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SPECIAL NOTE.—*All communications, whether relating to the editorial, business, advertising or publishing departments, should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AS THE NEW AGE was the first, it seems as if it will be the only journal to venture a fundamental criticism of Mr. Lloyd George's National Insurance Bill. In no other quarter that we have examined does there appear the gathering of even a small cloud. The Labour Party, too weak to bear the insupportable fatigue of thought, has collapsed in grateful ignorance at Mr. Lloyd George's feet. Here are some of their sentiments concerning a Bill which is the crowning achievement in the process of pauperising the working classes. Mr. J. R. Macdonald: "trade unions will be delighted to co-operate"; Mr. Keir Hardie: "scheme of great importance. . . . Mr. Lloyd George is to be congratulated"; Mr. Snowden: "a very fine piece of legislation"; Mr. Lansbury: "a very big and fine scheme. . . a tremendous step forward"; Mr. Henderson: "bold comprehensive scheme"; Mr. Crooks: "a great scheme"; Mr. O'Grady: "a great and sweeping scheme." Mr. Jowett alone—the most far-seeing member of the Labour group—has his doubts; he wishes the scheme were less showy and more substantial. But the climax of the pæan is reached in a blasphemous passage from the "Christian Commonwealth": "When the chronicle of the period comes to be written, it will include something like this: 'There was a man sent from God to help the poor, whose name was David Lloyd George.'" The passage is blasphemous because, like most Nonconformist vapourings, it attributes to the Almighty a criminal ignorance of economics.

* * *

The answer to all this maudlin fudge about the incidence of the benefits of the Bill was given plainly

enough by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on Thursday. In reply to Mr. Hunt (the only convinced Tariff Reformer in politics) the Chancellor remarked: "I have made careful enquiries of all great German employers, and they answered without exception that insurance has paid,—and they are paying twice as much as I am asking British employers to pay." Very true, but this obviously disposes of the Chancellor's contention, so greedily snapped up and swallowed by the entire Liberal and Labour Press, that the Bill will benefit workmen. The product of industry is, after all, a fixed annual quantity, divided into two unequal portions, wages and profits. If the Insurance Acts of Germany have "paid" the employers by increasing their profits, they cannot at the same time have "paid" the workmen by increasing their wages. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Lansbury, whose laudation of the Bill we have already quoted, added as an afterthought this wise reflection: "Every penny of the cost will come from Labour." True, Mr. Lansbury, but why, then, praise the Bill? We confess that we are absolutely bewildered by these people who cannot put two and two together. Mr. Lloyd George may be readily believed to have worked his sums correctly; but the Labour Members are still in a maze.

* * *

We referred last week to the probable political consequences of the Bill. They are, we do not hesitate to say, the consequences on which the majority of the Liberals will set most value. To have the Parliament Bill accepted, the passage of Home Rule assured, and Welsh Disestablishment's path primrosed are no small results from the introduction of a single Bill. Add to these the immediate temporary, if not permanent, deflation of the new Tory Democracy, and the delayed but equally inevitable impetus to the continued decline of the Labour Party, and one may pronounce the whole a good Liberal haul. These results are pretty certain, even if the Bill never passes its third reading. In sentimental politics, what are called lofty aims are often as effective in electioneering as real achievements. Mr. Lloyd George may be confident of his halo, his party may be confident of their nourishment, and without the expenditure, if they be so minded, of a single penny. We do not grudge them these, indeed. Far better that all these things should be added unto them for nothing but a whistle of east-wind than that a Bill whose economic consequences must prove disastrous should become an Act of Parliament. The less legislation of this character a Government bestows upon us, the more gratitude and rewards they will deserve.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George has stated the main economic consequences of this and other ameliorative legislation: it

is that employers (shareholders, namely) find that it pays. A parallel effect of the present Bill, of that section relating to Unemployment Insurance, is that it will tremendously weaken trade unionism. About trade unionism as such we do not care, and have not cared for some years, a single jot. Since, contrary to the best advice of their worst critics, they entered the political field and began to play the game of politics, their feebleness has been a spectacle too ludicrous and pathetic to dwell upon. Neglecting their proper work of engaging their employers on their own ground, that of the factories and workshops and their unions, they foolishly allied themselves with the cracked-brained Socialists of the I.L.P., and went off with their hosts on wild goose chases after parliamentary legislation. At that sport, however, they were too clumsy to excel; they have been outwitted at every turn; and every goose they caught was already cooked. It was our hope, nevertheless, that this invariable end of their perspiring efforts would one day dawn upon them; they would compare their exertions with their spoil and reckon up their folly in the statistics supplied by Mr. Chiozza Money. And on the day that they did this, we imagined (optimists that we were) that they would return to their old paths of industrial and economic struggle.

* * *

But it appears now that even the remnant of their strength is to be exhausted in one gigantic effort of suicide. "The trade unions," says that incomparable strategist of defeat, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, "the trade unions will be delighted to co-operate with Mr. Lloyd George." Hari-kari with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, in fact. That there can be no doubt of the hari-kari we ask our readers to examine, first, the provisions of the Bill itself, and secondly, to interrogate the first branch secretary of a trade union with whom they may meet. Hitherto, it is well known, the main strength of trade unions has lain in the fact that they have had a monopoly of unemployment insurance. They provided their members, quite rightly and wisely, with a guarantee that in the event of a strike, a lock-out or actual unemployment, they should not starve. The ambulance should be in waiting. How powerful an inducement this assurance was to men, both to join and to remain in trade unions, let the statistics of out of work, strike and lock-out pay provided by the big unions testify. But by Mr. Lloyd George's Bill this enormous source of trade union strength is to be sapped by a formidable rivalry. It is provided that workmen, either union or non-union, shall be, at their discretion, eligible to enrol themselves for Unemployment Insurance at Labour Exchanges, that is, with the Government. What will be the effect of that? Doubtless, at first, nothing very considerable on the membership of the trade unions; but in no short time the advantages of non-unionism will become apparent. Non-unionists, in fact, will be provided by Government with a sort of union of their own, in which the most powerful attraction of unionism, namely, unemployment pay, will be provided with none of the onerous responsibilities that membership of a trade union involves. Any trade union secretary can prophesy without presumption that his membership will melt like snow in summer. With this section of the Bill in operation, the unions, in ten years, will cease to exist.

* * *

We cannot expect, however, that the mass of the electorate now enthusiastic about Mr. Lloyd George's Bill will care very much for its probable effect upon Trade Unionism. If the Unions' leaders are so blind as to welcome a measure which, among other and totally evil results, has the further effect of weakening unto death their own organisations, theirs is the responsibility and theirs will be the blame. On more general grounds, nevertheless, the consequences of the Bill may be demonstrated to be the very contrary of its blushing promise. Not many weeks ago we were commending Mr. Burns for a fine resolution finely stated. He would never, he said, speaking of the Right to Work Bill with an oblique glance at the Minority Report, he would never be a party to the

legislation which might "break the proud spirit of the poor." But what can be the consequence of a series of measures, culminating in the present detestable Bill, every one of which, while based on the recognition of the evils of poverty and ostensibly designed to ameliorate its effects, nevertheless neither cures poverty nor, in fact, fails to intensify poverty; but at the same time demands the gratitude of the poor while emphasising their dependence? If the effect of that is not to "break the proud spirit of the poor" then we challenge Mr. Burns to produce a Bill that will do it. Bread and circuses was the provision of the ancient world for the evils of destitution; and we do not know that the device was demoralising. But bread without circuses, which is what Mr. Lloyd George's Bill provides, we are certain is demoralising. Yet, to our infinite disgust, Mr. Burns appears with other Secretaries of State as one of the backers of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. We refrain from raising our voice to a shout, since the truth can never be shouted. Let us whisper the truth then: The present Liberal Administration, including the Labour Party and the fledgling Tory Democrats, have taken leave of their senses. With Mr. Burns consenting they are on the high road which conducts a nation to ruin. To economic poverty they are now determined to add spiritual poverty. In a generation from to-day, we shall be a nation of money-bags and flunkey-paupers.

LA COMEDIE DE L'ASSISTANCE.

(Translated from the French of Alfred Capus, by N. C.)

THE OFFICIAL: What can we do for you?

APPLICANT [*in rags*]: I want assistance. I'm dying of hunger.

THE OFFICIAL: Possibly. Where are your papers?

APPLICANT: What papers?

THE OFFICIAL: The papers that prove you are hungry. What testimonials have you?

APPLICANT: None.

THE OFFICIAL: What! You don't know a deputy or a Senator? Not even the mayor of your department? What department do you belong to?

APPLICANT: I don't know.

THE OFFICIAL: Where are you domiciled?

APPLICANT: Nowhere. . . .

THE OFFICIAL: You aren't domiciled anywhere! What are your means of subsistence? Eh! You *have* no means of subsistence! Well, my good man, you must apply again. . . . Go to the commissioner of police for your district and bring me a legal document, with a sixpenny stamp, to certify that you are dying of hunger. Then, perhaps, we shall be able to do something for you.

APPLICANT: I thought that the Public Assistance. . . .

THE OFFICIAL: The Board of Public Assistance has more interesting troubles to alleviate. [*Enter gentleman correctly dressed in a black frock-coat. He salutes THE OFFICIAL.*] Now here we have one of the genuine poor, a splendid fellow, and so interesting. Is all well at home, M. Dupont? [*He presses his hand.*] You have come to draw your assistance money, eh? Is Mme. Dupont well, too? Good, good! What is that you have under your arm?

THE GENTLEMAN: It's a bundle of asparagus I've just bought. We all adore asparagus at home.

THE OFFICIAL: Ah, there's nothing nicer than fine asparagus. And this little package?

THE GENTLEMAN: A cake for the youngsters! We all adore cakes at home, too.

THE OFFICIAL: Well, here is the ticket for drawing your money, M. Dupont. [*To the first applicant*]: Now, mind you take an example from this splendid fellow; have some sort of method; dress well; people don't go in for wearing rags nowadays. When you've economised a little, come back to me, then you shall draw your regular assistance money, too. [*He dismisses them.*]

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THEY are making remarkably slow progress with the Bagdad railway. In our mercenary world money is a very necessary factor in all such enterprises, and not even the Turks, who own the land over which, let us hope, the Bagdad railway will one day run, or the Germans, who have the concession for building it, can make much progress without money for the men and the materials. Some time ago, it may be remembered, the German Government thought that money could be obtained from Great Britain or France, or both, if the railway were internationalised, and Turkey was "advised" to make suggestions to the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street to this effect. The proposals were reported in the Press at the time. I rather think that France, Great Britain, and Germany were each to provide 20 per cent. of the proposed capital, Turkey finding the remaining 40 per cent.

* * *

Of course, as Germany would always side with Turkey in the event of any dispute, and as, indeed, Turkey would merely be the tool of the German Foreign Office, this suggestion cannot be said to have met with any particular enthusiasm. In fact, although it came in some weeks ago, our Downing Street friends have not yet replied to it. They are thinking out a polite formula for "turning it down" in its present form; and they have no very definite counter-proposal to make. As for the French Foreign Office authorities, they are sitting tight and waiting until Turkey wants some money for home purposes. It is practically impossible for Germany to provide any more for her Balkan friend; for the German and Austrian banks have their hands full with the Hungarian loan of £23,000,000.

* * *

We have still some time to wait, then, before we can travel to Bagdad by rail. Railways are an anomaly in this part of the world, anyhow. They spoil the beauty of the landscape. Caravans are good enough, and much more poetic.

* * *

There are already signs in Paris that the Monis Cabinet is not likely to last very long. The question of the delimitation of the Champagne district, and the question, even a more difficult one, of the reinstatement of the discharged railway men, are very awkward problems to deal with, although we have not heard much of either of them recently on this side of the Channel. What keeps the Cabinet together is the personality of M. Delcassé. He interests the public, and people of all classes are waiting to see what he will do. Will he induce his colleagues to support a forward policy in Morocco for any length of time, and will he think it advisable to withdraw when things are quieter? Will he take pains to keep the navy in good order? Will he give M. Berteaux, the new War Minister, the benefit of his long experience?

* * *

In reply to questions like these, it need only be said that M. Delcassé is acting like a good Frenchman. He is fully acquainted with the difficulties of the international European situation at the present moment. He expects to be a member of the next French Cabinet, no matter what its composition may otherwise be; or at all events, if not actually a member, he expects to be able to influence its actions from behind the scenes. He is, on the whole, an optimist, and is not scared by the thunder which reaches his ears occasionally from the other side of the Rhine. He is a firm believer in the entente with Great Britain, and holds that the British Navy, combined with the French Army, would form a combination which any Power, or even a group of three

Powers, would pause before attacking. All he wants is adequate support on this side of the Channel. He will waste no time in discussing universal peace prospects or arbitration proposals—except occasionally in public, when he has to refer to these matters, like other statesmen, for the sake of appearances. He knows the weakness of the Socialists' position and the strength of the Republic as opposed to both Syndicalism and Socialism. He pooh-poohs, but somewhat uneasily, an Imperial revival in favour of Prince Victor Napoleon; for such a revival is feared by far-seeing French Republicans even more than Socialism. And, when you are talking to M. Delcassé about the solidarity of the Triple Alliance, look out for the twinkle in his eyes.

* * *

On looking through a batch of papers on my return from Berlin, my eye was attracted by a statement in the "Daily Mail" sub-leader of May 4 concerning Morocco. The writer seemed to take it for granted that Germany was quite prepared to accept as the result of a bargain with France, or to take by force in the event of a successful war, the west coast of Morocco, containing Casablanca. This, it seemed, they would use as a coaling-station; for, of course, it is notorious that Germany has long desired a coaling-station in the Atlantic. This imputation is naturally pooh-poohed in official quarters; and I am inclined to think that more attention may be given to this pooh-pooh than one is usually in the habit of paying to statements issued, semi-officially or otherwise from Governmental sources.

* * *

In the first place, Casablanca, like most of the Moroccan harbours, is not a harbour in the customary English sense of the word, but rather an open roadstead, with absolutely no shelter for ships. In the second place, when bad weather prevails at Casablanca, Rabat, Mogador, etc.,—and bad weather is all too frequent—the position of ships lying off these places is somewhat risky, so risky that they are in the habit of putting further out to sea. As a rule it is difficult to land cargoes; both passengers and goods are taken off on lighters most of the time. The absence of shelter, of course, applies not only to the elements: ships lying in these open roadsteads can very easily be attacked by the enemy's vessels, either by guns or torpedoes. So the Germans, if they are wise, will think twice before they express a wish to take over Casablanca or any other Moroccan port.

* * *

On the whole, indeed, the west coast of Africa has no ports worth mentioning, except Walfish Bay, and that, although situated in a district which naturally forms part of German South-West Africa, belongs to us, as does a little portion of the country round about it. All German trade in this part of the world has to go through this small slice of British soil. We always had the knack of picking out for ourselves what was best in these far-off places, leaving the inferior scraps for the poor foreigner.

* * *

Morocco, in one respect, is worth having—you scratch the ground and up comes a crop. In soil and scenery, indeed, many parts of Morocco reminded me of Southern Spain. The worst district, of course, is that near the Sahara; elsewhere the land is very rich. The Moors, however, are good fighting men, and it will be impossible for generations to impose upon them the restrictions of European civilisation. This, of course, will always tend to make the exploitation of the country difficult. So long as there are foreigners about there will always be sudden outbreaks on the part of the tribes, and their anger will naturally be directed against any Sultan who takes the part of the intruders, or who is forced to do so by European intrigues—hence the present outcry against Muley Hafid. Nor are the French good colonisers. But why the French were driven abroad, and why they were unable to devote their colonising energy to retrieving certain possessions on the eastern frontier of their homeland, are matters which it would be unjust to deal with at the end of an article.

Republican Portugal.

By V. de Braganza Cunha.

NOWHERE out of Portugal is the politics of that westernmost state of Europe watched with deeper interest than here in England; and nowhere in Europe is the establishment of a strong and democratic Portuguese Government more sincerely desired than by good Englishmen. But no true lover of Democracy will abet factions that in their struggle for dominion over each other neglect to notice those factors which are carrying the nation to destruction.

The turn which events have taken since we last attempted to comment in this Review on the political state of Portugal, has shown that the time for all heroic visions has gone by. The dullest and most bigoted mind has to perceive that the members of the Provisional Government built a fortress, but they seem not to be able to answer for the garrison. Given the political character of the nation and the history of her last sixty years—when a great body of men, public-spirited and independent, was transformed into a mass of salaried officials, and popular liberty and civism gave way more and more to party wranglings—how could it have been otherwise? As if disorders of liberty could be cured by more liberty!

"A republic set up in the first instance by constitutional parties at variance with one another, and afterwards re-established by jacobin parties who—unused to the reins of government and ignorant of its mechanism—look upon it as a career, would only lead to havoc and bloodshed in Portugal,"* were the words of Eça de Queiroz; words which we are unable to enlarge upon with advantage or to abridge without injury. The verdict is a sorrowful one, and it proceeded from a man who was no enemy of the Republic, but, on the contrary, a man who turned away with benevolent disdain from the arena of Portuguese politics and was known as an ardent champion of true Liberal principles. If Eça de Queiroz spoke strongly on the subject of Republicanism in Portugal, it was because that most brilliant and popular writer of modern Portugal had satisfied himself by a close study of Portuguese life and history that the destiny of the country was not to be worked out by a Republican formula. And he perceived, indeed, quite clearly the dangers and weaknesses which would beset Portugal under Republican sway.

Eça de Queiroz died a few years ago, but his views are held to-day by a no less distinguished writer, Ramalho Ortigao, a man who was once much in sympathy with the Republican cause, but who has now thrown the whole weight of his logic on the right side of things. Ramalho Ortigao has, for us, the abiding interest of a dramatic figure in the great tragedy of Portuguese politics. He is a man who has the courage to oppose the popular current, however strong it may be. He also possesses convictions shaped by experience. He was a reformer long before reform became the fashion. Having begun public life as a Republican, and not become a Monarchist in the sense that this word was understood in Portugal, he has loathed the insincerities of the Republicans and the baseness of the so-called Monarchists. But whoever desires to know Ramalho Ortigao for himself must go to the volumes of "Farpas," a work that, it is true, played a part in working out some of the great practical aims of Portuguese Republicanism, but, nevertheless, a work that, though tinged with the farcical one-sided exaggeration of the satirist, gibbets the Portuguese politician, and scoffs at the self-advertisement of mediocrities. He was young, witty, and eloquent when his "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers. He discusses in the "Gazeta de Notícias" of Rio de Janeiro the political situation in Portugal, and shrugs his shoulders scornfully at the mention of the Portuguese Republic, to whose mercy, he says, were delivered over four millions of illiterate people of a country with a

population of five million inhabitants! Men of the type of Ramalho Ortigao, however, are never popular. This is one of the inevitable and unwitting misfortunes of all reformers. They commend themselves to a thoughtful section of the community, but they are not wholly free from being assailed by those whose policy is to throw plenty of mud in the hope that some of it will stick. But even those who are most decided in the condemnation of Ramalho Ortigao's views generally rest their judgment chiefly upon the fact that the author of the "Farpas" was a friend of the late King Carlos. Into that friendship we do not enter here. It is sufficient for our purpose to mention that Consiglieri Pedroso regarded the young king who is to-day an exile in this country, with sympathy; and the successor of King Carlos made no secret that the late Consiglieri Pedroso was one of his best friends. And yet this name still stands foremost in the calendar of Portuguese Republicans!

So much for personalities: a word must now be said about the dangers in the political situation of the country. One of the subjects which forces itself most powerfully on one's attention is the new electoral law—a law based on ill-understood foreign analogies and framed by inexperienced theorists who have deprived the peasantry of a part of their influence, on the assumption that the voters of Lisbon and Oporto must necessarily be the staunchest supporters of the symbols of liberty, equality and fraternity. And a Government which, intent on vote-catching tactics, widens the franchise at a given place and at a given moment, is anything but democratic if we seek the democratic principle in Bentham's formula that "everybody is to count for one, and nobody for more than one." But governing a country is a very different thing from upholding a government.

"We look upon politics simply and solely as a means for realising the people's happiness, our aim being the happy union of social relationship through an earnest application of the precepts of justice and well-doing. For this we must form strong characters, instilled with a sense of duty, and having so high a conception of rights that they do not confound them with the selfish notion of a privilege enjoyed by themselves alone and to the detriment of others," writes a weekly paper, the latest recruit to the ranks of Portuguese Democracy. But how this state of things is to be amended is hard to teach to those who have been stiffened in established customs.

THE THREE HILLS.

THERE were three hills that stood alone
With woods about their feet.
They dreamed quiet when the sun shone
And whispered when the rain beat.

They wore all three their coronals
Till men with houses came
And scored their heads with pits and walls
And thought the hills were tame.

Red and white when day shines bright
They hide the green for miles,
Where are the old hills gone? At night
The moon looks down and smiles.

She sees the captors small and weak,
She knows the prisoners strong,
She hears the patient hills that speak:
"Brothers, it is not long;

"Brothers, we stood when they were not
Ten thousand summers past.
Brothers, when they are clean forgot
We shall outlive the last;

One shall die and one shall flee
With terror in his train,
And earth shall eat the stones, and we
Shall be alone again."

JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE.

* Eça de Queiroz. "Notas Contemporaneas," p. 43.

A Third Letter to a Backwoodsman.

MY LORD,—The third act in the conspiracy which is intended, and, unless you act boldly and wisely, destined to end in your complete obliteration, is now begun. The first act was the "Conference" between eight representatives of the professional politicians and the farcical election which followed it. The second was the Parliament Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith. The third is the Reform Bill, introduced into your own House by Lord Lansdowne.

It is possible that the Lansdowne Bill is not seriously intended to go through. It may be only a part of the plot of the politicians, in which, of course, the "official Opposition" is as deeply implicated as the Government, to force you to accept the Parliament Bill. For it is clear that from your lordship's point of view the Parliament Bill is the lesser of the two evils. Mr. Asquith's measure merely weakens the powers of the House to which you belong; Lord Lansdowne's summarily excludes you from that House. The one enables the Caucus to overcome the obstinate resistance of the Upper House; the other turns the Upper House into a pliant instrument of the Caucus.

Consider, for a moment, my lord, the constitution of the new Second Chamber. Every feature of it is, as you will see in a moment, if you do not see it already, carefully framed to destroy the independent power of the unofficial peers without increasing the power of the people and to make the two Front Benches absolute and supreme over both.

One hundred peers are to be elected by the other peers. Whether under any circumstances men so elected would really represent you, those who are familiar with elections to the Lower House may doubt. Lord Curzon is, I believe, one of the elected peers for Ireland. I doubt if he is much more in sympathy with the ordinary Irish nobleman than Mr. Asquith is with the ordinary Scottish farmer whom he is supposed to represent. But Lord Lansdowne's Bill carefully guards against any chance of your exercising your independence and electing men of your own type. Your choice is to be confined to a select class of peers, and that class will be found on examination to be in the main those who are or have been in close touch with the political Machine which the new Second Chamber is intended to serve.

Ministers and ex-Ministers, the first class of persons qualified for election are, of course, the directors of the Machine. Ex-members of the House of Commons are necessarily men who have, at one time at any rate, been the servants of the Machine. Colonial governorships and all such positions in the gift of the "Crown" (which always means, of course, the Caucus), and are, therefore, at the disposal of the Machine. Even provincial mayoralties are usually bestowed on "political" peers; that is the peers who have helped to work the Machine. Unless you happen to be a colonel in the Army or a captain in the Navy, you and your like are excluded from the possibility of election to the House in which your ancestors sat of right. The old English squire, who really stands for something historic and national, will go; the placeman will remain.

Another hundred members are to be nominated directly by the Caucus. The Bill says "Crown," but "Crown" always means "Caucus" in this connection, and, lest there should be any doubt about its meaning, Lord Lansdowne was careful to explain in his speech that they will be selected by the nomination of

the Party Whips. It is not probable that this section of the Second Chamber at any rate will give any trouble to the two Front Benches!

A third batch of a hundred and twenty are to be elected. But do not for a moment suppose that they are to be elected by the people. No; they are to be elected by the members of the House of Commons grouped according to areas. The control of the voters over members of the House of Commons is weak enough in all conscience. Their control over these indirect representatives will be absolutely nil. Everyone who knows anything about the House of Commons knows how the thing would work. These "elected" members, like the other hundred "nominated" members, would simply be chosen by the Whips, who would direct the members how to vote.

It would be almost waste of time to argue about the merits of this House of Caucus Nominees. It can be justified on no possible theory of the State. It will not be a democratic assembly; it will not be an aristocratic assembly. It will not represent the English people; it will not represent that landed class of which you may be regarded as a representative. It will represent simply and solely the professional politicians.

Certainly it will not do what we are always told a Second Chamber exists to do—namely, act as an independent deliberative assembly, revising and checking the hasty decisions of the elected House. It will not do this because it will not be independent, because it will be controlled by exactly the same people who control the House of Commons, save that their control over the new Senate will be more unquestioned and complete.

To you, no doubt, the argument will be used that the new Upper House will at any rate be "Conservative." But from your point of view everything depends upon what it is going to "conserve." It is not going to conserve you: you are to be offered up as the first sacrifice to the Democracy. Neither is it going to conserve your interests or traditions, the old rural life and territorial structure of England for which you stand. These things are nothing to the Caucus. It is intended to conserve, and will conserve, nothing but the interests of the politicians and the money that party politics puts into their pockets.

The question remains—what is to be the fate of this Bill. It may, of course, as I have said, be merely intended to frighten you into swallowing Mr. Asquith's proposals. But personally I am inclined to see in it a somewhat deeper game. The Parliament Bill will undoubtedly pass the House of Commons. The "official Opposition" in that House is busily "opposing" it with much declamation, and many drums and trumpets. But it must be clear to anyone who has followed the policy or even read attentively the speeches of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues, that they fully intend that the Bill shall be allowed to go through. How, then, are they at once to save their faces and keep the artificial game going? Lord Lansdowne's Bill is the answer. If your lordship's House can be induced to pass that Bill, its acceptance by the Commons may be made the condition of the acceptance of the Parliament Bill by the Lords. I dare say you noticed that Lord Morley, though compelled by the rules of the game to make a show of criticising the Bill, and especially to indulge in bluster about "the Parliament Bill first," used no language that could make it difficult for him to accept it at some subsequent date. The effect of a combination of the two Bills would be eminently satisfactory—to the politicians. The powers and the composition of the House of Lords would be just so modified as to convert that House into a perfectly reliable wheel in the gigantic Machine which at present governs England.

This cosy little game it is within your lordship's competence to stop by rejecting both Bills. You are in a position to know the truth about it; which the people are not. You have the power to upset it; which the people have not.

I trust you will use that power.

I remain your lordship's obedient servant,

CECIL CHESTERTON.

Tory Democracy.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(2) The Importance of Ideas.

THE Tory Party, then, is obviously in a mess at the present time because it has no ideas. I do not say that it has no policy; for it has one, of sorts. But it has no why or wherefore; no ideas on which its policies can be built up and explained. The Liberals and Radicals and Socialists have. I do not for a moment admit the soundness of the philosophical foundation upon which the parties forming the present Government majority have based their ideals; but that they have such a foundation cannot be disputed. If, for example, the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a reason to explain why the rich should keep the poor to a greater extent than they now do, he has only to turn to the New Testament for arguments.

Where, however, can the Tories turn for arguments? The humble individual who pens these lines, firmly attached to the principles of aristocratic government, must reluctantly confess that, for years past, he had not heard of a new argument in favour of the nearest approach to it in England, *i.e.*, Conservatism, or read one in any of the Conservative publications. Platitudes abound; nothing more. The Tories have nowhere to turn for arguments; and it is the first duty of anyone interested in the Conservative Party to find out why it should be lacking in this respect. The second duty of the investigator is to supply the deficiency; but this second duty must on no account be carried out until the leaders of the party realise why the first should be necessary.

Now, modern Tories never think where political arguments (*i.e.*, new ideas of government) come from. They do not, as the leaders of the party seem to imagine, originate in the mind of the average man or among the employees attached to the Conservative Central Office or in the clubs. Ideas of all kinds originate only in minds of the highest order, among those original thinkers who are designated, somewhat vaguely and ambiguously perhaps, as creative artists. It is men of this type who, by their poems, plays, pictures, novels and so forth, stamp the age with a certain definite line of thought, and it is they who thus influence a vast number of lesser men. If the thoughts of the foremost thinkers of a country at any given period are of an aristocratic tendency, then the general spirit of that age in that country will be aristocratic. If, on the other hand, the thoughts of these thinkers are democratic in spirit, then the tendency of the age will be towards Democracy.

Consider the men who have been most prominent in England as thinkers, creative artists, or at all events as "forces," during the last ten years, more or less. I will write down at a venture G. K. Chesterton, G. B. Shaw, Hilaire Belloc, H. G. Wells, Maurice Hewlett, Granville Barker, Havelock Ellis, Augustine Birrell, Gilbert Murray, John Galsworthy, J. M. Barrie, L. G. Chiozza-Money, Arnold Bennett, Eden Phillpotts, Hall Caine, Lord Morley, Hubert Bland, Herbert Paul, J. K. Jerome, A. E. W. Mason, Belfort Bax, and Oscar Browning. I do not say, of course, that these are all creative artists; I do not admit for a moment that their individual or collective efforts are to be regarded as a criterion of thought, or that what they have written must necessarily be taken as good philosophy or good literature. With most of them I wholly disagree. But, such as they are, they act as "forces" in England, and they have acted as such for some years. They are representative of such mind as we have among us. By their writings, historical, economic or otherwise, they have influenced this country for a decade.

And they are all Liberals, Radicals or Socialists: there is not a Conservative among them.

I have not professed to draw up a complete list; but the names I have given are sufficiently representative. If we examine our ranks of first-class thinkers, such as Belloc and Chesterton, or our second-class thinkers, such as Shaw, or our third-class thinkers, such as Maurice Hewlett, we shall find that they are overwhelmingly Radical or Socialist.

It is, indeed, surprising that no Conservative leader, or leader-writer, no adviser of the party, has ever had the gunption to draw up such a list and to ask himself why it should be that the vast majority of our authors, dramatists and so forth, when they take any part in politics at all, should range themselves with the anti-Tories. If our most prominent thinkers are anti-Tory, the public generally will be anti-Tory; for, as I have said, all arguments for or against originate in a small circle of thinkers before filtering downwards.

Our thinkers are Liberal and Radical, not because they have any real affinity with the Liberal Party, not because thought is "progressive" in the political signification now given to the word; but simply because, in the course of the last forty or fifty years, the governing classes in this country have treated all creative artists with contempt. Driven away from the party with which they had an affinity, thinkers and writers of all kinds have been forced either to ally themselves with the opposite side, or, as has happened in a few cases, to remain neutral.

The effects of such a stupid policy were not, of course, felt immediately. Our Conservative Party—*i.e.*, the governing classes—had four strong supports on which they could rely: they possessed most of the land and most of the wealth, all the influence in the army, in the navy and in the Church, and immense social prestige. So long as the Tories supported and encouraged the liberal arts—so long, at all events, as they did not show the contempt for creative artists which they have shown in recent years—matters went, on the whole, fairly smoothly. This very power which they possessed, however, was the undoing of the Conservatives, when they forgot that power had to be maintained as well as acquired. Land, wealth and influence are transitory and ephemeral; principles are eternal. The apathy and philistinism of the Tories drove away from their vanguard the only people who could maintain them in power, *viz.*, the thinkers. The inevitable consequence followed. The thinkers, receiving no encouragement from their old supporters, turned to their opponents; and the Conservatives lived on their influence and prestige for a few years before the crash came in 1906.

This is no fanciful picture. The Liberal victory in 1906 was not due merely to disgust with the former Government; it was due to the skilful arguments of men like Chesterton and Belloc. The Liberals, Radicals and Socialists, never possessing the influence and wealth of the Tories in anything like the same degree, naturally had to develop their wits. At the end of a generation the campaign of ideas had its effect. The Tories were swept from power. A Bill was passed for splitting their estates into small holdings. Promises were given that the Church should be disestablished in Wales at the earliest possible moment. An onerous Budget was brought in and passed. The House of Lords was attacked, until even the Conservatives themselves, hopelessly blundering for want of ideas, hastened to suggest widespread and ridiculous changes in the ancient Chamber.

The Tories, then, owing to a combination of apathy, ignorance and stupidity, cast aside their natural leaders, the thinkers, about the time of Disraeli's death. For this they have been suitably punished by the wave of Radicalism and Socialism which has since swept over the country. Their wealth and influence once undermined, they had to fall back upon ideas; but none of their supporters had any ideas. The members of the party have been vainly looking for ideas since the smash of 1906. Where and how can they get them? Since they have waited five years for an answer to this question, they may as well wait for another fortnight, when the third article in this series will appear.

Consumption and Leprosy.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

OUR age of talk being at odds with action, we have listened for a long time to discussions on phthisis, and on the means by which it ought to be extirpated from our midst. The talk goes on, and the paralysis engendered by too much chatter increases. A consumptive in a large family is still allowed to infect the household. On the other hand, if we contrast this shocking fact with the treatment of lepers during the Middle Ages, we pass at once from the cruelty of public inaction to the swift methods of energetic times and peoples. There is evidence to prove that in Europe there were more than twenty-two thousand leper homes, places of segregation, all under the care of the Church. In England there existed a hundred and twenty at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and research draws a detailed picture of their life and discipline. Many of them were small places, but they all served the same invaluable purpose of keeping the afflicted from associating with the healthy. Some went on pilgrimages to those shrines which had the reputation of working miracles, but never were they received as consumptives are to-day. It was always segregation from domestic life, whether the leper wandered from place to place with his cup and clapper (a thing to which Edward III. strongly objected), or received charity in a leper hospital.

When a leper was segregated a kind of burial service was read over him, in accordance with the Salisbury rite. It was a long and painful ceremony. A sufferer has to say good-bye to the world of home and its pleasures. He makes ready his leper's dress, and his cup and clapper, with perhaps some rude furniture; and now, clothed in his ordinary dress, he waits in his own cottage for the priest to come as to a funeral. And there the good man comes in surplice and stole, with a great crucifix borne before him. He enters the cottage, sprinkles the leper with holy water, and tells him to praise God and to bear his lot with patience. After this he orders the cross-bearer to lead the way to the church; the priest himself takes the second place in this procession, bidding the leper to follow at a little distance; and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls; one pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered with the other pall, and the priest stands near and reads the Mass.

Outside, villagers stand in groups, frightened and whispering. When the priest appears, following his cross-bearer, they are told to pray for the stricken man, whose agony is not yet at an end, for the procession has now to visit the place of segregation, a leper hospital, or, perhaps, a hut in a wood outside the manor or village. "Remember the last end, and thou wilt never sin," chants the priest. "Easy it is for him to contemn all things who remembers that he will shortly die"; and in saying this the priest throws a spadeful of earth over the leper's feet, as a sign that he is now dead to the world and must live henceforth in God alone. Last of all, in a raised voice and with commanding gesture, the laws are read, forbidding the leper many things:—

1. Ever again to enter a church, a market-place, a mill, or any assembly of the people.
2. Ever again to wash his hands, or any of his things, in a fountain or in running streams. When he wants to drink he must dip up water in his cup or in some other vessel.
3. Ever again to go out of doors without his leper's garb, and never must he walk unshod except in his own hospital or house.
4. Ever again to touch anything that he desires to buy, except with a stick to let people know what he needs.
5. Ever again to enter any place where drink is sold;

but he may ask for beer or wine to be put into his barrel.

6. Ever again to have friendship with any woman except his wife.

7. Never to answer anyone who questions him out of doors when the questioner stands on the leeward side and therefore in harm's way; and he must never go down narrow streets where he may brush against the passer-by.

8. He must never put his naked hand on railings and stiles.

And then the priest concludes:—

9. "I forbid you to touch infants and children, who-ever they may be; or ever again to give presents to them or anyone else.

10. "And I command you not to eat or drink with anyone except lepers. And remember that when you die you will be buried in your own house unless you obtain permission beforehand to be buried in a church."

It will be seen from this that lepers were not allowed to infect their families, as consumptives are to-day; and although much cruelty had to be put down, infinite kindness awaited them in many hospitals. At St. Mary Magdalen, near Exeter, till the year 1244, they were permitted on certain days to beg alms by deputy from door to door and to collect toll on the corn and bread sold in markets and fairs. At the great leper hospital of Sherburn, a mile and a half to the south-east of Durham, the charity was quite beautiful. Sherburn was built about the year 1181, its founder being Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham. The hospital, richly endowed with corn lands and pastures, formed a quadrangle, and enclosed an area of about an acre. The principal chapel stood at the south-east angle of the square, with the master's lodgings by its side, and a dormitory for priests and clerks. On the west side, in a range of low buildings, with a common hall in the centre, the male lepers lived; while the women patients had their homes on the south side, and their own chapel also. Hugh Pudsey compiled a table of rules and regulations, so detailed and so generous that they give us an excellent idea of the hospital's life and discipline, as well as a sincere admiration for Pudsey himself.

There were eight fires, four in the men's quarters and four in the women's. From St. Michael's Day to All Saints' two baskets of peat were supplied daily, and four baskets daily from All Saints' to Easter. On Christmas Eve four cart-loads of faggots and logs were distributed, so that Sherburn had its Yule fires. The men and women, brothers and sisters as they were called, did not attend church service together, except on great festivals, when the doors of their halls were thrown wide open and the inmates entered the great chapel processionally, with their prior and prioress.

Good Bishop Pudsey had two beliefs that hold good to-day. It was his opinion that busy hands and minds were good for the sick; and he felt sure that his kind rules would be obeyed without reluctance if they were enforced by a prior and prioress elected by the patients from among themselves. His lepers had occupations of two kinds, domestic and religious. The brothers and sisters washed their own halls, fetching water from a pond near their cemetery; and perhaps the sisters may have helped in the kitchen, for only one cook is mentioned. Prayer began very early in the morning and was continued at stated hours all day long. In the great chapel, before the high altar of the Presence, a lamp burned incessantly, and a bell rang every hour, except the hour between Complines and Prime. The patients, if their health permitted, attended all the daily services; and those who were too ill to leave their beds sat up and prayed. If they were too weak to do that they remembered their dear bishop's words, telling them to lie still and to say in peace just what their hearts were able to say. What a touch of true pathos!

Nothing was forgotten by Hugh Pudsey. He thought even of baths at a time when personal cleanliness was rarely found in the palaces of kings; and he ordered that the lepers' heads were to be washed every Saturday, their linen clothes twice a week, and the hospital

utensils twice a day. The rooms were to be carpeted with grass, straw, or rushes. For this purpose four bundles of straw were given out on the vigil of All Saints', on Christmas Eve, and on Easter Eve; while four bundles of rushes were distributed on the Eve of Pentecost, of St. John the Baptist, and of the Feast of Mary Magdalen.

Nearer and nearer we come into touch with life in an Anglo-Norman leper hospital. Simple clothes were worn, each patient having annually three yards of woollen cloth, either russet or white, and six yards of linen. Towels were used in common, and six yards of canvas for each patient were allowed in a year. A washerwoman helped the patients, and a tailor came from time to time and cut out the clothes. An allowance for shoes was given, four pence a year to each brother and sister; and grease for the shoes was renewed every second month. Pocket money—equal to about three guineas in our currency—was distributed to each patient on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, causing great excitement.

There was a nurse, an old woman, for those who were very ill; and in times of danger, when death was expected, long nights were made less lonely and terrible, a candle or a fire being kept alight in the sick room. Then, as to food, it was abundant in a modest way. Brothers and sisters had each a daily loaf weighing five marks and a gallon of ale. In addition to this, they had good helping of meat on three days in a week, a helping equal to a dinner of two courses; and on the other four days they had butter, or cheese, or eggs, or fish. In Lent, on St. Cuthbert's Day, there was a course of fresh fish, preferably salmon, if it could be got; and on St. Michael's Day a goose was cooked for every four persons, and two rasers of apples were given to each leper! All the great festivals were celebrated by two courses for dinner; and when fresh foods were in season, a measure of salt accompanied each helping. Red herrings were a favourite dish; three went to a portion; but they were forbidden from Pentecost to Michaelmas. As for eggs, each patient had a right to three. Then there was pulse for gruel on Sunday, and wheat to make furmenty; and white bread was another treat on Sunday all the year round. Ten loaves of it were divided among the two halls; the prior and prioress took charge of them, and thought first of those patients whose health was weakest.

We boast a great deal about our own ordered charities, but is there one among them wiser or nobler than this leper hospital of the twelfth century? For its time, without doubt, it was an ideal place of segregation; and I should like to see in every part of England similar hospitals for consumptives, all free and under State care and control.

Letters from Paris.

Paris, Saturday, April 22.

I THINK I shall turn Roman Catholic if there are many more Fridays, for yesterday there was a gorgeous old priest at a separate table whom the world must have treated most kindly. Even seating himself to his satisfaction required deliberation and unction, and not to speak of his libations, the least of which was a pipe of wine, he laid three dozen oysters to rest before the business of eating began.

Things are improving in this little hotel, for sweet as the old man was, a very delightful contrast was offered by the refreshing sight of two nobly-planned German girls, one very happily married and the other about to be—young women they were whose beautiful dresses were such as they knew to be due to themselves; not independent creations of fashion like most of the robes over here. With the well-set young men who were with them they formed a quartette that was good

to see, especially while one is hearing so much about the thinning of the population.

My first was a poor sort of letter, consisting chiefly of wintry impressions, and written without much more knowledge of Paris than can be got by motor-busing from place to place, or suffering in the underground, but now while everything with any life in it is being rejuvenated, one ought to try to attune oneself to the more cheerful mood of the spring. I had not thought until lately of flowers in connection with Paris, but the stalls over here are as tempting as any in London, and the little girl tramps as sweet with their "Please-will-you-buy them, sir?"

The trees are now in full leaf, and with the Easter holidays over, there could be no better time for coming. In Paris, of course, there is a permanent object-lesson for those who are keen on town-planning, and after reading about their conferences, I thought it might be worth while, avoiding the general subject, to give you some of the thoughts that are suggested by seeing so much of these Boulevards.

Excepting those of Louis XIV on the lines of the previous wall, those that are not of to-day or yesterday belong to the time of the third Napoleon, under whom was the Baron Hausmann, who seems to have been a complete Board of Works in himself, and a prince among engineers.

Like that disgrace to London, the never completed Shaftesbury Avenue which should be extended to Oxford Street, they cut through the streets and alleys and courts of this swarming metropolis, and though much was said on the other side by the historians and the dispossessed, it cannot be denied that the benefits of these main arteries are felt by the whole population. Those who cannot afford to pay on the front can have as good for a penny by simply turning the corner, and can afterwards work off the effects of whatever drink they have had by strolling homewards in decent air. Since it now means so much to the inhabitants generally, we should regard it as an institution, but there is another much older, and that is the Café, which *you* only see on the Boulevards, though there are many in every street, and these, for men and women alike, are very much more like clubs than our horrible drinking saloons. Those of Paris have been, time out of mind, the resort of the whole community. The Frenchman has everything there that you have a right to expect in your club, and I cannot but think that his readiness for a revolution may in part be accounted for by the opportunities for the exchange of ideas which every such place can offer. The century which ended with the Commune saw four very lively ones, and I think there would be another immediately if their status were gravely affected by any law or decree. Literally there is no time in the day in which they are deserted entirely, and to lay overmuch stress on their convenience to those of the opposite sexes who are wanting to be together, would be to throw everything out of proportion.

There are some much-advertised hotels in London in which you are offered a "home from home," and since the private house is unknown, it is perfectly true that most of the poor Parisians have no home that deserves the name, but it is very unfair to talk as if he were to blame for not having your feeling for it. Surely the explanation, granted the lack, is that he *never had one*, for in almost every old town of any importance there has been overcrowding from the beginning, due to the wish on the part of the poor to be near the water—the chief employer. Anyhow, there is little to choose be-

tween London and Paris in this matter of overcrowding. The difference is that the London workmen get married whether they ought to or not, and have not in their public houses the chance of really sensible recreation that the poorest Parisian has. To attribute his lack of home-feeling to anything wrong in his nature is as unfair as it could be, and so it is to attribute the fear of there being children to the absence of fondness on either side. Let the woman who reads this letter imagine herself with the man of her choice in the corner of any such café, possessed of the yearning that can't be expressed, and yet with no prospect of anything better in the way of a home than, perhaps, one room in an awful house, or such a fraction of a God-forsaken *apartement* as by squeezing they might afford. There is no more damning criticism of such a state than that which is made by those possible parents who abstain from producing children rather than introduce them to homes like the worst of ours, and this is what I may call the passive resister's strike. The argument of the flesh is that once on the starvation line, counting you and the other as one, you will not be any poorer if you have any number of children. It is the State with its ugly dependence for income on our consumption of the intoxicant who so kindly invites us to drink ourselves into forgetfulness of the liabilities we have incurred, and I think the Frenchman's resistance is more admirable than our incontinence. Economically, I see no distinction that should be drawn between most of the receivers in the middle class of salaries determined by competition and those in receipt of a weekly wage in which there is no provision for children; and this seems to me the only sensible way of approaching the very grave question of morals with which I had thought of dealing, but really there is nothing I can do properly within the scope of a single letter. The prettiest thing in the Louvre is a portrait by Hoppner, so much like my late landlady that I am told there is talk in Paris about the strength of mind which was shown when I commanded myself to leave her. *Monsieur demande la moutarde!* I had never heard mustard set to music so sweet before, and could have listened for ever.

ERNEST RADFORD.

POEMS FROM THE SLAVONIC.

[Translated by P. Selver from the originals of Petr Bezruc.]

OSTRAVA.

A HUNDRED years in silence I dwelt in the pit,
A hundred years I delved for coal in the ground,
And after a hundred years my sinews were knit
As if my fleshless arms by iron were bound.

The dust of the coal has settled upon my eyes,
And on my lips the coal is clustered around,
And on my hair and my beard and my brows there lies
The coal that like icicles hangs to the ground.

Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore,
From labour to labour I go,
Palaces tower aloft by the Danube's shore,
From my blood and my sweat they grow.

For a hundred years in the mine my murmurs I quelled,
Who will require me those hundred years I have borne?
And when I threatened them with the hammer I held,
I heard the voice of one who laughed me to scorn.

I should find my senses and go to the mine once more,
And as of old for my masters I should toil,
I raised the hammer on high; in a trice the gore
Was flowing on Polish Ostrava's soil!

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
Whether Peter your name be or Paul,
The steel-wrought armour upon your breast ye must lay
And thousands to battle must call.

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
Ye who over the depths your mastery wield, [a day,
From below come flame and smoke; and there comes
There comes a day when a reckoning ye shall yield!

"I."

I am the first who arose of the people of Teschen,
The first Beskydian bard who uttered his strains,
They follow the stranger's plough, and the slaves fare
downwards,
Naught but milk and water flows in their veins.
Each of them has a God in the heaven above them,
A second, a greater one, here on the earth holds sway,
To the One above they pay in the church their tribute,
And unto the second with tribute and blood they pay.

He, he, who is up on high gives bread that we die not,
To the fish he gave streams, for the butterfly blossoms
has shed;
Thou, thou who wert bred and born in the Beskyd
mountains
On thee he bestowed the world that 'neath Lyssa is
spread.
He gave thee the mountains, and gave unto thee the
forests,
The scents, that out of the meadows already sweep,
With one swoop the second has taken everything from
you,
Hasten to him who is there in the church, and weep.

My son from the Beskyds, reverence God and thy
masters,
Fair is the fruit that then shall be reckoned as thine.
Out of thy forests the guardian angels have cast thee,
Unto them thou so meekly thyself dost incline.
"Thou thief from Krásná! Is this the wood thou
possessest?
Cast thyself down, and the earth in humility kiss,
Out of the woods of thy lords and away to Friedek!
Thou who art up on high, what sayst thou to this?"

Thine evil speaking offends thy masters,
Thy guardian angels it doth offend.
Cast it off, for this will better avail thee.
On thy son will the penalty first descend."

Thus 'twas done. The Lord wills it. Night sank o'er
my people,
Our doom was sealed when the night had passed,
In that night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance,
The first Beskydian bard and the last.

THOU AND I.

I am faint from my way.
Black are my hands and damp is the raiment I wear,
I am but a miner and thou art my master to-day,
Thine is the palace, a hovel of wood is my lair,
My Phrygian cap o'er my forehead a shadow doth
throw.
But not unto me do the pleading orphans lament,
They are robbed by thy ravening hares of the fruits of
the soil,
Thou art heartless and shameless—by lightning may'st
thou be rent.
From the Beskyds am I, and a son of serfdom and woe,
I toil in thy hovels and down in thy mine I toil,
Gall seethes in my veins and yet I toil for thee still,
I seize on thy wood by the side of the foaming rill.
I am black, I am poor, and the sweat on my forehead
appears,
But no children because of me in the Beskyds shed tears,
I oppressed no widows nor seized on their land with
might,
So I am a beggar, and thou art my master to-day.
Hast thou come to the mountains? O get thee hence
from my sight!
I wear a Phrygian cap and am faint from my way.

Unedited Opinions.

On Drama.

I KNOW you have a low opinion of modern drama, but I have never heard the reasons for your judgment. What do you find wrong in the drama of to-day?

Oh, merely the soul is missing, that is all. And without a soul the body is a corrupting spook. But what is the use of saying this to people who either ignorantly deny that the soul exists, like the rationalists, or equally ignorantly affirm its existence, like the priests? Between them the soul and all its limbs—which are the arts—are crucified. I regard most of modern drama as of no more importance than the mediæval discussions of theologians. Rather more tedious, in fact.

But what would you have drama be that it is not?

Religious, of course. And now you will instantly suppose that I refer to the Church or to Christianity or to theology or to the Rev. R. J. Campbell or to mystery plays. Let me warn you that I hate them all. If they are religious I am not.

You should not use their words, then. Religion is almost a prerogative of the powers you mention. What do you, in fact, mean by saying the drama should be religious?

Simply that it should have the soul for its subject, predicate, and object. All art, in my opinion, concerns the soul, or it is not art. Drama in this sense might be yet again the greatest of the arts.

Why the greatest? Is it not rather strange that you should think modern drama the meanest of the arts and yet believe that drama might be the greatest?

Not at all. It is quite according to the proverb. Besides, no other art has at its command so complete a range of expression,—action, form, colour, gesture, voice, persons—why, drama is an epitome of the world; it is a little planet. Further than this, it is a world with an intelligible meaning. I do not mean necessarily an articulable meaning. Whatever can be said need not be done. What can be said or done need not be expressed in form and colour. Though each of these languages may overlap, each has an area exclusively its own. Thus drama, which employs all these, has so many tongues. It is a pentecostal art. Its message is, therefore, to the whole nature of man, I mean to his soul; and no other art circumvallates the soul to take it as drama can.

There has been a good deal of discussion lately concerning the stage and its equipment. I hope you think that this has not been in vain?

Not altogether. But it seems to me that few people have yet grasped the meaning of it all, though Mr. Huntly Carter has laboured hard to teach them. Briefly, the stage must be looked upon as the holy place within which a dramatic representation of an episode in the life of the soul is produced. And everything that enters the stage must be subordinated to that end. It is not enough, for example, to have simply a good cast of actors, fine scenery, skilful lighting and so on. Nor is it enough that each of these should be "specially designed" by a competent artist and collected by a producer with taste. They must first be unified, and then subordinated to the presentation of the dramatic theme; and this dramatic theme is always the soul. The "soul" of the drama must be allowed to speak through not only the persons, but all the accessories of the stage. Every detail must be characteristic of the play's intention. In fact, the criterion of all these details is not their intrinsic merit, but their service to the soul of the play. Do they or do they not assist in the revelation, that is the question.

Elinor Rummung to Ellen of Troy, as Jonson said! You talk of revelation, but what is there to reveal, who can reveal it, and would the spectators realise it even if it were revealed?

You see we come back to the religious aspect, the true aspect of drama. Of course there is something to reveal and, of course, it would be realised if it were revealed. As to who shall reveal it, I confess my doubt. At present, it is certain that we are on the wrong tack entirely. Save for Ibsen I personally know no dramatist who has even his eyes set right. He alone realised the nature of his priestlike task.

What of Shaw?

My attitude to him is precisely what Aristophanes' was to Euripides. Has it occurred to you to ask why Aristophanes preferred Aeschylus and Sophocles? It was not because these latter were better dramatic craftsmen than Euripides. Quite the contrary. Euripides is much superior technically. It was because Euripides was an inferior artist in that he was unable to put a soul into his plays. For a soul he substituted an idea. The descent was rapid. An idea became a political moral notion. Euripides in a decade after Sophocles' death was down among the propagandists. Shaw is there still.

"Man and Superman," however, Shaw distinctly informs us is a religious play.

"A daw's not reckoned a religious bird because he cries from a steeple." Shaw may affirm the religious character of his work until his face is as black as parson's cloth; but only New Theologians, that is, old Agnostics, will believe him. A genuine impulse to the soul is the sovereign virtue of religion; and what impulse do Shaw's plays give? To vote Progressive is as high a resolution as they compel. Can you imagine a solemn function being made of either Shaw or of Euripides? At the representation of the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles at Athens there presided the Chief Archon, with the high priests of Dionysos and Apollo in stately symbolic attendance. Fancy that for a play concerning the evils of prostitution, or a new theory of evolutionary ethics! The proper place for these things is the lecture room or the market square; and their fitting audience consists of sociologists. But they have nothing to do with the soul. Social problems will not survive the death of the body as the soul does. Poverty and prostitution are not immortal.

It seems to me that you are repudiating the whole theory of the social utility of drama. If the drama, as Bernhardts told Arnold, is irresistible, why not employ its force to regenerate society?

If I deny that art has any definable utility, you must not conclude that I deny utility to it of any kind. But its service is not social, nor is it material. I even doubt the purity of any play that impels to any action, thought or idea in particular. From the sacrament of the Mass what think you a good Catholic would expect to derive in the way of ideas? He knows by an incommunicable but nevertheless indubitable experience that his soul has been nourished by participation in the ceremony. That is enough. "Is it not enough?" Art is no less sacramental. I repeat that the drama is a religious ceremony and concerns the immortal soul. When it has not these attributes, you may call it drama if you please. I call it mummery.

You set dramatists a great task if they are to create a Mass every time they write a play. But do you really think the public would appreciate such drama?

I'm afraid I have misled you in mentioning the Mass. You should know that there are as many kinds of Mass as there are types of the soul and its adventures. The Church has but one; Art has a thousand. And not all the adventures of the soul are gloomy or solemn. There is the adventure of comedy as well as of tragedy. Once find your dramatist to whom the soul is known, he will discover variety enough in its history. But, as you agree, since Ibsen died where is the dramatist who is not a materialist? Or still worse, an ignoramus respectably disguised as an Agnostic or New Theologian.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

THE baseball season has begun, and to watch a game of that American summer sport is to see mathematics in motion, a demonstration of logic by a ball and two swift legs. Cricket and baseball are somewhat alike in form but miles apart in manner. A man can play cricket while he has lumbago, rheumatism, gout, tic doloureux, the blind staggers, asthma, heart disease, or any of those little things that people sometimes die of, but you cannot play baseball and dawdle away your afternoon at the same time.

* * *

This is no game for idlers and dreamers. You can easily go fast asleep while watching a game of cricket at Lords on a warm afternoon in May, but over here the excitement is at fever heat from the beginning to the end of a game. Vast crowds turn out to see the battles between the great national teams, and when Chicago plays New York, when West meets East, it is like the clash of two armies. American football is naïve, brutal, and stupid, but baseball with all the up-to-date devices and tricks is the last expression of mathematical precision and logical manœuvring. Nowhere but in America could such a game be seen, yet to see it is not necessarily understanding it. Perhaps not more than one in a hundred of the spectators understand what they see.

* * *

A typical horse race in America is a trotting match; a typical game of baseball is a running bout. In games, as in business, the American mind dwells on the scientific and practical. Even chance is turned into a science, and everything revolves on a basis of mathematical calculation. In business and in games two things are eliminated—sentiment and guess-work; for the reason that the multiplication table is a stranger to both. Even a great political election turns on a nice point of arithmetic. Every year in America shows some new manifestation of calculated progress in which a few figures more or less make all the difference. Foreigners seem to think that great fortunes like those of Rockefeller and Gould were built up on a species of luck and that any other feller could have done the same. Rockefeller "figured out" results in advance, and knew what he was doing while yet a poor man. Intuition, inspiration, and streaks of illumination are admitted in the world of art and literature, never in the world of business and sports.

* * *

It is this sort of thing that mystifies the business man from Europe when he comes here with his old fashioned notions and plodding perseverance. He wonders why his methods, so successful in his native country, count for nothing in America. Never can he be made to realise the American's secret of success. Never can he be induced to believe that the "lightning calculator" is to be found in the American business world as well as on the boards of a music hall, and that at the very moment when the slow-going, pottering European is talking with his mouth the business American is figuring the thing out in his mind, getting at the last fraction of the odds, for or against.

* * *

Baseball typifies the present-day American mind in rapidity of thought, precision of action and achievement of results. In this game the Americans created for themselves one of the most difficult problems that could be imagined, and then after years of practice and calculation succeeded in achieving the impossible. For what they accomplish in this game seems even more difficult than winning at the tables of Monte Carlo by means of a studied system.

* * *

The greatest scientific expert on baseball is Hugh S. Fullerton, "whose enthusiasm for the game equals the scientific knowledge that Thomas Edison has of electricity." The unscientific spectator at one of these up-to-date games has a mistaken notion that it is simple speed in running that wins the game, but Fullerton tells

us, in the "American Magazine," that the secret of success is in the starting. How many out of the millions of spectators, the seven millions who witness the ball matches during a single season, would have discovered it?

* * *

It may appear ridiculous, says this writer, to think that accomplishing the journey around three hundred and sixty feet of chalk-marked ground can be reduced to a science. Yet such is the case, and the players figure it almost in fractions of inches. From the very start to the finish every inch of ground is calculated. Baseball, as now played, is as complete as chess and far more difficult to master than the art of governing the nation from the President's chair at the White House, and I do not hesitate to say that the climate of Europe alone would make such a game impossible in England or Germany. The things which Hugh Fullerton enumerates which a first-class player must know in order to stand any chance of winning are enough to make a layman's head swim; and if ever a man needed to be in complete possession of all his faculties, all his wits, it is in playing a game of League baseball.

* * *

All crowds are stupid, and a baseball crowd is no exception. Not understanding the rare and difficult science of the game the crowd invariably greet the flukes with thunders of applause. They mistake the defects of the players for strong points, just as they do in politics and in art generally. Regarded in this light baseball is a lesson for the philosopher, a warning to the man who thinks a crowd can reason. While the weak players are trying to win a game by risks and flukes, the players who command all their wits and know exactly what they are doing are the ones who come out at the end of the season with flying colours, and the fluke makers are forgotten.

* * *

This thing of mathematical calculation rules not only in games and in commerce, but in politics. For example, the "Stand-Patter" in American politics is simply a mathematical manifestation of Republicanism in the process of "dry rot." The Republican Party in America is now, and has been for a good many years at Washington, what the financiers of Wall Street have been and still are. It is the party of cold-blooded calculation working under the ægis of patriotism. For some years it has been hand in glove with the Trusts and the Trusts are "agin" the people, for there is no sentiment or charity in mathematics.

* * *

One must read Miss Ida M. Tarbell's trenchant study, entitled "The Stand-Pat Intellect," in the "American Magazine," to realise what that intellect represents in America. Few novels contain so many thrilling facts. Miss Tarbell begins by explaining the origin of the term "Stand-patter." The phrase originated at the card-table, at the game of poker, and means "one who does not want to show his hand, does not want any assistance, does not want to add or deduct anything from his position." "But," says this gifted writer, "go and study the stand-patter at his favourite occupation of cementing and extending the walls of the protective tariff and your first surprise will be that, satisfied as he apparently is with his hand, unwilling as he may apparently be to add to it, he, as a matter of fact, long ago departed from the methods of the gentleman whose name he bears."

* * *

No wonder the late and much regretted David Graham Phillips attacked the U.S. Senators as a pack of financial wolves living on the blood of the people, and I believe he was the first novelist of distinction who had the moral courage to say what he thought.

* * *

Things hang together. This political wave is not the only one that is sweeping over America, as I have already pointed out in THE NEW AGE. There is a new religious wave, an American musical wave, an American art wave, and last, and I believe most important of all, an American literary wave. The romantic movement was ushered in with a revolution in France, and the

greater the political turmoil, the more the old and the new clash together, the more chance for the artist, the writer and the thinker.

* * *

Certainly the turning has been reached in the long lane of tinkering mediocrity, optimistic pretence, and sham contentment. The lane was a long one, having gone straight in one direction since the close of the Civil War, but it has two turnings—one to the right, leading into Canada, and one to the left, leading into Mexico. As Mr. Baker says, things have happened with seeming precipitation, yet for years a preparation has been going on for just what we see occurring to-day, and the startling events of the recent months are only startling to those who were stupid enough to think the old straight lane would last forever. America is passing through something much more important and far-reaching than an ordinary political crisis. The troubles in Mexico are only in the first stage. Beyond Mexico there are Japan and Germany, and the simple talk, talk period is gone, never to return in the American world of diplomacy.

* * *

I see plainly enough what benefits future upheavals will bring to this country. For one thing, the very first stroke of serious trouble will sweep the coast clear of the mixed-pickle old fogies in their glass jars with patent lids "warranted to keep in any climate," and for another thing, the old stand-patter millionaire will, at the first stroke of the tragic tocsin, seek a place of remote refuge and be no more heard of. The unknown young men from obscure country towns will step in as if by magic and take their place. Things will go with a steady rush of machinery that has behind it a thousand Niagaras of electric power which cannot be shut off.

* * *

The more I consider the general outlook here the more contented I am that I shall not be called on to take my seat in the Presidential Chair at the White House in March, 1913. No human being who wishes to lead the simple life would wish for such a position for a single day. I have been told that Mr. Roosevelt lies awake o' nights "figuring out" how he would act and what he would do in case the Japanese suddenly landed a big army in Mexico or Central America.

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM, when he recently came to England from the Italian retreat which he has so fancifully pictured in one of the drawings at the Leicester Galleries, brought with him not only a number of new caricatures, but also the manuscript of a novel. This is a piece of really interesting news. If his book is characterised by the same delicate and ruthless cruelty as marks his best caricatures, it will be doubly valuable. In any case, it is certain to be distinguished. We want, in the portrayal of manners, a great deal more of Mr. Max Beerbohm's spirit. Fiction as a whole is infinitely too tender.

* * *

On Thursday afternoon of this week Mr. H. G. Wells is lecturing at the Times Book Club on "The Scope of the Modern Novel." Vast as are my objections to the Times Book Club, I must admit that it is really rather enterprising on their part to engage, doubtless at considerable expense, a witty expert to discourse on his own subject.

* * *

The Copyright Bill is getting more complicated than ever; also more hopeless. No one even pretends to foresee its results now. The incursion of that admirable scout and sharpshooter, Mr. Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P., into the affair is really rather disconcerting. I cannot help thinking that he understands the taxation of land values better than the copyright question. His proposal that anthologists should be able to appropriate copyright poems without payment, provided the

anthology is intended for schools, appears to be extraordinarily unjust, and even sentimental. It was not seriously defended. Mr. Wedgwood did not attempt seriously to defend it, and I do not think he could seriously defend it. He appeared to receive its rejection with perfect equanimity. But genuine politicians with righteous ideals should have a care against irresponsibility in these grave matters of literary property. Mr. Buxton has brought forward a quite vicious proposal to the effect that the last twenty years of copyright should give only partial protection to a book. His beautiful notion is that during the final twenty years any publisher should be at liberty to publish a book provided he pays a 10 per cent royalty to the owners of the copyright. Mr. Wedgwood, not content with this, would put a book at the mercy of any 10-per-cent-paying publisher during the last forty years of the copyright period. The argument, of course, is that competition would make for cheapness and the public benefit. But the scheme is deficient in one quality—honesty. Why should the owner of the copyright be deprived of the control of what is his? The only reply is: In order that the public may get something for nothing at an individual's expense. It is always bad for either a single person or a multitude of persons to get something for nothing. And the consequences of pillage cannot be ultimately beneficial to anybody.

* * *

I shall be told that the scheme does not suggest pillage. But pillage is exactly what it does suggest to me. For example: Under the proposed enactment, ten years after my death, any firm of drapers would be at liberty to take my most popular book, and publish it at threepence, or even at a penny, as an advertisement. I can easily imagine the "Penny Copyright Series" of some huge drapery in Oxford Street. My wife would get the tenth of a penny royalty, instead of a minimum of ten times that amount. The book would be vulgarised, and the more expensive editions would be virtually killed. The increased sale would assuredly not compensate for the reduction of royalty, and nobody at all would be a whit better off, except possibly the drapers. Such might be one cheerful sequel to the Buxton-Wedgwood scheme. I have talked to several members of Parliament about the Copyright Bill, and from each I have heard the cry that the Bill would operate chiefly against middlemen (i.e., publishers) and not against authors, because authors generally sell their copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—an ignorance which ought to disqualify the believers from having anything at all to do with the Copyright Bill. The fact is that an author of repute seldom parts with a copyright in these days. Thanks to the literary agent, he is far too clever for that. I suppose I have published about thirty-four books. I am the absolute owner of the copyright of thirty of them. And my case is not peculiar.

* * *

However, I am not yet alarmed about the present Copyright Bill. For just as surely as the Parliament Bill will become law, the Copyright Bill will not become law. It is destined to slaughter.

* * *

After a very long delay, the English translation of "The Plays of Brieux," with a long preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw, has been published. The preface was in type over a year ago, and I hoped that Mr. Shaw had decided to withdraw it. But no! Here it is, with its astounding statement that "in that kind of comedy which is so true to life that we have to call it tragic-comedy," Brieux "is incomparably the greatest writer France has produced since Molière." "Les trois filles de M. Dupont" is a fairish play, but neither that play nor any other of Brieux's has any permanent artistic value whatever. The whole of Brieux's work is disfigured by sentimentality and artistic insincerity. It is generally crude and melodramatic. There is scarcely any theatrical trick to which Brieux has not stooped. And Mr. Shaw's preface is merely outrageous. That is all there is to be said.

A Birthday.

By Katherine Mansfield.

ANDREAS BINZER woke slowly. He turned over on the narrow bed and stretched himself—yawned—opening his mouth as widely as possible and bringing his teeth together afterwards with a sharp "click." The sound of that click fascinated him; he repeated it quickly several times, with a snapping movement of the jaws. What teeth! he thought. Sound as a bell, every man jack of them. Never had one out, never had one stopped. That comes of no tomfoolery in eating, and a good, regular brushing night and morning. He raised himself on his left elbow and waved his right arm over the side of the bed to feel for the chair where he put his watch and chain over night. No chair was there—of course, he'd forgotten, there wasn't a chair in this wretched spare room. Had to put the confounded thing under his pillow. "Half-past eight, Sunday, breakfast at nine—time for the bath"—his brain ticked to the watch. He sprang out of bed and went over to the window. The venetian blind was broken, hung fan-shaped over the upper pane. . . . "That blind must be mended. I'll get the office boy to drop in and fix it on his way home to-morrow—he's a good hand at blinds. Give him twopence and he'll do it as well as a carpenter. . . . Anna could do it herself if she was all right. So would I, for the matter of that, but I don't like to trust myself on ricketty step ladders." He looked up at the sky, it shone, strangely white, unflecked with cloud; he looked down at the row of garden strips and backyards. The fence of these gardens was built along the edge of a gully, spanned by an iron suspension bridge, and the people had a wretched habit of throwing their empty tins over the fence into the gully. Just like them, of course! Andreas started counting the tins, and decided, viciously, to write a letter to the papers about it and sign it—sign it in full.

The servant girl came out of their back door into the yard, carrying his boots. She threw one down on to the ground, thrust her hand into the other, and stared at it, sucking in her cheeks. Suddenly she bent forward, spat on the toecap, and started polishing with a brush rooted out of her apron pocket. . . . "Slut of a girl! Heaven knows what infectious disease may be breeding now in that boot. Anna must get rid of that girl—even if she has to do without one for a bit—as soon as she's up and about again. The way she chucked one boot down and then spat upon the other! She didn't care whose boots she'd got hold of. She had no false notions of the respect due to the master of the house." He turned away from the window and switched his bath towel from the washstand rail, sick at heart. "I'm too sensitive for a man—that's what's the matter with me. Have been from the beginning, and will be to the end."

There was a gentle knock at the door and his mother came in. She closed the door after her and leant against it. Andreas noticed that her cap was crooked, and a long tail of hair hung over her shoulder. He went forward and kissed her.

"Good-morning, mother, how's Anna?"

The old woman spoke quickly, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Andreas, please go to Doctor Erb as soon as you are dressed."

"Why," he said, "is she bad?"

Frau Binzer nodded, and Andreas, watching her, saw her face suddenly change; a fine network of

wrinkles seemed to pull over it from under the skin surface.

"Sit down on the bed a moment," he said. "Been up all night?"

"Yes. No, I won't sit down, I must go back to her. Anna has been in pain all night. She wouldn't have you disturbed before because she said you looked so run down yesterday. You told her you had caught a cold and been very worried."

Straightway Andreas felt that he was being accused.

"Well, she made me tell her, worried it out of me, you know the way she does."

Again Frau Binzer nodded.

"Oh yes, I know. She says, is your cold better, and there's a warm undervest for you in the left hand corner of the big drawer."

Quite automatically Andreas cleared his throat twice.

"Yes," he answered. "Tell her my throat certainly feels looser. I suppose I'd better not disturb her?"

"No, and besides, *time*, Andreas."

"I'll be ready in five minutes."

They went into the passage. As Frau Binzer opened the door of the front bedroom, a long wail came from the room.

That shocked and terrified Andreas. He dashed into the bathroom, turned on both taps as far as they would go, cleaned his teeth and paired his nails while the water was running.

"Frightful business, frightful business," he heard himself whispering. "And I can't understand it. It isn't as though it were her first—it's her third. Old Schäfer told me, yesterday, his wife simply 'dropped' her fourth. Anna ought to have had a qualified nurse. Mother gives way to her. Mother spoils her. I wonder what she meant by saying I'd worried Anna yesterday. Nice remark to make to a husband at a time like this. Unstrung, I suppose—and my sensitiveness again."

When he went into the kitchen for his boots, the servant girl was bent over the stove, cooking breakfast. "Breathing into that, now, I suppose," thought Andreas, and was very short with the servant girl. She did not notice. She was full of terrified joy and importance in the goings on upstairs. She felt she was learning the secrets of life with every breath she drew. Had laid the table that morning saying, "Boy," as she put down the first dish, "Girl," as she placed the second—it had worked out with the saltspoon to "Boy." "For two pins I'd tell the master that, to comfort him, like," she decided. But the master gave her no opening.

"Put an extra cup and saucer on the table," he said, "the Doctor may want some coffee."

"The Doctor, sir?" The servant girl whipped a spoon out of a pan, and spilt two drops of grease on the stove. "Shall I fry something extra?" But the master had gone, slamming the door after him. He walked down the street—there was nobody about at all—dead and alive this place on a Sunday morning. As he crossed the suspension bridge a strong stench of fennel and decayed refuse streamed from the gully, and again Andreas began concocting a letter. He turned into the main road. The shutters were still up before the shops. Scraps of newspaper, hay, and fruit skins strewed the pavement; the gutters were choked with the leavings of Saturday night. Two dogs sprawled in the middle of the road, scuffling and biting. Only the public-house at the corner was open; a young barman slopped water over the doorstep.

Fastidiously, his lips curling, Andreas picked his way through the water. "Extraordinary how I am noticing things this morning. It's partly the effect of Sunday. I loathe a Sunday when Anna's tied by the leg and the children are away. On Sunday a man has the right to expect his family. Everything here's filthy, the whole place might be down with plague, and will be, too, if this street's not swept away. I'd like to have a hand on the government ropes." He braced his shoulders. "Now for this doctor."

"Doctor Erb is at breakfast," the maid informed him. She showed him into the waiting-room, a dark and

musty place, with some ferns under a glass case by the window. "He says he won't be a minute, please sir, and there is a paper on the table."

"Unhealthy hole," thought Binzer, walking over to the window and drumming his fingers on the glass fern shade. "At breakfast, is he? That's the mistake I made: turning out early on an empty stomach."

A milk cart rattled down the street, the driver standing at the back, cracking a whip; he wore an immense geranium flower stuck in the lapel of his coat. Firm as a rock he stood, bending back a little in the swaying cart. Andreas craned his neck to watch him all the way down the road, even after he had gone to listen for the sharp sound of those rattling cans.

"Hm, not much wrong with him," he reflected. "Wouldn't mind a taste of that life myself. Up early, work all over by eleven o'clock, nothing to do but loaf about all day until milking time." Which he knew was an exaggeration, but wanted to pity himself.

The maid opened the door and stood aside for Doctor Erb. Andreas wheeled round; the two men shook hands.

"Well, Binzer," said the doctor jovially, brushing some crumbs from a pearl coloured waistcoat. "Son and heir becoming importunate?"

Up went Binzer's spirits with a bound. Son and heir, by jove! He was glad to have to deal with a man again. And a sane fellow this, who came across this sort of thing every day of the week.

"That's about the measure of it, Doctor," he answered, smiling, and picking up his hat. "Mother dragged me out of bed this morning with imperative orders to bring you along."

"Gig will be round in a minute. Drive back with me, won't you? Extraordinary, sultry day; you're as red as a beetroot already."

Andreas affected to laugh. The doctor had one annoying habit—imagined he had the right to poke fun at everybody simply because he was a doctor. "The man's riddled with conceit, like all these professionals," Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor. "Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession,—but heaven preserve me."

"Off you go, my Beauty." Doctor Erb flicked the little brown mare. "Did your wife get any sleep last night?"

"No, I don't think she did," answered Andreas, shortly. "To tell you the truth, I'm not satisfied that she hasn't a nurse."

"Oh, your mother's worth a dozen nurses," cried the doctor, with immense gusto. "To tell you the truth, I'm not keen on nurses—too raw—raw as rump steak. They wrestle for a baby as though they were wrestling with Death for the body of Patroclus. . . . Ever seen that picture by an English artist. Leighton? Wonderful thing—full of sinew!"

"There he goes again," thought Andreas, "airing off his knowledge to make a fool of me."

"Now your mother—she's firm—she's capable. Does what she's told with a fund of sympathy. Look at these shops we're passing—they're festering sores. How on earth this government can tolerate. . . ."

"They're not so bad—sound enough—only want a coat of paint."

The doctor whistled a little tune and flicked the mare again.

"Well, I hope the young shaver won't give his mother too much trouble," he said. "Here we are."

A skinny little boy, who had been sliding up and down the back-seat of the gig, sprang out and held the horse's head. Andreas went straight into the dining-room and left the servant girl to take the doctor upstairs. He sat down, poured out some coffee and bit through half a roll before helping himself to fish. Then he noticed there was no hot plate for the fish—the whole

house was at sixes and sevens. He rang the bell, but the servant girl came in with a tray holding a bowl of soup and a hot plate.

"I've been keeping them on the stove," she simpered.

"Ah, thanks, that's very kind of you." As he swallowed the soup his heart warmed to this fool of a girl.

"Oh, it's a good thing Doctor Erb has come," volunteered the servant girl, who was bursting for want of sympathy.

"Hm, hm," said Andreas.

She waited a moment, expectantly, rolling her eyes, then in full loathing of mankind went back to the kitchen and vowed herself to sterility.

Andreas cleared the soup bowl, and cleared the fish. As he ate, the room slowly darkened. A faint wind sprang up and beat the tree branches against the window. The dining-room looked over the breakwater of the harbour, and the sea swung heavily in rolling waves. Wind crept round the house, moaning drearily. "We're in for a storm. That means I'm boxed up here all day. Well, there's one blessing, it will clear the air." He heard the servant girl rushing importantly round the house, slamming windows. Then he caught a glimpse of her in the garden unpegging tea-towels from the line across the lawn. She was a worker, there was no doubt about that. He took up a book and wheeled his arm-chair over to the window. But it was useless. Too dark to read; he didn't believe in straining his eyes, and gas at ten o'clock in the morning seemed absurd. So he slipped down in the chair, leaned his elbows on the padded arms and gave himself up, for once, to idle dreaming. "A boy, yes, it was bound to be a boy this time. . . ." "What's your family, Binzer?" "O, I've two girls and a boy!" A very nice little number. Of course he was the last man to have a favourite child, but a man needed a son. "I'm working up the business for my son! Binzer and Son! It would mean living very tight for the next ten years, cutting expenses as fine as possible, and then—"

A tremendous gust of wind sprang upon the house, seized it, shook it, dropped, only to grip the more tightly. The waves swelled up along the breakwater, and were whipped with broken foam. Over the white sky flew battered streamers of grey cloud.

Andreas felt quite relieved to hear Doctor Erb coming down the stairs; he got up and lit the gas.

"Mind if I smoke in here?" asked Doctor Erb, lighting a cigarette before Andreas had time to answer. "You don't smoke, do you? No time to indulge in pernicious little habits!"

"How is she now?" asked Andreas, loathing the man.

"Oh, well as can be expected, poor little soul. She begged me to come down and have a look at you. Said she knew how you were worrying." With laughing eyes the doctor looked at breakfast table. "Managed to peck a bit, I see, eh?"

"Hoo-wih!" shouted the wind, shaking the window sashes.

"Pity, this weather," said Dr. Erb.

"Yes, it gets on Anna's nerves, and it's just nerve she wants."

"Eh, what's that?" retorted the doctor. "Nerve! Man alive! she's got twice the nerve of you and me rolled into one. Nerve! She's nothing but nerve. A woman who works as she does about the house and has three children in four years thrown in with the dusting, so to speak!"

He pitched his half-smoked cigarette into the fireplace and frowned at the window.

"Now he's accusing me," thought Andreas. "That's the second time this morning—first mother and now this man taking advantage of my sensitiveness." He could not trust himself to speak, and rang the bell for the servant girl.

"Clear away the breakfast things," he ordered. "I can't have them messing about on the table till dinner!"

"Don't be hard on the girl," coaxed Doctor Erb. "She's got twice the work to do to-day."

At that Binzer's anger blazed out.

"I'll trouble you, Doctor, not to interfere between me and my servants!" And he felt a fool at the same moment for not saying "servant."

Doctor Erb was not perturbed. He shook his head, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, and began balancing himself on toe and heel.

"You're jagged by the weather," he said wryly, "nothing else. A great pity—this storm. You know climate has an immense effect upon birth. A fine day perks a woman—gives her heart for her business. Good weather is as necessary to a confinement as it is to a washing day. Not bad—that last remark of mine—for a professional fossil, eh?"

Andreas made no reply.

"Well, I'll be getting back to my patient. Why don't you take a walk, and clear your head? That's the idea for you."

"No," he answered. "I won't do that; it's too rough."

He went back to his chair by the window. While the servant girl cleared away he pretended to read . . . then his dreams! It seemed years since he had had the time to himself to dream like that—he never had a breathing space. Saddled with work all day, and couldn't shake it off in the evening, like other men. Besides, Anna was interested—they talked of practically nothing else together. Excellent mother she'd make for a boy; she had a grip of things.

Church bells started ringing through the windy air, now sounding as though from very far away, then again as though all the churches in the town had been suddenly transplanted into their street. They stirred something in him, those bells, something vague and tender. Just about that time Anna would call him from the hall. "Andreas, come and have your coat brushed. I'm ready." Then off they would go, she hanging on his arm, and looking up at him. She certainly was a little thing. He remembered once saying when they were engaged, "Just as high as my heart," and she had jumped on to a stool and pulled his head down, laughing. A kid in those days, younger than her children in nature, brighter, more "go" and "spirit" in her. The way she'd run down the road to meet him after business! And the way she laughed when they were looking for a house. By Jove! that laugh of hers! At the memory he grinned, then grew suddenly grave. Marriage certainly changed a woman far more than it did a man. Talk about sobering down. She had lost all her go in two months! Well, once this boy business was over she'd get stronger. He began to plan a little trip for them. He'd take her away and they'd loaf about together somewhere. After all, dash it, they were young still. She'd got into a groove; he'd have to force her out of it, that's all.

He got up and went into the drawing-room, carefully shut the door and took Anna's photograph from the top of the piano. She wore a white dress with a big bow of some soft stuff under the chin, and stood, a little stiffly, holding a sheaf of artificial poppies and corn in her hands. Delicate she looked even then; her masses of hair gave her that look. She seemed to droop under the heavy braids of it, and yet she was smiling. Andreas caught his breath sharply. She was his wife—that girl. Posh! it had only been taken four years ago. He held it close to him, bent forward and quickly kissed it. Then rubbed the glass with the back of his hand. At that moment, fainter than he had heard it in the passage, more terrifying, Andreas heard again that wailing cry. The wind caught it up in mocking echo, blew it over the house tops, down the street, far away from him. He flung out his arms, "I'm so damnably helpless," he said, and then, to the picture, "Perhaps it's not as bad as it sounds; perhaps it is just my sensitiveness." In the half light of the drawing-room the smile seemed to deepen in Anna's portrait, and to become secret, even cruel. "No," he reflected, "that smile is not at all her happiest expression—it was a mistake to let her have it taken smiling like that. She doesn't look like

my wife—like the mother of my son." Yes, that was it, she did not look like the mother of a son who was going to be a partner in the firm. The picture got on his nerves; he held it in different lights, looked at it from a distance, side ways, spent, it seemed to Andreas afterwards, a whole life time trying to fit it in. The more he played with it the deeper grew his dislike of it. Thrice he carried it over to the fireplace and decided to chuck it behind the Japanese umbrella in the grate; then he thought it absurd to waste an expensive frame. There was no good in beating about the bush. Anna looked like a stranger—abnormal, a freak—it might be a picture taken just before or after death.

Suddenly he realised that the wind had dropped: that the whole house was still, terribly still. Cold and pale, with a disgusting feeling that spiders were creeping up his spine and across his face, he stood in the centre of the drawing-room, hearing Doctor Erb's footsteps descending the stairs.

He saw Doctor Erb come into the room; the room seemed to change into a great glass bowl that spun round, and Doctor Erb seemed to swim through this glass bowl towards him, like a goldfish in a pearl-coloured waistcoat.

"My beloved wife has passed away!" He wanted to shout it out before the doctor spoke.

"Well, she's hooked a boy this time!" said Doctor Erb. Andreas staggered forward.

"Look out. Keep on your pins," said Doctor Erb, catching Binzer's arm, and murmuring as he felt it, "Flabby as butter."

A glow spread all over Andreas. He was exultant.

"Well, by God! Nobody can accuse *me* of not knowing what suffering is," he said.

The Don in Arcadia.

By the River's Brim.

DESPITE its many limitations, Arcadia continues to enjoy my cordial, albeit qualified, approval. Rusticity has its compensations; and our life, if it lacks polish, also lacks friction. We know nothing of that clash of habits which stirs up dissension in the abodes of ordinary domesticity. The equilibrium of our minds is disturbed by no weight of irksome obligations. No jarring note of commonplace business comes to mar the harmony of our holiday. The freedom, the simplicity, and the freshness of the country give to our days a certain quaint unreality which is both restful and restorative. On the whole, I believe that no added attraction could better Arcadia as a retreat for all those who wish to live as they like: exempt from social burdens, unvexed by mercenary motives, unfettered by the thought of what other people expect from them—to live, in short, according to Nature.

All this is unquestionably charming. Yet, candour compels me to confess, sometimes I think that I should appreciate Nature's charm more, if my host was less eager to interpret it for me. But he does, and I am too well-bred to turn a deaf ear to his distressing dithyrambs. Everything around us, beneath us, and above us, at all hours of the day and night, evokes in him what he calls "mysterious premonitions of ineffable splendour." Everything in his eyes is "significant"; and he never scruples to inflict upon me his nebulous speculations on the relation of man to the Something More.

This afternoon offered a very fair specimen of the trials to which my temper is constantly subjected. Chestnuton and I had found our way down to the little river, and for a while we followed its course, accompanied by the gentle music of its waters, as they flowed along, here leaping into sparkling cascades, there sleeping in still, dark pools. The green paddocks

on both sides rolled down to the river's edge, gay with golden buttercups, blushing poppies, modest little daisies, and a few belated butterflies flitting noiselessly in the sunlight. Presently we reached an open space, and Chestnuton proposed that we should lie down on the grass, in order to absorb the Earth Force. As the grass looked tolerably comfortable, I consented. So far I had no reason to complain. Flakes of thistle-down floated in the sun, the voices of birds and the humming of insects came, soft and subdued, from every bush and branch, and the air was drowsy with the perfume of wild flowers. I lay still, gazing up into the blue of the heavens and listening idly to the larks whose trilling seemed to lull the fleecy clouds to rest. It was all peace and sunshine, and the tall blades of grass nodded to one another and to me with an air of languid familiarity that put me at my ease, while from under the bush behind me issued the song of a lively grasshopper. . . .

It was at that moment that Chestnuton thought fit to disturb my equanimity.

"Do you hear that grasshopper behind us?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, a little crossly.

"And his song?"

I said nothing, and he meandered on:

"How intimate it sounds, how soothing in its shrill insistence, how significant! That grasshopper gives utterance to the very thought I have myself formulated in my 'Herbal Hymns':

Whatever deck the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For me it buds, for me it grows!

I pretended not to hear; and for a space there was silence. Then my companion burst out afresh:

"I close my eyes, and the void is immediately peopled with beings divinely beautiful, though vague and elusive like things of air. They come fluttering towards me. I reach forth my hand, and lo! they are gone. They fly away, trembling and laughing, to return when I sleep, to vanish when I wake. . . . I will give up all efforts at capturing them. . . . Disport yourselves at your own sweet, wayward will, O winged spirits of light and air!"

After a brief pause, he resumed:

"Oh that I could for ever feed my soul on such midday musings! That I could commune through all eternity with these fair, fugitive, evanescent spirits of light and air! Oh that I could dream away existence among the pure flowers and the sacred leaves, lost in the holy fragrance of the limitless fields. . . ."

"Of course," I broke in, no longer able to control my wrath, "if it is absolutely necessary for your enjoyment to spoil mine, I —"

"Incorrigible obscurantist!" cried Chestnuton, rearing his glossy head. "Do not the flowers and the fruits of the Earth, the herbs that grow on her bosom and the foliage that blooms on her trees stir any sacramental emotions within you?"

"I think," I answered quietly, "that I am as fond of flowers and fruits as Petrarch or Padishah Babar ever was. But my admiration for these things has nothing sacramental in it. Vegetables, I believe, were created to be enjoyed, not worshipped. Covent Garden is not a cathedral. I cannot light candles to a cabbage."

"Look at yon blossom by the river's brim—how do you explain its presence there? What is its mission, do you think?"

"I do not think. To me that blossom is just a blossom: a thing of colour and of joy, a creditable example of delicate grace—perfect in its form and its bloom—a masterpiece of beautiful inutility, with no reason to explain its presence, no mission to fulfil: a subject of study, maybe, to the botanist, or a mystery to the mystic; but to the plain man of sense a happy accident. What more need it be?"

"Are you not burning with a desire to understand the meaning of things? Have you no curiosity to discover the ties which bind you to Nature?"

"No. I esteem all these speculations, so popular nowadays, on the relation of man to Nature as so much

neurotic nonsense. I know that I like the pleasant noise of the wood whispering through the bushes behind me; but I do not in the least wish to know how or why I like it. You may call me obscurantist, if you choose. But that is how I feel, and I am content. Where to feel is bliss, who but a fool would speculate?"

Chestnuton did not answer, and I welcomed his silence as an unexpected sign of sense. He must have seen, at last, I thought to myself, how futile are all these fashionable mystifications concerning the "indefinable something" which, forsooth, in the "meanest flower that blows" may raise "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears," and the rest of that sorry, hysterical twaddle. Alas! my optimism was sadly at fault.

"You are too prosaic," he said presently, with a sigh. "To me the sky conveys mysterious images of splendours to come. In the air I hear melodies that common ears are deaf to. In all the manifestations of Mother Nature I read a message. To me everything symbolises an intimate relationship:

I am it, and it is me,
Earth and water, air and sea;
I am them, and they are me.
In my soul the poplar shivers,
In my heart the ash-tree quivers.

Do you never feel like that?"

"Never. I may be too prosaic, or too sane; but I do not, can not, and wish not to see this world as a shadowy reflection of another. I do not hear melodies that common ears are deaf to. I do not read in the manifestations of nature a message. I do not suffer at all from that pathological perception of 'types' and 'correspondences' on which the symbolism of all mysteries and sacraments is based, and to which certain institutions owe so many of their inmates. Such unprofitable and pretentious puerilities always annoy me, and on a fine afternoon like this are apt to fret me into positive ill-humour."

"Are you not moved to thoughts of the Whence and the Whither, what time twilight ascends from behind the hill-tops, bringing into the world the awful white purity of a new dawn, or when it descends upon the valleys, dragging with it the black pall of dreadful darkness?"

"I certainly feel the charm of both those hours. But they do not suggest to me melancholy queries of the Whence and the Whither. I accept both birth and death as natural and inevitable processes. The soil begets the seed, the seed the plant, and the plant the flower; the flower fades into fruit, the fruit ripens into seed, and the seed returns to the soil that brought it forth. The cycle is complete. There is neither beginning to it nor end. Why should there be? Matter is external and infinite. If you turn your eye from earth to heaven, the lesson is the same. Suns are continually in process of becoming nebulae and nebulae of becoming suns. Science has demonstrated all this to every sane man's satisfaction."

"Poetry is a goddess of a higher order than Science, and Poetry —"

"I do not presume to draw invidious distinctions between goddesses. Let us rather establish their relations on the practical footing of a division of labour. Science provides the material of thought, Poetry the form. The scientist's business is to guarantee that the sources whence the poet draws his inspirations are sound."

"I am a poet, but I do not acknowledge any debt to Science. I like to deal with the raw product supplied directly by Nature. I trust for guidance to the light of Instinct."

"I prefer to have the raw product tested and stamped by competent experts before I invest any mental capital in it. Instinct is a poor guide to truth. Its light, at best, is dim candlelight. I prefer the broad and steady daylight of Intellect. But I think it is time we moved."

We decided to return home by way of the moor.

The sun had, meanwhile, disappeared behind the clouds, and a chill east wind blew over the bleak undulations of the moor. It made my hands turn red.

I looked at Chestnuton, and saw that his nose was touched to a tint nearly purple.

"Terribly cold," I observed, shivering.

"I welcome the cold. I love to quaff the chill air of the moor!" said my companion, as he waddled along, with his thick cudgel squared behind his broad shoulders, displaying a most unseasonable cheerfulness.

"The wind," he pursued, after an interval, "enables me to enter into the secrets of the moor. It makes me feel that here the very Spirit of Truth encompasses me. This vast stern face with its alternate wrinkles of height and hollow, its swift transitions of dazzling light and dull shade is an image of Life. Here Nature challenges Culture. She plucks the mask off man's soul, drags the truth from his heart, and reveals him such as he is. There is no hiding from her searching eye, no escape from her inquisition. . . . No man is impervious to the magic of the moor. Even the most prosaic must feel it, though they may not know what they feel."

This was an obvious challenge to me. But I wisely ignored it.

"It seems rather a desert sort of a place," I said, glancing at the wind-swept steeps and the stagnant sloughs around us.

"Desert! Why, it is teeming with life—it is crowded with fairy-spirits of all denominations and dispositions: rich and poor, kind and cruel. When I am dead my spirit, too, will seek this moor."

"I cannot see any of them," said I, with a laugh.

"That is because your intellect is not kindled by the vital spark of imagination. You are blind to the mystery of things, which is visible only to God's spies. All your learning, all your subtlety, all your accomplishments are nothing but a stiff brocade of false gold, covering a very unenlightened mind. Nevertheless, as you are the comrade of a poet, you may yet reap some derivative grace. The fact that you are my friend shows that your soul, though much thinner and more slender than mine, is somewhat of a like quality. You partake a little of my nature."

I refrained from disclaiming this tribute, though none knows better than I how undeserved it was. Indeed, I can conceive of nothing more remote from me than Chestnuton's nature. His florid sentimentality does violence to my æsthetic fastidiousness; and his arbitrary, not to say impertinent, assumptions regarding the meaning and purpose of Creation are a perpetual insult to my common-sense. Try as I may, I cannot but look upon his spirit-worship as a form of intellectual debility, more becoming a savage than a civilised man.

Yet, this wide disparity in our temperaments and points of view notwithstanding, Chestnuton and I find it easy to live under the same roof. The paradox might puzzle a mind less well endowed and trained than mine, but to me it is perfectly intelligible. In chemistry, I have read, the elements furthest apart attract each other most strongly. Complementary colours also, opticians declare, while representing the greatest contrasts, harmonize. It must, I presume, be some natural eccentricity of an analogous kind that makes me tolerate Chestnuton's company even while I most earnestly deprecate his poetry.

ILLUSION.

WHEN I have put my arm about your waist
And drawn you to me, till your woman's breast
Lies close against my heart; when I have pressed
Your mouth to mine, deep-drinking the rich taste
Of love upon your lips; and you, with eyes
Half closed beneath their lashes, and your face
Aglow with passion, yield to my embrace,

And all your wealth of hair about me lies—
Heavy as night, and lustrous as the day—
When I have held you—what is left to do
But put you from me; what remains for you
But silently to take your lonely way?

HUGH PRIESTLEY SMITH.

A Modern Benedick.

By Warden F. Madyl.

GRAYLING is the newest accession to our department. And as I hold that every new assistant in our office is a book worth taking home and looking through on the chance of discovering an unknown masterpiece, I opened the first chapter of Grayling the other evening in my rooms. By good luck Ward, who seldom visits me now that he has seceded to the Married Party, dropped in also. To facilitate the perusal of Grayling, I soon brought marriage—the eternal question with your young Civil servant—up on the hearthrug.

"And what of the Olive Branch," I asked Philip Ward; "does it thrive, does it display ever-new beauties?"

"Not exactly, my Glaukon. He turned his sister Alice into a wheelbarrow this morning, and wheeled her in to breakfast, laden with my boots and a loaf of bread. And the axle of that barrow was very rusty. It made a shrill, rasping noise, squeejowee, at every step. Of course, I know Tom's not any way superior to other boys, but he does me good. He brings back to me my busy childhood, when running and tumbling were as instinctive and more pleasant than thinking is to me now, when hunger was chronic and happiness as inevitable as dinner. My imagination, tied up so long in red tape, is actually putting forth little buds, Dick. And I'm bound more than ever with something very different from a young man's impulsive love, to Agnes, my bright boy's mother. You should have married, Dick. Even from your playwright's point of view it would have broadened the range of your ideas and feelings."

"You are not such an advertisement for marriage as you think, my friend," I replied. "You see your own boyhood reflected in that boy of yours. But that child is not you, nor is its childhood identical with your childhood. So you are sinking your individuality in your care for your child, while I notice that your family affairs are beginning to narrow your mental outlook. Now, my children—the plays and poems I write—strengthen my individuality and bring me every day fresh knowledge, new interests. When I was twenty-five I thought it all over, and I decided that when I was forty-five I would prefer to see around me the creations of my brain and heart—high-piled books—than the offspring of my body—laughing boys and girls. I saw that some of these my children might possibly be immortal, whereas yours, though I hope they may all be centenarians, must eventually go the way of all flesh. Even now, when none of my works has proved immortal, I am content, for I know that some of them, wandering across the world, have exercised an enduring and productive influence on the minds of thinking men. Moreover, those books, those thoughts and dreams that will go on for ever generating thought and action among men are mine, mine alone, while your children are but half yours. Yours may cause you grief or hardship; mine, as long as I faithfully pursue my ideal, will always bring me joy—joy great enough to compensate for my annoyance at not being always recognised and respected as their parent."

"I envy you both your contentment," the Unknown Quantity interrupted rather rudely, "though I think your ideas about marriage, Mr. Harrison, do not merit general acceptance. Remember that you have neglected your duty to the State, which is to give it efficient citizens; your duty to your parents, which is to have and to equip for the world as many sons as they did; your duty to yourself, which is to perpetuate your particular talents, and your duty to the girl you loved—for you must have loved at some time—which was to marry her."

"Well, in my humble opinion," I retorted, "my duties are these: to the State, not to increase the number of applicants for employment; to my parents, to honour them and to keep the family name out of the police and divorce courts; to myself, to do the noblest work of which I am capable; and to the girls I loved—

for you have conjectured rightly, though inadequately—to accept a refusal with equanimity and politeness.”

“Perhaps your policy is prudent, though ethically wrong. It is only lately that I’ve realised the misery the fulfilment of one’s duty can bring on one. Your boy is robust and joyous, Mr. Ward, and he makes you less fundamentally apathetic to the commonplaces of life; the very thought of my boy fills me with sadness and even shame. I can see him now; with Elsie’s blue eyes and dark hair, tall, as all Elsie’s people are, but very slight, too slight. Yet he has all my adroitness and speed, combined with Elsie’s symmetry of shape. But all useless, all doomed to remain undeveloped. I often think he must be, in many respects, my true self—me without my sophistication and disillusionment. But Frank’s character will be far stronger than mine, for he has Elsie’s sense of humour to balance the too powerful imagination that I inherit from my mother. Yes, he has an intense love of pleasure, movement, life from Elsie’s mother’s side, with the intimate feeling and love for Nature that made a minor poet of my poor governor. With the eloquence that would have assured me, but for my unconquerable shyness, a successful career as a barrister, he combines the self-confidence and practical head that made his cousin Michael a prosperous banker. He will probably display his maternal grandmother’s talent for languages with my gift for the occult sciences. With such powers of mind and the ambitious determination of the Prestons—which, by some genital accident, I don’t inherit—he would inevitably reach the highest distinctions, in spite of the fickleness of purpose which characterised his mother’s uncles—if he lived. But from his boyhood on the poor fellow will be miserable, and he cannot live beyond twenty-five. It is inevitable that he will always be ailing, always in pain, yet always longing with all the force of his sensitive, ardent nature for the day when he would be strong enough to enjoy and use life as he alone could enjoy and use it. Vainly longing, for every year the nervous depression he gets from me will become more acute, every year his splendid powers must slowly decline under the strain of anæmic congestion of the liver, which has nearly killed me. His prospects of distinction in life will grow ever dimmer. About sixteen he will—unless Providence intervenes with a miracle—develop symptoms of the cardiac aneurism that carried off both my mother’s brothers, and that will, too surely, precipitate the fatal paralysis which aggravated my father-in-law’s last illness. My God, when I think of the pathos and tragedy of that poor creature’s existence, of the curse that from birth dooms his young life, I feel a brute, a selfish animal. I wish I had never been born to perpetuate life and disease, or that I had never seen Elsie, or that she had hated me, or that fate had separated us. I know that Elsie loves me as deeply as I do her. And in spite of that strange hereditary fickleness of mind, I believe she will always be faithful to me. But what does such constancy produce but misery, doubled, trebled—quadrupled, if we have—what is unlikely—two children. It is terrible for poor Elsie, yet she is as much to blame as I. She is nervous and worries; I am nervous and have the worrying habit. She is thin and frail—one of the kind that no feeding nor exercise will fatten; I am nearly as bad, for five years of examinations have sapped away the little strength I had. Sickly, hypersensitive, over-intellectualised at the expense of our physical natures, as we both are, we are, nevertheless, here, in the world, and cannot be cancelled. But for two such beings to be obliged, having united in marriage, to reproduce their weak selves, to have to inflict the torture of life on a sensitive, imaginative child, doomed to pain while it lives, is a terrible, if unavoidable, duty. My child can never honour me as he should, either for my own qualities or for having created such a poor, pitiful piece of work as himself. I hope you will pardon my intruding my personal affairs and troubles upon you in this way. I’ve thought so much about it lately that I can’t control myself. And a talk I had with a prominent eugenicist the other day has shown me more clearly the frightful responsibility of my position. With such duties to perform I am not surprised that the most

light-hearted young men become serious and despondent after a few years of life as men and citizens.”

We both kept silence. The man was so moved, the case was so pathetic that we could only feel profound pity for him and his family and curse his youthful folly in marrying.

“But,” said Ward at last, “supposing your boy’s case is really as hopeless as you believe it is, surely you foresaw at least some of all this misery before you married. And why, then, were you so selfishly cruel as to marry a girl whom you knew to be as nervous and delicate as yourself?”

“But we’re not married.”

“What! Well, for a Don Juan you are very remorseful, I must say. And by Jove, you deserve it all. But you’re going to marry her, you said. For heaven’s sake, don’t. Don’t take advantage of the girl’s fondness for you and add cruelty to immorality. Do the only manly thing, even if, socially, it’s immoral. But you’ve got to look after her always and you’ve got to make the unfortunate boy as happy as you can while he lives.”

“You have quite misunderstood me. You needn’t drag in immorality, for there has been none. We have no son, may never have one. Miss Miller and I are only engaged to be married—”

“What on earth, then, were you talking about so melodramatically?”

“I must apologise, if I was. I was merely contemplating the necessary consequences of my marriage with Elsie.”

“But why, in the name of—Hanwell, marry her, with such a prospect?”

“Well, because we cannot do without one another. And because I am resolved to do my duty as an Englishman and as a Civil Servant in a prominent position. However, I’ve spoken too strongly. I’ve got Elsie to take up hockey and the Swedish exercises, and if the temperamental indolence of the Mannerings—her mother’s family—doesn’t make her slack off in the summer, things may turn out very well, for I’m taking a cold bath and punching-ball for half an hour every morning now, a ten-mile walk in the afternoon, and breathing exercises at night to obviate the bad effects of office work.”

Drama.

Princess Yavorska as Nora (Kingsway).

PRINCESS YAVORSKA’S first words were uttered with a strong foreign accent. I was afraid her pronunciation would ruin the play for me. I remembered Miss Janet Achurch as Nora and prepared myself for torture. But after the first few sentences one not only tolerated the accent, but either it grew more native or it appeared to do so. And the slight trace that still remained was a pleasure rather than a discomfort. After all, the play itself was a translation. One needed to remember that. Indeed, one did, for I should say, and Norwegian artists assure me, that the play is badly translated. Ibsen was nothing if not a poet; and he could not have used Mr. Archer’s Cobbetty English, and Cobbetty English does not convey his atmosphere. I could, by stretching out my hand, reach a copy of the play, but the passages of corduroy are sufficiently numerous for any one to discover some in a moment’s search.

As I was remarking, Princess Yavorska’s accent soon ceased to trouble me and I began to fall in love with her acting. Not that she is by any means a great actress. She has far too many stage tricks that look like stage tricks for that. Quite a number of her attitudes I have seen in cinematograph theatres; they may be bought at so much a dozen in any cheap school of acting. I

should have thought the Princess had intelligence enough and a sufficient experience of passionate scenes in real life to be able to dispense with them. A Princess surely does not become an actress without character!

Except for her Brock set-pieces which humiliated me (though why I do not know; yes, I do, but it is not relevant to say it here), her acting was a delight. It was subtle and yet clear, natural and yet restrained. In playing with the children, for example, she really played. I know something of playing with children, and her three babes did not gurgle-giggle, as they did, mimetically. Then, too, her doll scenes with Helmer and Christina were excellent. I should, if I were balancing my judgment on a razor, adjudge her naturalness somewhat diminished with Christina. Perhaps it was because Christina was a woman.

As we approached the concluding acts it became plain that the experiences through which she had gone were beginning to tell on Nora's manner. Princess Yavorska kept pace with these inward changes quite faithfully. The tarantella was, to my mind, not only wonderfully danced but wonderfully mimed as well. If we had not seen on her face the traces of her trouble, it might have been divined from her dancing. Nora was growing up. The scenes between Nora and Nils Krogstadt, I confess, I did not much care for. Krogstadt (Frederick Lloyd) was too obvious for my liking. In such polite society even villains and ill-used honest men (often the same thing) should not be so boisterous. It was, now I come to think of it, in the scenes with Krogstadt that Princess Yavorska became most conventional, as if she were once more in class and were taking the formal attitudes and tones by habit.

But the concluding act, as everybody knows, sees Krogstadt no more; and here the Princess was at her best. The celebrated departure scene, led up to by the opening of the letter, was as well performed as I ever wish to see it; and Nora's sudden appearance as a grown-up woman, doll no longer, with her hand upon the door of the future I propose never to forget. She had entered the stage an irresponsible girl. She was leaving it after three acts of tragi-comedy a woman. That Princess Yavorska should have made one feel that this metamorphosis was inevitable and, as it were, the natural effect of the events of the play was first-rate art.

I have little to say that I have not already conveyed of the rest of the characters. Miss Janet Achurch's Christina is not so memorable as her former Nora. But either Ibsen did not intend that Christina should be anybody in particular; or, as I rather fancy, he failed to realise her. There are distinct contradictions in her psychology, for example, that no artist who loved her and thought her indispensable to his play would have created. Her heroic announcement that Nora and Helmer had been living such a life of lies that an exposure would do them good, comes as a surprising and not pleasing incongruity from a woman who had actually imagined that Nora had sold herself to Krogstadt for the loan. In fact, Christina's guesses about the loan were all clumsy. It was only when some explanation of her seemingly callous conduct was necessary that Ibsen suddenly endowed her with the vision of the Third Kingdom. Miss Janet Achurch concealed rather than revealed this defect in Christina's creator. Her extraordinary intelligence showed through even the bungling suspicions in which Christina indulged. One said to oneself: After all, the woman is not as big a fool as she appears. Wait and see. Miss Achurch thus eased the way to the final declaration, and helped Ibsen over a compromising artistic stile.

Of the play itself nothing yet has been written in this country worth the reading. I will not specify my pet aversion among the various interpretations of the greatest play of modern times. Suffice it that I repudiate them all. "A Doll's House" is, indeed, a drama of initiation, and as such has no more and no less to do with Feminism than the Mass.

R. MAGUIRE

THE POET'S CORNER.

FOG drizzles from a dirty sky
Till, whether it be night or day,
So far as matters meet the eye,
Only an owl might chance to say.

The oil-cart rumbles round the row:
"Oil-o!" "Milk-o!" another throttles;
Another snarls, "Ra--baw--bow!"
Which snarl means, "Rags, bones or bottles!"

Down in the yard the old bitch howls;
Her pups were whining all the night,
Or tore the tails of tattered fowls—
The cock crew shrill to drown his fright.

A wife runs out to damn the dog,
An old man comes to damn the wife;
The wife's man comes to call *him* hog,
The old man's wife soon joins the strife.

Curses collide, misgottens fall,
Foul missiles make the wary watch:
They hit the old tom on the wall
Sore-weakened from his night's debauch.

He lights, in tumbling to escape 'em,
'Mong sated shes all drowsing still:
Shamming they shriek: "He comes to rape 'em,"
As not unoft the female will.

Below a new-born baby wails,
The elder born is cleaning boots:
"Shut up, you little beast!" she rails—
Weirdly a distant motor hoots.

The father got run in last bout,
The mother wonders what to eat;
That's why the daughter plies the clout:
The belly comes before the feet.

Thro' the thin wall upon the right,
Choking her sobs, a maiden weeps;
Weeps for her fall—'tis her first night.
Deep by her side the fellow sleeps.

The drab, enkenneled left of all,
Is wond'ring what to make a bite with;
Her he, like tom upon the wall,
Curses the she he lay the night with.

To him in bed she brings the stout,
With him her bread and bloater shares;
They laugh a while, and then fall out,
And then he kicks her down the stairs.

Loud, to the room across the way,
The landlady comes clumpin' up:
"Hey, Bill," she bangs the door to say,
"It's time ye thawt o' jumpin' up!"

The blues have had Bill in their grip,
His head is still a seedling hell:
"Don't gimme none o' yer bleedin' lip
I tells yer strite. So git ter 'ell!"

Shrill, like a mis-directed bomb,
Across the passage caked with dirt,
She bounds into the poet's room,
Where he is standing in his shirt.

"Get out, get out!"—he grabs his pants—
"Have you no shame? It makes me sick!"
"Hey, pay yer bleedin' rent," she rants,
"Or you'll git aht, an' bleedin' slick!"

His last "bob" flung about her head,
The beldame clatters down the stair;
Drawing the table to the bed—
You see, there wasn't any chair—

"I wrote of things I knew," he said,
"Told them as well as words were able;
Those stamps—heigh-ho—had purchased bread!
Well—there they're still upon the table.

"I'd better try the other thing—
'Twill earn a loaf, if not, a shroud—
Of things I never saw, I'll sing."
Meanwhile his belly rumbled loud,

The rain beat thro' the jerry sill,
The soot in pools about him ran,
His neck got cramped, his fingers chill,
Yet, thus it was his ode began:

*"About my brow the zephyrs blow,
Mine ear the nightingale hath stole;
Violets from the dell below
Breathe their enchantment thro' my soul."*

And critics wrote from far and near—
Great critics, all suspending strife,
Acclaimed as one, "What art is here!
The very mirror up to life!"

LYME DROR.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF NATIONAL INSURANCE.

Sir,—I do not agree with your final verdict on the Liberal Insurance Bill, but I welcome the "Notes of the Week" in your issue of 11th inst. as something in the nature of Prolegomena to an adequate discussion of the Bill from the point of view of the fundamentals of political science. I am a profound (but, I believe, in this country somewhat isolated) believer in the fruitfulness of the intermingling of principle and detail even in a discussion which deals with an immediate practical problem; and your "Notes" have tempted me to set out a criticism of the Insurance Bill in the light of juristic principles.

The fundamental institution of existing society is private property. The various forms of status to which you allude all rest in the last resort on the accepted conceptions in ethics and law with regard to its ownership and acquisition. Society generally legislates about individuals as owners or non-owners or would-be owners of private property. Economic security depends mainly on the ownership actual or prospective of private property.

Maine said that history was progress from status to contract. As a Whig he naturally failed to perceive that contract is only contract between persons holding a definite status as the result of their relations to private property, and that freedom of contract is therefore at best only an incidental of Liberty and at worst a hindrance to it. Scarcely any of the accepted political philosophers and economists of the nineteenth century ever pierced in thought the veil which private property places in front of the drama of humanity. Whenever I open my "Marshall's" economics I feel that the professions of an impartial vision of economic processes are rendered ridiculous by the obtrusion of the ethical ideals of the self-made merchant. But Mill, in the famous confession of Socialism in his autobiography, seems to have had a glimpse of humanity in the toils of property. Henry Sidgwick, too, had an immense admiration for Godwin's "Political Justice." It seems to have enabled him to see that the premises assumed by the acceptance of private property were no more than premises. In Vienna economics is fortunately studied in conjunction with jurisprudence. This has enabled Austrian economists to realise that the whole of economic processes take place in an environment provided by law. Anton Menger's "Right to the Whole Produce of Labour" showed that there was a bourgeois jurisprudence as well as a bourgeois economics, and that the premises of the former were as arbitrarily selected as those of the latter.

Now the institution of private property is a crude means of providing economic security. It is crude because it fails for the majority of the population. Humanly speaking it appears to have been an inevitable institution in a certain stage of social development. Socialism implies provision for the needs of man as man, woman or child (not a gentleman, employer or workman) by other means than the institution of private property. Shaw has always maintained that Socialism means the abolition of private property—not merely of private property in land and capital. The point is that the whole conception of private property must pass away. There is at the present day nothing in common between the ownership of railway shares, factories or land, for the sake of economic security or gain, and the possession of a work of art or a plate of rice pudding for the sake of satisfying a human need. The former are private property in the true sense of the term. The latter, so long as they are possessed solely for the sake of satisfying a human need, are not private property. If economic security were provided for adequately, without the aid of private property, possession would come to mean solely the dedication of a share of the products of society to the immediate satisfaction of the human needs of the individual. The conception of private ownership would not exist.

Adopting this terminologically rough analysis of the institution of private property it appears that we are travelling

towards Socialism by two main roads. In the first place society is gradually making provision for human needs which cannot be profitably met by private capitalists. The establishment of public schools and parks are the commonplace examples of this tendency. In the second place we are gradually transforming private property by the development of collective ownership, management and regulation, and by progressive taxation. A factory owned subject to the 1901 Factory and Workshop Act and an estate owned subject to land taxes and death duties are different forms of private property to the factories and estates of 1800.

I am perfectly familiar with the old Social Democratic argument that the progress of education and temperance only makes the working classes more efficient wage slaves. I am willing to admit that private property has been increasing proportionately faster than Socialism. It may be that it will be proved in the end that humanity has not sufficient courage, intelligence and good will to realise itself. No man can tell the issue of the battle. It would not be worth fighting if he could. But the fact remains that every provision for human needs apart from the institution of private property is a step in the direction of Socialism. Your analogy of the provision of stabling for a sick or idle horse is false, because the horse is not a potential man or super-horse, and no amount of stabling will develop the characteristics of either of these creatures in him. The averaging of wages and the provision of better doctoring, through State machinery and with the aid of a State subsidy, does, however, tend to make the workman more of a man. It increases infinitesimally his chances of conceiving the most truly human things of life, and his opportunities of experiencing them.

I admit that the Insurance Bill is a hybrid measure. The complicated financial side of the Bill might seem to justify an assertion that it is wholly based on a conception of society derived from private property economics. But in reality State provision for human needs is the essence of the measure. It only requires a few years' agitation to make people see that the contributions from workers are uneconomical poll taxes, and that the medical profession must be wholly nationalised instead of being made the servants of semi-official organisations. The memory of the Minority Report should be a sufficient stimulus to such an agitation.

But when the leader of the Labour Party is so bad a Socialist as to back a Bill compelling all parents above the poverty line to pay for the medical treatment of their children at school, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be expected to grasp the economics of communal provision at a single attempt? The conception that it is honourable to pay in hard cash for what you get dies hard. It is the essence of private property economics. But few, even amongst Socialists, have learned to tear down completely the veil of private property, and think in terms of human need and human aspiration.

FREDERIC HILLERSON.

* * *

PHILOSOPHY AND WAR.

Sir,—A propos of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' letter, by all means let Mr. Huntly Carter be urged to find out, through those symposia which he so excellently edits, the opinions of philosophers on war and peace. Allow me to stipulate, however, that they shall be real philosophers, philosophers in the Nietzschean sense (creative artists, makers of new values, original thinkers), and not merely professors and pedants. If Mr. Carter can find such philosophers and collect their opinions, I myself will undertake, given a little time for research, to ascertain the views of philosophers who are at present discarnate.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

"A HOLIDAY IN GAOL."

Sir,—In your issue of May 4 the reviewer of "A Holiday in Gaol," after stating that the author's doctrine of prison as a "rest cure" is mischievous and misleading, comments: "It is supported neither by the evidence of his prison experiences, nor even by the meagre facts brought to light by the Suffragettes."

Your reviewer has perhaps not sought opportunity to acquaint himself with the facts, or he could scarcely describe them as "meagre." It is true that, in the ordinary Press, the testimony of Suffragettes with regard to prison conditions has shared the fate of other matters connected with the women's vote demand, and has been rigorously repressed. But in speeches and lectures, in the suffrage papers, in various pamphlets and books, they have continuously exposed the unreasonableness as well as inhumanity of our penal system.

The 700 sentences of imprisonment inflicted on suffrage prisoners during the last five years and the facts these political prisoners have accumulated have probably stimulated the general public to the present demand for prison reform more than any other factor.

In my own public utterances the points I have specially touched upon are as follows:—

1. Inadequate security for justice to the accused in police-court trials.

2. Ineffectiveness of prisoners' powers of appeal in prison.

3. The pressure of social conditions and of laws affecting morals and economics which, in the case of women more especially, render crime inevitable.

4. Absence of moral training in prison life such as would develop qualities of self-reliance and self-control, the lack of which in men and women released from prison is a frequent cause of a return to crime.

5. Economic waste of enforcing unremunerative occupation upon thousands of able-bodied people.

6. The incapacitating effect on prisoners of their total severance from the labour market so that their skill rusts and their intelligence and opportunities with regard to wage-earning become atrophied.

7. From the first to the last day of sentence a convict never handles nor is responsible for money: as dishonesty with regard to money is involved in a great number of crimes, this seems wildly unreasonable.

8. Physical conditions in prison are undoubtedly superior to those which many prisoners have to endure in their own homes. It would be harmful to the point of impracticability to keep human beings in a public institution at the subsistence level of starvation and insanitation common in many individual homes. Security of lodging, clothing, food from day to day constitutes luxury to those who are habitually at a loss for such necessities. But nevertheless physical conditions in prisons are less good than they should be. Suffragettes have frequently proclaimed the need for reform on many points, including lack of ventilation in the cells, shortage of water supplied to prisoners, unhealthy results of many hours close confinement during which prisoners are not allowed from the cells, understaffing and overwork of the officials, lack of nursing in prison hospitals.

Bribery, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not amongst the evils I detected in the prison system, nor I think did any other suffrage prisoners. I have not read "A Holiday in Gaol," but I need hardly say that I cordially agree with your reviewer's generalisation that prison is not "a rest cure."

CONSTANCE LYTTON.

* * *

MR. KENNEDY ON MACROBIUS.

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy is generous enough (*NEW AGE*, May 11) to attribute what he regards as a mistake of mine to a slip of the pen. In my article on kalendars (May 4) I described Macrobius as "a Greek, probably ignorant of Latin." On which he observes, "While we know little of Macrobius, we know that he was a Latin grammarian, though by birth he may have been a Greek. He wrote in Latin, and those of his works which have come down to us are in Latin." What I wished to emphasize was that Macrobius (Greek name!) was not qualified by an intimate and inherited acquaintance with Roman thought to possess more than a borrowed knowledge of the faiths, systems and laws of the Roman people of ten centuries earlier: and that his utterances on the early Roman calendar are entitled to no respect. Of course we are all aware that in the fifth century A.D. many Romans were fairly acquainted with Greek, and that all educated Greeks spoke and wrote Latin—of a kind: much as most educated Europeans of to-day understand French: and as most English writers of the Elizabethan age knew Latin. Both Hobbes and Bacon, for instance, published their most important works in Latin, but Bacon was "no scholar," and he had to procure the services of Ben Jonson as translator. Indeed, it would be *literally* true to say that Ben Jonson wrote the "Novum Organum"! If Mr. Kennedy is related to the arch-enemy of my boyhood (and of all boyhood) he has read at least some portions of the "Saturnalia": and, if so, he will agree with me that the author's latinity is decidedly artificial and unhomely.

As to his being a grammarian, his reputation is based on an entertaining essay on some differences between Greek and Latin, a treatise more in line with Trench's "Study of Words" than a systematic work on grammar.

I need hardly say that I wrote from a rather tarnished memory, and it now behoves me to "look up" Macrobius in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, where I find the following:—"We have no evidence of a satisfactory description to determine the place of his nativity: we can, however, pronounce with certainty, upon his own express testimony, that he was not a Roman, and that Latin was to him a foreign tongue." The testimony referred to is in the very preface to the "Saturnalia"; so that if I err, I err with Macrobius himself.

May I take this opportunity of correcting another error in the same article, due, not to a slip of my pen, but to a slip of your compositor's eye? What I wrote was, "1. The year cannot be divided into four equal parts containing the same

number of whole days. 2. The year cannot always begin with the same day of the week." I was made to say, "1. The year cannot always begin with the equal parts"—a statement which may have puzzled those who found anything interesting in the article.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

* * *

SEX AND SUPERMAN.

Sir,—Dr. Whitby's contention that those men to whom sex is something of paramount importance may or may not be supermen proves my case, for a physiological function that is common to all cannot establish a difference between species. Man does not differ from the ape by sexual capacity, but by sexual restraint, and the increased activity of other powers. Supermen are, ex hypothesi, different from men in kind, and the paramount importance of sex asserts a difference only of degree. Therefore, the superlative importance of sex cannot be the criterion of supermen. For instance, Rabelais, Swift, and Sterne rank as great writers because of their literary ability, not because of their sexual chastity. The fact that they wrote some of the filthiest books in existence, as Havelock Ellis described them, proves that you cannot guess a man's habits from his writings, and that the paramount importance of sex in the life of a man is not even presumptive evidence of his greatness.

If Dr. Whitby will now read "The New Machiavelli," the letter of Upton Sinclair, and my reply, he may regret having been dragged into the arena by my epistolary tail. For Remington differs from other men not by superior abilities of any kind, but by the fact that "sex is something of paramount importance" to him, as Mr. Sinclair said and I agreed.

* * *

I referred to Mr. Blaker as "your provincial correspondent" not merely as a retort to his "clever young men" (how old is Mr. Blaker?), but because there are some things that are better known in London than in the provinces. The composition of the public that supports *THE NEW AGE* is an example. Whatever they think in the West Country, in London we know that the Shavians form a small portion, and that the most cantankerous, of our public. They allow "moral and intellectual independence" only to Shaw and themselves. James Huneker, as a chorister of Shaw's greatness, was regarded as one of the elect; as a critic, he has become, in Mr. Blaker's phrase, "a mere minnow of a man." To his credit, be it said, Shaw is no Shavian; by the same token, let it be counted unto us for grace that we do not write for Shavelings.

As for Mr. Shaw's "intellectual prod to the stupid, ponderous British public," I can only say that I have lived in London for the last twenty-nine years and seen no sign of any improvement. Harmsworth has monopolised the Press in Mr. Shaw's time; the drama died from the effects of Shavian permeation, and the state of literature and literary criticism at the present time must appal every lover of the art. Is music thriving; is sculpture, painting, or poetry; is even Socialism on the way to glory? We must advance beyond the "advanced" people to get to the artists. There are signs of an artistic Renaissance, and the re-action against Shaw is one of the most significant. Shaw blocks the way, like Apollyon of old, crying, "Here will I spill thy soul." But he won't, nor will any Shavian. I agree that Shaw is a self-advertiser, as he has so often said; but I cannot accept advertisements as literature, nor regard as an original thinker or a powerful influence a man who has simply made a corner in ideas, as Wells said of the Socialists in "The New Machiavelli."

That my comparison of Shaw and Disraeli is a revelation of myself, I do not deny. Mr. Blaker's dismissal of Disraeli in a postscript is a revelation of Mr. Blaker. Every judgment reveals the judge: "How can a man be concealed?" asked Confucius. I must remind Mr. Blaker that Stevenson noticed the influence of Disraeli on Shaw in the most unlikely place, "Cashel Byron's Profession." I quoted his formula a year ago in your columns, but as it is à propos I will quote it again, with your permission:—

Charles Reade	1 part.
Henry James (or some similar author, badly assimilated)	1 "
Disraeli (perhaps unconscious)	0½ "
Struggling, overlaid, original talent	1½ "
Blooming, gaseous folly	1 "

Nothing would be easier than to show by comparison that the difference between Shaw and Disraeli is confined to Shaw's propaganda against vivisection and vaccination, which places a man socially, as B. B. declared in "The Doctor's Dilemma." Mr. Blaker speaks of "Shaw's magnificent work in furthering those forces of progress which we call social reform." There were kings before Agamemnon. Has Mr. Blaker ever read Disraeli's Chartist novel, "Sybil: or the Two Nations"—the two nations being the rich and the poor? Mr. Blaker speaks of "moral and intellectual inde-

pendence": has he ever read "Contarina Fleming," and compared Contarini's philosophy with, say, that of Mrs. George? Disraeli said, I think in "Tancred," that the English had mistaken comfort for civilisation: has Shaw, with all his preaching, said any more? Shaw has satirised English religion: Disraeli did it better in "Tancred," for he wrote as a Jew, not as a Puritan. Shaw has satirised English politics: so did Disraeli with surer judgment, for he insisted that status was more valuable than franchise. Mr. Blaker should read "Coningsby." As for Disraeli being a "reactionary old humbug," I must again ask for an explanation—for the phrase is quite meaningless to me. Mr. Blaker should read Walter Sichel's book, if not, Monypenny's, before he writes again. Meanwhile, I ask, where is Shaw now? What is certain is that Disraeli is becoming more and more influential in modern political thought, and that Shaw is ceasing to interest those who wish "to further those forces of progress which we call social reform." One more similarity before I close: Disraeli could not write a novel; nor can Shaw write a play.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

THE UNTUTORED FABIAN.

Sir,—I agree to a great extent with Mr. J. M. Kennedy's article on "The Untutored Fabian." There is no doubt that Mr. Pease is quite mistaken in the opinion which he has often expressed, that all valuable thinking on social problems has been done collectively. On the contrary, I am prepared to prove that every great idea in sociology, as in all other branches of knowledge, has been developed by some individual thinker, who worked almost entirely alone.

Take economics, for instance. Adam Smith, sitting in his study, worked out the theory of free trade so exhaustively that he is still acknowledged to be the best writer on that question. Soon after, Malthus wrote his book on the law of population, which remains the best treatise on the subject. Ricardo, working by himself, discovered the law of diminishing return and the law of rent, and subsequent thinkers have added nothing but verbal alterations. The theory of final utility was discovered by a German named Gossen, who was such a solitary thinker that he would have been quite forgotten if Jevons had not discovered him by chance. The doctrine of rent of ability, so popular with the Fabians, emanated from General Walker, an isolated American. The modern system of trusts and combines was predicted, a priori, by Karl Marx, as a result of his lonely studies in the British Museum sixty years ago. The Fabians, on the other hand, have been studying economics collectively for more than a quarter of a century, and they have not yet made a discovery in that science.

The Fabian Society has never even originated a single reform. It is a curious fact that the only Fabians who have shown any originality have been isolated members remote from London. Endowment of motherhood was first proposed by provincial Fabians. It was advocated by Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1890 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, wrote a very able pamphlet on the subject. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this reform; and I afterwards wrote several articles in its favour, which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Dr. Eder's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

But the Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was any Fabian Society. The Fabian temperament is nothing but the temperament of Mr. Webb, and Fabian thought is nothing but the thought of Mr. Webb. Even Mr. Shaw has counted for nothing in the evolution of Fabian thought. Not one of his favourite ideas has taken any hold of the Society. There are two thousand Webbits in the Fabian Society, and there are not five Shawites.

The history of the Fabian Society is the history of all schools that have ever existed. There were schools of philosophy among the ancients, and schools of painting during the Renaissance; but not one of these schools ever struck out a new line of thought. Every time a new genius arose, a new school had to be formed. A school is a very useful thing; the collective force of two thousand educated men and women counts for a great deal in the world. Yet such a body is profoundly conservative. It hates thought. Moreover, the Fabian Society had the misfortune to be founded by men who were not widely read. Not one of them ever knew much of history or psychology. Not one of them had a very capacious or imaginative mind. All were horribly prosaic. The Society has thus been limited in thought from the very beginning, and I fear it will get narrower

instead of broader. Nevertheless, it has helped to make some good history.

British Columbia.

R. B. KERR.

MANU AND LOG-ROLLING.

Sir,—Mr. Bhagavan Das's "Science of Social Organisation," a highly interesting summary of Manu, came into my possession two or three months before Mr. Kennedy reviewed it for your columns. While fully sympathising with the motives which prompted your reviewer to refrain from quoting, however, there is a paragraph or two in the section dealing with Mixed Castes (pp. 319-323), which, having myself overcome certain of the scruples to which Mr. Kennedy refers, I should like to bring to the attention of your readers. My reason for doing so is that the practice admirably summed up by the man in the street in a phrase touching the removal of timber from place to place has in recent years become altogether too common among artists and authors, and it is time for a protest to be made. Manu, as will be seen, deprecated the practice; and his words are as significant now as ever:—

"... The dignity of productive labour was a greater reality than it seems to be to-day. The Brahmana who, in time of misfortune, could not maintain himself by teaching, was to take up cultivation of the soil rather than music or painting or carving, for a livelihood, even though he might know these arts well, and be even able to give instruction in them. We have seen before that the Brahmana was to know and be able to teach all things, but was not to practise any other profession than that of "teaching, mendicancy, and ritual sacrifice." At the same time, the fine arts were not slighted, but highly honoured, when used, not for personal gain, but for the uplifting of others in the spirit of religious ritual. No wealth or beauty or architecture and sculpture and painting and other decoration was too great for the temple. No labour or study was too diligent to perfect the Vedachant, the music, the colours, the fragrance of incense and flowers, which were to call the Gods to take visible shape and to produce wide-reaching benefit for the people, health, timely rain, and ample crops, cheerfulness and high and holy thoughts and aspirations. No mechanical skill was too minute to perfect the king's means of offence and defence, of rapid conveyance by land and sea and air, for the benefit of his people. And it was the honoured duty of the Brahmana instructor to supervise and advise upon all such constructions.

"But when the skill, the talent, the genius were used for personal gain and for outstripping one's neighbour, then were they regarded as degraded, then the super-physical was dragged down into the physical, then the higher married and surrendered to the lower and under-went degeneration."

Surely there is more than an artistic lesson for us here.

S. VERDAD.

THE LENGTH OF NOVELS.

Sir,—Mr. Jacob Tonson's remarks on publishers, book-sellers, and libraries are both interesting and instructive. He might have added that publishers like their popular novels to be long, because the longer they take to read the more copies will be re-ordered by the libraries. On the other hand, publishers like their unsuccessful novels to be short, in order that they may cut their loss on the printer's bill.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

"CHRISTINA."

Sir,—As "a lover of Ibsen" will you allow me to protest against the "Aporeme"—by the way, should it not be "aporime" or "aporon"?—which appeared in last week's NEW AGE, called "Christina"! In the first place the word, however the author may spell it, does not really apply to the dialogue, which, in spite of a few lines of insincere doubt and deprecation preceding it, is intended to convince anybody who reads it, that Nora Helmer returns to her husband and children. The author evidently feels that he is doing rather a shabby thing in changing the balance of Ibsen's work, and hence his "apology." In passing, let us hope that the fashion set by Mr. Bernard Shaw of telling us in a preface what a play means, may not grow, especially when the play means nothing of the sort.

If Christina Linden in this dialogue has any meaning at all, she is just one of those middle-aged "characters" whom we know so well in English fiction, who are always inevitably right at the expense of the young people. On the stage they are generally dressed in male attire, are written by Mr. Jones or Mr. Sutro, and played by Sir Charles Wyndham or Mr. George Alexander.

But artificial and stagey to the last degree as are these

"hero raisonneurs"—I thank thee, Dukes, for teaching me that word—they have at least an amusing method of sending the "erring wife" in good time back to her duties. But for Christina No. 2 I can see no justification whatever. She is not even amusing.

The alleged inspiration for this insignificant impertinence—the words are not mine, but I have no wish to contradict them—deepens the author's offence instead of excusing it. Is it fair or sportsmanlike to use the performance of Miss Janet Achurch as a stalking-horse for shooting playlets at Ibsen's work? As a reward for making Christina live and move sincerely she is presented with a dialogue in which Mrs. Linden assuredly has ceased to do so. From being natural, if decidedly conventional, the part becomes stagey and sentimental.

And Nora suffers, if possible, a worse change! The exquisite creation of Ibsen's genius, the child-soul awaking to responsibility, suddenly collapses and becomes the ordinary "juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

Finally, not content with desecrating beautiful things, the author—Pshaw! what are we to say to the "original" character in the dialogue, to this "goddess in the case": the landlady of English farce? Silence and oblivion are kindest in the circumstances.

When "A Doll's House" stirred London in 1889, Mr. Besant, afterwards Sir Walter, wrote a short sequel to it and Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a sequel to that sequel. Besant's effort was simply silly, and Mr. William Archer begged his friend Mr. Shaw—so it was reported at the time—not to injure his growing reputation by publishing this jeu d'esprit.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's reputation now precludes the possibility of anything he ever published being suppressed, or I should not mention what I believe to be his first experiment in drama. I do so now only to show that where our first English dramatist has failed signally, this anonymous author will scarcely succeed.

Let us hope, however, that this "crude attempt"—again the author's words (he is not always wrong)—will at least serve one good purpose: may it be a warning to anyone else who feels tempted to meddle with a great dead poet's work, which seems so easy to beginners because it is couched in apparently simple and commonplace language. It would have been far easier for Ibsen to have written the story as an exquisite poem which even the author of "Christina" must have respected.

I am sorry if I have hurt his feelings. He little knows how much more I might have said if I could express myself as strongly as I feel on the subject.

IBSENITE.

* * *

"A DOLL'S HOUSE" AND "CHRISTINA."

Sir,—One may admit and even, thanks be! admire the stage value of the "Christina" you published last week, while objecting to the treatment of Nora. Surely Nora Helmer, that singing, dancing girl, that cherub with her vein of golden hardness, that born actress, indifferent to everything but the real play of life—would never have abandoned her part until she had got out of it all its possibilities. The author of "Christina" seems to leave Nora choice between the alternatives of the river and return to Helmer. But Nora had already *seen* both the river and Helmer—altogether too ugly and unbearable phenomena. She had already turned from both before leaving the house. Too sagacious to believe in even her own sudden conversion, but determined to test herself in the world, she would scarcely be drawn home by any mere protestations from Helmer. No. Surely, she would see the thing out—just as she had carried through her payment of the debt. This woman was quite firmly centralised, had always really turned only upon her own axis. I imagine that after a wavering night with Christina, Nora would have taken the first train for a big city. Three weeks' work, or even of seeking for work, would have shown her the vicious and sentimental possibilities of people, and since she was a fine soul, probably, also, a temporary friend, a good angel, would have crossed her path. Quite naturally her gifts of dancing and singing would have led her to the stage; and while Nora was working out this phase with whatever accompanying accidents of success or failure, loves, disillusion, dissipations, regenerations, Christina—Christina, who will have kept her posted as to home affairs, would perhaps have set about manoeuvring to draw Nora back. Back, somehow or other she would go—to find Helmer his old, natural, sensual, pompous, patronising self, and the children puzzled between Helmer's *choleric* silence about "mother" and old Anna's trembling loyalty to her darling.

Nora's stage career would have convinced Helmer that the "miracle of miracles" was all a trick to get away, another proof of the atavistic frivolity and lack of honour he

hated so in Nora. I imagine that at least two of the children would prefer Nora, and in time would manage to join her wherever she was. Her friends would be legion by now, and with her mind set at rest about the children, it is likely that she would meet and be able to appreciate a man whom, after finding out about him all there was to be known, she would still think well worth while. Then Nora might really begin!

I think that Christina's passing illumination, exhibited by Miss Janet Achurch with just the right suddenness and hint of instability, does not warrant making any sequel rest upon her influence. Nora's mind was determined independently of Christina, independently of anything except her own strong soul, and she would not be likely to take advice from a person than whom obviously she felt stronger. Apart from the ingenuity of the dramatic construction in "Christina" (especially adroit at the moment the second man becomes known to be Helmer), one—I anyway—must be dissatisfied with the play. The introduction of Mrs. Schmidt seems quite unjustifiable. Her character is fortuitous. Suppose she had proved sympathetic?

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

* * *

INDIVIDUALISTS AND THE LAND.

Sir,—With regard to the query of your correspondent, Mr. H. D. Paul, as to the attitude of Individualists towards the land problem, the assumption that private property in land has led to the present congestion is surely an unwarrantable one in face of the fact that the State has for ages, by its antiquated law of entails, prevented impecunious persons of title from disposing of their estates. But in view of the advantages of security of tenure a preferable scheme to land nationalisation would be the adoption of measures towards absentee landlords similar to those used in Ireland. The evil is the monopoly of land by those who are not personally dwelling upon or using it for ordinary industry. Against all special taxation of land values it may justly be urged that it is unfair to tax land over and above ordinary capital. The evil might be removed with minimum suffering to present land holders by the compulsion upon absentee landowners to sell to tenants desiring to buy; the price to be fixed in cases of dispute by local arbitration courts. But I would again draw attention to the bearing of our abominably unjust credit restrictions upon the problem. Our men would gladly purchase land for building or agricultural purposes if cheap long-date loans were obtainable. The cry goes up from present occupants of small holdings that cheap land is useless without cheap credit, and advanced Liberals are already considering a system of land-banks—State-aided, of course, although it is only necessary to remove the State restrictions from present banks in order to enable them to make cheap long-date loans. When will we turn our attention to the deep disease in our midst—the credit restrictions that separate ability and capital?

Laissez faire anarchism may be difficult of application in the case of the individual who is determined to commit suicide by fouling his drains, but, unless my perception of an angle in argument is weakening considerably, it seems futile to argue that laissez faire in exchange has failed whilst the State refuses to permit men to lend their capital in ways that are advantageous to the health of industry.

HENRY MEULEN.

* * *

ON CHILDREN.

Sir,—Your readers may be interested in a few aphorisms which I have translated from the German of Moritz Goldschmidt. They are from a collection which appeared in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of April 28.

ALFRED RICHARDS.

It is the case with children as with many other things brought about by man: the sale is much more difficult than the production.

Children should not associate exclusively or too much with grown-up people: it is good examples they require!

Children are the consequences of love—and often also the forerunners of marriage.

There are so-called "modern" parents who prize the "individuality" of their children so highly that they pay no attention at all to the bringing-up of their offspring.

"Papa!" is the first lie uttered by many a child.

The fig-leaf and the stork: such are the rudiments of the child in botany and zoology!

Threats play an important part in education, and children are not slow in perceiving whether they are carried out or not.

One of the most widespread diseases of children is the governess. The most model governess is the worst, because she robs the child of the holy illusion of the belief that there is no substitute for the mother.

Love never arises from fear; fear must come from love.

There are only too many orphans whose parents are still alive!

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