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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.

IT is so rarely that any journal has the intellectual honesty to acknowledge the force of criticism directed against its once expressed views that we have particular pleasure in reprinting the following editorial from the "Spectator" of last week:

> Some striking criticisms of the Insurance Bill from the Socialist standpoint have been appearing in THE NEW AGE, a paper which, we are glad to note, maintains its sincerity and independence as well as its high literary standard. . . . The line of argument taken by our contemporary is that the tendency of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill and of all similar legislation is not in the least towards the equalisation of wealth. It will, on the contrary, make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and will lead ultimately to a condition of slavery for the working classes. . . . We must confess that THE NEW AGE criticisms are exceedingly forcible, and have moved us more than any other criticisms of the Bill. We are convinced of the truth of its remarks as regards higher wages being the thing to be desired for working men, and of the danger of the Bill reducing the workmen's remuneration of labour.

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Now that the "Spectator" has joined the already formidable body of critics of the principle of the Insurance Bill, it may not be hopeless to expect that Mr. Lloyd George and the other politicians will cease their denials that any criticism of principle exists. We can well understand that his daily rounds with various interests affected by the Bill have disposed Mr. Lloyd George to be unable to see wood for trees; but the fact remains that the Bill is even worse in principle than it is likely to prove in practice. And that is saying a good deal, for we are convinced that the Bill in practice will prove, if not unworkable, at least so cumbersome, expensive and unpopular as to require amending every six months for years to come.

To the criticism of principle and detail already accumulated in these columns and elsewhere must now be added the searching analysis made by Mr. Sidney Webb and summarised in a recent issue of "The Crusade." The whole, we understand, will shortly appear in volume form. On the face of it, it may seem odd that publicists who have been advocating compulsory as distinct from optional powers in matters of industrial legislation should in the case of a National Insurance Bill be opposed to universality and to compulsion. But the reasons are plain on examination. Thrift is robbed of all its virtue when it is compulsory, so that there is no need to discuss the moral aspect. But since in effect a system of compulsory contributions amounts to no more and no less than a poll-tax, the same considerations that apply to taxation in general apply to the Insurance levies. The main question to be asked is whether the tax is fairly levied and economically raised. Neither question can be satisfactorily answered in the case of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. The Labour Party will doubtless have something to say on the Third Reading concerning the apportionment of the contributions; but on the question of cost of collection it is enough to remark that the most moderate estimate puts it as 20 per cent. of the amount collected. This compares badly with the two or three per cent. which is the amount charged by the Inland Revenue. There is next the problem of malingering, which must obviously be aggravated by universality and compulsion. In the Friendly Societies, and exactly in proportion to their centralisation, malingering has been found to increase with the passing years. The inducements to malingering will be multiplied when the patron is no longer even a corporation but the abstract entity, the State. And effective checks will be impossible. Put in its crudest form—the form in which the upshot will be crystallised in the minds of the masses—the State is offering to pay people to be ill and unemployed. No machinery can be devised to prevent that offer being accepted.

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We pass by several minor but vital criticisms, as, for example, that Sickness or Unemployment Insurance is no more a preventive of these evils than Fire or Accident Insurance is a preventive of calamity; and that the necessarily limited periods of relief will leave over in chronic cases the problem of complete destitution still to be solved. An even more serious consideration,

however, is the class of Post Office contributors; about whom Mr. Lloyd George has been vague and optimistic almost to the point of deception. These pariahs and outcasts of the Friendly Societies were estimated in the rosy dawn of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill to number something less than a million all told; but by noonday they appear to be at least five times as many. Only the cream, in fact, of the working classes are likely to have anything given to them under this Bill; from the rest that have not shall be taken away even that which they have. For several millions of the most needy of our population the Bill will merely set up a compulsory savings bank with a high rate of interest, it is true, but with deductions for working expenses and with forfeiture of deposits at death. Anything more cynically unjust it would be difficult to conceive.

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The increment of support to our criticism of the Bill entitles us to demand now that the Bill should either be withdrawn or (which is the same thing) postponed to another Session. A Bill which has been demonstrated to be rotten in principle and prospectively costly, unjust and demoralising in practice, has no right in the world to become an Act merely to save the face of a quite dispensable politician. We have made enquiries to discover whether Mr. Lloyd George had in the first instance any real demand for the Bill outside the precincts of his own fancy, and in the second instance consulted anybody but himself in its preparation. The answer to both questions is in the negative. Nobody wanted State Compulsory Insurance, neither the Friendly Societies nor the Trade Unions, nor workingmen nor pariahs. And nobody wants it now! It was partly in pursuit of German theory and partly to avoid falling into the hands of Mr. Webb and the collectivists that Mr. Lloyd George devised his scheme. It is a makeshift for the shop-window, decorated with rhetoric, but hollow or corrupting inside; an invention, in short, of a politician. Moreover, as Mr. Lloyd George positively boasts, it is a private invention. Three mortal years has it been simmering in his mind without ever once publicly boiling over or receiving any fresh ingredients; with the result that we now all see with disgust, deputation after deputation, consultation after consultation of vested interests with a Cabinet Minister for the purpose of squeezing his Bill dry of concessions. The spectacle rivals the American Tariff debates. Under the circumstances no discredit will attach to anybody but Mr. Lloyd George himself if the Bill is withdrawn. On the contrary, our national credit for sense will be immensely increased.

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There would remain, of course, the same problem to be solved, but by a different value of x. What is it? We have said, and the "Spectator" agrees with us, that the only safe way of proceeding is to raise wages and to leave State insurance voluntary. But it is precisely this that is so difficult. Every suggestion for raising wages by legislation is met on the threshold by the invincible objection that the State cannot force employers to employ. If the State insists on fixing a minimum wage it must, therefore, be prepared not only to pay its own employees that wage as a model employer, but to provide employment on the same terms for every individual whom private employers refuse to employ. This would lead by the back way to collectivist production as well as ownership; in other words, to Socialism. And not many politicians are yet prepared for that. On the other hand, non-State methods of raising wages are equally open to objection in the same quarters. Wages, it is well known, have been raised in certain industries whose trade unions are strong, but only by means which in one aspect penalise the less organised trades and in another penalise the public. Of the total amount paid in wages it is undoubtedly true that the Trade Unions, owing to their unionism, take rather more than their just proportion, leaving rather less to their unfortunate unskilled (that is, unorganised) brethren. Strikes, again, which are the only weapon of attack in the hands of the unions, do at least as much harm to the public as to the employers against whom they are directed. The task of raising wages as an alternative to more or less disguised State charity is, therefore, no easy one; and we would invite the "Spectator" to tell us how it is to be done without involving the country in anarchical strikes or in Socialism.

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For our part we have no hesitation in preferring either of these alternatives to the methods pursued by Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberals generally. If statesmen are unprepared to be the State's men and to invest her with the possession and use of the instruments of production, the only manly alternative for the working classes is to fight the cliques of shareholders for as large a proportion of the product of labour as they can secure by force. This is civil war of the deadliest character, but infinitely more honourable and, therefore, in the end more beneficial than the acquiescence in charity which is doomed to end in slavery. For this reason, and in the absence of any clear-sighted statesmanship from the Front Benches, we not only urge on Trade Unions the necessity of dropping political action—which, as things are, simply aggrandises a few ambitious leaders without benefiting their clients—and of resuming their industrial functions of fighting their shareholders on every convenient occasion; but we welcome such sporadic outbreaks of spirit among them as were recently seen among the printers, and are now appearing in the coal industry and in the Mercantile Service. The last-named in particular is welcome since hitherto, as everybody knows, there has been next to no voice given to their grievances, the assembling of the men being in the nature of the case impossible. It is not too much to hope and believe that even on the comparatively small scale on which the strike is being run its beneficial effects on wages will be more considerable than if a Parliamentary Session had been spent in discussing the subject. The strike as a weapon of proletarian progress has by no means lost its edge.

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The only obvious respect in which the annual function of the Women's procession through the streets of London differed this year from last year was in size. The procession on Saturday was very large, numbering, we are told, some 50,000 persons, including or excluding nearly a couple of thousand bandsmen. As a demonstration of the money and leisure at the disposal of women the exhibition was impressive; but we are bound to add that, in our opinion, the spirit both of the processional women and of the crowds of spectators through whom they passed was distinctly feebler than last year. The explanation of the phenomenon, if we have rightly observed it, is not to be found in the repeated disappointments the Women's party has suffered at the hands of politicians. Not one of the leaders really believed that we have been within measurable distance of Women's Suffrage. It is, on the contrary, due to the depletion of its own ranks of the most spirited members of former times, and to the consequent lowering in fighting tone of the whole movement. This is plainly to be seen in its inevitable outcome, the sameness, not to say the monotony, of the methods and phrases now employed. Having originated in the same group of women who have throughout the five years' campaign controlled affairs, the ideas of last year and the year before and the year before that have to do duty again this year with no addition or subtraction. Throughout the whole seven-mile procession there was nothing that we have not seen before, or that struck the public as a new and living note either of defiance or illumination. The same remark applies to the literature sold by the procession in its progress. The issue of "Votes for Women," the prosperous organ of the militant union, was dated for the current week. With a few changes, mostly of figures and names, the issue might have appeared, and probably did appear, in any week of any year this last three years. This is what comes of the foolish policy of ignoring your critics

and of refusing to love your enemies. The Suffrage movement, whatever may be said of the Suffrage itself, is dying of dulness.

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Our readers will be grateful for our refusal to comment on the Coronation. Despite appearances, the event does not appear to us of public interest.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IF ever the official summaries of the proceedings at the Imperial Conference be studied, they will furnish a complete refutation of the latest piece of ideology upon which both the Liberal and Conservative Press is beginning to lay absolutely unwarranted emphasis—the throwing down of the barriers between the nations, and the gradual uniting of the whole world in one brotherhood. With every year that passes each one of our colonies shows itself more and more eager to attain a certain individuality of its own, and any suggestions or counsels from outside sources appear to be fiercely resented. If, indeed, the Press of the various colonies be carefully considered from week to week, it will be seen that awkward questions of precedence may very shortly be raised. Newfoundland, for example, never forgets that she is the oldest colony. I do not say that she is wrong in giving herself airs on this account; but this characteristic is merely a symptom of that innate desire which every healthy and flourishing nation or individual possesses of not wishing to be "lumped" with others, i.e., of wishing to be distinctive. Canada, again, constantly reminds us of her treaty-making power; and Natal, Australia, and New Zealand are not slow in emphasising their respective characteristic traits.

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Somewhat similar remarks apply to the International Races Congress to which I alluded last week. This would have been a valuable Congress if its members had not had the fatal arrière-pensée that race distinctions were bad and should be got rid of. I do not wish to refer more than is absolutely necessary to these dabblers in demagogic science, except to remind them of the aphorism that the popularising of science means the vulgarising of science. This remark appeared some time ago in the little German review to which we naturally turn for good stuff, Herr Harden's "Zukunft." (Occasionally the writers in "Das Litterarische Echo" run it close.)

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The problem, then, is this: we have several colonies which, nominally subject to us, are really aiming at being separate nations, united to us only by a bond of sentiment. We have other possessions which are not large enough for this, e.g., Malta. We possess a whole empire, India, which is a problem in itself; and we possess in actual fact a country, Egypt, which in theory belongs to another empire, viz., Turkey. The point which our statesmen are supposed to be considering is how these possessions can be linked up from the point of view of the empire's defence. How many of them, I wonder, have begun by thinking out, if not actually setting down on paper, exactly—or even vaguely—what they mean by "empire"? what do they think our empire is? what would they like it to be? If they reply, with true British hard-headedness, that they have no time for theorising, it must be brought home to them that unless they define their aim they are not likely to attain it.

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A few weeks ago I mentioned that the reinstatement of the railway strikers, and the riots brought about by the arbitrary and utterly stupid delimitation of the Champagne country, were likely to have some effect on the stability of the Monis Cabinet. This remark would have held good in any case; but its force was augmented by the death of M. Berteaux and the accident to M. Monis. Morocco and the two or three secret treaties formerly entered into by M. Delcassé have also had their effect, and as I write it seems to be definitely assumed in Parisian political circles that the days of the present Cabinet are numbered. However, I do not think that the crash will come for a few weeks yet, in the normal course of events: unfortunately for predictions, French Cabinets usually fall abnormally.

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Who M. Monis's successor is likely to be is a matter of speculation. M. Fallières is not likely to look for an adventurous or daring Premier like M. Delcassé. It is nevertheless likely that M. Delcassé, who is at present acting as Minister for the Navy, will be included in the next Cabinet in some capacity or another. If not, his influence, it is fairly safe to say, will count for something in the Chamber. An attempt will be made by the wirepullers to secure the formation of a Cabinet including Delcassé, Clemenceau, and possibly Poincaré also. In so far as French politics can be said to appeal to the people at all, a policy set forth with the joint authority of these three would be, on the whole, welcomed by the country, apart from its actual trend. For in the Latin countries personality still counts and is appreciated.

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In any case, whatever the next Government may be, there is little doubt that the foreign policy of the previous governments will be continued; and the most important point, of course, is Morocco. M. Cruppi's speech in the Chamber on June 14 gives us a pretty fair notion of what will happen. General Moinier is now at Fez; and before he leaves there he is to reorganise the Sultan's army. This is a task of very considerable magnitude; but it is as nothing when compared with the sentence in which M. Cruppi calmly speaks of great changes which will have to be made in the manner in which the Sultan at present collects his taxes, i.e., by "farming" them out to extortionate governors of districts who, in return for the sum they have paid to their Imperial master for the privilege of collecting his dues, recoup themselves on the people over whom they exercise what in most cases amounts to despotic authority.

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It is obvious that France must assume the responsibility for these reforms; and this means, of course, that armed French authority will be represented at Fez for many months to come. Then, on his return journey to the coast, General Moinier is to traverse the Zaer country and to punish the inhabitants for murdering Lieutenant Marchand and a few French soldiers last winter. From this it will be seen that the French policy in Morocco must necessarily be continuous for some considerable time to come; and any Cabinet which succeeds the present one under M. Monis will find its hands tied to a considerable extent.

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Things are moving in Turkey. The stern warning despatched by Russia some time ago in favour of Montenegro was drawn up in combination with the Austrian Government, which has now, through the semi-official "Fremdenblatt," as well as by official messages delivered through the Ambassador at Constantinople, more than hinted to the Young Turks that peace must be reached in Albania. Austria's action, as is now an open secret in diplomatic circles, was inspired by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir-presumptive; and it may as well be stated that the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count von Aehrenthal, will hold office just as long as the Archduke thinks fit, and no longer.

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This joint action by Austria and Russia has caused no little surprise in Germany, and the more violent sections of the patriotic Press have gone so far as to attack the Archduke. No reasonable excuse, however, can be found for interfering, and the friends of peace will note with some thankfulness that the words of command from St. Petersburg and Vienna have brought the Young Turks to heel.

The Two Irelands.

By Anglo-Irishman.

As everyone knows, there are in Ireland two Irelands. That dream of the good Thomas Davis, namely, a union of all Irishmen that should give his country "the greatest and most various materials for an illustrious nationality of any nation on earth," has not yet come true; indeed, it seems to the present writer that our two peoples are at heart as convinced as ever that their respective ideals and interests have ever been, must ever be, in conflict. More's the pity, no doubt. Yet, is it not the hereditary vendetta between Irish and English in Ireland which gives the Irish problem its unique quality? And upon this subject we in Ireland of both parties have not only misled English public opinion (as it is our trade to do), but we have deceived ourselves, not daring to think, much less to speak, our thought.

If Strongbow's men did become, as I am willing to believe, "more Irish than the Irish themselves," the later settlers, the Cromwellians and Orangemen, even where they have led a people (as in Grattan's days), have kept to the manner and tradition of their kind. Thus you will find, if you look for it, a foreigner's disdain for the "mere Irish" in that long line of Anglo-Irish patriots from Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, to Charles Stewart Parnell; and it would be difficult to say which the proud Colonial society of Dublin at the close of the eighteenth century despised the more, a Papist or an Englishman.

We, the Anglo-Irish, have always held to the idea of a mission in the land which was our spoil. First we upheld Civilisation against Barbarism. Later it was our duty to save the Kelt from the errors of Popery. Lastly, it was our fate to become missionaries of Empire "England's Faithful Garrison," which must never be betrayed.

Under modern examination all these apologies for our existence are scouted. It is no longer believed that the Gael was a naked savage before our coming; indeed, the outside world is now inclined to exaggerate his early achievement in art, literature, and government. As to our attempt to make of him a good Christian and Imperialist, it was, no doubt, praiseworthy, but is so ludicrous a failure that the least said of it the better.

Besides, our own loyalism is, and has been, strictly conditioned; not to mention the fact that we have always supplied our fellow-countrymen with the most dangerous enemies of English rule—with their Wolfe Tones, their John Mitchells, their Parnells.

To-day, weakened by the many disasters and humiliations that we have endured during the nineteenth century, we are losing our sense of being the "master race" in Ireland. It is less often said among us that we are the "natural leaders" of the Irishry, and that "ours are the gifts that govern men." Some of us have even begun to study the grammar of the Gael, though this, as Mr. George Moore said during his second Irish lesson, "is more than any country may ask of her sons."

In short, the Kelt has proved that his conquest is not a fact. We, the English, have not conquered Ireland, as the Franks and Saxons—those Imperialists, as a Gobineau would say, those energetic minorities ready to take upon themselves the responsibility for masses inferior to them in courage and culture—conquered the Gauls and Britons. Had we done so, Ireland would have been a nation long ago. But we have always wavered between two contradictory conceptions of our status and our duties in this country. Thus we complain of the Irishry that they do not accord us the privileges of a national aristocracy, while at the same time we complain of the Englishry of England, that they betray the interests of their garrison.

Mr. William O'Brien once wrote a book with the title "The Lost Opportunities of the Irish Gentry." It was said of the landlords that they had but to become good patriots to secure the future of their class; the mere Irishry must forgive everything to men of good birth and breeding. No doubt the argument was used in good faith; possibly Irish Conservatism would have done well to hearken to it. Certainly it has lost its force and sense to-day.

An old idea is exploded (as, indeed, the failure of Mr. O'Brien's conciliation policy shows), the idea, namely, that all Ireland, forgetting for the moment divisions of race, class and creed, might one day agree in a common national demand. On the contrary, Home Rule is to come as an episode of the social war, and not as a truce. And it is absurd to assert, with the Unionists, that Irish Ireland cares nothing for those issues which now disturb the English political world, except in so far as they may serve a tactical purpose. The extraordinary ferocity with which Mr. Redmond and his followers have engaged themselves in the campaign against the House of Lords, may only be explained by a reference to Irish racial history; a Nietzschean might call it a slave-revolt.

Misled by his chiefs and spokesmen—themselves, as a rule, men of English stock and whose patriotism arose, as a recent writer says quite truly,* upon a rupture with Gaelic tradition; by men attached in the last resort to the interests of their class, the product of a Germanic and aristocratic civilisation—the Kelt had for the last two centuries misunderstood himself in many important particulars. Really, the faithful peasant who would die for the "old family" up at the "big (Cromwellian) house" comes, like the stage Irishman, out of Anglo-Irish books; of course, a few old retainers and an odd car driver in Dublin or Cork have tried to live up to their types in literature.

Thank God, then, says the Irish democrat of to-day, for the anti-Irish spirit of our upper classes. Thank God that they not only came as aliens, as every aristocracy has come, but remained as aliens. Had the landlord "taken up" with Ireland, then the fight for liberty of the subject-classes would never have kept the pace it has with the fight for national liberty. "As the Irish septs of the past were accounted Irish or English according as they accepted or rejected the foreign social order, as they measured their oppression or freedom by the loss or recovery of the collective ownership of their lands, so the Irish toilers from henceforward will base their fight for freedom upon the mastery of those workshops, factories and farms, upon which a people's bread and liberties depend." "In the earlier labour movements of the nineteenth century," adds the same writer, "Irishmen have always been the least compromising, the most irreconcilable element." And in his famous book, "L'Inégalitè des Races Humaines," we find that Gobineau, a precursor of Nietzsche, an aristocrat and soi-distant descendant of Scandinavian jarls, writing, of course, with quite opposite sympathies, bewails the Union; and why? Precisely because it encouraged Keltic blood to mix with English, and so brought about political innovations that lacked fidelity to the old spirit of the British Constitution.† Take again the old Irish clan system, Ireland's refusal to accept feudalism, her refusal of a Middle Ages; it is admitted on every side that the Germanic civilisation out of which all the European aristocracies have sprung, is antagonistic to the Kelt. "In wishing to drive away her landlords," remarks Mr. R. A. Scott James, in an "Englishman in Ireland," "Ireland wishes to drive away her aliens; she has driven away patronage, class prejudice, and that diseased feudalism which cankered England, but never took root in Ireland." A conviction that the contest between Irish and English is a contest between two civilisations, lies at the root of the propaganda of the Gaelic League; for the Gaelic League believes, too, that the whole concept of orthodox Irish history for the past two hundred years has been "a betrayal and

* "Labour in Irish History." By James Connolly. (Maunsel and Co., Dublin.)

† How should the Unionist orators who argue that the last General Election was won by the Liberals only by the aid of the "Celtic fringe," use this theory of a friend? It is not easy to say.

abandonment of the best traditions of the Irish race." Ireland, at the same time as she lost her ancient social system, also lost her language, as the vehicle of thought of those who acted as her leaders. "Since Grattan's time," writes the author of the "Philosophy of Irish Ireland," every popular leader has perpetuated this primary contradiction. They threw over Irish civilisation, whilst they professed—and professed in perfect good faith—to fight for Irish nationality.

Indeed, one may trace all the dishonesties, tragedies, and comedies of modern Irish history to Grattan, Flood and Plunkett, and that old house on College Green, with its bastard green flag, and bastard English-Irish rhetoric, whereby the Gael was duped, and his intellect drugged for a century. But as the forms of the old Gaelic civilisation are not to be recovered, as the language may not be saved, in short, as Kathleen-ny-Houlihan is dead of a broken heart, so, it seems to me, the racial contest, as it will continue in a self-governed Ireland, will best be viewed in the light of a contest between the aristocratic and democratic idea.

Whether the Kelt acts in the interests of his race by restricting the area of his operations is another question. Under present conditions, with the Empire for his field, he has, perhaps, an opportunity for a large revenge. Moreover, in Ireland itself—thanks to various causes, of a temporary nature no doubt—Home Rule may well be attended by Conservative reaction. Mr. Redmond will not have those precise resources at hand which enable Mr. Birrell to carry on the business of Irish government without reference to the advice and wishes of the Anglo-Irish.

The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton.

4.—The Wrong Turning.

THE end of the year 1907 saw, as I have said, a remarkable turn in the political tide. Through the spring and summer of 1907 the Labour Party seemed to be steadily growing in strength and popularity. Whatever was lost to Liberalism was gained to Labour. On July 4 Mr. Pete Curran wrested from the Liberals the Jarrow Division of Durham, a seat which had so long been held almost as a territorial property by the wealthy Liberal family of Palmer. Just a fortnight later a more startling victory was gained. Mr. Victor Grayson, fighting as an independent Socialist without even the official backing of the Labour Party, captured in a three-cornered fight a seat at Colne Valley which the central organisation regarded as hopeless and refused to contest. Mr. Grayson's triumph caused something like a panic among the propertied classes. A number of Conservative newspapers broke out simultaneously into a crusade against Socialism. Even the Stock Exchange felt the effect of that panic, nor, as I shall show later, were the official Labourites altogether unaffected by it.

The Colne Valley election marks the high-water mark of the Labour and Socialist tide. The first sign of its receding was the by-election in the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool in September. Kirkdale, a Unionist seat, had been contested by a Labourite at the General Election of 1906. The same Labour candidate contested it again in 1908. In neither case was there any Liberal candidate. Not only did the Labour Party fail to win the seat, but the Unionist majority was slightly increased. The difference was not great, and may easily have been due to local factors. Still, after Jarrow and Colne Valley, it was a check.

With the New Year came unmistakable indications that the prostrated Tory Party was beginning at last to recover its strength. In January, 1908, a by-election took place in Mid-Devon, and a Liberal majority of 1,289 was converted into a Unionist majority of 559. Close upon this came the conversion of a Liberal majority of 312 in South Hereford into a Unionist majority of 1,019. March, which saw the introduction of the Licensing Bill, saw also the climax of the Tory triumph in the Peckham election, where a Liberal majority of 2,339 became a Unionist majority of 2,494. The next month at Dewsbury the Liberal majority was reduced from nearly 4,000 to a little over 500, and Mr. Winston Churchill lost his seat at North-West Manchester.

The Dewsbury election deserves special notice because it was the first of the series in which Labour took part. The figures are instructive:—

	General Election, 1906.	By-Election, 1908.
Lib.	6,764 ...	5,594
Con.	2,959 ...	4,078
Lab.	2,629 ...	2,446

It will be seen that, while the Unionist poll had increased by over 1,000, the Labour poll had fallen by nearly 200. Clearly the flowing tide was no longer with Labour; it was flowing in the direction of the Opposition.

What had happened during those four or five months? The answer to that question will, I think, explain much of the failure of the Labour Party.

There exists in English politics a thing called "the swing of the pendulum." The phrase is by no means an inapt one, for it suggests a part of a machine and a part necessary to its proper and regular working.

It the governing class were one homogeneous body, it is clear that any unpopular act of the executive would render the whole governing class unpopular. This would lead to that "confrontation of classes" which Marx anticipated, the governing class being arrayed on one side and the mass of the governed on the other. This is the last thing that the governing class wants. Hence the ingenious plan of dividing the governing class into two rival teams, so that any unpopularity incurred may fall not on the governing class as a whole, but on the particular team that happens to be in power at the moment. Thus it was that the democratic mandate of 1906 was neutralised by the politicians.

This calculation, however, necessarily assumes that there are only two alternatives offered to the people. The appearance of the Labour Party disturbed the machinery for the moment. Hence the years 1906 and 1907 were bad years for the politicians.

But the reaction against Liberalism could only operate in favour of Labour so long as Labour was regarded by the mass of ordinary men as an antagonist of Liberalism. It is very notable that the victories of Jarrow and Colne Valley were won in three-cornered fights where Labour was definitely opposed to Liberalism, while the check at Kirkdale was sustained when the Liberals were supporting the Labour candidate. Opposition to Liberalism spelt success; alliance with Liberalism spelt disaster.

The matter was brought to a sharp and definite issue when the Liberal Government introduced its Licensing Bill. That Bill gave the Labour Party the opportunity of proving whether it was or was not a mere pendant to the Liberal Party.

The Licensing Bill of 1908 was framed at the dictation of the rich subscribers to the Liberal Party funds. The election of 1906 gave no mandate for anything of the kind. Its object was to harry the vendors and consumers of alcoholic drinks on licensed premises at the bidding of a group of wealthy men, some of whom were slightly mad on the subject of teetotalism, while others, grocers and manufacturers of "temperance" drinks, had a definite economic interest in suppressing the public house. The Unionist Party, of course, opposed the Bill, but opposed it solely in the interests of the brewers who had subscribed largely to *their* party funds.

Here then was a splendid opportunity for a really democratic party to distinguish itself from the two oligarchic teams. Suppose the Labour Party had said: "We care nothing for these quarrels between the brewers and the cocoa manufacturers and grocers, but we are here to stand up for the rights of the people, and we demand for them three things—firstly, the

right to drink when they want to; secondly, the right to get good, sound, wholesome liquor when they ask for it; thirdly, the smashing of the monopoly which forces them to take anything the rich choose to give them in the way of drink, however filthy and poisonous"—how quickly would the nation have responded! How soon would the Labour Party have regained all the prestige that it had lost, and rallied the working class to its standard!

Nothing of the sort happened. The Labour Party took sides in the squalid commercial squabble, and vehemently backed the grocers and cocoa manufacturers against the brewers. The result was that the people turned to the Tories as the only people who were from whatever motives making some kind of fight in defence of their habits and traditions. The Labour Party was left stranded.

The failure of the Labour Party to take the right line in regard to the Licensing Bill must be attributed to a combination of causes. Very largely it was due to the fact that the Labour men who took a sound and sane view of the question had not the grit to stand up to their Puritan colleagues. Only a week before the Licensing Bill was introduced a Labour member assured me personally that the Labour Party had quite made up its mind to adopt the policy I recommended and to repudiate utterly the doctrine of compulsory teetotalism. But, when the time came, Mr. Henderson rose and, speaking for the party, declared that his only complaint against the Bill was that it did not go far enough. The Labour member who had so spoken to me and others who, as I knew, agreed with my view, sat silent, and by their silence gave consent. As a result the Labour Party was committed out and out to the policy dictated to the Government by the rich teetotalers, cocoa manufacturers and grocers.

I think, too, that it was about this time that more cognate motives began to weigh with the Labour members. The example of Mr. Burns was before their eyes. That remarkable man had shown that Labour agitation might easily be made a stepping-stone both to power and to pecuniary profit. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a good many of the Labourites, seeing so startling an illustration of the profitableness of treason, should have cast longing eyes towards the Treasury Bench.

I shall doubtless be blamed for making such a suggestion. But I am trying to write history, and the essence of history is truth. Timidity and thick-headedness may in many cases account for the actions of the Trade Union secretaries suddenly raised to the dignity of members of Parliament. But for the actions of men of the type of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden I am unable to find any plausible explanation save that indicated above.

The National Theatre Question.

By William Poel.

DOES the present scheme appeal to the nation? Will it supply the higher needs of the nation's drama? These are questions on which light should be thrown. Personally I should like to see every theatre in the country a national one, but the claims of the actor-manager and the syndicates stand in the way. Certain it is that the imagination of the public has not yet been touched by this Whitehall scheme; but, then, the Executive Committee has not made the best of its opportunity. It is two years and three months now since the first appeal for funds was made, and so far the response has not been encouraging. In March, 1909 the scheme was launched and priced at half a million of sovereigns; we are now within five years of April, 1916, and the total amount of money raised for the project is about ten thousand pounds, excluding the gift of £70,000, not given by an Englishman, and announced on the day the subscription list was opened. Unfortunately, the cost of collecting this ten thousand pounds has been very considerable, although it is not possible to quote the exact amount, because no accounts have been published during the three years the Executive has been in office. In fact, the arbitrary attitude adopted by the Executive towards the General Committee is what most calls for explanation, and it is this which prompts me to lay my case before the readers of THE NEW AGE.

HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT.

The movement began so far back as the year 1900. It was then proposed by myself to present to the London County Council a petition for the grant of a site for the erection of a memorial in the form of the old Globe Playhouse, so as to perpetuate for the benefit of posterity the kind of stage with which Shakespeare was so long and intimately associated. The outcome of this proposal, which remained in abeyance during the anxious period of the war, was a meeting organised by T. Fairman Ordish, F.S.A., and held in the hall of Clifford's Inn on "Shakespeare Day," 1902. The chair was taken by Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the result of the meeting was recorded in two resolutions, one establishing the London Shakespeare Commemoration League, the other recommending that the proposed memorial of the model Globe Playhouse be considered by the Committee of the League. It was ultimately found, however, that a structure of the kind could not be erected in a central position in London owing to the County Council's building restrictions. In the following year an interesting development arose in connection with the League in the formation of the Provisional Committee of the London Shakespeare Memorial. The movement was made possible by the generous gift of Mr. Richard Badger to the League of the sum of £2,500 to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue, and the London County Council offered a site, if sufficient funds could be collected to ensure a worthy memorial. The Provisional Committee was composed of a number of influential people, among whom were eight members of the Council of the League, including the president, the late Dr. Furnivall. But the idea of a statue was not the only scheme offered for the Provisional Committee's deliberations. Some were in favour of a "Shakespeare Temple" to "serve the purposes of humane learning, much in the same way as Burlington House has served those of natural science." This suggestion, however, called forth a protest, and on February 27, 1905, a letter appeared in the "Times" in which it was stated that "any museum which could be formed in London would be a rubbish heap of trivialities." The letter was signed by J. M. Barrie, Professor A. C. Bradley, Lord Carlisle, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the Earl of Lytton, Dr. Gilbert Murray, Lord Onslow, Sir A. W. Pinero, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and Professor W. Aldis Wright. On the next day was held a public meeting at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor presiding. No special mention of a statue was made, nor of a "Shakespeare Temple," while Mr. Bram Stoker pointed out the difficulties and expense of a National Theatre. On the proposition of Dr. Furnivall, seconded by Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, the following resolution was passed:—

> That the meeting approves of the proposal for a Shakespeare Memorial in London, and appoints a General Committee, to be further added to, for the purpose of organising the movement and determining the form of a memorial.

On this General Committee I was asked to serve and was duly elected.

On Thursday, July 6, 1905, the General Committee

was summoned to the Mansion House to receive the report of the Special Committee appointed to consider the various proposals. This committee, which was elected by the General Committee, was as follows :— Lord Alverstone, Lord Avebury, Lord Reay, Sir Henry Irving, Sir R. C. Jebb, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. S. H. Butcher, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Walter Crane, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Sir G. L. Gomme, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Bram Stoker, Dr. A. W. Ward.

The recommendation made by this committee, which was unanimously adopted, was that " the form of the memorial be that of an architectural monument including a statue." But it was also recommended if funds permitted, as a possible subsidiary project, " the erection of a building in which Shakespeare's plays could be acted without scenery." This part of the scheme met with strong opposition from some members of the General Committee, and Sir Herbert Tree, as representing the dramatic profession, declared that he would not, and could not, countenance it.

Finally, by the narrow majority of one vote (that of the chairman, Lord Reay) it was decided that this part of the Report should be dropped, as well as the proposal to use the site adjoining the new County Hall, recommended for its proximity to the locality of the old Globe Playhouse. It was evident to me, at this meeting, that the General Committee had split up into two political factions, that of the Tories, who were bent upon putting the King at the head of the movement and to have the statue built upon Crown lands, and the other representing the Progressive Party, who were anxious for the L.C.C. to control the memorial.

On March 5, 1908, the General Committee were again summoned to the Mansion House to receive the further recommendations of the Executive Committee after their consultation with an Advisory Committee consisting of seven persons, five of whom were members of the Royal Academy. The meeting confirmed the recommendation that a statue be erected in Park Crescent, Portland Place, at a cost of not less than £100,000, and an additional £100,000, if collected, "to be administered by an International Committee for the furtherance of Shakespearean aims." What was remarkable to me about this meeting was the small attendance. There could not have been two dozen persons in the room, and apparently the whole of what might be called the Progressive Party in the Council were absent, leaving the so-called King's Party in undisputed possession. I believe I was the only person in the room to raise debate on the Report, and, my objections being ignored, letters from me appeared the next day in the " Times " and the " Daily News " attacking the constitution of the committee selected to approve of the design. Among those chosen there was not a Shakespearean scholar, a poet, or a dramatist. What, then, would be the effect upon the designers of having to submit their work to a committee of this kind? Instead of the artists giving their faculties full play to produce some original and great piece of sculpture worthy of Shakespeare's genius, they would be striving to design something specially suited to meet the limited and, perhaps, prejudiced ideas of their judges (the professional experts), while the General Committee, responsible to the public for the National Memorial, would be handing over its duties to an Academy which had never shown any special appreciation of the poet and his plays, for, so far as my experience goes, there never has been a Shakespearean picture exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy which was not, as to costume and in idea, a burlesque of the dramatist's intentions, always excepting those painted by Seymour Lucas, R.A., who, strange to say, was not one of the judges selected.

But it soon became evident from correspondence in the newspapers that the project of a statue in Portland Place did not satisfy the wishes of a very large number of influential men, and of a very important section of the public. Accordingly, a public meeting took place at the Lyceum Theatre, under the presidency of Lord Lytton, on Tuesday, May 19, 1908, when a resolution was carried in favour of a National Theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare. Steps were then taken to urge the existing Shakespeare Memorial Committee to amalgamate with the National Theatre Committee, which finally was agreed upon. A new Executive was nominated, and again, for the third time, the General Committee was summoned on March 23, 1909, to receive and sanction the Report, which recommended the raising by subscription of £500,000 to build and endow a theatre in which Shakespeare's plays should be acted for at least one day in each week.

This, then, is the history of the movement, we may almost call it of the conflict, which for seven years centred round the great event that is to happen in 1916, "the assembling of Englishmen of every opinion and religious belief before some worthy National Memorial." But, alas, this pious wish of the founder of the movement can never now be fulfilled, since England possesses many honest puritans who acknowledge Shakespeare as their greatest poet, but who will not give one penny to the building of a theatre. For this reason—that of the conscientious objector—it is a pity that the original promoters of the scheme for the erection of a statue did not, before consenting to amalgamate with the promoters of the theatre scheme, urge the acceptance of the conciliatory proposition of the "Daily News" that there should be a statue erected either in front of the theatre, or inside it, for which an independent subscription list might be opened.

THE EXECUTIVE'S REPORT.

We now have to consider what seems to me to be the chief flaw in the National Theatre scheme as it is at present initiated, and that is the Report which was brought before the General Committee on March 23, 1909, and which was accepted by them, but not without some amount of protesting, of which, perhaps, I was the most persistent offender. The Lord Mayor's parlour was crowded with some hundred or more men and women, consisting of the General and Provisional Committees of the two rival schemes, now amalgamated, all of whom were meeting together for the first time, and it was evident to me that with the exception of the Executive those present had little idea of what they were called upon to do, or were aware that they were conferring powers upon the Executive as to the management of our National Theatre which, when once granted, made it impossible for the General Committee to re-open the subject, to revise their decisions, or to alter them. It is true that the Executive stated in their Report "that the time had not arrived for framing statutes in a form which could be considered final," but so far as the General Committee was concerned what they once sanctioned they could not withdraw. On the other hand, what modifications or additions the Executive afterwards made in the Report would naturally have again to come before the General Committee for its approval, a point overlooked or ignored by the Executive, as will appear later on. But the fact is that the Report is a mistake, and should never have been passed by the General Committee, for it either states too much or too little and can please nobody. Since the Executive had decided that they must purchase a site and build a new theatre (an altogether unnecessary proceeding, in my opinion) it would have been better to report on this part of the scheme first and to leave the question of management for future consideration; for the financial question alone might well have received more careful consideration. As the Report now stands, subscribers are not protected in any way. The Executive may begin building whenever they choose and incur debts, and mortgage both land and building as soon as they possess either. They can spend on bricks and mortar all the money they receive to the extent of £250,000, without putting by a penny towards the endowment fund. In fact, no precautions have been taken to avoid a repetition of the disaster that befell the building of the English Opera House, which soon afterwards became the Palace Music Hall. No wonder subscribers cannot be induced to come forward with their money!

But more inexplicable still are the clauses referring to the management of the theatre to which, unfortunately, the General Committee have pledged themselves. We have decided that "the supreme controlling authority of the theatre" shall be a body of governors who will number about forty, but apparently their "supreme control" is limited to nominating seven of their number as a Standing Committee, some of whom, and under certain eventualities all of whom, may be elected for life. This Standing Committee, however, is to hand over all that is vital in the management of a theatre to a director over whom it has no control beyond either confirming all he does or dismissing him, so that the National Theatre in reality becomes a one-man's hobby. So long as the director is clever enough to humour four out of the seven members of the Standing Committee he can run the theatre for the amusement of himself and his friends. He chooses the plays, arranges the programmes, engages and dismisses the artistes, and can even produce all the plays himself; the only thing he cannot do is to act in them; and yet so little have the framers of the Report grasped the realities of the situation that in their other clauses they refer to the governors dispensing pensions and honorary distinctions on the actors, forgetting that the unfortunate players are the servants of their servant the director, who can dismiss them three days before the honours and pensions become due, so that even in dispensing favours the voice of the director is supreme. As the Report stands at present confirmed there is no elasticity allowed to the Standing Committee to give permanency to those parts of the director's management which are evidently successful and efficient, and to restrict and finally abolish what is unsatisfactory. There is no choice between dismissing the director or tolerating his defects for the sake of what he does well. But the director should be the chairman of the Standing Committee; he should have power to engage the producers of the plays, because more than one is wanted; and each producer should be given sole control over the cast and the staging of the play for which he is specially engaged. Then where there was failure there would also be a remedy. Producers, authors, and actors who showed that they were unskilful in the work they were called upon to do would not be again invited to help in the performances of the National Theatre, but in regard to those who had shown exceptional talent steps would be taken to gradually add them to the permanent staff, while the fact that the director was chairman of the Standing Committee would add to the dignity and importance of the artistes' engagements, and would ensure respect and fair treatment for their labours. As the position is now, no talent can come into the theatre except at the will of one person who would occupy no higher post there than that of a salaried official. This means that outside talent, however admirable of its kind, would never be seen in our National Theatre if it is not to the liking of the director; and it may be taken for granted, as the clause now stands, that no artist will accept dismissal from the director without appealing to the Standing Committee, hoping to prejudice the director in its eyes and thus to create friction that can only be avoided by making the director chairman of the Standing Committee.

Now, in regard to the choice of new plays. Here the Standing Committee apparently has the final word, which, as a fact, has no real value attached to it because all new plays have first to be reported upon (that is, recommended) by the director and the literary manager, and if a new play is chosen against the wishes of the director, its fate is none the less sealed since he has sole control over the casting of the play and its production. But before a new play can be produced at the National Theatre it ought to be submitted to the opinion of the three parties interested in its production. Experts know that a dramatic success depends upon (1) the quality of the play, (2) the ability of the actors who interpret the play, (3) the intelligence or taste of the audience; therefore the play, to be fairly judged, should be read before a tribunal consisting of the director, two dramatists (who have contributed plays to the repertory), two of the theatre's leading actors, and two members of the Standing Committee. Authors would then know that their work would be judged by experts representing every department of the theatre.

Then there is the question of what plays, other than new ones, should be included in the repertory. Here, again, the choice rests with the director, and if his taste is not catholic, what confusion he will make of it! For instance, are such plays as "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Road to Ruin," and "Black-Eyed Susan" classical? In one sense I think they are, because they represent the best examples of types of English plays at a certain period. But some men might not think so. It is too large a question for one man to settle.

The fault, then, of the constitution of the National Theatre, as it is at present framed, is that all the direction of what is vital to the dignity and permanency of the institution is put under the control of one man, when no single person can possibly have the knowledge and experience to cover so large a variety of work. Discrimination has not been shown between what is required of a repertory theatre and a national theatre. The one is purely an experimental theatre, where the courage and Freedom of the dictator is an advantage. We look upon him as the pioneer to revolutionise existing conventions which have had their day and lost their use. He is an innovator, and we forgive his failures for the sake of his successes. Far different is the position of the National Theatre. Its mission is not to make experiments, but to assimilate the talent which has already been tried and found deserving, and to rescue from oblivion good plays for the permanent use of the community. Besides, its proceedings must be carried on with decorum. It has State functions and duties to consider; it has all shades of political and religious differences to take into consideration. One mistake made may alienate for ever the support of Royalty, of Government, of Parliament, of the Clergy, of the Democracy. Surely the direction of such an institution can be more efficiently carried on by a committee than by an individual!

However, we have to do now with what *is*, and not with what should be. In the historic parlour of the Lord Mayor of the world's greatest city was decided in less than two hours, and practically without discussion, the basis of the construction of the English National Theatre. As soon as this was done Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton rose to suggest that the members of the General Committee should be called upon to pay £1 each yearly towards the outgoing expenses of the Executive. To this Mr. C. T. Hunt objected, asserting that the late Mr. Badger had in his will left £3,000 for the purpose of defraying the initial expenses of the National Shakespeare Memorial. Whether a motion was taken on the matter I forget, but the next day I sent a pound to the secretary. Soon after I received a communication from the Executive asking me to send my suggestions for amendments to the Report. This I did, but what followed I have never heard; so I wrote a letter to the "Daily Chronicle" for publication, criticising the Report. The Editor returned it to me, suggesting that as I was a member of the General Committee it would be more to the purpose for me to write to the Executive than to the papers. But of what use is it for me to write to the Executive unless I am there to answer my critics' objections? On July 5, 1909, a petition was presented to the County Council for the grant of a site for the New Theatre, towards the building of which the Executive had then £73,300. This means that since March 23, 1909, with all the advertising of the Mansion House meeting, and apart from Sir Carl Meyer's big donation, the response to the appeal from the general public in four months had only amounted to £3,300. In the autumn the Executive issued their "Illustrated Handbook," in which the Report of the Executive, "adopted by the General Committee," appeared for the first time

for public circulation; but to be accurate, since the meeting on March 23, 1909, the Executive had added two new clauses to their Report, altered the wording in some of the other clauses, and re-arranged the form of the title. It may be said that the alterations are improvements, for which I am responsible to a certain extent, but they were not sanctioned by the General Committee. On November 3 of this same year, 1909, I received a letter from the newly appointed "Organising Secretary," Mr. Perris, asking if I could consider the possibility of making an early contribution to the fund, "so that we may have the assistance of including your name on the first published list." In reply, I asked what inducement there was for subscribers to come forward when the Executive's Report left four important questions unanswered:—

(1) What part of the subscriber's money will be set apart for the endowment fund?

(2) Will the director be producer? If not, to what extent will he control the producer?

(3) If Shakespeare's plays are acted once a week, in what way will they be produced?

(4) If other classical plays are given, by what standard of criticism will they be chosen?

No answer came to this communication. On January 10, 1910, Mr. Philip Carr wrote to me asking me for my subscription of £1 for 1910. I replied that I could not subscribe again until I had received a balance-sheet for 1909. I also asked when there would be another meeting of the General Committee. To this also I received no reply. Early in May, 1910, Mr. Perris wrote to me again, stating that the Executive wanted speakers for drawing-room meetings, and would I consent to speak? I replied that I would with pleasure, provided I was at liberty to criticise the rulings of the Executive when I disagreed with them. I again asked when the Executive proposed calling the General Committee. At last, on June 2, Dr. Gollancz wrote that, owing to the death of the King, it had been necessary to put off the date of the meeting till the autumn, and that "meanwhile I must be patient." In the following December Dr. Gollancz wrote to me that in all probability there would be a meeting somewhere about next May, "as at present there is very little to put before the general body." We have now reached the middle of June, 1911, and nothing in connection with the work of the Executive has been reported to the General Committee since March 23, 1909; not that the Executive has been idle, by any means, but has it been wise?

THE ALTERNATIVE.

How is it, then, that I am placed in the minority of one against the policy of our Executive, whose ambitions are centred upon having a fine building and calling it a National Theatre? The building has no more to do with the advantages of the institution than my clothes have to do with the quality of my brains! And the policy is pursued in face of past experience to say nothing of the recent fiasco in New York. The life of a theatre is as shortlived as that of a Dreadnought. The most recent improvements to-day are antiquated to-morrow. A theatre may be built to suit the fads of one director, and his successor may refuse to countenance them. "A theatre," says the "New York Herald," "is an idea, and not merely a pile of bricks and mortar. Moreover, it must come up from the soil like the Comédie Française, which never obtained a building of its own until it had proved its right to one by its own sturdy growth. Nor can mere money, no matter how judiciously expended, create drama. The best it can do is to house it when conditions justify. The founders of the New Theatre erected a costly and luxurious playhouse, and then discovered that they had no idea strong enough to fill it." Eighty thousand pounds were lost in two years in this American Temple of Art. Notwithstanding the immense difficulty our Executive have had in raising money, it is bent upon spending what it collects on building material, instead of investing it as capital to supply an endowment fund. The Executive, as regards its active members, is a self-constituted body, as arbitrary in its proceedings as the Pope, and as narrow in policy. It is, indeed, a matter of regret to see the names of four Labour M.P.s down in the petition to the London County Council that money may be wasted on more sites for theatres. Even in his latest volume, "Italian Fantasies," Israel Zangwill speaks of the Labour Party as the brains and hope of the nation; and can these men, reared in life's hardship and disciplined by its realities, forget to look before they leap and fall into this trap because they see a parade of names of the *literati* who are always ready to endorse a project if there are a few titles at the head of the list? One would have thought that Labour M.P.'s would have had the wisdom, before signing their names to the petition, to say to the Executive: "Show us your accounts and explain to us your constitution," which for a certainty would have led to the remark, "We do not support this scheme until you put yourselves in order and allow daylight to come into your discussions. If, as you say, you are doing work to benefit the nation, you must trust the nation. You must open your doors to the reporters, and if you can show that your arguments are sound, that your actions are wise, you need have no fear that the public will not be ready to support you. As you at present exist you are a body of autocrats, responsible to nobody."

I have every sympathy with a National Theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare, because I think the highest honour that can be rendered to our poet-dramatist is to provide English actors—and Shakespeare was himself an actor—with a permanent home where the art as an art can be recognised and encouraged. A National Theatre must give dignity to the dramatic profession and inspire emulation among its members by conferring upon them honour and reward, provided always that the actors are the servants of the institution and not of a salaried official in that institution. Personally, I do not care to see Shakespeare acted in a modern theatre, and I do not think his plays can ever have justice done to them in such a building. But, none the less, I look upon the National Theatre as an imperative need if the drama is to flourish, and I believe, if Shakespeare were living to-day, he would say so too. The Executive of the present Memorial, in my opinion, made a false start by concentrating public attention on the building as the primary object, instead of on the institution, and then by ignoring the claims of the dramatic profession as the proper authorities to be first consulted. The labour, the anxiety, the expense of providing the public with amusement in this country has been hitherto, and is still, borne by our acting managers. They at present are the people's favourites, and all have individually a large public following. It was but just to these men to ask them to come into the scheme as honorary members of the institution, in the hope that they would associate themselves with those parts and plays of more than ordinary merit which undoubtedly have a claim to be admitted into the repertory of a National Theatre, and with which they individually were specially identified. The second urgent matter for consideration was the provincial Repertory Theatre. Where is the advantage of a National Theatre in London unless there are existing at least six Repertory Theatres in the provinces which may serve as the training ground for actors and for the experiments of dramatists? Every encouragement, then, should have been given to our leading municipalities to interest themselves in raising money to endow local Repertory Theatres, and the Executive of the London Memorial would be doing more good to the cause of drama by spending the interest of its capital in helping these local theatres to come into existence than by wasting their money in the way they are doing at the present time. It seems, indeed, as if the only hope of a National Theatre becoming a reality lies in the assurance that the capital already raised—some £80,000—shall be set apart for the Endowment Fund, and that only the interest of this capital shall be available for expenditure by the Executive Committee.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

THE "Idle Rich and the Slaves of Industry." These words are ringing in the ears of the Plutocracy of New York and Chicago to-day. Articles are appearing in the leading American magazines and newspapers alluding to the doings of the Idle Rich and their white slaves, and the whole country is being aroused to action. One of the leading millionaires of New York declares, in a printed article, that the awakening of the people means revolution in the near future. And Mr. Townsend Martin ought to know. He is a member of several fashionable clubs, and he is intimate with many of the Idle Rich of New York; he is able to speak with authority.

* * *

It is the greatest theme in America to-day. It puts even politics in the shade. It has all come about recently. There used to be two questions that mattered — politics and business. Were you a Republican or a Democrat? It was a cut-and-dried question which left nothing to details. No one bothered about the future. The millionaires, like the professional politicians, got all they could out of the State and the people. They never worried about the future of the country. In the short space of twenty years a Plutocracy has come into existence the like of which was never known in history, not even in ancient Rome.

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The "grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation, and the women and the children dependent upon them, are not given the opportunities that are their proper birthright in free America; that the Idle Rich have taken upon themselves a power and an arrogance unsurpassed in the industrial history of the world." Americans simply exchanged black slavery for white slavery. They have only now made the discovery.

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"We can no longer," says Mr. Martin, "blind ourselves with idle phrases or drug our consciences with the outworn boast that the working man of America is to-day the highest paid artisan in the world. We know these lying figures well. What we give our workers in wages we take back from them in the higher cost of necessities, in food, in clothing, in medicine, in insurance, in a hundred devious ways all with one tendency—to keep the living margin down." And this is not all. Here is a revelation: "When the nineteenth century closed, Americans worshipped great wealth. It sanctified its possessors; it deified the multi-millionaire. In five years' time America has learned to hate great wealth. Plutocracy is now disgorging. Public opinion is relentless."

* * *

Truer words were never uttered. A few short years ago a New York millionaire was regarded by all the people as a sort of demi-god. The millionaire subsidised the Press, the pulpits, and all the public speakers. He was in everything. His hand was against every man of talent, every man of integrity, every man of progress. He bought them out or froze them out, as the case might be, in the same way as he bought stocks, cotton, or land. He acted with full license, having become tired of American liberty. He had the whole country at his back. He was flattered by sycophants in the Senate and blessed by a hungry horde of hypocrites in the pulpits. He was only a little less than a saint, and far above any hero of modern times. His motor went the fastest, killed more dogs and children than the motors of other men, and the more his petrol stank the more did servile Americans accept the stench as a perfumed blessing in disguise.

The decadence of religion in America began with the rise of the Plutocrat. He controlled all big pulpits in the big cities, all the fashionable congregations; for without the aid of the big churches the Plutocrat would have found himself sadly handicapped at the outset. His first duty, then, was to attend church every Sunday. His next duty was to flatter the minister, then to flatter the congregation, then to throw dust in the eyes of the populace from the church door. He would commune with saints and remain cheek-by-jowl with sinners. He would hold a candle to the devil with one hand, and pass round the contribution-box with the other. In a country supposed to be founded on the principles of Democracy he imposed himself on the city, the State, and the nation, became a social aristocrat and a financial prince. Ignorant of etiquette, he became a paragon of deportment, and, with the manners of a cowboy, he managed to pass in the clubs and drawing-rooms as one who condescended to come down from the clouds and mingle with the unfortunate mortals who only possess one motor, one mansion, and one diamond tiara.

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The wonder is that the American people put up with the plebeian vulgarity of the Plutocrat as long as they did. The dense illiteracy of the typical American Plutocrat is a notorious fact. Then why was he worshipped as something more than common clay? This is a mystery. Anyhow, the simple fact that he was worshipped by the vast majority of the people, and that he is even now regarded with envious eyes by thousands, is enough to prove that the thing called Democracy has not existed in America since Lincoln's day. It is hollow mockery for Americans to use the word except in allusion to the past.

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America is waking, but from what a sordid dream! Never did a great nation assume such a yoke willingly and with so smiling a countenance. Never did a free people become white slaves with so much hand-clapping and joy. Whenever a Plutocrat made his appearance anywhere the people rushed to see him, happy in the simple fact of having fixed their sore eyes on the Mammon god of the time and the moment. The Plutocrat seemed to bless them by his very presence. They would have blacked his boots and washed his feet for the very luck of the thing, for a self-made millionaire was considered a sort of money mascot whose touch would bring health, joy, and fortune. It took a long time for the middle classes and the working people to realise that the worship of the idle and plebeian Plutocrat meant dear meat, dear bread, dear clothes, and high rents. At first they could not understand it. The razzle-dazzle of life in New York became more and more electric every day and every night, but the things on the dinner-table became dearer every day. What could it all mean?

* * *

The people began to think. Then they began to "figure things out." And when they figured they made the discovery that the Plutocrat was living on them. The people were being pinched to give more glory and pleasure to the delightful self-made millionaire and all his family. Cultured people who work hard for a living began to ask questions in the magazines and newspapers. They demanded to know why illiterate millionaires should rule the country. Why, if the nation must be ruled by millionaires, should the people not choose a few rich men of brains and distinction?

* * *

Back of all this decadence and vulgarity lie the United States Senate and the fashionable pulpit. The Plutocrats could have done nothing without the aid of Senators and ministers of religion. These were bought over by one means or another until everything seemed to run smoothly, naturally, with no one to ask questions, with no one to object, because all the law-makers and the moralists seemed to be in complete sympathy with the wealthy. The rich set the pace,

and it became the fashion for the wives of poor clerks and shop assistants to expect and receive presents of costly jewels. How to sparkle and shine on nothing became the one vital problem everywhere. But things were growing dearer, life was becoming more strenuous, and the fun was becoming one-sided. "It is a free country," cried the patriotic Americans. "A man has a right to own all he can." But the farmers were the first to cry out. They began to "kick." Then the working men raised their voices. They are now at the turn when they are making ugly faces as well as crying out in public meetings; while a few of the preachers in the lesser churches are beginning to denounce the reign of the Plutocrat.

* * *

Some of the Plutocrats have now begun to "pay out," but not a moment too soon. A great awakening is at hand. Instead of honour and flattery, the boss millionaires are being covered with obloquy, but, according to Mr. Townsend Martin, no great change may be looked for until some sort of social upheaval occurs, and he seems to expect some such thing before long. He seems to think that Plutocracy has gone too far, that society has become too degenerate for a way out by peaceful and normal means.

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

IT is, perhaps, a fortunate thing for the literary peace that I have only recently come across Mr. John Morgan Richards' "Life of John Oliver Hobbes." I remember that it was received not merely as a pious work (which it is), but as a distinguished record of the life of a distinguished creative artist. But the truth (which no critic dared to state on the appearance of the book) is that Mr. Morgan Richards has accomplished a banal and often unintentionally comic discovery of the ingrained spiritual snobbishness of John Oliver Hobbes. The fact that John Oliver Hobbes is dead, and that she was the daughter of Mr. Morgan Richards, cannot prevent me from stating, with all proper respect for Mr. Richards' private affections, that a most ridiculous importance has been attached to the personality and the achievement of John Oliver Hobbes. For a few brief years she was the *gamine* of English letters, and her little stories were amusing in their amateurishness and their witty irresponsibility. But when she began to take herself seriously she became entirely futile and extraordinarily dull. There is no chance whatever that anything she wrote will live even for twenty years. Her long novels are already unreadable, and their pretentiousness is simply mountainous. Such mild esteem as one may have had for her is practically dissipated by this stout octavo volume in which Mr. Richards, the good Bishop Welldon, and an unnamed worker have collaborated.

* * *

Mr. Richards' biographical sketch is evidently well meant, but it is a most singular production. The flavour can scarcely be communicated by quotation. However, here is a sample. After describing how Mrs. Craigie rented St. Laurence Lodge in the Isle of Wight, Mr. Richards says: "Since her death I have purchased the property, and it is now known as 'Craigie Lodge.'" Here is another: "In the autumn of 1902 Mrs. Craigie was happily able to accept the invitation of Lord and Lady Curzon to visit them at Government House, Calcutta, and to attend the great Durbar at Delhi. . . . She left London for Bombay, viâ Paris, on December 10, and two days later joined the P. and O. ss. 'Arabia' at Marseilles. Nearly all the guests of the Viceroy were travelling by this ship—a very interesting company."

* * *

Some of the details of Mrs. Craigie's literary career are most illuminative. When "The Flute of Pan" met with a hostile reception at the Shaftesbury, Mrs. Craigie, who, according to her own statement, was indifferent to criticism, arranged with Miss Nethersole to give a free performance; 235,000 applications for tickets were received. The newspaper chosen by these ladies to organise the affair was—the "Daily Express." And, again, she wrote thus to the late Moberly Bell: "I wonder if you would think it a great bore and most impertinent if I asked you to mention—in some corner of the 'Times'—that I have disposed of the acting rights of 'A Repentance' for France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia? . . . I would not ask this great favour in my own interest, but the less educated newspapers wrote so strongly against the little piece that it came very hard on the poor theatre," etc. She wrote thus to Mr. George Alexander before the production of "The Ambassador." Should the audience be kind enough to wish to see *me*, my orders (from my Superior) are to take the call, after all. Miss Dairs offered to 'take me forward'—is that the phrase? This would delight me and be charming, but as a young girl she could not, I fear, in etiquette do me the favour. But you will know what is usual." He would. By the way, the account of the telegraphing to get Mrs. Craigie up to London in response to a command from Mr. Alexander (p. 128) is a perfect bit of Mr. Richards' writing.

* * *

Mrs. Craigie's letters are truly remarkable. Mr. Lewis Hind appears to have suffered the most. In particular her division of famous creative artists into the vulgar and the not vulgar takes the cake, and the palm from all competitive letters in the book. It is an educative spectacle, this spectacle of the author of "The Ambassador" and of the letter to Mr. Alexander classing the authors of "Pierre et Jean," "Tristan and Isolde," "On Dover Beach," "Israel in Egypt," "An Inland Voyage," and "The Earthly Paradise," as "vulgar," "very vulgar," "vulgarity itself," and so on. Her praise was as spontaneously offensive as her dispraise. Thus: "Dear Mr. Hardy, I can't express my delight at your gift of the poems. . . . You are the supreme master in Europe. . . . I have not been able to finish reading one novel—if I except a few foreign ones—since 'Jude.' That ranks in my mind with Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.' Its greatness goes beyond literature. . . ." etc. To an unnamed friend, she wrote of a play which succeeded one of her own at a certain theatre: "Now that I have seen the new play, I am appalled at my genius for writing comedy! Never have I seen such repulsive rubbish; never have I been so cheered in my attitude toward posterity. As for 'The Wisdom of the Wise' [her own play], I don't know whether it is good or not. What do you *really* think? I fancy I could improve it, yet it is so *true*." Of "The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," she wrote to Mr. Fisher Unwin: ". . . So far as I can remember rightly I made about £900 out of it. . . . Some of the reviews were quite first-rate. . . . Apart from all this, I am quite sure that it is sound literary property, and will strike a second generation of readers. . . . 'The Gods' represents a great deal of very careful work, thought, and observation. It is all original matter in every sense, and it must therefore hold its own." Quite the right spirit in which to write to a publisher, but the letter would have come better from a literary agent! There are 370 indexed pages of this formidable stuff in the book. And one may comfortably prophesy that the reputation of John Oliver Hobbes is interred therein beyond any hope of resurrection. If I said that it had pained me to make the above comments, I should be telling a lie.


Alice
June. 1911.

An Ethiopian Saga.

By Richmond Haigh.

CHAPTER V.

Now it had happened with Koloani, the Chief of Moali, in this wise. When the speaking was finished and the Council at an end, Koloani the Chief had gone straight to his own house, and had lain down upon his bed. And Koloani considered again with himself all that which had been spoken at the Council. And behold! again before him a Vision appeared of a sudden and violent rising of waters which rushed towards him, so that he started up from his bed. And Koloani the Chief was restless and ill at ease, and paced in his house back and forth. And he sent one to call Jamba, the son of Bama the Warrior, and Jamba came quickly to the Chief. Then said Koloani, "Speak, Son of the Fighting Blood, and say didst thou observe nought else of stir or preparation at the village of Nilisetsi which thou hadst perchance forgotten?"

And Jamba said, "O Chief, nought else did I see or hear save that only which I have spoken to the Council. This only, Great One, that the girls dallied not at the drawing of water as is their way, but rather hastened as if one had said to them 'Lose no time.'"

Now at this word, even at this small saying of the young man Jamba, Koloani the Chief began again to pace in the room quickly back and forth.

Then Koloani said, "Return now, Jamba, to thy bed and sleep and let nought disturb thee."

But Jamba said, "May I not sleep across the entrance to thy house, my Father? For in my hut I feel restless and confined, and the air is heavy to me as the brooding before a storm."

And this saying, again, of the young man Jamba fell heavily upon the ears of the Chief. And Koloani said, "Nay, Jamba, but tarry here while I go to Bama, thy father, for I would speak with the Warrior, and will return again."

The Chief went out, and Jamba, the son of Bama, laid himself upon the floor of the house to rest him.

When Koloani the Chief came to the Sabolo of Bama it was deep into the night, and the village slept. Koloani went to the door of Bama's hut and touched it, and immediately one sprang up inside and grasped his spears and called, saying "Who is there?"

And the Chief said, "It is I, thou ever-wakeful one —Koloani—and I must speak with thee again, even if thou sayest that ants are in my brain, for I cannot rest."

And Bama the Warrior came out into the court before his hut and said, "Nay, my Lord! for art thou not of the Blood of Chiefs and a Leader of men? See"—and Bama, Hero of many fights, pointed with his spear before him and around—"thy people sleep in peace, for they know that Koloani is as an Eagle watching from a great height, and is not one to be deceived." And Bama had his spear and his club with him.

And Koloani the Chief said, "May it be so, Bama! And even as the eagle when the hunters are about, is restless on his rock, looking ever to this side and that, and, seeing nothing, is yet the more alarmed for that he knows not from which side, nor how soon, the attack will come, so it is with me this night. Jamba, thy son, is in my house, for I sent for him, and have spoken with him again on the word which he brought us this day. And I bade him wait in my house until I had seen thee and returned; for the youth also is ill at ease in that he rested this day at Nilisetsi, the place of Kundu, and the Evil Spirit of that place disturbs him so that he cannot sleep. Now, Bama, Man of Might and Wisdom, hear me. A restless bed is for a sick man only! Late though the hour, it is in my mind to visit my Uncle Chuaani and to talk with him upon these things which concern us. The night will soon turn, and before the break of day, going quickly, as is my humour, we will be at his village, Tlapakun, the place of Black Rocks. It is my purpose to take the youth Jamba, thy son, with me; it will be a delight to him, and for me, company. Do thou and Manok in the morning even as the Council decided, and I will return again at noon. Now remain thou in peace, for I go."

And Bama the Warrior said, "I have heard, Koloani, Father of the people. Chuaani the Hairy One will be pleased at thy visit and will put greater Will into these things we must do. And the boy, Jamba, is sprightly and of good courage, and may be of use to attend thee on the way. Let me go with thee to without the village, and I will return, and to-morrow it will be done even as we have said."

CHAPTER VI.

Koloani the Chief returned to his house with Bama the Warrior, and they found there Jamba and with him Gutambi the Hunter, who was not a man of Moali, but a Visitor who slept in the sabolo of the Chief. And Gutambi the Hunter and Bama the Warrior were as brothers, and they loved each other. Now Jamba felt happy and proud when he heard what was in the mind of the Chief to do. And they set forth immediately. And Gutambi the Hunter, also taking his spear, accompanied them without the village.

When Bama the Warrior and Gutambi the Hunter had gone with the Chief a little way along the road, they bade him farewell and returned to the Village; and Bama asked Gutambi the Hunter to go with him and sleep in his hut.

Now Bokalobi the General with his chosen men had passed in before them on the main entrance to the village, and Bama and Gutambi knew it not; yet before they came to his Sabolo Bama the Warrior felt a strangeness, and grasped his club and spear and spoke to Gutambi.

And then there was a movement about the place, and the dogs barked. Then a woman shrieked. And Bama ran, and when he came to his Sabolo he moved along in the greater darkness of the wall, and Gutambi followed closely upon him. And when Bama came to the hut of Touga, his firstborn, lo! there stood five before the hut, and one whose voice was as the voice of Bokalobi, the General of Kundu the Chief, spake, saying, "Touga lies here; what of Bama?"

And at these words Bama the Warrior, Man of Mighty Heart, sprang forward, and Gutambi the Hunter sprang forward with him, against the five. And it has been told what happened at that Bloody Fight.

But Koloani knew none of these things.

CHAPTER VII.

So Koloani the Chief and Jamba, the son of Bama the Warrior, went on their way quickly; and before the day broke they came into Tlapakun, the Place of Black Rock, which was the village of Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani. And Koloani and Jamba entered by the main gate into the sabolo of Chuaani the Hairy One. And Jamba called one forth and said, "Make known, I pray thee, to Chuaani the Head of the Village that Koloani the Chief is here to visit him." And it was done so. In a moment Chuaani the Hairy One came out of his hut and greeted the Chief Koloani. He was greatly surprised at the sudden visit and that that Chief had come all unattended save only by Jamba, the son of Bama, yet a young man. And Chuaani the uncle of Koloani, entreated the Chief that he would enter into his hut and rest. Chuaani, though of an age with Koloani, yet was the brother of Koloani's mother; and he was a hairy man, and therefore called Chuaani, which in that language means baboon, and he had, in the eye of the stranger, such an appearance.

And Koloani said, "I am tired and will rest even as thou sayest, my good uncle. There is that of importance on which I must talk with thee, but now the night air presses on my eyelids, and I will sleep for a little while. At the rising of the Sun call, I pray thee, thy Old Men and Councillors together at

the Place of Meeting, and when all is ready let not thought for my rest hinder thee, but call me straightway. And thou, Jamba, good youth, art tired also, for thou hast travelled far this day and night. Take now thy blanket until I send for thee again."

And Koloani the Chief entered into the hut of Chuaani, his uncle, and slept.

So, at the rising of the sun, Chuaani the Hairy One made round of the sabolos of his Old Men and Councillors and spoke with each, saying "Koloani the Chief is here and has that to say which is of great concern, and would hold council with us now; come then, I pray thee, to the Mochabato (the Place of Council), when thou art ready." And Chuaani returned to the Mochabato.

Now when those who had been called had all arrived, Chuaani went again to his hut and entered, and spoke to Koloani the Chief, and awoke him and said, "Be not displeased, for it is as thou commanded me, O Chief. And now the Old Men and Councillors are come to the Mochabato to hear thy word."

And Koloani the Chief arose and said, "It is well, mine uncle! and though my sinews yet are strung, the sleep has cooled my brain. Have water brought, I pray thee, for the dews of night are still upon mine eyelids." And Chuaani brought the water in a bowl with his own hands. And Koloani the Chief came out into the courtyard before the hut, and when he had washed he drew himself up and looked upon the face of the Sun and drew a deep breath. Then he turned and looked towards his own village of Moali. And when he had stood for a moment thus he beckoned to Chuaani the Hairy One, and they passed out to the Place of Council.

Now the day was fair and beautiful, and Peace was in the song of the birds upon the trees and in the lowing of the cattle and in the voice of the women and the children as they came forth from their huts. And Koloani the Chief thought upon the simple words of Jamba, the son of Bama, which he had brought unto them. And he thought surely a Hare has rustled the grass and we are preparing for a Lion. Yet has the rustling been of good service if it has prepared the hunter to meet even a Lion. And the Chief considered with himself what he should say to the Council.

But for Koloani the Chief this day was to be the day of his greatest Grief, and his head would be bowed in the sorrow of a broken heart because of that which had happened, but the Chief knew not yet of this happening.

CHAPTER VIII.

And Koloani, when he had come to the Mochabato, the Place of the Council, with Chuaani, and had received their greeting, spake unto the Council, unto the Old Men and Councillors, and told them of those things which had been spoken at his chief village at Moali.

And Koloani said, "The Spirits of our Fathers which have gone before us are troubled, and their warnings are in our ears. Even as it is with the wild game which, while yet the storm is afar and cannot be seen, is warned of its approach and takes heed for itself how it shall meet it. The meeting of the Warriors and the Young men at Moali will be a sign to those who would come against us that we have read the feeling of their hearts towards us and are not unmindful of these things."

Now it happened that Chuaani and his Old Men and Councillors were not amazed at these sayings of the Chief Koloani, nor were they surprised. But they looked at each other, and there were noddings of the head.

And Chuaani the Hairy One spoke to the Chief and said, "Thy words, Koloani, born in Wisdom, are as seed fallen on prepared ground, which take root immediately, for even yesterday we were met together to discuss this thing, and it happened in this wise: Makalokolo, as thou knowest, Chief, has fame throughout the Land as a man of deep learning and wisdom, to whom the Spirits of our Fathers speak as amongst themselves; so that when, in passing on a journey two days since, he appeared in our midst, we made haste to welcome him, and so entreated him that he stayed with us the night to sleep. Now, while in the evening we sat together talking of many things, it chanced that Makalokolo looked towards Tabandini, the rugged hills, and lo! the Horns of the Young Moon, whose sign is in trouble, appeared to clasp the point of the highest rock above Moali, thy House, O Chief! And when the Learned Man looked earnestly, we all looked and saw this sign, but could not read it. Then Makalokolo brought forth his pouch, of the skin of the bush-buck, and opened it and threw out upon the ground before him his Charms and Letters—the chosen knuckles and bones of animals; strange stones; teeth, shells, and rare pieces of wood to which the power has been given, and of deep meaning to the learned. And Makalokolo said not a word, but looked long upon his Charms; upon the way they had fallen at his first throwing out. Then took he two of the Charms from the others and placed them, as they had fallen, apart; and the one was a large, flat knuckle-bone as of an animal of strength, and the other was a smooth-pointed stone of two colours. And Makalokolo gathered up the other Charms and Letters, every one of them, into his two hands. His eyes were open, but he looked not upon us, neither saw he us, but That he saw was in his mind. And he spoke rapidly many words, and chanted; but the meaning of his words we knew not, for many were in a strange tongue. And when he had finished he threw up his hands, and the charms and cunning bones fell before him again. And now, as before, the Man of Wisdom looked long and earnestly upon the manner in which they had fallen and the placing of them. Then he took the two which he had put apart and stood them again in their places as they had fallen at the first throwing, that he might know the message which had been sent to him. And now Makalokolo moved his hands over the Charms, and some he moved slightly and some he put away as being of no meaning. And he took two shells which were from the great Salt Water and stood them aright, and he moved a piece of hard black wood, and underneath it lay the tooth of a serpent. And when he had sat for awhile the face of Makalokolo grew dark and he was troubled, and he spoke, but his eyes moved not from the ground before him. And these are the words he said: 'Chuaani! we have eaten from one bowl and drunk from one cup, and thy people have been kind to me, so that my heart is with thee and thy house. Now therefore hearken, and treat not my words lightly. The heavens are full of signs to him whose eyes are open, and from the moon learn we many things. And the great Spirits of our Fathers watch ever over the people, to guard them from the Pit and from the Serpent. But to few is it given to read the Signs aright. If a snake crosses your path ye will turn back; and if a bee pass on before, ye take it as a happy omen for your journey. But such as these are as language which cometh to the babe unsought; by study and deep thought is little known to the people. And ye, Old Men and Wise in Council, what read ye in the young moon this night? Was there naught of sign concerning ye when, as ye looked, the angry horns rested on Tabandini? Now listen and interpret for yourselves, for I know not the Concerns of your People, neither can I put the meaning upon what is shown. I see a roused Wolf, and he is alone, for there is nothing stands against him. I see discomfort amongst the White Men in the land.' And Makalokolo touched again the shells from the sea which he had stood aright. 'This that crosses the path of the Wolf is half black and half white; read it ye who can. Also do I see a cloud through which, it seems, the danger cannot pierce. There is, my brothers, confusion in all; but because I know not the concerns of your people, the smaller signs are dark to my eyes.' And Makalokolo gathered up his Charms and Symbols into his pouch again; and when he had risen he said, 'The prickly pear has thorns, but he who has the

will eats of the fruit.' And then, Koloani, Child of the Great, we would have asked the Wise Man further, but because he was a stranger with us he would not. And after we had spoken of many other things we went each to his own hut to consider with ourselves what might be the Meaning of the Signs brought before us. And yesterday, Chief, as I have said, we held council together, and we turned not to any other thing from sunrise until dark, for Makalokolo, our guest, had left in the early morn. And from our reasoning together, Koloani, Chief of Thy House, we decided that certain of us should even this day visit thee at Moali and lay before thee also the word of Makalokolo the Wizard and that which he had done."

CHAPTER IX.

Now when Chuaani the Hairy One had finished speaking, Koloani the Chief sprang to his feet and was excited, and raised his arm and said, "Now surely are our Fathers greatly concerned for us. The waters rise quickly, and we sit here, as women, to talk. Chuaani and ye, my brothers, ye have already spoken on this thing, and ye have heard my words. The Sun is high over the hills, and the Messenger from my Council at Moali will be close at hand to call ye to arms. Wait not for him; send forth your summons now to your warriors and to your young men that they prepare themselves quickly; it is my word. And I will return to Moali and make that village ready, and take council with Manok and with Bamba the Warrior what our action shall be. Farewell, my brothers. Nay, hinder me not, for already I see the dancing Plumes and the flashing of Spears."

Koloani the Chief had spoken these words, and even while speaking had taken meat in his hand and bread for the road to return at once to his House, when, of a sudden, there was a commotion in the Gate. And Koloani the Chief said, "It is surely the messenger from Moali, but what means this noise?"

And in a moment there appeared in the Mochabato, in the Place of Council, one in great distress, whose face was made white with clay, beating his breast and calling "Woe! woe! arise! revenge! woe! woe!" And the people followed after him and gathered together about the Place of Council.

Now when he who ran in this wise had come into the midst of the Mochabato and saw Koloani, the Chief, he stood forth a moment; then, crying aloud, he cast himself down before the Chief. And Koloani saw the man that he was from Moali, and the Heart of the Chief sank within him; and he gave orders, and the people returned again to their places and to their work.

And when the people had gone away, Koloani the Chief sat down; and Chuaani the Hairy One and his Old Men and Councillors sat down also in their places. Then Koloani the Chief spoke gruffly, and said to him on the ground, "Speak, and speak quickly, Man of Ours! One minds not the sharp and sudden stab, but the slow cutting of a knike is torture. What is thy news?"

And he who had come crying woe raised himself and stood before the Chief. And because of the words of Koloani he thought not further on how he should begin, but said, "The Enemy came in the night, and has slain the Greatest amongst us, O Chief. Manok, old and wise, is dead, and all his house with him. Bama the Warrior is slain with his sons, and Gutambi the Mighty Hunter lies before his hut. At thy sabolo, Mighty Chief, only the women are left to mourn, for the Evil Ones looked not upon the youth and innocence of thy sons, but slew them also. Woe, woe!"

And with eyes cast down, not daring to look upon the face of the Chief, the man told of all those Great Ones who had been slain in the night. Of the men who were killed and the young men slain in the night the number was eighty and seven. And these were the First Men of the Land. And he said, "The people mourn also for thee, O Chief, for they say 'Koloani, our Father, is slain also, and the Evil Ones have carried him away.'" And he said, "Thy people lie in the dust and moan, O Chief, and there is none to lead them."

Now, of the Old Men and Councillors in the Mochabato there was not one who raised his head. They lay upon the ground and beat their foreheads upon the ground and took dust in their hands and placed it on their heads. And Chuaani also, the Hairy One, threw dust upon his head. The Chief, Koloani, moved not; but he had grown very small, and it was as if the blow was too great for him. Only at the last words of the man Koloani the Chief raised his head, and like unto a very old man he stood upon his feet.

And the voice of the Chief was choked in his throat. But now he stretched his arms and stood upright and spoke unto Chuaani and to the others, and said, "Arise, my brothers! there is work to do. Look not yet to me, for my eyes see not before me, but behind. Manok, faithful and wise, Bama, my right arm, strong and true, and my children also, my sons—all gone."

And the Chief turned suddenly upon the Messenger, and his eyes flashed like bright spears, and he grasped the man and shook him, and the fury was upon him, and the Chief spake hoarsely. "Liar! Liar! It is not true. Speak! it is false. Whence come you? Who are you? Speak!" And those who were there feared for the man's life in the hands of the Chief. But now Koloani drew back and the man sank upon the ground and said, "Alas, O Chief! it is true. I am thy servant Rassa, the son of Kolo, who dresses hides; and at daybreak Kolo, my father, and others who are men of years came together, and when it was seen that the Evil Ones had gone, Messengers were sent out to all the villages to tell what had happened and to call the people together before the Enemy might return again. And my words were to Chuaani and the people of this village."

(To be continued.)

Pension Sketches.

The Modern Soul.

By Katherine Mansfield.

"GOOD evening," said the Herr Professor, squeezing my hand; "wonderful weather! I have just returned from a party in the wood. I have been making music for them the entire afternoon on my trombone. You know, these pine trees provide most suitable accompaniment for a trombone; they are sighing delicacy against sustained strength, as I remarked once in a lecture on wind instruments in Frankfort. May I be permitted to sit beside you on this bench, gnadige frau?

He sat down, tugging at a white paper package in the tail pocket of his coat.

"Cherries," he said, nodding and smiling. "There is nothing like cherries for producing free saliva after trombone playing, especially after Grieg's 'Ich Liebe Dich.' Those sustained blasts on 'liebe' make my throat as dry as a railway tunnel. Have some?" He shook the bag at me.

"I prefer watching you eat them."

"Ah, ha!" He crossed his legs, sticking the cherry bag between his knees to leave both hands free. "Psychologically I understand your refusal. It is your innate feminine delicacy in preferring etherealised sensations. . . . Or perhaps you do not care to eat the worms? All cherries contain worms. Once I made a very interesting experiment with a colleague of mine at the university. We bit into four pounds of the best cherries and did not find one specimen without a worm. But what would you? As I remarked to him afterwards —dear friend, it amounts to this: if one wishes to satisfy the desires of nature, one must be strong enough to ignore the facts of nature. . . . The conversation is not out of your depth? I have so seldom the time or

opportunity to open my heart to a woman that I am apt to forget."

I looked at him brightly.

"See, what a fat one!" cried the Herr Professor. "That is almost a mouthful in itself; it is beautiful enough to hang from a watch-chain." He chewed it up and spat the stone an incredible distance—over the garden path into the flower bed. He was proud of the feat. I saw it. "The quantity of fruit I have eaten on this bench," he sighed, "apricots, peaches, and cherries. One day that garden bed will become an orchard grove, and I shall allow you to pick as much as you please, without paying me anything."

I was grateful, without showing undue excitement.

"Which reminds me"—he hit the side of his nose with one finger—"the manager of the Pension handed me my weekly bill after dinner this evening. It is almost impossible to credit. I do not expect you to believe me—he has charged me extra for a miserable little glass of milk I drink in bed at night to prevent insomnia. Naturally, I did not pay. But the tragedy of the story is this: I cannot expect the milk to produce somnolence any longer. My peaceful attitude of mind towards it is completely destroyed. I know I shall throw myself into a fever in attempting to plumb this want of generosity in so wealthy a man as the manager of a pension. Think of me to-night"—he ground the empty bag under his heel—"think that the worst is happening to me as your head drops asleep on your pillow."

Two ladies came on the front steps of the pension and stood, arm in arm, looking over the garden. The one, old and scraggy, dressed almost entirely in black bead trimming and a satin reticule; the other, young and thin, in a white gown, her yellow hair tastefully garnished with mauve sweet peas.

The Professor drew in his feet and sat up sharply, pulling down his waistcoat.

"The Godowskas," he murmured. "Do you know them? A mother and daughter from Vienna. The mother has an internal complaint and the daughter is an actress. Fraulein Sonia is a very modern soul. I think you would find her most sympathetic. She is forced to be in attendance on her mother just now. But what a temperament! I have once described her in her autograph album as a tigress with a flower in the hair. Will you excuse me? Perhaps I can persuade them to be introduced to you."

I said, "I am going up to my room." But the Professor rose and shook a playful finger at me. "Na," he said, "we are friends, and, therefore, I shall speak quite frankly to you. I think they would consider it a little 'marked' if you immediately retired to the house at their approach, after sitting here alone with me in the twilight. You know this world. Yes, you know it as I do."

I shrugged my shoulder, remarking "with one eye" that while the Professor had been talking the Godowskas had trailed across the lawn towards us. They confronted the Herr Professor as he stood up.

"Good evening," quavered Frau Godowska. "Wonderful weather! It has given me quite a touch of hay fever!" Fraulein Godowska said nothing. She swooped over a rose growing in the embryo orchard, then stretched out her hand with a magnificent gesture to the Herr Professor. He presented me.

"This is my little English friend of whom I have spoken. She is the stranger in our midst. We have been eating cherries together."

"How delightful," sighed Frau Godowska. "My daughter and I have often observed you through the bedroom window. Haven't we, Sonia?"

Sonia absorbed my outward and visible form with an inward and spiritual glance, then repeated the magnificent gesture for my benefit. The four of us sat on the bench, with that faint air of excitement of passengers established in a railway carriage on the qui vive for the train whistle. Frau Godowska sneezed. "I wonder if it is hay fever," she remarked, worrying the satin reticule for her handkerchief, "or would it be the dew. Sonia, dear, is the dew falling?"

Fraulein Sonia raised her face to the sky, and half closed her eyes. "No, mamma, my face is quite warm. Oh, look, Herr Professor, there are swallows in flight; they are like a little flock of Japanese thoughts—nicht wahr?"

"Where," cried the Herr Professor. "Oh, yes, I see, by the kitchen chimney. But why do you say 'Japanese?' could you not compare them with equal veracity to a little flock of German thoughts in flight?" He rounded on me, "Have you swallows in England?"

"I believe there are some at certain seasons. But doubtless they have not the same symbolical value for the English. In Germany. . . ."

"I have never been to England," interrupted Fraulein Sonia, "but I have many English acquaintances. They are so cold!" She shivered.

"Fish blooded," snapped Frau Godowska. "Without soul, without heart, without grace. But you cannot equal their dress materials. I spent a week in Brighton twenty years ago, and the travelling cape I bought there is not yet worn out—the one you wrap the hot-water bottle in, Sonia. My lamented husband, your father, Sonia, knew a great deal about England. But the more he knew about it the oftener he remarked to me, 'England is merely an island of beef flesh swimming in a warm gulf sea of gravy.' Such a brilliant way of putting things. Do you remember, Sonia?"

"I forget nothing, mamma," answered Sonia.

Said the Herr Professor: "That is the proof of your calling, gnädiges Fraülein. Now I wonder—and this is a very interesting speculation—is memory a blessing or—excuse the word—a curse?"

Frau Godowska looked into the distance, then the corners of her mouth drooped and her skin puckered. She began to shed tears.

"Ach Gott! Gracious lady, what have I said!" exclaimed the Herr Professor.

Sonia took her mother's hand. "Do you know," she said, "to-night it is stewed carrots and nut tart for supper. Suppose we go in and take our places," her sidelong, tragic stare accusing the Professor and me the while.

I followed them across the lawn and up the steps. Frau Godowska was murmuring "Such a wonderful, beloved man"; with her disengaged hand Fraulein Sonia was arranging the sweet pea "garniture."

. . . . . .

"A concert for the benefit of afflicted Catholic infants will take place in the salon at 8.30 p.m. Artists: Fraulein Sonia Godowska, from Vienna; Herr Professor Windberg and his trombone; Frau Ober Lehrer Weidel, and others."

This notice was tied round the neck of the melancholy stag's head in the dining-room. It graced him like a red and white "dinner bib" for days before the event, causing the Herr Professor to bow before it and say "good appetite," until we sickened of his pleasantry and left the smiling to be done by the waiter, who was paid to be pleasing to the guests.

On the appointed day the married ladies sailed about the pension dressed like upholstered chairs, and the unmarried ladies like draped muslin dressing-table covers. Frau Godowska pinned a rose in the centre of her reticule, another blossom tucked in the mazy folds of a white antimacassar thrown across her breast. The gentlemen wore black coats, white silk ties and ferny buttonholes tickling the chin.

The floor of the salon was freshly polished, chairs and benches arranged, and a row of little flags strung across the ceiling—they flew and jigged in the draught with all the enthusiasm of family washing. It was arranged that I should sit beside Frau Godowska, and that the Herr Professor and Sonia should join us when their share of the concert was over.

"That will make you feel quite like one of the performers," said the Herr Professor, genially. "It is a great pity that the English nation is so unmusical. Never mind! To-night you shall hear something—we have discovered a nest of talent during the rehearsals."

"What do you intend to recite, Fraulein Sonia?"

She shook back her hair. "I never know until the last moment. When I come on the stage I wait for one moment and then I have the sensation as though something struck me here"—she placed her hand upon her collar brooch—"and . . . words come!"

"Bend down a moment," whispered her mother, "Sonia, love, your skirt safety pin is showing at the back. Shall I come outside and fasten it properly for you, or will you do it yourself?"

"O, mamma, please don't say such things." Sonia flushed and grew very angry. "You know how sensitive I am to the slightest unsympathetic impression at a time like this. . . . I would rather my skirt dropped off my body. . . ."

"Sonia—my heart!"

A bell tinkled.

The waiter came in and opened the piano. In the heated excitement of the moment he entirely forgot what was fitting, and flicked the keys with the grimy table napkin he carried over his arm. The Frau Ober Lehrer tripped on the platform followed by a very young gentleman, who blew his nose twice before he hurled his handkerchief into the bosom of the piano.

"Yes, I know you have no love for me,
And no forget-me-not.
No love, no heart, and no forget-me-not."

sang the Frau Ober Lehrer, in a voice that seemed to issue from her forgotten thimble and have nothing to do with her.

"Ach, how sweet, how delicate," we cried, clapping her, soothingly. She bowed as though to say, "Yes, isn't it," and retired, the very young gentleman dodging her train and scowling.

The piano was closed, an armchair was placed in the centre of the platform. Fraulein Sonia drifted towards it. A breathless pause. Then, presumably, the winged shaft struck her collar brooch. She implored us not to go into the woods in trained dresses, but rather as lightly draped as possible, and bed with her among the pine needles. Her loud, slightly harsh voice filled the salon. She drooped her arms over the back of the chair moving her lean hands from the wrists. We were thrilled and silent. The Herr Professor, beside me, abnormally serious, his eyes bulging, pulled at his moustache ends. Frau Godowska adopted that peculiarly detached attitude of the proud parent. The only soul who remained untouched by her appeal was the waiter, who leaned idly against the wall of the salon and cleaned his nails with the edge of a programme. He was "off duty" and intended to show it.

"What did I say," shouted the Herr Professor under cover of tumultuous applause, "tem-per-a-ment! There you have it. She is a flame in the heart of a lily. I know I am going to play well. It is my turn now. I am inspired. Fraulein Sonia"—as that lady returned to us, pale and draped in a large shawl—"you are my inspiration. To-night you shall be the soul of my trombone. Wait only."

To right and left of us people bent over and whispered admiration down Fraulein Sonia's neck. She bowed in the grand style.

"I am always successful," she said to me. "You see when I act *I am*. In Vienna, in the plays of Ibsen we had so many bouquets that the cook had three in the kitchen. But it is difficult here. There is so little magic. Do you not feel it? There is none of that mysterious perfume which floats almost as a visible thing from the souls of the Viennese audiences. My spirit starves for want of that." She leaned forward, chin on hand. "Starves," she repeated.

The Professor appeared with his trombone, blew into it, held it up to one eye, tucked back his shirt cuffs and wallowed in the soul of Sonia Godowska. Such a sensation did he create, he was recalled to play a Bavarian dance, which he acknowledged was to be taken as a breathing exercise rather than an artistic achievement. Frau Godowska kept time to it with a fan.

Followed the very young gentleman who piped in a tenor voice that he loved somebody, "with blood in his heart and a thousand pains." Fraulein Sonia acted a poison scene with the assistance of her mother's pill vial and the armchair replaced by a "chaise longe"; a young girl scratched a lullaby on a young fiddle; and the Herr Professor performed the last sacrificial rites on the altar of the afflicted children by playing the National Anthem.

"Now I must put mamma to bed," whispered Fraulein Sonia. "But afterwards I must take a walk. It is imperative that I free my spirit in the open air for a moment. Would you come with me, as far as the railway station and back?"

"Very well, then, knock on my door when you're ready."

Thus the modern soul and I found ourselves together under the stars.

"What a night!" she said. "Do you know that poem of Sappho about her hand in the stars. . . . I am curiously sapphic. And this is so remarkable—not only am I sapphic, I find in all the works of all the greatest writers, especially in their unedited letters, some touchsome sign of myself. Some resemblance, some part of myself. Like a thousand reflections of my own hands in a dark mirror."

"But what a bother," said I.

"I do not know what you mean by 'bother'; it is rather the curse of my genius. . . ." She paused suddenly, staring at me. "Do you know my tragedy?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"My tragedy is my mother. Living with her I live with the coffin of my unborn aspirations. You heard that about the safety-pin to-night. It may seem to you a little thing, but it ruined my three first gestures. They were. . . ."

"Impaled on a safety pin," I suggested.

"Yes, exactly that. And when we are in Vienna I am the victim of moods, you know. I long to do wild, passionate things. And mamma says 'Please pour out my mixture first.' Once I remember I flew into a rage and threw a washstand jug out of the window. Do you know what she said? 'Sonia, it is not so much throwing things out of windows, if only you would'. . . ."

"Choose something smaller?" said I.

"No . . . 'tell me about it beforehand.' Humiliating! And I do not see any possible light out of this darkness."

"Why don't you join a touring company and leave your mother in Vienna?"

"What! Leave my poor, little, sick, widowed mother in Vienna! Sooner than that I would drown myself. I love my mother as I love nobody else in the world—nobody any nothing! Do you think it is impossible to love one's tragedy? 'Out of my great sorrows I make my little songs,' that is Heine or myself."

"Oh, well, that's all right," I said cheerfully.

"But it is not all right!"

I suggested we should turn back. We turned.

"Sometimes I think the solution lies in marriage," said Fraulein Sonia. "If I find a simple, peaceful man who adores me and will look after mamma—a man who would be for me a pillow—for genius cannot hope to mate—I shall marry him. . . . You know the Herr Professor has paid me very marked attentions."

"Oh, Fraulein Sonia," I said, very pleased with myself, "why not marry him to your mother?" We were passing the hairdresser's shop at the moment. Fraulein Sonia clutched my arm.

"You, you," she stammered. "The cruelty. I am going to faint. Mamma to marry again before I marry—the indignity. I am going to faint here and now."

I was frightened. "You can't," I said, shaking her. "Come back to the pension and faint as much as you please. But you can't faint here. All the shops are closed. There is nobody about. Please don't be so foolish."

"Here and here only!" She indicated the exact spot and dropped quite beautifully, lying motionless.

"Very well," I said, "faint away; but please hurry over it."

She did not move. I began to walk home, but each time I looked behind me I saw the dark form of the modern soul prone before the hairdresser's window. Finally I ran, and rooted out the Herr Professor from his room. "Fraulein Sonia has fainted," I said, crossly.

"Der lieber Gott! Where? How?"

"Outside the hairdresser's shop in the Station Road."

"Jesus and Maria! Has she no water with her?" —he seized his carafe—"nobody beside her?"

"Nothing."

"Where is my coat—no matter. I shall catch a cold on the chest. Willingly, I shall catch one. . . . You are ready to come with me?"

"No," I said, "you can take the waiter."

"But she must have a woman. I cannot be so indelicate as to attempt to loosen her stays."

"Modern souls oughtn't to wear them," said I. He pushed past me and clattered down the stairs.

. . . . . .

When I came down to breakfast next morning there were two places vacant at table. Fraulein Sonia and the Herr Professor had gone off for a day's excursion in the woods.

I wondered.

The Crisis in the Theatre in Paris.

By Huntly Carter.

An instructive comparison may be made between the crisis of the theatre in London and that of the theatre in Paris. Both theatres afford striking examples of the effect of modern dramatic eccentricity and of movements peculiarly their own. Both alike have been invaded by realism, have been asked to express the diseases of life, have failed because the ugly phraseology of realism was not their own, and in failing have practically ceased to exist.

* * *

They differed in this: The French theatre, like the French public, possesses strong artistic tendencies, whereas the English theatre, like the English public, possesses none. The former are ever groping towards artistic light, they sentimentalise out in art; the latter grope toward and revel in inartistic darkness; they maunder out in sheer stupidity. The French theatre was therefore bound to find salvation in art, while the English theatre, with nothing to carry it beyond realism, was doomed to become a hopeless wreck. So to-day, though the theatre in Paris is dead, it reveals signs of an artistic re-birth; whereas the theatre in London is dead without signs of resurrection. Both theatres await the coming of the dramatist of the symbolic drama. But Paris is prepared to receive him; London is not. This difference has largely prevailed since the beginning of the new dramatic movement in both countries. In Paris a balance has been maintained between realism and art; in London there has been mainly realism.

* * *

Twenty years ago Paris was invited to the bewildering spectacle of a sudden activity in the theatre. At this moment Le Théâtre Libre is born; Antoine springs into existence as one transfigured in the light of an apostle of the new spirit in the theatre, foreshadowing the new acting. His activities are phenomenal. He makes his call over a wide literary field, and writers like Tolstoi, Zola, Lavedan, Paul Marguerite, the Goncourts, respond. Side by side with Antoine inaugurating a new art of acting comes Henri Rivière inventing a new decoration and seeking to reform mechanical appliances. He is followed by Paul Fort, with his theatre of art dedicated to the poets and open to the world, equally to Shelley, Maeterlinck, Verlaine, and Charles Van Lerberghe, and served by such artists as Maurice Denis, Vuillard, and Bonnard, thus aiming to establish a kind of entente cordiale de théâtre. Then comes Lugné-Poë, another high priest of the artistic drama, and "L'Œuvre" is founded. So for ten years goes on the attempt to realise Wagner's dream of a fusion of the three forms of art, colour, movement, sound. It continues, to the accompaniment of the blame and praise of critics, cracked and sound.

* * *

Meanwhile a new dramaturgy was developing elsewhere. In Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, and Germany the Idea had become paramount, initiating a change of motives, a different technique, and introducing an atmosphere hitherto foreign to the theatre. Paris la Ville-Lumière, the centre of intellectual civilisation, was not long in seizing and applying the strange theories, and philosophical discursions and discussions and plays without action became the fashion. Thus it repeated the common story of the attempt to actualise life and to defraud the theatre of its birthright of illusion. Its band of realists, headed by Brieux, Bernstein, Donnay, and Porto-Riche, invaded the theatre and, under the cloak of disillusion, preached the hopeless gospel of opportunism, confirmed pessimism, contracted egoism, sophistry and what not. In the spirit of humanity they strewed the stage with social disease, neuropaths, neurotics, neurasthenics, devoted their lives and talents to the exploitation of the physical and hysterical. In the pursuit of truth they expressed the commonplace and the common-herd, like Strauss, who can find no more exalted theme than the events in a day of domestic life, utilising his highly developed technique to express the squalling of an infant or the falling of soot.

* * *

Nietzsche says somewhere men should go beyond themselves. These men do not go beyond themselves. Prostituting their fine energies in the attempt to express a gross travesty of so-called real life, they have never gone beyond their audience. In their savage outbursts against the hollowness of individuals and society, in their protest against the dull density and Philistinism of the human mind they have simply written to please the mob—those sensation-mongers that delight in ravings and ask to be shown society extended in the Morgue. They have never adopted the spirit of detachment of those who write it to please themselves—the spirit which alone permits the writer to be himself and yet to go beyond himself. Such a spirit is manifest in the work of Ibsen.

* * *

Though pessimism is not a new thing in French drama and literature, the new side of pessimism was not likely to prevail with a race given on the whole to a light-hearted and light-minded optimism, and accustomed to demand light and air. Its creed had one serious defect from the point of view of a Frenchman—monotony and melancholy. Monotony is the most melancholy thing in the world to a Frenchman.

* * *

Monotony has hastened the end of realism, and to-day the attempt to decorate the theatre with a shield bearing a weird device of whelk shells and shallows, of fallen fig leaves and devil gules, as though tracing its descent from Monsieur le Teufel and the Fall, is regarded as amusing but negligible. The cultured Frenchman is in revolt against the sombre and single conception of life. He begins to recognise that the theatre has a finer purpose than the representation of empty sadness. He even recognises that it should be put to the nobler uses already indicated in these columns. In his view the dramatist of still-life must go, and be replaced by the dramatist of the evolving soul. He asks for the author with the apostolic mission who shall voice the great eternal harmonies, for a temple wherein they shall be fully expressed.

* * *

If he desires to put an end to the overminting of dross, he is fortunately in a position to do so. For, as I have said, Paris has throughout preserved the seeds

of artistic salvation in artistic impulses running parallel with the realistic. So when her authors have come to terms with themselves, when extraordinary writers like Claudel abandon the extreme and unplayable mysticism of "L'Abre," when others, like Edouard Schuré, have fully settled their notions of the "Théâtre de L'Ame," a drama and theatre dedicated to mysticism and fulfilling the essential conditions of illumination will arise. For the moment, then, the theatre is passing through an interesting period of experiment. Two distinguished men, at least—MM. Anstruc and Rouché—are applying all their resources, mental and financial, to promoting the artistic impulse. But their present efforts are one-sided. Though they have succeeded in finding decorators with a peculiar genius for the stage, they have not discovered the new dramatist able to produce the modern symbolical play—one not charged with obscure symbolism, but possessing a meaning for us, imaginative, poetical, moral, emotional, and in which every character shall be symbolical in itself yet part of a larger symbolism, every scene symbolical in itself yet continuing and uniting other symbolic scenes.

* * *

Owing to this limitation, instead of concentrating on plays peculiarly adapted to call forth the finest results from a body of talented co-operators, they are taking plays of all kinds, from all countries, and handing them to decorators who apply the modern ideas of painting to them. The result is varied; sometimes successful, more often the reverse.

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The representation, for instance, of D'Annunzio's "Le Martyre de St. Sebastien" at the Chatelet, though entirely successful in one direction, was a failure in another. The whole performance was very consistent and harmonious from the poet's point of view. Debussy's music, Bakst's decorations, the admirable acting of Ida Rubenstein, all combined to reproduce D'Annunzio himself. But the poet's conception of St. Sebastien was wrong. The character was bloodless and effeminate, It was played by a woman. All the lines were flowing, suggesting effeminacy, whereas they should have been lines of resistance. The fact is the poet had not the strength of the artist. D'Annunzio sees life in sickly mauves, Debussy in sage greens, while Bakst sees it in virile reds and blues. D'Annunzio is fascinated by beauty and expresses himself in Hogarth's line of beauty; Bakst searches for truth and selects resistant lines, suggesting the underlying continuity and reality of things. The wonderful thing was the manner in which Bakst managed to express D'Annunzio's lines. His own conception of St. Sebastien would doubtless have been that of Botticelli in which the drawing is so strong, and all the lines suggest the soldier and resistance. As it is, the head of the crucified saint in the play is that of D'Annunzio himself, not of St. Sebastien. A noticeable feature of the production was the three drop-curtains designed by Bakst, to form, as it were, Wagnerian overtures, each leading to the next scenes. One curtain, for instance, was covered with silver arrows, on a black ground, and with innumerable little points that stabbed just as arrows do when they strike,—the whole suggesting the coming martyrdom. These arrows were repeated in the costume of St. Sebastien.

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The representations of "Niou" by Ossip-Dymof, and "La Nuit Persane" by M. J. L. Vandoyer, at the Théâtre des Arts were also admirable. "Niou" is an importation from Russia, and a psychological study of the Bourget or "Mme. Bovary" kind. As an attempt to dress a realistic hysterical play, it was completely successful. The whole thing, play and background, were of one fabric. The woman's mind, torn to pieces by an unsatisfied desire, was caught up and repeated in the decorations. The setting was indeed full of clever ideas. In one scene of passion, a red lamp was placed at the foot of the bed near the audience. The scene was summed up and concentrated in that flame of passion. One's eyes wandered to the red spot, thence straight to the point of conflict between the woman in bed and her infuriated husband. It rivetted the attention on the essential thing. Then, again, the violent contrast in the last scene between the calm figure of the woman and the tear of her mind as represented in the arrangement of curtains, lines, etc., of the background, was amazing. But one felt that all this effort was so much labour lost. The same sort of drama is presented at the Grand Guignol in the conventional "scene" and is just as convincing. At this chamber of horrors, presided over by the bust of Edgar Poe, the synthetic decoration, and the scene simplified by the new school of decorators, are unknown. Perhaps they are not wanted. The extraordinary acting of M. Guerard in "Sous La Lumière Rouge," like that of Madame Dorziac in "Niou," or the thrill of "Atelier D'Aveugles," are sufficient for their purpose, that of sheer sensation.

* * *

It is different with "La Nuit Persane." Here is a love poem so treated as to transport us into a charming realm of love. All the colour, lines, movements, speak of love. The blues and pinks, and greens and geraniums, the blacks and silvers, trip on and off like infatuated lovers. They do all sorts of charming things, peep at each other round unexpected corners, flirt behind lines that rise and fall in harmonious shapes. Then there are emerald avenues that run laughing towards the gay horizon, and silver fountains that kiss the sun, and men and women that scintillate with the rhythm of life. In all this M. Dresa has shown us what a decorator can do when he is in love with his subject.

* * *

At the time of writing, three new pieces have been presented at the Théâtre des Arts, which transport the audience from the France of Molière to China of the fourteenth century, thence to mythological Greece. The decoration of each piece has been carried out by an artist with modern ideas but with unsatisfactory results. "Le Sicilien," by Molière, with ballet by Lulli, suggests an artistic background, but the decorator has not been successful in making the ballet and background of one fabric. The motives of the former are not continued in the latter, as in the work say, of Beardsley. In consequence the production looks like the work of two people. "Le Chagrin dans le Palais de Han," a mystery play of love and sacrifice, has the same fault. The costumes are gorgeous and their colour full of body, but the background is washy and unconvincing. Likewise "Les Fêtes d'Hébé," though charming in colour, lacks harmony. The decorator, M. Piot, both in this piece and in the Chinese play, reveals a great feeling for simplicity, but he is deficient in sense of proportion. The "scene" should be of one character, the lines of the ballet should weave in and out, continue and unite those of the background. All three plays have the common fault of decorators not being entirely suited to their material. They serve to prove the point that before we can have a perfect unity in the theatre plays must be born there, not made to be fitted haphazard. When the complete play arrives, the perfect sensation will arrive also. Now the playhouse offers nothing but dislocated sensations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TRADE UNIONS AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—Your prophecy of an inevitable trade union débâcle as a result of the Insurance Bill has interested me very much, but I do not think that the emaciation of the Unions will occasion much regret among the more sincere of my fellow-members.

The unions to-day are merely benefit societies, and the whole of our time and energy is absorbed in discussions of £ s. d.; like the various Socialist organisations, wholly engrossed in questions of income and expenditure, we have no time to fight; and the majority of our members join because it pays them.

Benefits have killed the spirit of unionism as surely as the modern factory system has killed the pride and interest the mediæval craftsman evinced in his handiwork. Benefits are dangled before the young men in the workshops as the sole inducement: there is no appeal to the finer emotions of mutual aid, mutual protection, or esprit de corps. Trade unionism has lost its soul.

I believe Lloyd George's Bill will be a blessing in disguise; it will clear our ranks of the self-seekers and leave us free to fight. One volunteer is still worth ten pressed men, and given an ideal, a faith, there is hope for the unions yet.

SIDNEY H. SWAN.

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THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—Your "Notes of the Week" on the subject of the Insurance Bill suit my palate. But, sir, what can I *do*? Will the writer of the "Notes of the Week," or some practical reader, tell me?

The other day I asked an old gardener what he did when the green fly got into his rose trees.

"I swear," he said.

"Yes, but what do you *do*?"

"I swear."

"Yes, yes; but don't you do anything else?"

"I swear again."

Now, sir, I am swearing over this Bill enough to make an accomplished cabman capitulate. My vocabulary of expletives is running dry. But what can I *do*? It is not enough to add a weakly "Amen" to your weekly "Notes." The famous authors of this infamous measure will never hear of my impotent rage, and they will take my silence as acquiescence.

What, oh, what, sir, can I *do*? Record my vote at the next election? Bah! my only choice then is between a Liberal and a Tory. Will someone please tell me what to *do*?

R. NORTH.

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DEPRESSING MELIORISM.

Sir,—The instance given by J. M. Kennedy (page 148 NEW AGE) of the £200,000 voted to relieve the workers merely having the result of lowering wages quite corroborates my view that if, say, £200,000 be taken away from any given set of workers by the Lloyd George Bill, say, that it would likewise be restored to them by a corresponding rise in wages. The rule works both ways. The worker has a standard of life which it is very hard to change: give him less living expense and he takes less wages; give him a more expensive environment—whether on account of higher rent or a compulsory deduction from his wages for insurances—and he is sure to demand, and, what is more, to get, higher wages.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

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S. VERDAD AND THE AMERICAN PROBLEM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Burghardt DuBois, who complains of Mr. Verdad's remarks on the American negro, is very innocent. He does not know his Verdad. Otherwise he would not ask whether it is necessary to be a blackguard, and to indulge in deliberate insult and falsehood, in order to be brilliant.

Of course, Mr. Verdad is a Nietzschean, and is therefore above such moral superstitions. Has not Mr. DuBois heard that, according to the up-to-date view, courtesy, truth, and humanity are characteristic only of slaves, while blackguardism is the mark of superhumanity?

By the way, the omniscient Mr. Verdad is guilty of another error this week (June 15), when he says that Nietzsche pointed out "more than fifty years ago" that pure races had ceased to exist. Nietzsche was only 17 years old at that time. Really, it is a pity Mr. Verdad should lay himself open to correction on such a point by a miserable slave-moralist like myself.

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.

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PRISON AS A REST CURE.

Sir,—As a W.S.P.U. worker for some eighteen months, I must admit that the officials tacitly discouraged the suffragette speakers from exposing or enlarging on the wretchedness of prison life. They were so miserably afraid that the matter of less importance (?) should prove of greater interest to the public.

We stood on our egg boxes at street corners with sinking hearts and sick stomachs (at least, I know mine was) attempting to explain dramatically and realistically to a collection of half-boozed men, jeering youths, and giggling factory girls, the injustice of man-made laws, whilst, with one accord, slurring over the brutalities of prison life.

EMANCIPATED.

* * *

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—Do not the "Christian Scientists," in attributing to an "intelligence" separate from Man, the desire to rid mankind of disease, prove one of two things? Either that the power of the "intelligence" is inadequate, or that assuming the power is adequate, is not so disposed. Christian Science is an exclusive doctrine, otherwise if such a power, or intelligence, that they rely upon to cure disease did exist, it would assuredly, if Christian, cure all disease.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

PROPERTY IN LAND.

Sir,—For a reply to his enquiry regarding my attitude towards the general question of liberty and industrial exploitation, Mr. Paul should look up my letters in THE NEW AGE of February 2 and March 30 respectively. Mr. Paul's practical objections to my proposal to compel absentee landlords to sell their land to tenants desiring to buy may be summed up under two headings: (1) That it is unjust to permit a man to charge a high price for land in the centre of London; (2) that arbitration courts might award too high a price to the landlords.

With regard to (1), I would reply that men are willing to pay a high price for land in the centre of London because trade there generally yields a greater return than in the suburbs. If the price were artificially lowered the State would have to step in and decide which of the many applicants should be allowed to take up tenancy. Mr. Paul's plaint savours of the Single Tax argument that the individual landowner has no right to the extra value created by the presence of the community. This argument apparently ignores the fact that if a man have sufficient, I will not say initiative since I am talking to a warm-hearted Socialist, but sufficient social sympathy to set up a shop where many men pass or are likely to pass, rather than in a spot where his somnolence will rarely be disturbed, the community will do well to permit him to retain the fruits of his benevolence. The arguments against the retention of land by individuals are considerably weakened when the owner is either dwelling personally upon or using the site for industry. The court must, of course, decide whether a shooting preserve is being "used" in accordance with the needs of the community. To objection (2) it only needs to be stated that a people which is stupid enough to permit the officers of its own courts of justice to unduly favour its landlords deserves to suffer. But certainly such a people would utterly ruin any system of State Socialism. Frankly, however, I think that the proportion of former Irish tenants who have chosen to purchase their farms disproves Mr. Paul's suggestion of unfair awards on the part of the commissioners.

Mr. Paul wants, to use his own words, "liberty," "liberty to walk across any beautiful part of the country that takes my fancy." Yes, yes—we all do; but I am afraid that as long as some take an interest in agriculture there will be those to protest, either personally with a gun, or, less directly, to the Socialist 3rd Assistant Controller of the 2nd Department of Agriculture (Sub-Dept. Beautiful Spots) that walking across a field does not improve the crops thereon.

HENRY MEULEN.

June 12.

* * *

STEVENSON.

Sir,—Your indefatigable correspondent, E. H. Visiak, has taught me to beware of worshippers. When I wrote my article, I was neither ignorant nor unmindful of the blasphemous adoration of the memory of Stevenson by his worshippers; but I was not prepared for the misunderstanding of my motives and the wilful perversion of my text. I did not attempt to "defame" Stevenson: my article was entitled modestly enough, "An Aspect of Stevenson," and deserved to be so considered. Defamation is a word that I do not understand in this connection. I denied neither his virtues nor his charm. I indicated that they "lured men to the worship of the earth-born and the earth-bound." That my work was necessary, Mr. Visiak's vindictive remark that "Henley will never be forgiven" for his article on Stevenson is a proof. The theological spirit has no place in literary controversy: it is not necessary to our salvation that we should believe in Stevenson, and when autobiographical matter is published, it is permissible to quote it, and to judge the man by it. So I prefer to quote Stevenson, and ignore Mr. Visiak's opinion of him. On this very subject he wrote to Edmund Gosse on January 2, 1886: "As for the art that we practise, I have never been able to see why its professors should be respected. They chose the primrose path; when they found it was not all primroses, but some of it brambly, and much of it uphill, they began to think and speak of themselves as holy martyrs. But a man is never martyred in any honest sense in the pursuit of his pleasure; and delirium tremens has more of the honour of the cross. We were full of the pride of life, and chose, like prostitutes, to live by a pleasure. We should be paid if we give the pleasure we pretend to give: but why should we be honoured?" The passage is not only a reproof to Mr. Visiak: it is one statement of Stevenson's opinion of the function of literature (there are many more), and it indicates plainly enough his purpose in writing.

To come to the perversions of my text. I did not deny Stevenson's industry, and Mr. Visiak's first paragraph is therefore absurdly irrelevant. He has misread the English language in the sentence dealing with Samoan politicians; and his assertion of my sympathy with the German officials is an unjustifiable malignity. It is fair and proper to

attack what I say; but to attribute to me opinions that I do not hold and have never expressed is to be guilty of the dirtiest trick of debate. I did not deny Stevenson's courage; and Mr. Visiak's perversion of my meaning as expressed in "Life meant nothing to him" and "Death had no terrors for him" is simply ludicrous. I did not say that Stevenson admired the inhuman detachment of Thoreau: in fact, I can only ask Mr. Visiak to read my article again, with his eyes and not his fingers, and try to understand it.

I do not remember Atwater's "impressively expressed idea of the Cherubim," etc., and a hurried re-reading of "The Quartette" has failed to bring the passage to light. If Mr. Visiak will indicate or quote it, I will consider it in this connection. If Stevenson revealed the romantic soul of common men and common things, Mr. Visiak should be able to proclaim the revelation; but there was no revelation of himself. His biographer and cousin says in the "Life": "He tells you everything, as you think at first, and so simply and so frankly that it is only gradually you realise that he has not been revealing the things nearest his heart, that you learn no secrets of his home or his religion, nor of anything that it was not for you to know." There is almost a consensus of opinion that "he pauses on the threshold of the soul"; and Dr. Japp said that "Stevenson was too late in awakening fully to the tragic error to which short-sighted youth is apt to wander: that 'bad-heartedness is strength.'"

I said that "he never feared to wound, and he never forgot to apologise; and he never ceased to centre the interest of any matter in himself and his emotions." I referred to his letter to Mrs. Sitwell as one proof: but I can refer Mr. Visiak to pages 90, 98, and 114 in Volume I. and page 308 in Volume II. as examples. What authority Mr. Visiak has for his statement I do not know; but I am not concerned to debate an assertion that is not really à propos, for if he did not write he had no need to apologise, and his letters are full of apologies. He wrote to Henley in 1884, for example: "Does nature, even in my octogenarian carcase, run too strong that I must still be a bawler and brawler and a treader upon corns?"

Mr. Visiak finds Stevenson's own statement that he wrote for money "very foolish": yet the "pains of experience of the emigrant train" he suffered for this reason. In an introductory passage, Sir Sidney Colvin says: "In order from the outset to save as much as possible, he made the journey in the steerage and the emigrant train. With this prime motive of economy was combined a second—that of learning for himself the pinch of life as it is felt by the unprivileged and the poor (he had long ago disclaimed for himself the character of a 'consistent first-class passenger in life')—and also, it should be added, a third, that of turning his experiences to literary account." That passage justifies my assertion that "by every art known to him he spared himself the pain of experience," if Mr. Visiak will read it with the first quotation in this letter. Stevenson justified his production of pot-boilers by the necessity of making money: "he was after the dibbs," as he phrased it. When he was earning £4,000 a year, he wrote to Dr. Bakewell: "What you say of unwilling work, my dear sir, is a consideration always present with me, and yet not easy to give its due weight to. You grow gradually into a certain income; without spending a penny more, with the same sense of restriction as before when you painfully scraped two hundred a year together, you find you have spent, and you cannot well stop spending, a far larger sum; and this expense can only be supported by a certain production." There are many other instances, but I ought not to be compelled to substantiate by quotation a fact which is apparent to every reader of these letters. In impugning my intelligence, Mr. Visiak also accuses Stevenson of lying.

Mr. Visiak's sentimental slobber about "his last, toiling stricken days," "the dumbness and paralysis of his last days," is scarcely worth notice. He never had better health than at Samoa, which he preferred to Honolulu, by the way, because it was less civilised; so, at least, he told Mr. Trigg. "The climate of Samoa," says his biographer, "had apparently answered the main purpose of preserving Stevenson from any disabling attacks of illness, and allowing him to lead a life of strenuous activity." His amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, wrote as late as September 24, 1894, "He generally makes notes in the early morning, which he elaborates as he reads them aloud. In 'Hermiston' he has hardly more than a line or two to keep him on the track, but he never falters for a word, but gives me the sentences with capital letters and all the stops, as clearly and steadily as though he were reading from a book." Lloyd Osbourne's account of the last day tells the same story. He was happy and buoyant: helped his wife to make a salad, brought up a bottle of wine from the cellar, played cards, etc. He died, says Dr. Japp, "not from phthisis or anything directly connected with it, but from the bursting of a blood-vessel and suffusion of blood on the brain." As a matter of literal fact, he did not die a brave man, as Mr. Visiak says; he died an unconscious man, and his last words were, "Do I look strange?"

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

* * *

SEX AND SUPERMEN.

Sir,—Does Dr. Whitby read my letters? I have already denied that my proposition is a moral judgment, yet the author of "Triumphant Vulgarity" repeats his assertion. I insist that those men to whom sex is something of *paramount* importance are fornicators. My dictionary defines fornication as "the incontinence of unmarried persons, male or female; also, the criminal conversation of a married man with an unmarried woman; adultery, incest, or idolatry." A person to whom sex is something of *paramount* importance is, ipso facto, an incontinent person, or fornicator. I did not, and do not, assert that fornication is right or wrong, good or bad; my assertion is that the *paramount* importance of sex in the life of a man implies only fornication. That it may also imply superhumanity, I deny. Dr. Whitby would have known nothing of the "vices of great men" if their vices had been *paramount* over their greatness. Sex is not indicative of greatness: "What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?" asked Browning's Andrea del Sarto. I repeat what I have said in former letters, that a superman is known only by his superhumanity: sex does not and cannot distinguish him from the ordinary man. It is a physiological function common to all but the impotent. That there may be some vital connection between sexual and intellectual power is a proposition that I should like to see proven by scientific methods. Havelock Ellis does not satisfy me; and Dr. Whitby's assertion that "eroticism and impotency are not infrequently associated" is too haphazard to carry conviction. I want proof of a necessary connection between the two powers, and the exceptions reconciled with the rule, before I admit a law, or postulate sex as proof of superhumanity. Was Plato, for example, a profligate? Petrarch wrote sonnets to Laura, whom he scarcely knew, and of whom he certainly had no sexual experience; but he had several children by another woman, to whom he wrote no sonnets. "Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife, he would have written sonnets all his life?" asked the superman Byron. That Chesterfield should have said that "Petrarch better deserved his Laura than his lauro," shows that, in the opinion of a man of the world, sexual idealism should be silenced by satisfaction. Browning was as near superhumanity as any of Dr. Whitby's supermen, but I have yet to learn that sex was something of *paramount* importance to him. The conclusion of his poem "Andrea del Sarto" may well be commended to Dr. Whitby's notice as showing to what cause one artist ascribed another artist's failure to achieve greatness.

"You loved me quite enough it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So, still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia—as I choose."

If sex had been something of paramount importance to Napoleon, should we have known anything of it? His wars made him famous, and his women infamous. So one could run through a whole history, and find even Casanova distinguished from other men not by sexual but intellectual ability. We should not have known that he was a fornicator if he had not had the ability to write his astonishing memoirs. That he had the ability because he was a fornicator is a proposition that Dr. Whitby should not flirt with, but prove in something like scientific fashion.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

* * *

BERGSONISM IN PARIS.

Sir,—1. Herr Hübener states that Bergson owes to James two fundamental ideas of his psychology, his theory of perception and the idea of the unity of consciousness. This is sheer nonsense. Bergson's account of perception, with his, at first sight, very curious theory that the consciousness of an object lies in the object and not in the brain, so that, for instance, when I think of a star my thought is in the star, has absolutely no connection with anything to be found in James. The second is more plausible, though it might be said with just as much reason that Bergson owed his idea of the unity of consciousness to Dr. Ward's conception of the "mental continuum" as expounded in the famous article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It so happens, however, that Bergson has definitely explained his position with regard to James in this matter. A writer in the "Revue Philosophique," in the course of an article made the same statement that Herr Hübener makes here, and Bergson in a letter to this published in Vol. 60, 1905, page 229, states that he had formed this idea quite inde-

pendently of James. The latter philosopher first put forward the theory in an article in "Mind," which is called, I think, "The Stream of Thought," which was published somewhere about the end of the 'eighties. Bergson's theory was first published in the "Essai sur les Données Immediates de la Conscience," which, while it was only published in 1889, had been thought out and partially completed some five years earlier.

2. "The protest of Anatole France, who represents for me the spirit of Montaigne and Rabelais . . . . against Bergsonism is typical of the attitude of the French intellectual." This contains quite a little racial romance. The French are rationalist in temper, Bergson is half English and so anti-rationalist and anti-thetical to the French temperament. It's all very pretty, but unfortunately bears no relation to the truth. In the first place the idea that the French have always been rationalists in the sense that Anatole France is, is ridiculous. French rationalism was created in the eighteenth century. It was conditioned by the prevailing habit of life at the time. The people who frequented the salons wanted to be well instructed on all matters. All knowledge had to be reduced to a "clear" form so that the man of the world could discuss it in general conversation. You can see the pernicious effect this had on science in the shallow stuff turned out by Diderot and the encyclopædists. It is curious to note here what Sorel has often pointed out, that it was not till the eighteenth century and long after he was dead, that Descartes, the typical rationalist philosopher, the "philosopher of clear ideas," attained his greatest vogue.

Bergson is no philosopher. He makes no attack on reason, but only on "Reason." That is to say, he merely restores to philosophy an element which exists in nature, but which was banished in the eighteenth century because men were determined on being clear at any cost.

In any case, this conception of a continuous French rational tradition is a very conventional and shallow one. You cannot label races in this way. France may have produced Descartes, but she at the same time produced his opposite—Pascal; and anyone who can see any resemblance between the tedious, thin, and tinny "it's so simple" irony of Anatole France and the magnificent completeness of Montaigne is gifted with keener vision than I am.

All this racial gossip about philosophers is a little tedious. Philosophy is always a special activity appealing only to a few, and to those who have been through its special kind of discipline; Bergson has brought a new conception which will remain a permanent part of it. This is the important thing about him. For people who like gossip about notorious people it may be equally interesting to know that not only is he half English, but that he wears elastic-sided boots.

In any case it is not necessary to go outside France for the supposed ancestry of Bergson. He is the culmination, the final embodiment, of ideas which had been searching for a proper expression for a good many years. A whole current of thought existed in France which was moving in the direction of Bergson—earlier in the century Ravaisson and Maine de Berai, and more recently the philosopher of contingence and especially Bergson's master, Boutroux. These cannot all be dismissed as half-English. They cannot all of them belong to the "quatre états," Freemasons, Jews, Protestants and métèques. They must some of them be good Frenchmen.

3. "Bergson's influence is failing among the élite . . . . he has formed no school." As to his influence among the youths in the present year of grace I am uninformed, but an inquiry conducted a few years ago by Binet as to the state of philosophy in the lycées and colleges published in "L'Année Psychologique," revealed the fact that Bergson's influence was then absolutely predominant. I notice also that "L'Action Francaise" considered that his influence among the students was so great that they got Lasserre to deliver in a number of lectures this May an attack on the pernicious political deductions which may be drawn from his more purely philosophical ideas, and in the March number of "La Mouvement Socialiste" a series of articles was announced by different well-known writers on philosophy on the character and extent of Bergson's influence.

As to the question as to whether Bergson has formed a school, he couldn't have been expected to form one in the old sense of the word, for he does not propound any system; but it would not be difficult to make a long list of the people who have been extraordinarily influenced by him, such as Le Roy the Modernist, Georges Sorel the Syndicalist, Alphonse Chide, Georges Batault and many others. I notice also that Luquet in his recent "Introduction to Psychology," defined his own philosophical position in the preface by referring to himself as "an orthodox Bergsonian of the centre," a description whose precision seems to indicate the existence of a school of a certain size!

In so far, then, as the "youths" are not merely "youth," but are productive of anything, they seem to occupy themselves considerably with Bergson. I can refer anybody who is interested in this matter to the bibliography of French articles on Bergson I compiled for the late Mr. Pogson's translation of "Time and Free-will."

T. E. H.

* * *

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE?

Sir,—The statement in Mr. Visiak's letter that Bacon's acknowledged verses are "poor stuff" is meant to be read in conjunction with the sentence which follows: "Could he not have left us one little gem of the Shakespeare water?" Is there a Baconian hardy enough to maintain that Bacon's verse can stand comparison with that of his supposed mask? Mr. Hall wisely says nothing about the fact that Bacon in his secret diary, "Commentarius Solutus," makes no mention of any association with the theatre. Surely in a journal that covered the period during which "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," and "The Winter's Tale" were written, one would expect to find some evidence that could be accepted? This index to Bacon's mind contains such thoughts as, "To find means to win a conceit, not open, but private, of being affectionate and assured to the Scotch, and fit to succeed Salisbury in his manage of that kind; . . . secret." Then in a marginal note he refers to the Attorney-General as "Solemn goose. Stately, leastwise nodd (?) crafty. They have made him believe that he is wondrous wise." No need for cryptograms here. After the castigation which poor Aubrey has received at the hands of the author of "The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated," it is indeed refreshing to have Anthony Wood's "magotie pated man" quoted on behalf of (ye gods!) Bacon's reputation as a poet. The old adage about the devil and Holy Writ is the only one that fills the bill! Mr. Hall's reference to Jonson's "Discourses" (The Discoveries?) are beside the mark because the evidence of Jonson, not only in that interesting record, but in the poem prefixed to the first folio, speaks trumpet-tongued on behalf of the man whom he loved, "on this side idolatry as much as any." The generally accepted theory as to the manner in which Shakespeare commenced his career as a dramatist is that it was as a reviser of plays that were already in use.

It is also fairly certain that he collaborated with Marlowe, and possibly Green and Peele, in the production of the revised Parts II. and III. of "Henry VI." Internal evidence shows that Shakespeare owed much to Marlowe's influence, and that he was a disciple of the elder dramatist. It is also clear that his position, at first, was that of "hack writer." Will Mr. Hall, or any other, be good enough to state the reasons that impelled Sir Francis Bacon to adopt that profession?

G. S. NEWSON.

* * *

MORAL QUOTATIONS.

Sir,—In its younger days it was possible to regard "The English Review" with some measure of seriousness; but since it has become an adult and noisily proclaimed its attainment of the years of discretion its rate of development has been so rapid that it already begins to show signs of senile decay; as its own advertisement emphatically declares, its standard is *not* that of the "young person," either the callow lad or raw school-girl; so that to treat its pages with contempt rather than an amused tolerance, is to expend upon it more energy and vitality than it deserves.

It is surprising, then, to find the "Spectator" in its issue of June 10 crushing "The English Review" under the weight of its moderation. "We have not this month," it says, "included any notice of 'The English Review' in our account of the magazines, nor do we intend to do so for the future unless the tone of the magazine becomes very different from what it has been of late." The explanation of this virile attitude is that the "Spectator" condemns "the tone and tendency of 'The English Review' on moral questions." At some length the writer of this "Topic" enlarges upon the stability of his position, and finally adduces an example of the kind of matter to which he objects taken from an article in the current number of the "Review," by Mr. Frank Harris, entitled, "Thoughts on Morals." As the excerpt is set in the "Spectator," there is a short "leader" in the fifth line to denote an omission. For the sake of fairness, it may be well to reprint here the words omitted:—

> "In maturity, on the other hand, artists and those given to severe mental labour will find in complete abativeness a renewal of vigour. Balzac declared that nothing but periods of monkish self-denial gave him the power necessary to produce masterpieces. There is no general law,

but the French proverb, "Une fois n'est pas coutume" is valuable."

It is unnecessary to point out that these words seriously affect the meaning of the context, and considering the fact that readers of the "Spectator" are unlikely to be readers also of "The English Review," so important an omission as this amounts to little short of misrepresentation.

The temptation to maintain such an asseveration against the "Spectator" is increased by certain considerations which occurred to me on first reading Mr. Harris' article. Mr. Harris in his varied career as a journalist cannot have escaped all acquaintance with the uses to which scissors and paste may be put—a fact I invariably bear in mind when reading the work of journalists as distinct from that of men of letters. It was not, then, surprising to me as I read to hear in Mr. Harris' shrill discords an echo of the softer tones of Emerson. Mr. Harris says ". . . . it is certain that for many a long year to come society will punish breakers of its code with a relentless severity which has no intimate relation to equity," while Emerson remarks that "Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. . . . The virtue in most request is conformity." It is to be observed, moreover, that Mr. Harris himself appears while writing to have experienced the difficulty of remaining blind to the fact that he was but saying what others had said before. Arguing in favour of natural morals on the ground that natural punishment is unavoidable, he comes back to the Aeschylean maxim of δρὰσαντι παθτὶν ; proceeding then to assert that Nature is no kinder to the ascetic than the profligate, he succeeds at length in producing strong evidences in favour of the truth of the proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison." Mr. Harris next reprints from a Japanese paper twelve precepts of natural morality. With the first eleven of these Mr. Harris either in part or entirely agrees, so I may dismiss them as in the main platitudinous. The twelfth is as follows: "In order to strengthen such organs as may be weakened by age or war, nourish yourself on the corresponding organs of animals." This Mr. Harris rejects as "manifestly childish" on the ground that "one does not strengthen the stomach by eating the stomach of a cow or a rabbit, nor one's skin by eating the hides of bull or lamb." I would not challenge Mr. Harris' statement, but I would point out that it is quite customary to administer adrenaline for cretinism and Addison's disease. The two commandments at which he at last arrives are masterly in their simplicity, but for proper appreciation and elucidation they need to be read side by side with Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance, while the concluding words of the article, "every new generation, too, should add a new chapter to religion, some new verse to the Bible of Humanity," are only comparable to the concluding verse of Lowell's "Bibliolatus":—

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

As Virgil was inspired to write the "Pollio," it would almost appear as though Lowell was inspired to pen that last line by a premonition of the position Mr. Harris would one day occupy.

The sight of the "Spectator" methodically condemning the tone and tendency on moral questions of a "Review" of which the opinions have for a considerable time been regarded as negligible by many competent critics; attacking in particular an article which, with the exception of the single passage the "Spectator" has quoted, bears a strong resemblance to the essentially Puritanical work of Emerson; and, finally, demanding solemnly of "the representatives and exponents of the Nonconformist conscience" why they had not taken so objectionable a task upon their own shoulders; this sight must surely gladden the hearts of those who are depressed by the fulsome functions of the present week. It is just a year since the "Spectator" published a most generous appreciation of the "literary and journalistic ability with which THE NEW AGE is conducted." On such an occasion it may perhaps appear somewhat discourteous to take up the attitude I have adopted, and I should have hesitated to do so had I not felt convinced that the "Spectator" would regret any sacrifice of that "courage and independence" of which it spoke so highly.

CYRIL MANDELL.

EN AMIE.

Sir,—With fifteen miles of wooded downs outside my window, and forty more behind them stretching away to everywhere, I claim the privilege of a rural reader to raise a Thanks-be! for THE NEW AGE. It is a royal paper; and I am awfully pleased with all ourselves, though I hardly count for a word in the present number. Why, even, there is consolation to know that if my spring dried up to-morrow, THE NEW AGE would still come out, and I could read it. I have seen ecstatic letters from country subscribers full of gloating details, telling the way they read THE NEW AGE. Solemnly I set the seal of truth upon these epistles. I, also! A glance at the correspondence; then "Notes of the Week" from first word to last, with a gleaming phrase or two scribbled down for better remembrance: then to read the correspondence! I won't mention those subjects that leave me cold this week. About "Christian Science" I am, and shall always be, divided in my mind. One devotee certainly gave me the return half of a railway ticket which she was unable to use; but then, another sold me a copy of "Science and Health." Mr. DuBois interests me exceedingly. Having lapped up negro "comfableness" in the arms of an African nurse, I am quite one-sided in appreciating the black people. After over a hundred thousand miles of travel among them, in Africa and the States, I cannot recall a single instance of rudeness, let alone insult, from any coloured man or woman. The present epidemic in Africa of native crime is the result of the cry of the white women for the blood of the Umtali native. Every black maniac in the country has been aroused—and how few! no more than a dozen among the millions and millions of absolutely harmless people. But I was going to comment on Mr. DuBois' literary manner, and to mention a letter of similar style with its almost "ancient" power, written by a coloured workman, in my latest copy of the "South African News." The vocabulary of it, and the sparkling rhetoric, few moderns would dare to employ nowadays, when to use such words as "dignity" and "nobility" is to lose caste. It will assuredly be unwise for the whites to persecute a young nation whose orators and writers are preparing to seize the classic heritage.

I must say a word to poor Mr. Poel. He seems to betray a wound. He "objects to a man living with a woman who is not his wife while his wife is still alive" because "he is doing no good for the one woman and much harm to the other." If I were Mr. Poel I wouldn't let a little thing like that stop me: it might not be quite true!

And Mr. Visiak really might let someone hold a different opinion from his about heroes without shedding tears. When I was in New England the people grew invariably hostile at the mention of "R. L. S." I stayed at a house where was a maidservant who had had to be dismissed from a hotel because of the novelist's dislike of her ugly face!

Next I take Mr. Walter Sickert. What a joy in that man! Where does he feed his wit? I had thought all the gay people were dead, except we few; but since he comes among us so rarely, he must sip other nectars otherwheres. Yet, after all, one's gayest hours are solitary. Once I invited some souls to enliven my lonely retreat. The elder ones lectured all together until bedtime, and the younger sacrificed to Aphrodite by—*talking* of strange vice quite loud up to three in the morning. I made things so uncharitable that they all popped off: and now they go about saying I can't write!

I am very glad to see the "Ethiopian Saga" begin. If I may do a little log-rolling, since I corrected the proofs for the distant author, I will say that the events are historical, the names of the chiefs being only changed into words which express the same meanings as the real ones; all native names meaning something. There is a wonderful snake song to come—a description of a locally famous fight between a messenger and a man-eater.

To discuss "East and West" after only one reading would betray me. I always have to polish my mind by three or four perusals of the Opinions. And, although I always read S. Verdad, I never comment, but, indeed, sit meekly wondering why it rains so often. But then, I have no country, and rather like Germans, so that the prospects of the Teutonic navy, or even any good accounts of foreigners, do not drive me to declare everything is a lie.

"Dionysos Meditating" confirms my opinion of Mr. Randall. Truly respectable man! What a contrast to the "Dionysos" order is this new writer, obscure, unadvertised except by his work. I can admire, if unfortunate.

But Mr. Huntly Carter will be despatching me one of his mordant postcards. Praise from Cæsar, by'rlady! Yet when one has had a happy morning in fine company, it is impossible not to feel equal to anything. Mr. O'Sullivan writes my secret suspicions about Paris in his sound way. The Wagner incident I shall tack up on the wall where hangs already the warning to his disciples: Het is verboden!

And all read and done, it can be read all over again, with a new moment to spell out the delightful page of "Swells," and, with "Juvenal," to be dazed once again at Coney Island.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

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