoratively treated. There is a tendency, however, to overload it with classical draped Happenings, reclining on soft green banks or moving rhythmically beneath a broad mass of golden foliage that harbours the faint blue sky and architectural landscapes. So in the end it loses its benignity. It should be composed throughout in simple masses as Puisis de Chavannes would do it. It will be gathered that the whole production is intended for a year or two at the beginning and out of date by the usual defective machinery. In its way it is a credit to no one. It is simply black from beginning to end and meaningless. "Peter Pan" is an example to gain from strikes. The "forward movement" for a reduction by 44 hours of the London printers' working week of 52 hours was brought to a head in less than a year, and the discussions of this week have been discussed—by the men principally—for many years. The Union officials suddenly considered that it was time to clinch the matter. Very little stratagem was necessary between all the London unions, and between these federated London unions and the provincial men's societies, with a "national movement" as the objective. Then the bombast commenced. "No going back" was the battle-cry, and the Revolution was dated for January 1, This year. The London Masters, with admirable Fabian tactics, asked for a conference, which met in the middle of January. So the Revolution was put off until February 4. The conference was noteworthy for one fact only: the Masters put forward the only relevant argument in the whole of the acid discussion.

The men's representatives awed reason for the fewer hours was that it would put some of the unemployed in work, and thus relieve the heavy strain on the Unions' funds. To this the Masters replied that the last reduction of hours was not followed by any diminution in the number of the unemployed. By this time the men's leaders were out of their depth: they were being out-manoeuvred. Many big firms compromised for 50 hours and 48 hours for the year and 45 hours adapted to a stage apparently too large for it, and is served by the usual defective machinery. In its way it is a triumph of the personalities of the decorator and the actors, too, M. Stanislawsky's emotional value of suggestion is not obtained in London, and it leaves a fine impression of the emotional value which may be given to plays of all kinds, the possibilities of which are neither felt nor understood by J. M. Barrie. It could not be produced to a fair stage, its effects are not the same as in London, for the whole effect of the piece depends on the lighting. The ever-changing and exposed position of the workmen's rights were displayed by the Masters. The men's leaders would not a born leader have achieved at the head of the workmen's army during January 1911! We recognise that their hours are "reduced." It would be difficult to imagine the effect of a workmen's 45-hour week. The future 48-hour week was practically dropped by this time, and as a substitute a shadowy formula was used: "50 hours and anything agreed upon." The men now are able to weigh up their losses and gains; and there is a widely-spread feeling that it is not such a wonderful victory after all.

As a natural result of the old fallacy of treating every employer as a blood-sucking capitalist, retaliation followed, and in many cases the little privileges that made all the difference between work and slavery were knocked off—the difference between work and slavery were knocked off—the difference between work and slavery. The men now are able to weigh up their losses and gains; and there is a widely-spread feeling that it is not such a wonderful victory after all.

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portant respect. Something more than an authority on trade union customs and perquisites is needed to lead a trade union.

WALTER JERROLD.

**BANON FURNESS AND THE COMIC SPIRIT.**

Sir,—The unconscious humour of the heavy rich is one of the few redeeming features of our age. Here is a fine specimen from a new Liberal (save the mark!) recruit to the Upper Chamber.

Lord Furness, giving his views to the "Times" on the Insurance Bill stated that in the case of one of his firms alone the employers' contribution would amount to £626 a week. "He would not say that the Bill would ruin industry in this country, but . . . . I wonder if this abstinence from strong drink of natural capitalistic spirit is in the conception of meritorious abstinence, for, which political economists have taught us that unlearned increment is a surest pivot. I showed unanswerably that that point of law was, however, informs me that ('a play by Gosson ('The School of Abuse,' 1579), which contained the double plot, was exhibited before Shakespeare commenced to write for the stage." At all events, Shakespeare was as well able to have written the play as Mr. Warrington goes on to say that this collection of Italian short stories had not been translated when the play was written; and as Bacon's mother couldn't be an Italian, and Shakespeare's mother couldn't, Bacon must have written the play. A correspondent, Mr. George S. Newson, however, informs me that play by Johnson ('The School of Abuse,' 1759), which contained the double plot, was exhibited before Shakespeare commenced to write for the stage."

But I find myself in a maze. Bacon not able to read Italian! Why, Mr. Smedley (seconded by Mr. Warrington) contended that Bacon (being the writer of the plays) possessed first-hand and most intimate knowledge of Italian cities! Why do the Baconians so furiously knock their heads together? After witnessing Mrs. Nesbit's remarkable collision with Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, I must confess I looked not for another.

Whether or not Shakespeare got the narrative from a translation (it is not certain) that no translation existed when the play was written, he assuredly got his classic history narratives from a translation, i.e., North's Plutarch—tripping wherever North (or the printer) tripped. I gave instances in my first letter.

Mr. Warrington says that Shakespeare could not write so much as his name. O, rare Ben Jonson, what a big one you were! To posterity, you add, as in a fervour of Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned), instances in my first letter.

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C. J. WRITTER, M.D.

Sir,—I do not object to Mr. Randall's calling those men to whom sex is something of paramount interest "fornicators," although it does not follow that they are anything of the kind. Mr. Randall's extraordinary story has come out else than as a flash of the Sword of Commonsense! The surest gift : the sacred chain of man to man.

And yet it is the spirit which will surely doom the ridiculous of riches, and transform the Furness into—

*A band Whom a loose-cheeked, wide-lipped, gay cripple leads At haunts of holiday on summer sand: And lightly he will hint to me that deeds, Names in pained designation of them. . . .*

FREDERIC HILLERSDON.

**SEX AND SUPERMAN.**

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**SHAKESPEARE OR BACON.**

Sir,—The Baconians contend that the writer of the plays must have been a lawyer. I challenged that contention in a play the plot of which turned upon a point of law as upon a pivot. I showed unanswerably that that point of law was, however, informs me that ('a play by Gosson ('The School of Abuse,' 1579), which contained the double plot, was exhibited before Shakespeare commenced to write for the stage."

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**MODERN DRAMATISTS.**

Sir,—Mr. Harrington cannot appease me by throwing me (regardless of their own generous request) the bones of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire. The fierce light which beats upon me, common with two million more eminent contemporaries, as a member of the Shake- speare Memorial Committee does not blind me to the fact that the adapter of "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, calleth the Taming of a Shrew," Shakespeare, and no honest man; but, having acknowledged that you are writing to posterity, you add, as in a fervour:—

"For I loved the man [Shakespeare] and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He [italics mine] was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped."—E. H. VISSAK.

**THE KALENDAR.**

Sir,—It was perhaps only natural that there should be a slip of the pen in Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe's long and very interesting article on ancient and modern time- reckoning. He refers to "Macrobius, who was possibly ignorant of Latin," etc. While we know little of Macrobius, we do know that he was a Latin grammarian, though by birth he may have been a Greek. Perhaps the real reason of those of his works which have come down to us are in Latin. Mr. Donisthorpe would hardly refer to, say, Mr. W. L. George as "a Frenchman, probably ignorant of English."—J. M. KENNEDY.

**THE NEW AGE.**

May 11, 1911.

P.S.—Your correspondent's comparison of Disraeli, the most reactionary old humbug of the Victorian Era, and Shakespeare is a revelation,—of Mr. Randall.

The lattes phrase is the latest fashionable shibboleth—a corruption of other people's opinions.

Many were waened on Shaw now turn round and call him a self-advertiser and a disciple of destructive criticism. The latter phrase is the latest fashionable shibboleth—a Superstition of superior people who hold that no one should criticize unless he can, at the same time, suggest a remedy—which is generally obvious! Those who call Shaw a self-advertiser are simply quoting Shaw, who, with splendid egotism, has been drumming this fact into our ears for a decade.—HUGH BLAKER.

P.S.—Your correspondent's comparison of Disraeli, the most reactionary old humbug of the Victorian Era, with Shaw is a revelation,—of Mr. Randall.
other dramatist mentioned by Mr. Charrington may, from all the evidence I have seen, be an artist of this kind; but even such a tedious sentimentality as "The Wild Duck" and "The Doctor's Dilemma"—was one of genius. Wedekind's "Frühling Erwachen" I am willing to believe, from Mr. Ashby Duke's account of it, to be a valuable contribution to dramatic literature, and unquestionably it treats a more serious theme than any of Mr. Barrie's plays with which I am acquainted. But I think Mr. Charrington momentarily overlooks the point that in Germany such a play can be produced with commercial success, whereas in England it could not be produced at all, not even in such a hole-and-corner way as we did "Ghosts." Of this I am positive. Not long since I heard two friends, men of letters, Oxford men, but liberal minded as the term is understood in England, one of them a member of the Fabian Society, discuss this play, and the conclusion they arrived at was that it was an unspeakable example of the grossness of the Teutonic mind. The three plays of Wedekind which I have read for myself, "So ist Das Leben," "Marquis von Keidt," and "Erdgeist," ranged from the just tolerably interesting to the intolerably silly and sensational.

In fine, Wedekind seems to me as anxious to catch pennies as any man with a temperament to war down. That he has a public who allow him lucid intervals permitted to no dramatist in the English-speaking world is his good fortune, not his merit. Who knows what sort of plays Mr. Barrie may not secretly pester Mr. Frohman to produce? Not long since I heard two friends, men of letters, Oxford men, but liberal minded as the term is understood in England, one of them a member of the Fabian Society, discuss this play, and the conclusion they arrived at was that it was an unspeakable example of the grossness of the Teutonic mind. The three plays of Wedekind which I have read for myself, "So ist Das Leben," "Marquis von Keidt," and "Erdgeist," ranged from the just tolerably interesting to the intolerably silly and sensational.

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* * *

"A DOLL'S HOUSE" AT THE KINGSWAY.

Sir,—May I be allowed to advise your readers to see Ibsen's greatest play, and the greatest play of modern times, performed adequately at the Kingsway? It is well known by students of Ibsen who have taken Mr. Charrington's advice, Approfondissez les choses, that "A Doll's House" is a play of spiritual initiation. The crises of soul which it was the mission of the ancient mystery ritual to dramatise for the instruction of the mystae (that is, of those who were aware of the spiritual nature of man) are in Ibsen's play openly revealed. Nobody can miss the profound significance of both Nora's and Helmer's inward conversions, the one into a free soul and the other into, at least, the beginning of one. Such conversions are, of course, of daily occurrence in the lives of people about us; they are generally nowadays the work of circumstance itself, there being no longer the formal temples or teachers for such experience and instruction. Ibsen, however, has in some degree restored the public mysteries by his great play, and placed them where, for the modern world as for the most ancient, they can best be shared, namely, on the stage. "A Doll's House" at the Kingsway is enormously assisted in its appeal by the excellent playing of Nora by Princess Yavorska. The Princess excels in subtlety and requires an attentive mind to open for the instruction of the mystae (that is, of those who were aware of the spiritual nature of man) are in Ibsen's play openly revealed. Nobody can miss the profound significance of both Nora's and Helmer's inward conversions, the one into a free soul and the other into, at least, the beginning of one. Such conversions are, of course, of daily occurrence in the lives of people about us; they are generally nowadays the work of circumstance itself, there being no longer the formal temples or teachers for such experience and instruction. Ibsen, however, has in some degree restored the public mysteries by his great play, and placed them where, for the modern world as for the most ancient, they can best be shared, namely, on the stage. "A Doll's House" at the Kingsway is enormously assisted in its appeal by the excellent playing of Nora by Princess Yavorska. The Princess excels in subtlety and requires an attentive mind as well as eye to follow her. There is an almost imperceptible grading of her appearance, character, expression and bearing from the first act in which she enters young and irresponsible child to the conclusion of the final act when she leaves the stage a middle-aged responsible woman. Miss Janet Achurch as Christine is similarly successful in entering into the ritual of the play. Christine has no great part, unfortunately, in the development of the drama; and in some respects Ibsen has made her character self-contradictory. But Miss Achurch concealed these defects of the play by assuming a consistent character and defying her audience to discover that she was really improving Ibsen. If only all great dramatists could have such co-operation!—

RICHARD MAGUIRE.

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