NOTES OF THE WEEK

MR. LLOYD GEORGE must be given credit for courage, and his determination to force the Insurance Bill through its third reading with the minimum of discussion will need to be met with equal spirit if it is to be defeated. As matters now stand, it is clear that what is really needed is a Second Reading debate and not a Third. All sorts of objections to the Bill, both in principle and in detail, have become clear during the last two years, and the chorus of approval that hailed the introduction of the Bill has now died down to a piping wail. Unfortunately, both the Unionists and the Labour Party have given too many hostages to fortune to be able to withdraw their support of the measure unconditionally. Both parties foolishly committed themselves to the Bill before even they had examined its details and on the strength of Mr. Lloyd George’s glowing misrepresentations. He has every means these officers have been induced to swallow a Bill that any economist, or trade-unionist, or Socialist could tell them spelled ruin to their constituents. We can only understand either the unanimity of approval with which this disastrous Bill was received or the comparatively fair weather Mr. Lloyd George has experienced in dealing with the vested interests involved. The Unionist Party must have been madder than usual not to have seen at the outset the magnificent political opportunity the Bill afforded them. A plain and decisive declaration that legislation had gone far enough in the direction of State doles and must now be diverted to raising wages would have made the Unionist fortune. Unfortunately the Unionist Garvins and Knickerbockers and blindworms were as dense as poison history as yet does not record. But we prophesy that the Bill, which the Labour Party will resist the closure on the Third Reading may accentuate. Let us hope that Mr. Lloyd George may drop between the crevices.

We have done our best in these pages to demonstrate the defects of the most humiliating, improvident, and unstatesmanlike Bill ever presented to Parliament for consideration; and the points we now urge are no more than a summary of what has gone before. The outstanding feature of the Bill is the institution of an onerous and costly poll-tax, presumably for the relief of the worst forms of destitution, but actually for the benefit of hundreds of thousands of people who are already fairly well-off. It provides, in fact, at a vast expense a gratuitous endowment and bonus for such members of the working classes as have proved quite capable of looking after themselves, and, at the same time, positively disendows and robs such working men as are in need of assistance. Like all Mr. Lloyd George’s measures, including the Budget of blessed memory, it is a hopelessly one-sided and one-eyed affair. While abstracting money in vast quantities from the pockets of rich and poor alike, no constructive provision is made that the money thus acquired shall be any better spent and distributed than if it had been left with its original owners. In the present instance, indeed, there is every prospect that the twenty-five or thirty millions which the Chancellor will absorb will be worse distributed than if they were left where they now are. The compulsory and universal character of the contributions makes any question of moral value or discriminative endowment impossible. From far preventing sickness, destitution or unemployment, the Bill will inevitably multiply these evils by offering to pay for them.

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Unionist journals that are dimly feeling their way towards a republication of Liberal principles in Social Reform. Social reform of one sort or another is the single preoccupation of the public mind, and no party that has not a specific programme on the subject has either the right or the chance of being listened to. The Labour Party has been wise to start its campaign on behalf of a minimum wage and a universal eight hours day. Both measures are in the right direction of raising the standard of living among the poor and thereby compelling a rise in the rate of wages. On the other hand, so far as we can see, the Unionist Party has no alternative programme whatever. To our invitation to the "Spectator" to inform us how wages are to be raised, there has been no reply; and if Mr. Strachey does not reply, it is certain that no other Unionist writer will, unless, perchance, Mr. A. A. Baumann would venture his practised hand. Meanwhile, with a Legislature on the wrong track, and with the Opposition in blind demoralisation, what are the actual workers of the United Kingdom to do but to resume their ancient weapon of the strike, which, on the advice of politicians, they dropped twenty years ago?

** We are happy to record the fact that while Parliament has been fiddling the sea-ports have been burning. There is no doubt whatever in the minds of reasonable men that the seamen have been quite right to take the action that they have taken. Already they have won concessions of considerable value—won them by their own exertions and not only without the assistance of the Labour Party, but almost in the teeth of the opposition of their leaders. At the striking of the seamen from all the accounts we have read and heard of the seamen's agitation is their reputation of the moderating counsels of their timid leaders, in whom the virus of Parliamentary decorum still lingers. We sincerely hope that this domain of affairs will remain until the Shipping Federation and the Board of Trade are brought to their senses and compulsory Conciliation Boards are established pending a complete revision of the Merchant Shipping Act.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Seamen's Strike has come upon the shipping world as a bolt from the blue. On the contrary, a disturbance, which it was hoped would be of a smaller character, has been deliberately provoked with the object of once for all breaking the Seamen's Unions. The diabolus ex machina of the whole tragedy is to be found in the formation of the Shipping Federation in 1890 with the avowed object of resisting by offensive action the formation and effective action of workmen's unions. We are happy to record the fact that while Parliament having hopelessly failed to raise the wages of seamen by legislation, workmen everywhere will be driven to resume their war on shareholders by the barbarous weapons of the strike, with its accompaniments of "peaceful" intimidation and police charges. By good or evil fortune, the first battle of the new campaign will be opened by the toughest and most desperate regiment of wage-slaves in existence. Should it result, as it has every appearance of resulting, in a victory for the men, their example will be followed by all the big unions in the Kingdom. We are at the end of the Liberal period of opportunism and the Labour Party's policy of importunity. War has been resumed.

The successful exploitation of the Coronation ceremonies as a peers' parade has given the House of Lords courage to resist, in the first stages at any rate, the unamended passage of the Veto Bill. Nothing that has been said, apparently, has penetrated their minds either to convince them that the Bill strengthens their House or to persuade them that the Bill is inevitable. The attempt may as well be given up, as if the Lords are the most desperate regiment of wage-slaves in the country. They will learn it in good time when the Bill becomes an Act. But as for the latter, occasion is still open. It must be stated, then, that the mechanics of the present situation are such that, with the best will in the world, neither Mr. Asquith, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Macdonald, nor, for the matter of that, Mr. Balfour, unless one or other of them is stark mad, dares to withdraw from open or secret determination to pass the Veto Bill at all costs. Whatever is involved or becomes involved in the passage of the Bill in consequence of any act of the Lords, must be faced as an inevitable outcome of the existing disposition of forces. Nothing that the Lords can do can prevent the Bill becoming law. All that is in their discretion is to accept the Bill with or without the additional humiliation of obvious and ludicrous compulsion.

This statement, we may say, is entirely independent of the merits of the Bill. If the Bill were the most iniquitous or farcical measure that could be put together, its passage would, nevertheless, be assured by the coalition of forces behind it. The very existence, not merely of the Government, but of each of the parties supporting it, is conditional on the passing of the Veto Bill. Enormous sacrifices have been made and gigantic risks run by both the Irish and the Labour Parties in support of this Bill. Their co-operation with the Liberal Party, in the face of their original and sincere professions of independence, has not been accomplished without stretching to breaking point the loyalty of their members; and it has only been made possible by the most solemn and confident assurances...
of their leaders that the sacrifice would be compensated by the passing of the Veto Bill once and for all. If this is how the matter stands with the Irish and Labour Parties, the case is no less desperate for the Liberal Party. We say nothing now of the abstract desirability that may exist that the Liberal Party should be shattered and scattered before Mr. Lloyd George is permitted to push the nation past recall into economic slavery. The point is that in defending the Veto Bill at all hazards the Liberal Party, like the Irish and Labour Parties, will be defending its life; and what will a party not risk for its life? It is perfectly certain that by some means or another, by creation of panic or by more devious ways, with or without the Royal prerogative, the Bill will be passed.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The dangers of the present situation in the Balkans have often been referred to on this page, and those who are anxious for the preservation of European peace will be glad to know that the Great Powers are now attentively considering the matter. On the other hand, those who, like our friends on the “Daily News,” are anxious to uphold Liberal principles at all costs, may not be so pleased; but it is to be feared that, in the present circumstances, they will be asked to choose between war and Liberalism. The position is briefly this. * * *

Ever since the Young Turk régime began there has been trouble in Albania. The Albanians, having enjoyed many privileges in the reign of Abdul Hamid, were by no means disposed to surrender, without a struggle, what they had come to look upon as rights. The Young Turks, endeavouring to carry to its logical extremes the doctrine of equality, were obliged to make war on the Albanians. To wage war for the sake of a political creed the main principle of which is the avoidance of war at all times is rather humorous; but that may pass for the moment.

* * *

The Albanians, finding themselves at some points somewhat hard pressed by the Turks, at first sought and obtained assistance from Austria, as was reported in these columns a year ago, contradicted by the general opinion. This Austrian assistance, however, was not given from merely humanitarian motives, but because the Austrian authorities have all along been suspicious of the new Turkish régime, and regret the ever-growing prestige of Germany and Liberalism. The position is briefly this. * * *

The position became worse. The Turks, anxious to save their faces after successive defeats in Albania and the Yemen, endeavoured to draw Montenegro into an armed conflict; and if this had happened the Balkans would have been ablaze in a week. Fortunately it did not. Russia despatched a peremptory Note, which, as recent events have shown, was the main factor in keeping the peace and putting the Young Turks in their proper place. The Liberal Press here, of course, objected to this Note, not because it understood its terms, but because it believed that the Note had been sent by a Power which is usually regarded as being autocratic. The “Daily News,” in fact, referred to this very Note, in big headlines, as a “Brutal Threat”—i.e., a Power which tries to put a stop to an unnecessary and unjust war is acting brutally. * * *

The Turkish reply to the Russian Note was bluff. This Note was immediately made clear by the Albanians, plundering their farms, and destroying their stock, and further intervention obviously became necessary. The Austrian Government now stepped in. The French Government likewise interfered, and the attitude of the British Government was made diplomatically clear by a short and justifiably curt reply given by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on June 25. To diplomats the impending action of the Powers is obvious enough, but for the general reader it may be made clearer.

* * *

A temporary arrangement has been arrived at among five Powers—Russia, Austria, France, Great Britain, and Italy—to make the Turks listen to reason in regard to Albania, and, incidentally, the Yemen. If the arguments of Ambassadors prove unavailing, the steps afterwards taken will be sufficiently drastic—perhaps a joint military expedition. Admiral Denman's visit was clearly made to impress the Young Turks with the definite threat of ceding Crete to Greece. Only some such move as this will curb the vanity of the present rulers of Turkey.

It remains, I greatly fear, to say a few words on the origin of the trouble. I mentioned in a previous article how certain political principles which suit tete-a-tete, obedi- ence, and unimaginative races like the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxons are liable to cause much unrest, to say the least, when attempts are made to apply them to nations which are totally unsuited to them. This has happened to Liberalism in Turkey. The doctrine of the equality of man, for instance, is a dogma that the average Turk or Albanian simply cannot understand. The members of the Young Turk Committee, misled by their long residence in Western Europe, tried to apply undiluted Mill and Bentham to a nation, or rather a series of nations, to which such doctrines, logically associated as they are with the Christian religion, are anathema. In the strenuous endeavour to propagate idealistic Liberalism—and all Liberalism, indeed, is idealistic—very illogical means were resorted to. * * *

As the result of this mistaken policy the entire Ottoman Empire is in a state of the utmost exacerbation. For two years, almost without intermission, the Albanians and the Arabs have been up in arms, the Empire thus being threatened at the west and at the east. True to their idealistic Liberalism—and all Liberalism, indeed, is. The distinction is that, while Abdul massacred Macedonians, his successors are extending similar treatment to a province still further west. But the Hamidian atrocities were committed by an Emperor, therefore our Liberal Press condemned them. The Albanian atrocities, on the other hand, are being efficiently carried out by a Liberal régime, therefore our Liberal Press chooses to gloss them over. * * *

A Party is forming.

We come back to our starting-point. Whether they are Liberals or not, the Young Turks must be compelled to discontinue useless massacres and bloodshed, even though this be done at the price of an autocratic Power. Europe cannot sit by and watch the Balkans seethe into flame merely to let the Committee of Union and Progress bolster up a political system, with which they never should have had anything to do. Less Mill and more Koran; less conceit and more sobriety: such, in a nutshell, is the advice which, in guarded but unmistakable diplomatic terminology, is now being conveyed to the Porte by the representatives of five strong Powers.
The Conditions of Labour at Sea.

By William McFee.

(Second Engineer s/s "Fernfield," Glasgow.)

In view of the dense ignorance of the majority of English people, educated and otherwise, concerning their Mercantile Marine, and the permanent importance of the subject, the following information may be of service.

Legally we are all "seamen." Technically, we, the crew of a tramp steamship, are divided into the following categories:—First, the master, who is navigating officer, and in some cases chartered to the owner. Assisting him in the executive are the officers, generally two, sometimes three. The deck hands are led by a "bossun," who is an A.B., two other A.B.'s, four ordinary seamen and a carpenter. The "ordinary" and the carpenter have no necessary qualifications for their positions, inasmuch as men who are fresh to the sea ship as ordinary seamen and the "bossun" sometimes take on the extra duty of carpenter, receiving an extra ten shillings a month.

The third and final, the steward is usually in the hands of the master. The owners allow him so much, generally eighteenpence to two shillings per diem per head, for food, and he orders his stores accordingly. The steward is in charge of the food supply and doles out the quantities daily. A boy steward, or press-room steward, is carried to act as servant to the engineers. These latter are in the anomalous position of being neither officers nor crew. Two at least must be qualified by Board of Trade examination for their grade, the third is frequently an apprentice just out of his time. Legally, the chief engineer receives his instructions from the master, and the second engineer is in charge of the work of his department. In large ships more juniors vary from four to twelve, according to four fires. This, with three four-hour watches in the twelve hours, makes six firemen. Two coal trimmers, who keep the coal running to the plates, and who work twelve hours a day each, will also be carried. An additional hand, known as docker-tramp, is in charge of an auxiliary boiler used in port. He is, as a matter of fact, an engineer, but without legal responsibility.

This completes the company of an ordinary tramp. The men now on strike cannot, therefore, be accurately defined. The way they consist of sailors and firemen, cooks and stewards, the latter having their own trade union. Deck officers have no trade union. Marine engineers are similarly situated.

We now come to the question of wages. With the exception of small coasters, we are paid by the month, allound. Strange to say, the wages earned upon the high seas vary according to the port in which we sign. Taking four similar ships, all carrying coal, we sign the articles in duplicate, and the master retains the end of the month and receives the amount due. All sign the articles in duplicate, and the master retains each man's Board of Trade discharge book until he is paid off.

I have said nothing about foreign seamen in the British Marine, because they have no bearing on the subject of wages. I have had stokehold crowds made up of Greeks, Italians, Russians, Finns, Scandinavians, and in no case are the wages altered because the firemen are foreigners. The case of Asians demands separate consideration.

The public are bewildered because the owners stoutly maintain that carrying an Asiatic crew in no way reduces the wages bill, while the labour men insist that coolies get less wages than Britisheers. The reason is, that while we here carry nine Europeans at four pounds five a month, the similar ship in Japan carries two native coolies at two pound ten, or perhaps two pounds. Another thing overlooked by the public is that Asians must have their own cook and separate galley, their viands and methods of preparation being, to say the least, eccentric.

In conversation with shipowners, managers and federation officials, I have never been able to elicit any information concerning the organisation of the men. Their cry has always been, "There is no union," or "None of the officers or men in the owners' union," or "The union has no money." I was considerably impressed by the sublime indifference of the Federation to the existence of the Union. It resembled the attitude of the Government before the South African War. Purely out of curiosity, when we heard in Oran that a strike had been ordered for Coronation Day, I enquired of my crowd if many belonged to the union. Most were indifferent, several doubted if 10 per cent. belonged. It appears now that every man on the ship was a member of the union, but wisely kept the fact to himself. This points to organisation.

This blindness to the actual industrial situation seems to me the weak point in the owners' position.

The flaw in the contractors' armour is the dubious status of their calling. Sailors who cannot steer the ship except on a corkscrew course, firemen who cannot clean and build a fire without dropping the steam thirty pounds, or who cannot use Welsh coal properly, are as plentiful as bowlers. May I, at this point, say that the Admiralty register, but no qualifications. The Sailors' and Firemen's Union stated publicly last April that the officials made it their business to attend ships leaving port on the tide to ensure their members being sober and on board. In the course of six years' sea service I have never seen such an official, and have never seen a crowd of firemen sober at the time of sailing. It is a common and undesirable occurrence for engineers to be firing the boilers for the first few hours. On the other hand, the sailors on deck have a splendid seven-shillings-a-week reputation for sobriety and obedience. Their efficiency leaves very much to be desired: their behaviour is worthy of all praise.

In looking over the demands formulated at the Greenwich Conference, one is not struck by anything revolutionary, certainly not by anything which will ruin the owners or "bring down the country." Perhaps it may be as well, therefore, instead of discussing the demands seriatim, to notice the claim, voiced by the London "Times," that further concessions will cause the ships to be run at a loss. The fatuous idiocy of such a claim is obvious enough, if the ordinary tramp is taken as an example. My ship, for instance, cost £40,000, and the cost of running her, exclusive of insurance, is about £450. The extra expense involved in conceding to the strikers' demands does not exceed £5 a month. The owners, therefore, are asking the public to believe that a capital of £40,000 is only producing £5 a week. If who demand them, amounting to two weeks' pay, which can be cashed, less discount, outside, and which are honoured by the one, other than the ship's clear. In addition to this, half-pay "allotment" notes are issued, which the seaman sends to his wife, who presents it at the end of the month and receives the amount due. All sign the articles in duplicate, and the master retains each man's Board of Trade discharge book until he is paid off.

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this is the case, the sooner the tonnage is nationalized the better.

And yet the "owners" have a case, which I shall proceed to put as clearly as possible. When we employees speak of "owners," we mean the firm of "managers" who act on behalf of the shareholders who provide the money. It is unnecessary for me to enlighten the public concerning the deplorable condition of the employees. The wages, the managers are paid for their services as acting owners, but the tramp steamer company which pays a dividend on its capital is a very prosperous concern.

The contention of the "Times," therefore, that "owners" will be compelled to run their ships at a loss, probably refers to the unfortunate shareholder, whose shares have never yielded him anything at all, and who is now called upon to resist the iniquitous demands of the seamen.

The Judges and the Administration of Justice.


My Lord,—Lord Coleridge has now received a letter upon the subject of the administration of justice at the last Leeds and Newcastle Summer Assizes. As Lord Coleridge will probably communicate the contents of that letter to your lordship, I need not trouble you with it; but I propose to avail myself of this opportunity to comment upon the general question of the administration of justice in England, with special reference to the responsibility of his Majesty's Judges.

In dealing with crime, observation suggests that there are certainly four cardinal principles to be borne in mind:—

(1) That guilty persons should not be acquitted;
(2) That innocent persons should not be convicted;
(3) That in all cases of substantial doubt the presiding judge should not press the jury for a conviction;
(4) That a convicted man should receive a sentence which will not embitter him against those charging him with administering the law; but that at the same time the sentence should have the sanction of public opinion.

Some experience of the workings of the criminal law has forced me reluctantly to the view that points 2, 3, and 4 do not receive sufficient recognition from the judges entrusted with the responsible task of punishing crime and preventing its recurrence. This fact accounts to some extent for the steady and lamentable increase in serious crime, as shown by the figures in the "Statesman's Year Book, 1910," which is the only reference book by me at the moment. For England and Wales, relating to the persons committed for trial before a jury, the figures of conviction are as follows:—

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This brings me to the grave question of the responsibility of individual judges. You pointed out to me in your letter that apparently had no effect in checking the growth of crime during the last eight years. You pointed out to me in your letter that apparently had no effect in checking the growth of crime during the last eight years. This question that apparently had no effect in checking the growth of crime during the last eight years. This brings me to the grave question of the responsibility of individual judges.

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This brings me to the grave question of the responsibility of individual judges. You pointed out to me in a recent interview that I should resent criticism upon the accuracy of my professional work. I agreed that that was true; but ventured to point out that were it not reasonably efficient the presumption is that I should no longer be retained by those at present have confidence in me. A judge is in exactly the opposite position: however inefficient and cruel he may be (and such a judge, in my view, is a greater menace to society than any criminal) it is practically impossible to remove him, so cumbersome is the machinery necessary to be put in motion in order to do so. No one can foretell before his appointment how good or how bad a judge may be: afterwards it is impossible to remove him. Assuming he is a bad judge, and there have been many such, as I now surely your lordship would agree, he has nowadays a spell of fourteen years or upwards in which he may do incalculable harm to society and individuals. It seems to me, in order to afford some guarantee to society generally of proper conduct, that a judge should be liable to lose his pension, or to have his term of service curtailed, should he have more than a certain number of decisions reversed, convictions quashed, or sentences reduced.

Let me cite certain instances of how this judicial irresponsibility has worked in practice. Recently Mr. Justice Darling, in summing up to a special jury, suggested that a man who had committed many crimes, and was then undergoing a term of penal servitude, was "a typical English elector." The obiter dicta of Sir William Grantham, in the recent case of Griffiths v. Benn, were hardly calculated to inspire one with any confidence in his lordship's impartiality. The address of Mr. Justice Ridley, in the House of Commons, also the other day at Guildford, Sir William Grantham alleged that persons who believed in Socialism would be inevitably driven along the paths of crime, until they ended their career in penal servitude. Mr. Justice Phillips at Epsom found fault with much of the evidence and retained in a case which I hope to refer to later the sentence of nine years imprisonment on the ground of mischief. The costs in those cases were enormous; and one or other of the parties to them has been ruined. There is no other profession in which such a state of affairs would be permitted to pass unchallenged. Why judges should be exempt from the rule of responsibility for efficiency in one's actions is not very clear to me. Broadly speaking, the doing of justice in Courts of First Instance presided over by Sir William Grantham, Sir Edward Ridley and Sir Walter Phillimore, is the exception and not the rule. This view, I believe, would not be controverted by the general opinion of the legal profession.

Let me refer to another class of irresponsibility.

At the Leeds Assizes, July, 1909, a man named Reader was tried by Mr. Justice Bray for criminal libel upon a solicitor. He defended himself; and persisted in addressing the jury at some length, notwithstanding the judge's warnings. He was convicted and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. He appealed. At the end of the Assizes, before the appeal had been heard, Mr. Justice Bray sent for Reader and reduced the sentence to six weeks' imprisonment. The comparison between these two sentences is very remarkable. At the same Assizes a woman named Mary Lynd was charged with using an instrument to procure abortion. She was 61 years of age, and in such an inimical condition that apparently she could hardly follow the proceedings. She was sentenced to 10 years' penal servitude, which, considering her age and state of health, practically amounted to a death sentence. She had never been convicted before of any offence. At the most, she was guilty of an offence which not at the same degree of conscious criminality as is the feature of many crimes; but it was a crime which was of a moral character.

With regard to head four, there was an interesting example last week in the Court of Criminal Appeal, an appeal from the Breconshire County Sessions. An old man of 63 was appealing against a sentence of three years' penal servitude and five years' preventive detention. The particular offence of the subject of the sentence...
was the theft of two shirts. There were many previous convictions against him, all for stealing tools or committing small larcenies. There was nothing, unless my memory has deceived me, of a graver nature recorded against the man: but his crimes were apparently due to the stress of poverty which was in the individual, rather than to any criminal instincts. After the one occasion upon which this man had been treated mercifully, it appeared that four years had passed without his coming in contact with the authorities. Your lordship, sitting with Mr. Justice Pickford and Mr. Justice Bankes, confirmed the sentence. All I can say is that I am unable to understand the mind of a person, or persons, who could call this merciful administration of justice.

At the Autumn Durham Assizes, 1910, two young men were sentenced by Mr. Justice Lawrence to nine months' hard labour. The prisoner charged with these offences being the highest character; but had involved themselves in betting transactions, and had stolen certain letters containing postal orders. There was every possible mitigating circumstance in the case; yet, the refusal of Mr. Justice Lawrence to apply the First Offenders' Act may, and probably will, have the sad consequence of compelling these two young men into a life of crime. It is not surprising that the army of criminals is growing rapidly when learned judges permit themselves to impose such sentences as these.

The connection of poverty and ignorance with crime is rarely recognised by the judges. Punishments for thefts, embezzlement and larceny are often a kind of insurance by means of which bad employers may cast upon society the burdens which flow from an under-payment of the employed. That the courts of justice should be a means by which bad employers may insure their avarice at other people's expense does strike one as inequitable. An amendment of the law is urgently needed by which prisoners charged with these offences would be enabled to raise the plea of under-payment as a defence; the onus being upon them to satisfy the jury of its truth.

The offence of incest, now triable in camera under the Act of 1908, with the consequence that the sentences of judges for this offence are no longer subject to open public criticism, is being visited with shocking sentences. The evidence in these cases usually reveals an ugly condition of poverty and ignorance, the combination of which is the primal cause of this crime, rather than the evil minds of those concerned in its commission.

It is a popular idea that the best advocate for an unassisted prisoner is the judge; but I personally cannot recall a case to which such a view would be remotely applicable. This may be a matter upon which my experience has been unfortunate: I should be glad to believe that there are numerous cases where Counsel for the Crown has not been aided by the Judge, as is my experience; but that the prisoner has been assisted in his defence by the Judge.

The habit of prefacing the death sentence with violent comments upon the crime of the convicted man seems to me barbaric and unchristian. I used to be taught that the great maxim was that of 'Judge not.' It is sufficient that judges should have the power of sentencing men to death, without abusing the condemned in the last moments in which he or she is in the presence of the world. It is typical of the unconscious cruelty of the judicial mind that no opportunity is lost of using this singularly inhuman weapon against persons in their last extremity.

The mere retributive treatment of prisoners is doing very little towards the reduction of crime in England. The imposition of heavy sentences merely embitters the very little towards the criminal, comments upon the crime of the convicted man seems the judicial mind that no opportunity is lost of using this most expert criminological and scientific opinion is now agreed upon this), but a manufactured article, the ingredients in the manufacture generally being a savage sentence imposed by an irritable judge, flogging and a stupid prison system. Mr. Grieve's play, "Justice," is in my experience an exact representation of how the vested interests in crime obtain a perpetuity of material for their sustenance.

As a layman, I resent the continuance of a system which cannot be productive of a law-abiding community. Nor can anything be more demoralising to society than the theatrical ceremonies to snatch a conviction by which the "Crippen" and other capital cases have been needlessly disgraced. Lay opinion is the chief moderating influence on savage punishments. Judges rarely initiate humane innovations in the Criminal Law. The quality of mercy generally is more present in the mind of the lay reformer than in the mind of the judicial administrator of the law. The late Baron Brampton in his "Reminiscences" printed the Calendar of the Lincoln Assizes in 1818; from which one learns that out of 21 convicted prisoners 15 were sentenced to death. Happily, that state of semi-barbarism has passed away, but its passage did not receive very much, if any, assistance from the judicial body.

And so to-day. The administration of justice in England, instead of being a sacred calling—it should be the most sacred calling next to religion—is to my observation a mere daily routine of cynical professionalism; and so it will remain unless until and until some method is devised of fixing judges, like other professional members of the community, with some responsibility for errors arising from the infirmity of judgment, want of science, lack of humanity, and eccentricities of temperament.

I have addressed these remarks to your Lordship, firstly, because of the matters which have given rise to the communications which have been exchanged between us; and, secondly, because they represent my honest, well-weighed and conscientious conviction, derived from a daily experience of the administration of justice in the English Law Courts. I am, my Lord, yours faithfully,

C. H. Norman.

REPLY.

Royal Courts of Justice,
London, W.C.
7th Dec., 1910.

The Lord Chief Justice presents his compliments to Mr. Norman. Lord Coleridge has shown him the letter which Mr. Norman has written. The Lord Chief Justice does not propose to comment upon it, beyond stating that there is not the slightest foundation for the statement that he held up any threat of any kind to Mr. Norman. To Mr. Norman's letter of the 4th inst. it is not necessary to make any reply, as it only contains the expressions of Mr. Norman's opinions.

The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton

5.—The Adventures of Victor Grayson.

I HAVE already referred to the Colne Valley by-election. That event has so considerable a significance in the history of the Labour Party as to deserve fuller attention. It is important in many ways. Its triumphant issue marks the high-water mark of the Labour movement. It forced sharply on the Labour Party the choice between two paths; and the path that they chose led inevitably downwards to that valley of humiliation which now shelters them.

Let me briefly recall the story.

In 1906 Sir John Kitson, a typical wealthy Liberal, perfectly qualified for the peerage which he afterwards received (or purchased), was returned for Colne Valley. He had been returned by a large majority over his Conservative opponent, but unfortunately there were among the electors a considerable number who were not quite satisfied with Sir John Kitson's qualifications to represent the working classes of Colne Valley.
These men formed themselves into a Labour League and decided to run a Labour and Socialist candidate.

They selected a young man whose remarkable powers of initiative and eloquence had already achieved a considerable reputation in the neighbourhood. His name was Victor Grayson.

Of Grayson himself I shall here say as little as may be, for the simple reason that he is a friend of mine, and that in speaking of him I cannot pretend to detach or impartiality. Let it suffice here that I say that, whatever else he may or may not have been, he was undoubtedly the choice of the democracy of Colne Valley.

The decision of the local Labour League was communicated to the Council of the I.L.P. That body began by sending down to Colne Valley a list of alternative candidates. These names were duly submitted to the Socialists and Trade Unionsists of Colne Valley; they received a few votes apiece; the rest, the overwhelming majority, went to Victor Grayson.

Having failed to influence the local association, the next move was to try what could be done with Grayson himself. It was suggested to him that it would be a graceful act for him to retire. He very properly refused to do so; if the people of Colne Valley wanted him, he was prepared to fight their battle. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald wrote to Mr. Grayson pointing out that he must find his own election expenses, and that no salary would be paid to him. Mr. Grayson replied that he was prepared to face that. Then came personal interviews both with Grayson and with his leading supporters in Colne Valley. Both stood firmly to their guns.

At this moment the Liberal Government was led to perceive Sir John Kitson's fitness to be a hereditary legislator. What causes other than Sir John Kitson's well-known services to the commonwealth (as chronicled in the daily papers next morning) may have helped them to this perception we cannot, in the absence of certain, nor does it concern us at the moment. All that concerns us is that, owing to Sir John's elevation, the Socialists and Trade Unionsists of Colne Valley determined to have Grayson, and nobody but Grayson, for their member. Only at the last moment did the executive of the I.L.P. so far give way as to say that they had no objection to the candidature. Nevertheless, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who was at that time both chairman of the I.L.P. and secretary of the Labour Party, took the opportunity to tell a representative of the Press that the Labour Party was not responsible for Mr. Grayson's candidature. This declaration was, of course, eagerly seized upon by the Liberals of Colne Valley, who placarded Mr. Macdonald's declaration all over the constituency.

The polling day came, and Mr. Grayson was elected over the heads alike of his Liberal and of his Conservative opponent. Throughout the country the Socialists were wild with joy. The victory eclipsed all the triumphs of the past; even without the support of the official organisation, a Socialist running on straight Socialist principles had fought and beaten the nominees of both Capitalist parties. The panic which seized upon a section of the Capitalist Press only made the taste of the victory more sweet.

Nevertheless there were Socialists to whom the sweetness of the victory was by no means unalloyed. These were the men who had opposed Grayson's candidature, who had pronounced it irregular and impossible, who had used their best endeavours first to induce the local committee to abandon Grayson, and then to induce Grayson to abandon his supporters. One prominent member of the I.L.P. had predicted that Grayson would not get 200 votes. Two others had gone on a deputation to the Colne Valley Committee to persuade it of the object of shaking their confidence. Mr. Macdonald had publicly repudiated the candidature, and his repudiation had been placarded through the constituency. These men saw the victory which filled the common Socialist with joy in another light. It was a heavy blow to their pride that other men should think on their foresight or their good faith. Why had not Mr. Grayson had the good taste to be beaten, as they had so confidently predicted? More than one Labour Member of Parliament privately described the Colne Valley result as a disaster.

The two sections of the Labour Party showed a disposition to throw the blame on each other. The I.L.P. declared that it was the constitution of the Labour Party that had defeated Grayson. The Trade Unionsists replied, with perfect justice, that Grayson's candidature had never been before the Labour Party, that the only body which could have put his name forward was the I.L.P., that they had not done so, and that it was entirely the fault of the I.L.P.

But, whosoever might be to blame, all the Labourites agreed that the quickest way to bury the whole incident was to recognise the accomplished fact and admit Grayson to the fellowship of the Labour Party. The Socialists and Trade Unionsists were willing to come in. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald had received no help from the Labour Party in his election; their chief official spokesman had repudiated him, and that repudiation had been widely used against him. It was reasonable to expect that, having won on his own merits, he would allow those who had refused all countenance to him while he was fighting to reap the fruits of a victory which had been achieved almost in their despite? Moreover, though the weakness of the Labour Party was by no means so obvious then as it afterwards became, signs of it were already visible to keen eyes, and there were few keener eyes than those of the young man who had returned victorious from Colne Valley. He saw well enough that if he joined the Labour Party he would be compromised, entangled, and be unable to fulfil his promises to his constituents. His victory, gained as it was without outside help, placed him in a strong position. He resolved to maintain it.

Then, again, all sorts of pressure were applied. Mr. Macdonald, who had written to Grayson before the election urging him not to stand and threatening financial boycotting if he did stand, who had repudiated him before all the world when he did stand, met him as soon as he entered the lobby. His congratulations, took his arm, walked him through the lobbies with fatherly benignity, and summoned a special meeting of the Labour Party to welcome him. Mr. Grayson was polite and conciliatory, but firm; the Labour Party could count on his cordial support on industrial questions, but he would not sign their constitution.

Soft soap being found useless, recourse was had to threats. Once more he was told that unless he joined the party he would get no salary, or, if he did not sign their constitution, they would refuse to do so if he did join them. He did not want one. Then he was informed that he would have no chance of speaking. The Speaker, he was assured, chose the names for the debate from lists supplied by the Whips. Any individual member would never be called upon. This also failed to move him. Then he was reminded that two sponsors would be required to introduce him into the House. The Labour Party alone could supply these sponsors, and they would refuse to do so if he did not join them. It was only when Mr. Grayson had made up his mind to write to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Balfour that the Labour Party gave way and allowed two of their number to act as sponsors on their own responsibility. Mr. Grayson had won the first round. He was in Parliament, and still independent.

At the next I.L.P. Conference the question of his
position came up once more for discussion. Fortunately an exact precedent existed which the official leaders could not very well contest. Mr. Taylor, the nominee of the Northumberland miners, had been elected in 1906 on the Independent Labour ticket; but the miners had then affiliated to the Labour Party, so that it was impossible for Mr. Taylor to sign that the miners were not then affiliated to the Labour Party, nominee of the Northumberland miners, had been party's constitution. In his case a compromise had been arranged whereby, without signing the constitution, he was to attend the meetings of the Labour Party and receive its whips. The I.L.P. Conference resolved that Mr. Grayson should enter into a similar arrangement, and Mr. Grayson assented. At the same time it was agreed that his salary should be paid by the I.L.P. The proposal came to nothing, for the Labour Party refused to make the same arrangement with Mr. Grayson that they had made with Mr. Taylor, or to have any fellowship with him on any other terms than unconditional surrender.

Meanwhile Mr. Grayson took his seat in the House, made his maiden speech on the vote to Lord Cromer, spoke in favour of the Labour Party's Right-to-Work Bill, and generally proceeded to discharge his duty to his constituents, ever as a devoted and ardent Labourer. Every occasion was an opportunity of telling the truth about which never has been, and perhaps never will be, fully put before the public. So much of the truth as I can tell without violation of confidence I will tell here.

It had been arranged by the Foreign Office that the King should pay a visit to the Czar of Russia, then fresh from the very brutal repression of a popular insurrection in his own dominions. Democratic feeling in England which had sympathised with the insurgents was naturally very strongly roused against the proposal. Public meetings were held to protest against it, and the Labour Party in Parliament was induced to take the matter up. Mr. O'Grady moved a reduction of the Foreign Office estimate as a protest against it, and Mr. Keir Hardie made a powerful speech in his support, in the course of which he was called to order for using the word "atrocities" in relation to the Russian Government — an expression which, at the bidding of the Speaker, he withdrew. Mr. Grayson, who was sitting near Mr. Hardie, not only vigorously applauded him throughout his speech, but audibly urged him not to withdraw the offending word. He had sent his own name up to the Speaker, and intended to rise later in the debate. He was near the Speaker, and was called upon to say whether he was "seen" and called upon by the Speaker, but before he could open his mouth Mr. Henderson rose and moved the closure, which was accepted and carried. It was pretty generally suspected that Mr. Grayson intended to repeat Mr. Keir Hardie's words and refuse to withdraw them, and most people not blinded by confidence in the Labour Party believed and believe that Mr. Henderson's action had something to do with this fact, as well as with his mysterious confabulation with the leaders of the official parties.

Meanwhile the proceedings of the House dragged along. It was a bad year for the masses; the unemployed were numerous and their sufferings severe. But the Imperial Parliament, in the shape of the sitting of the I.L.P. branches began to get restive; it seemed that general revolt was at hand. The leaders of the I.L.P. attempted a new manoeuvre. Frightened by the effect of Grayson's speeches, they organised what they called a national campaign in favour of Socialism, and they invited Grayson to take part in it. The object of this piece of tactics was obvious. If Grayson consented he would be under their orders, and could be sent to speak at obscure places where he could do no harm; if he refused he would be denounced as one who preferred his own interests to the cause of Socialism. Grayson skilfully avoided the dilemma. He consented readily to come into the scheme, and gave them a list of dates when he would be at their disposal. At the same time he reserved his freedom to speak at other times and in other places on his own responsibility.

The Council of the I.L.P. were exceedingly annoyed, and they introduced into their annual report a paragraph accusing the leader of the Labour Party of "a new and flimsy censuring Grayson and declaring that it was impossible to work with him. The annual conference came, and Grayson attended it. The deletion of the paragraph was moved and was supported by many who had not previously been on Grayson's side, but who were now assisted by the personal vindictiveness of the Council. Grayson spoke with more than his usual eloquence; he allowed the indignation which he had kept under careful restraint until now to have free play. He swept the meeting. In spite of the strenuous efforts of the leaders, the deletion was carried by a large majority.

The leaders met to discuss what could be done. To their joy they learned that Grayson had left for London. There was just a chance that with skillful management the meeting might in his absence be induced to rescind their decision. When the Conference met next day, it was clear that a coup had been put in play. The sitting of the I.L.P., which had been most closely identified with the policy of the I.L.P. in the past, Mr. Hardie, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Bruce Glasier, announced their resignation from the Executive. A delegate was put up to beg them to remain and to move, for the purpose of pleasing them, the reversal of the motion carried only the day before. Every kind of pressure was brought to bear on the delegates. Mr. Hardie pleaded, and Mr. Macdonald threatened. At last the meeting gave way, went back on its vote, and reinstated the offending paragraph.

From that moment the independence of the I.L.P. ceased to exist. Mr. Grayson turned to other fields in which he is now doing splendid work for Socialism. The I.L.P. was the I.L.P. no longer.
An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

"In the world of finance and speculation we are the greatest illusionists ever known," said the Judge after we had been sitting for about ten minutes in the little divan-room of the Turkish café, where I had met him on several other occasions; "we let our financiers work up the illusions and the U.S. Senate exhibits the tricks to an admiring and bewildered nation. In America, our word 'smart' stands for the word 'clever' in England. We have been living on this word for the past thirty or forty years. In Germany they repudiate smartness and insist on going to bed rock for the fundamental facts. We are satisfied with pay dirt on the surface, because in placer diggings the owners can juggle with the greenhorns right under their eyes, and they can never tell how much salt is being mixed with the output."

"We excel in smartness."

"Take prize fighting. When an English pugilist comes to America he is a novice, and he has to learn the tricks of the trade. In England the pugilists stand up and try to punch each other's heads. Over here two fighters punch wherever they can. Take an Englishman in the ring with an American; the Englishman does his best to knock a shingle off the attic of his opponent, while the American tries to create a colic in the bread-basket of the Englishman; while John Bull tries to make the claret flow by a tap on the nasal faucet, the Yankee dives for the fifth rib and lands a howler which makes his rival feel bilious; while the Englishman is aiming at the molars in the lower jaw, the American takes the wind out of his opponent's lung bellows and closes his organ-pipes to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Now our boss politicians are doing with the American people what our boxers are doing with the English pugilists—taking the wind out of their bellows by tricks and flukes that are absolutely new to the plutocrats. Their servants are English. Many of our rich are of Canadian origin. We have financial wire-pullers, bankers' assistants, and the paid hirelings of capital without conscience."

"Arbitration, did you say? Have you any idea why the plutocrats want it?" Having posed these questions the Judge went on: "Let me tell you: every great capitalist in America knows that on the day we declare war on a great European nation, or when one of them declares war on us, that will be the great day of awakening and judgment here. The people panic stricken, the factories closed, all hands idle, the false illusions pay the quick-change artists. In this country religion, politics, and business are one. That is why we are a people without a conscience. When European nations know this they will treat us as Talleyrand treated the kings of the Restoration, that is, cynically."

"You see," he went on, "everything dove-tails; one thing fits another. When you hear a statesman talk of patriotism, it means a front pew in a fashionable church where his wife's hat will prevent the people behind her from enjoying the sight of other hats, and when you hear our millionaires declaring that Canada must continue to belong to the Mother Country, it means that they want a place of refuge ready at hand. In time of serious trouble the millionaires might find a place of safety across the Canadian border, but they would find greater difficulty in getting to Europe. Take my word for it, the wealthy will never consent to the annexation of Canada. It is their only safeguard on this Continent."

"Even now," continued the Judge, "many of our plutocrats prefer Europe to America. And this is but natural. I know for a fact that all of them have ample funds placed in the national securities of Germany, France, and England. There is nothing they fear more than the triumph of Democracy. In my opinion, as soon as they scent grave trouble ahead, they will be off for a long sojourn in Europe. Andrew Carnegie, like the canny Scot he is, has a castle in Scotland. Believe me, there will be a stampede of the idle rich one of these days."

"Secretly, all our big millionaires are Imperialists or Tory Democrats," the Judge continued, "but they are much more Tory than Democrat. Their country homes are like fortified castles, impossible of access except to a few rich persons belonging to the big corporations. Their servants are English. Many of our rich are coached in etiquette by English butlers and French cooks. Titled foreigners are the only kind of company favoured at most of the Newport villas. No, sir, they hate Democracy more than they fear the Socialists. Democracy is solid or it is nothing. Socialism is a prop and they don't fear it. Besides, they know that the Socialists, if they came into power, would nullify that power by bitter strife and rivalry."

"The worship of money in this country is too great to be stopped at all once, and most of the people who clamour for a change would like to be in the shoes of the plutocrats at that time. Under the German might, if the choice be made, take possession of Mexico and remain there. Everything would change as in a night. People and places would shift like scenes on the stage. For the first time the man of money would find himself without power. His very riches would render him poor indeed. The subsidised Press would close their sheets as the sensitive plant closes its leaves when touched. Sherman's famous march to the sea would be nothing compared with the hordes that might, if they chose, set out from New York and Philadelphia and desolate the land after having devoured the edibles in the big cities."

"Have you ever seen a balloon collapse and tumble to the ground from a great height? A sudden calamity in this country would be a splendid sight. A few political gas-bags, our senatorial blow-hards, and our Wall Street bubbles. Finance would have neither head nor tail. The trusts, like the editors who support them, would vanish like dew in the morning sun. It would be too late for the plutocrats to give away, there would be nothing left to give."

"When people like you and me dream of green elephants, hours and purple apes, we change our whiskies; but when parsons get tired of their own climate they swap pulpits and say their conscience has had a 'call.' The preacher has a good time, and the congregations pay the quick-change artists. In this country politics, religion, and business are one. That is why we are a people without a conscience. When European nations know this they will treat us as Talleyrand treated the kings of the Restoration, that is, cynically."

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England's Darling.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

Poets no longer disdain to hide their heads in the laurel: the Laureateship of England has ceased to be a disgrace, and has become a coveted honour. There is no Byron in these days to write sarcastic prefaces and sardonic footnotes, taunting the Laureate with lack of political principle and poetical power. There is not even a Browning to lament "The Lost Leader"; although a wag on the "Standard" might have written "The Lost Leader Writer." But there was no wag on the "Standard." Mr. Austin received nothing but congratulations on his appointment; even Sir Edwin Arnold, who himself expected the honour, wrote that it would be "worthily and patriotically borne" by the distinguished political journalist who is our "pink of poets." Everyone felt that no more appropriate selection could have been made; for, as Mr. Austin says, "it is recognised that no obligation is imposed on the Poet Laureate to write on any event or occasion." What Byron would have called "the unresisting Muse" of Mr. Austin must have rejoiced at this practical exemption from the pains of creation.

I do not mean that Mr. Austin is an importunate lover. He is incorruptibly devoted to Poetry (which, then, is always hypostatised and formidable), and rejected a tentative offer of the editorship of the "Standard" for this reason; but importunate he is not. As with Keats, so with Mr. Austin. He does not "try to write poetry," but he obeys the secret prompting. He waits, as Emerson said a poet should wait, "on his moods;" and his verse is spontaneous if not unpremeditated. I have heard it called impromptu verse, but the adjective is inappropriate. Some of Mr. Austin's poems are the fruit of years of thought, a fact which is somewhat disguised by his facile composition. Like his precedent lord, he does but sing because he must, and when his Muse is willing; but one thing he rates above the gift of song, and that is the exercise of the "proper chivalrous instincts." "I would rather be the man who could send such a telegram in such circumstances," he says of Sir Edwin Arnold's congratulations, "than be incapable of sending it, yet have written the greatest of poems."

He was the anonymous restorer of the grave of Shelley, and the gratuitous defender of the memory of Byron against the attack of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. As co-editor of "The National Review," he was the discoverer of William Watson, an honour usually accorded to Edward Clodd. As the anonymous critic of Tennyson in "Temple Bar," he enjoyed the approval of Matthew Arnold; at a later date Tennyson himself was consolced by the assurance that his artifice was "the right artifice."

"One hates an author that's all author," said Byron; and it is pleasing to notice the varied activity of Mr. Austin. "Literature (in verse and prose), politics (internal and international), journalism, war, law, religion, art, travel, society, town and country life—of all these the author has had experience." He became a solicitor and a law reporter; and then, as Mr. Watts-Dunton said, he "became co-editor to Temple Bar, but he never practised. He was Parliamentary candidate for Taunton in 1865, and for Dewsbury in 1880, but was not elected. He was sent to the Eccumenical Council in 1889 as correspondent for the "Standard," and wrote a report as long as the famous procession of bishops, which now occupies one-sixth of the "Autobiography." In the interest of the same paper he was attached (not without trouble) to the headquarters of the King of Prussia during the Franco-German war: saw the siege and capitulation of Paris, and the triumphal entry into Berlin, and wrote of the reprint of his despatches occupies about another fifty pages. He became a leader writer to the "Standard," and his rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, "Bulgarian Horrors," met with the "warm but discriminating approbation of Queen Victoria." The influence which he exercised was considerable. Beaconsfield prepared himself for the Berlin Congress by obtaining Mr. Austin's opinion of Bismarck. Lord Salisbury was indebted to him for "counsel and assistance on several difficult occasions." He wrote the "True Blue Policy" for the "Standards" and offered titles to the editors of some London daily papers; and the counsel was accepted. He urged Mr. Goschen, presumably on his own initiative, to follow Lord Randolph Churchill at the Exchequer; and he did. On the "Standard" he was allowed perfect freedom in his treatment of foreign affairs, and his True Blue policy was a power to the Tories. We feel that he could have governed, and probably did govern, England without assistance; and still have devoted his high days and holidays to poetry. It is not, perhaps, a merely fortuitous coincidence that, since he ceased leader writing, the Tories have sunk from degradation to degradation, and are now without a party, a leader, or a policy. Ah! if Villon were the King of France! It may be objected that there is little sign of what is called the poetic temperament in this summary of his work, but think of the versatility and general ability implied. Still, there are traces of the temperament. The Jesuits requested his father not to send him back to Stonyhurst College, as his "character was calculated to be a bad example." "One has no trouble in reconciling him to those who ask, "How can one learn to write?" "Be yourself," says Mr. Austin. "That affords the only chance of success. Fail, unless it be for the moment, you inevitably must if you study to copy others, or to produce an effect by your mere manner of writing." It is this touch of individuality that makes Mr. Austin's work inimitable. Withal, he seems to be a likeable man. He never quarrelled with any one, and his estrangement from Lord Randolph Churchill was not of long duration. Sir Henry Irving had no trouble in reconciling them. Watts-Dunton and Swinburne seem to have differed from him as to the merit of Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave," but not vehemently. The courtesy and expressed admiration of Mr. Austin's correspondents are really astonishing; surely the personal merits of no other Laureate have been so universally recognised. Not only has he appeared in the incidents of this blameless life, we might almost suppose that the Laureateship were the reward of virtue, but we should overlook his devotion to "Literature, and, most of all, poetry," if we did. It is erroneous to deny that he was peculiarly fitted for his office. Always a gentleman, never a renegade, the friend of Cabinet Ministers, the counsellor of Lords, the only intimate of Princes, to whom Queen Victoria presented two volumes of her "Highland Life," the man who has had experience in free education and non-contributory pensions, and appealed for fair play for the House of Lords, what worthier person could wear the bays? What other bard would cheerfully admit that "none can hope to reach the supreme greatness" of Dante and Shakespeare, whose fathers, like the father of the Laureate, were wool-staplers? By birth he was a bourgeois; by training, he became a lawyer; by good fortune, he became a journalist; and by the grace of Queen Victoria, he became Poet Laureate. There are verses printed in these books that justify the selection.
Unedited Opinions.

Resuming the Discussion.

The New Age said a little while ago that the Women's Suffrage movement is dying of dulness. Is that your view?

Yes, if by dulness you understand the suspended animation of discussion. There is no discussion of the Suffrage and its satellite subjects now. The Suffragists have relapsed into the methods of the Biblical widow; they hope to wear the public down by their much importunity; in plain English, by nagging.

But surely it is only because every grain of interest has been long ago threshed out and only the straw remains?

Not at all, not at all. The subject had hardly begun to be discussed, let alone exhausted. Literally dozens that I could name of related problems have never so much as been stated. Even the simplest propositions remain equivocal or undemonstrated. Nobody knows for certain yet what is meant by the abolition of the sex-bar in citizenship. Why, for example, is the sex-bar worse than the age-bar, or the colour-bar, or the intelligence-bar, or the crime-bar. A bar of any kind no doubt sounds sinister, but that is mere association of ideas. After all, why should not one bar be as innocent and beneficent as another?

You do not expect me to argue the matter now, do you?

Not at this moment, but your Suffragist friends will have to argue it one day. Their subject cannot escape the fate of all subjects, to pass through the brain and to run the gauntlet of deliberate discussion. If by chance the Suffrage should be extended to women before it has been fairly won on the open field of reason, it will have to return thither before it does women the least good. Either before or after the Parliamentary Act the subject has got to be discussed, and only what is reasonable in it will survive in practice. The sooner, therefore, that Suffragists come into the open and meet reason on equal terms, the sooner will the matter be settled to everybody's satisfaction.

I certainly thought the desirability of removing the sex-bar was more or less common ground between us. The subject had hardly begun to be discussed, and only what is reasonable in it will survive in practice. The sooner, therefore, that Suffragists come into the open and meet reason on equal terms, the sooner will the matter be settled to everybody's satisfaction.

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Do you mean that women are inferior to men?

No hasty generalisations for me, thank you. But I do mean that a very large class of women allow it to be presumed by the State that their sex entitles them to the privileges of minority. In other words, they accept an inferior status. What class do you mean?

The class of married and marrying women. It is obvious that a woman who puts herself under the legal guardianship of a man, allows him to assume the whole responsibility of citizenship and accepts legal guarantees for her claims to his life-long support, specifically reverts to the position of a social minor. That she may secretly rebel against the implication or be, in actual fact, the more capable and, therefore, responsible partner in the household, matters nothing to the State. So may a minor in his father's household rebel against the decree that his age legally imposes; and more particularly if it happens that he is actually doing his father's work. Yet on account of a few exceptions you would not enfranchise youths. Why on account of exceptional wives should you enfranchise married women?

You talk as if the acceptance of this social minority were a deliberate and, indeed, a selfish act on the part of marrying women. Is it not the condition of their service to the State as child-bearers? Ought the State, which has invited and almost forced them into this relation, to turn round afterwards and punish them for it by disenfranchisement?

I am not so sure, in the first place, that marriage is not for women in general a selfish act and nothing more. They do undoubtedly stand a chance thereby of getting the highest price for their sex, namely, a home, a guardian, and a pension for life. Is not the legal guarantee, within the limits of accident, of these things worth the sacrifice of a measure of independence? The path of the parasite promises at least to be primrose. That it is deliberate I have my doubts. Would, indeed, it were more often deliberate. But so many illusions conceal the facts of marriage from the neophyte that not many know consciously what they are about. Nevertheless, their instincts guide them, and it is these I would call selfish or, let us say, self-preservation. Obviously there is no social merit in that. Again, you charge the State, that is, society, with driving women into marriage, for the sake of children. No doubt it appears to Suffragists that the State has cunningly closed, or made difficult, every other occupation for women; but is it really so? The analogy on which they sometimes rely is that of the Jews, forbidden to engage in agriculture, etc., and, thus driven to money-lending and finance, the only occupations left open to them. Similarly women see themselves driven into marriage and afterwards despised for it.

An excellent analogy.

Plausible, you should say; for both the statement and the analogy are false. It is part of the apologetics of humbug to pretend that the Jews (as a race, of course) had ever any genius for anything else but money. In agriculture and the other occupations they have no skill, and for such occupations they have no native liking. With the utmost freedom of choice and in open competition with the other races, they would still have chosen finance, for the simple reason that in every other business they would be condemned to inferiority. And I would apply the same criticism to women who pretend that society gives them no option of choice in occupation save marriage. If it appears to be so to their apologists, it is because both the benevolence and the good sense of society have never been fairly appreciated. Believe me, marriage is the first resort of women who instinctively scent inferiority in every other occupation. It is not the State that drives them to it, but they go of their own accord.

Even so, you do not deny that in this occupation they render service to the State, greater service than they would render in an occupation for which they were less fitted? Their better choice should not be penalised by disfranchisement.

You forget that in one important respect the State enfranchises the wife above all other women—I mean in economics. In return for her prospective services in marriage, the State does actually allot to her a legal guardian whom it holds responsible for her welfare. What advantage would the vote be to her if this guarantee were cancelled? And what right has she to a vote in addition to it, when other women and all men have the vote alone? There is the still more searching question: what services does the wife and mother actually render the State—are they always really services? But that leads us too far.
"LOU! LOU! I LOVE YOU."
Revelation.

September—and an afternoon
Heavy with languid thoughts and long;
The air breathes faintly, half in swoon,
Like Silence, trembling, after Song.
The mighty calmness seems to draw
My spirit through a painless birth—
And now, with eyes that never saw,
I see the poetry of earth.

That group of old maple-trees brooding in peace by the river,
Happy with sunlight, and an oriole singing among them—

That here, in less space than a carpenter's workshop, the Giver
Has fashioned a casual wonder,
Greater than dawn or the thunder—
Here in a dozen of feet He has blended
Music and Motion and Colour and Form
Each in itself a creation so splendid
Here in this spot—in this edge of an acre
For the arms of the maple have held in their cover
Not the tenderest twig but has known, like a lover,
Here is a universe—even the Maker
And summer and fields and
the voice of the breeze as it sings in the branches
A
The hymn of the cosmic—the anthem that has for its choir
The spell of the infinite—Beauty half-hidden forever,
While the cry of the oriole melts in a sunset of fire

That were it the world's one beauty, 'twould warm
Happy with sunlight, and an oriole singing among them—
Music and Motion and Colour and Form
That here, in less space than a carpenter's workshop, the Giver
Has fashioned a casual wonder,
Greater than dawn or the thunder—
Here in a dozen of feet He has blended
Music and Motion and Colour and Form
Each in itself a creation so splendid
Here in this spot—in this edge of an acre
For the arms of the maple have held in their cover
Not the tenderest twig but has known, like a lover,
Here is a universe—even the Maker
And summer and fields and
Echos and answers the voice of the sea.

And now, with eyes that never saw,
September—and an afternoon
Heavy with languid thoughts and long;
The air breathes faintly, half in swoon,
Like Silence, trembling, after Song.
The mighty calmness seems to draw
My spirit through a painless birth—
And now, with eyes that never saw,
I see the poetry of earth.

An Ethiopian Saga.
By Richmond Haig.

CHAPTER XVII.

Now Koloani the Chief and those with him, when they had gone round by the Black Rocks, which are called Tlapakun, came not again to the Road, but continued straight on into the low hills, which are for a border between Moali and the land which belonged to another chief whose name was Kamalubi.

This they did because they had not good faith in all the people of those parts; and that they should not meet men of the Chief Kundu who might have been sent against them.

And they travelled with great speed so that with the setting of the Moon they had come to the valley which is called Manganita; and nought had hindered them by the way.

And when they had entered into the valley and had come to a part where the bushes were very thick, then Koloani said, "We will rest here, my Brothers, until the turn of the night, and then go on until we come to the Matsusi." And they said, "It is good, O Chief."

Then some of the men cleared a space, and Koloani the Chief, and Jamba the son of Bama, and Spalodi and Matauw cast down their blankets and, when they had eaten of the meat which they had brought, they lay down with their spears beside them and slept.

The ten men also slept close to them; but by twos they kept watch through the night; and no fire was made at that place.

About the turn of the night one of those who kept Watch went to Matauw and spoke to him; and he sat up and saw that it was time, and he spoke aloud, and all those with him were at once awake and quickly on their feet.

When they had drawn their blankets around them the Chief gave the word and two of the men led the way out from the bushes.

Now there were stars in the sky, but the night was dark so that they could not travel quickly, and at the breaking of the day they were still far from the Matsusi.

But now they moved with greater speed and presently they came to a path and Koloani the Chief said, "Hold, now, the path." And the path went down to the bottom of the Valley to the stream which was called Nuka.

And when they came to the stream they stopped for a little and threw water upon their faces, and drank of the stream.

And Koloani the Chief made a sign and Spalodi and Matauw and the other men moved quietly along the path.

Now, in a little while they came to the end of the valley Manganita, where the stream Nuka runs into the river Matsusi, and when they came to the river they paused only to roll their blankets round their spears and sticks, and then, holding the blankets so that they should not touch the water, they entered the river and crossed over.

The Matsusi is a wide river, and deep, and was held as a border between the land of the White People and the land of the Black People.

When Koloani and Matauw and the others had crossed the river they knew that they were safe from the Chief Kundu.

So, when they had drunk of the water, they went up a little way from the River and sat under a tree upon the grass.

And the Chief sat up against the tree and Spalodi and Matauw and Jamba the son of Bama sat near him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Now, when they had spoken about the road and knew how they should go from this place on, Koloani...
The Chief turned his face to Spalodi and said, "Son of Sepeke! Thou hast fame as one learned in many things and with a Pleasant tongue, so that meat will become cold in the hand of man while he listens to thee. While we rest here let us not feed upon our troubles, but do thou tell us of that which comes to thy mind."

Then Spalodi, when he had thought a little what kind of song would be well for this time and pleasing to the Chief, looked up into the tree and, sitting with his legs crossed before him, began to sing softly.

As the Spirit of the Song came on him his arms began to move, and he swayed as he sat; and sometimes his breast swelled and his hands clenched tightly; and sometimes his voice was soft and low and then swelled gradually with the words of triumph; and now there would be jeering in his tone and scorn, and, sometimes, great pity.

And sometimes the words would be short and hard, and then Spalodi hummed from his chest between the words, and then they would come rippling like water running between the stones; but the time and the movement were in the song, for Spalodi had music within him.

And this was the song of Spalodi which he sang to Koloani the Chief.

THE SONG OF SPALODI.

Sopadi! Sopadi!
Sing of Sopadi.
Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti,
The son of Moramok who threw the ox.
Sing of Sopadi. The lion of strength.
He slew the Nogankulu,*
Alone he slew the Mighty One.
The Long One. The fearsome One.
The Mighty Snake.
Who looks on Nogankulu?
Swift was he and fierce.
What was like him for strength?
He crushed the young ox,
He swallowed the roe.
Fly! Fly from Nogankulu,
The Mighty Snake.
He is fearsome to behold.
The length of three tall men is he,
Thick is he as the thigh of a man.
As a tree for strength.
The long one. The fearsome one.
Give way for Nogankulu.
He looks upon the deer and it is bound,
The young deer stands before him.
Look not upon his eye!
Black and small is the eye of Nogankulu
But a mighty chain to bind.
Ha! Devil! why art thou here?
The evil spirit of a man.
A murderer! A tyrant! A slayer of men!
By men must thou be slain.
And where to, then, Foul spirit?

* * *

The Chief has called for Sopadi.
Phalot, the Chief of Kalaming.
Ho! Sopadi. Ho! Sopadi, the Chief is calling.

* * *

Who is this coming to the Chief?
The men look upon him.
Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti,
The son of Moramok who threw the ox.
'Tis good to look on a tall man,
Clean in his stride. Supple and free.
Sopadi, the son of Bok!
Turn again to see him.
Deep is his chest. His voice hangs in the air.
Beauty and strength are in his limbs.
As a young lion he.

Happy art thou, Phalot!
Sopadi, of thy House comes before thee.
The Chiefs will envy thee thy man.
Spoke Phalot the Chief, "Sopadi, Man of Ours! I hear me! Take greeting to Mantapi, Chief of Kwanu, by the Stream.
When they bring thee to the Chief
Say Phalot greets him.
Place thy right hand on thy brow,
Touch thy navel with thy left.
Should he question,
Fold thine arms and stand.
The Chief will know my meaning.
He will read the signs.
I call Thee Mona 'Hesu,
That the message shall be swift.
White or red depends on thee,
Peace upon the land or woe."

* * *

Sing of Sopadi.
As the deer for fleetness.
Tireless went he as the wolf.
In his hand his spear.
Two sticks had he and a spear.
A great way was it to the river
Where was the village Kwanu.
His Kaross was at his back
Rolled and fastened with a thong.
Of jackal skins and many rabbit skins
He made his Kaross.
Sopadi the son of Bok.
Who could run with Sopadi?
He sang upon the way a war song,
Of love sang he also,
Humming deeply in his chest.
Running lightly on the path
By Popali through the bush.
Who could pass Sopadi?
Seek not the print of his heel.
Sopadi, the fleet one! Strong and swift.
Over the rugged hills where the trees are few,
Down the broken path to the plain;
Sopadi sang upon the way.
Straight is the path to Mosiletci.
Little Water, shallow and slow.
The path goes with the stream,
The village is near.
Mangeni, the village of Pamambi,
Whose people are few.
The path goes with the stream
And the rock is in the way.
The great rock, round and smooth.
It lies upon the bank. It cuts the path.
How came the great rock there?
It stands alone.
Higher than two men, and round;
Oxen could not move it.
The path goes round the great rock
Near to the stream.
Sopadi sang upon the way.
Red was the blood in his veins, and strong.
In his right hand was his spear.
Noiseless were his feet. Springing on his toes.
Never pausing at the rock
He kept the path in his stride.
Ha! Nogankulu!
Sing of Sopadi.
Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti.
He stepped upon the Great Snake.
The Long One. The Fearsome One.
How swift was the movement!
How terrible and swift.
Sopadi and the Great Snake.
The coils shot up,
In a movement of the eye around him.
The sticks were gone.
Thy fathers watched thee, Sopadi.
Bok and Phuti and Moramok.
They fought with thee.
His left hand grasped the neck.

* Pronounce Nóga—nkulu.
Nogankulu! Nogankulu! Thou art held by a man.
Could twelve men hold the great snake?
His chest was free and his arms.
Thy fathers watched over thee.
Once the spear drove through the coil.
Flung to the ground and thrown in the air.
The spear was gone.
Both hands grasped the neck.
The coils were round his legs,
How they strain!
They roll upon the ground.
Ha! Nogankulu, thy head has it.
The tail flies out.
What a whirlwind is it now!
Can a man live in it?
They stand. They fall.
They fly in the air.
Why don't you bite, Nogankulu?
Is your head held?
'Tis only a man who holds you!
Dashed down again.
Thy mouth is full of sand, Nogankulu.
See the great body writhing and thrashing;
The length of three tall men is he.
Sing of Sopadi.
Whirled around, crushed and bruised;
No pause is here for breath.
Keep tight thy hands.
Snake and Man. Man and Snake.
There is no tree near, Nogankulu!
The Rock is smooth; it is too large for thee.
Roll and Lash and Twist and Heave.
His legs were dead.
Ha! Nogankulu thy head is crushed.
Can a man fight with the great snake?
Sopadi held the neck.
With every fall the head was crushed;
He drove it into the ground;
The weight of his body crushed it.
What was his weight to Nogankulu?
As the weight of a stick to a man.
Great was the rage of Nogankulu.
High in the air flung he round.
The sand rose as a cloud.
Dashed to the ground five strides away,
Sopadi held the neck.
Ho! for the strength of Sopadi.
What is a man in the coils of the great snake?
He crushed the young Ox against the tree!
There is no tree here, Nogankulu.
Lashing and writhing. Again 'in the air.
Ho! Nogankulu. Why don't you look?
On the edge of the bank they fall,
They roll down into the water.
Terrible is the fight.
Faint not, Sopadi; Man of might!
Thou shalt overcome the evil spirit.
The stream runs on a rocky bed.
Sopadi held the neck.
He crushes the head on the rock.
The jaws are broken and the head is smashed;
Soft and pulpy is the head,
Why don't you die, Nogankulu? You have no head.
Flung round again. Not a moment still.
There is blood in thy stream, Mosilete's.
Sopadi and the Great Snake.
Their blood mixes in the water.
But now there is no dust;
The water showers round.
Bruised and battered is Sopadi.
Hold on with thy hands.
Nogankulu! Nogankulu! How is it with thee?
Thou Fearsome One!
Canst thou fight without a head?
The spear has pierced thee also.
Ha! Nogankulu, thy strength wanes.
Thou writhest on the ground.
Sopadi holds thy head beneath his chest.
He grinds it on the rock.
Sing of Sopadi. Sing of Sopadi.
Sopadi the son of Bok, the son of Phuti.
The son of Moramok who threw the ox.
* * *
There is shouting of men.
They spring down upon the snake.
Ho! Nogankulu, thou Mighty One!
Can men hold thy body.
He flings them round. They fall about.
Again they come.
There are many. And with great weight they hold thee,
And thy strength is gone, Mighty Snake.
* * *
One who herded goats saw Sopadi,
Heard his song and watched him go.
He saw the fight commence,
Shouting, ran to Mangeni.
Three stones' throw was the village.
Called the men and brought them
Five stones' throw back to the stream.
Does it seem a little while?
Go, then! Ask Sopadi.
* * *
They cut the head from Nogankulu.
Where now, Evil Spirit?
Gently they bathed Sopadi in the water.
Then they raised him to the bank.
Sopadi smiled upon them.
They moved his legs apart.
Can men bear such pain?
In turn they beat upon his legs.
They carried him to the village.
They beat upon his legs and rubbed him.
They poured oil upon his head.
Upon his shoulders, his arms, and his back.
For there was no skin left on him.
Sing of Sopadi. Sopadi, the son of Bok.
Never ceasing they beat upon his legs,
From his hips they beat upon him.
* * *
Sing of Sopadi.
They brought him on an ox to Kwanu.
Upon a running ox.
Who can speak of the pain?
Sing of Sopadi.
To the village by the Stream
From Mangeni he rode upon the ox,
Had his Chief not sent him?
Came to the village Kwanu
Raw his flesh and naked
For his Wounds.
Wondering they gathered round
Knew not Sopadi
Till he gave his name.
Then they helped him,
Held his hands and led him.
Till he stood before the Chief.
"Kalaming doth greet thee."
Placed his right hand on his brow
Touched his navel with his left.
Spoke Mantapi, "Had the Chief
No other word to send,
Sign or speech or token?"
Upright stood Sopadi.
Cross'd his arms upon his chest.
Thus the message of the Chief
Went from Kalaming to Kwanu by the Stream.
* * *
Ho! Nogankulu!
Peace is in the land.
Laid ye wait then, Evil One?
Cunning and fearsome.
What could prevail against Sopadi?
Upright and brave,
Strong as the young lion.
Sing of Sopadi;
Sopadi, the son of Bok.
Sing of Sopadi.

*(To be continued.)*
The Last Straw.

Among those novelists whose minds appear to be concentrated upon their circulations as much as upon their art, and who take their advantages and厌登 advertising facilities offered by Press interviews, newspaper puffs, and the numerous little ways and means of appealing to the public directly and indirectly, there is not much of Mr. H. G. Wells to occupy a prominent place. We have had his Mr. Wells's view on marriage recently expounded in the columns of the Times. We have had his views on Socialism expounded in the Daily Mail. We know that in some of his earlier works Mr. Wells advocated what we generally understood to be free love until, presumably, he found it would interfere with his circulation when he settled down. We know that he was once a prominent Socialist, until he again found an excuse for rational. Nietzsche says somewhere that there are men whose lives run in contradiction to their principles, like a double bass which is out of tune with the melody. It will do no interest many of Mr. Wells's readers to note his principles and his changes of mind in the light of his works. There is no objection to any man's throwing overboard his old opinions if he frankly recognises that they are wrong and gives adequate reasons for thinking so. On the other hand, the main principles of a man's character (e.g., Nietzsche, Goethe) are in his bones, and they impel him to be what he is born, and remain consistent, despite apparent inconsistencies, throughout his life. In Mr. Wells's case, however, if we take as typical the two instances mentioned, he has not yet given the reasons for the change of view. We are left to surmise, and there are various circumstances which may render our surmises unanswerable to Mr. Wells.

We now have Mr. Wells's views on the object and development of the contemporary English novel. Why he should publish these particular views in the columns of the Times seems to be a matter of speculation. But there they are—once batch of them, bearing every appearance of admirable translation, in the issue of June 21. It is not merely Mr. Wells's views on the novel which are noteworthy. Of even greater importance, indeed, as throwing some light on the psychology of our author, is the little biography prefixed. It contains certain details which are not to be found in any book or at all events revised by him. And some of these details are what might be vulgarly called the limit. This is the Temps's introduction:

"We are fortunate enough to be able to present the readers of the Temps with the first publication of a veritable literary manifesto, which has just been written by one of the most celebrated writers in contemporary English letters, and Mr. Wells.

"Mr. Wells has for a long time been known in France through his works of pure imagination, such as The War of the Worlds, and When the Sleeper Wakes. But the literary public has hardly yet begun to suspect that Mr. Wells is a psychologist, and that several of his works, such as Kipps, Ann Veronica, Tomo Bungay, and The New Machiavel, have made him, as it were, without his seeking it, the head of a school.

"In this capacity Mr. Wells has long been attacked from all sides by innumerable adversaries. As his works contained thought, he has seen himself threatened by all those who dread thought. Scientific people, and especially those who are sociologists, blood in the other hand, referred to him disdainfully as a mere man of letters. But those who are most enraged against him are the puritans; for Mr. Wells has deliberately broken with the English tradition which wished the novel to show its readers nothing but a chaste, artistic, and edifying world.

"As a reply to all these criticisms, Mr. Wells has written a novel containing thought, he has seen himself threatened by all those who dread thought. Scientific people, and especially those who are sociologists, blood in the other hand, referred to him disdainfully as a mere man of letters. But those who are most enraged against him are the puritans; for Mr. Wells has deliberately broken with the English tradition which wished the novel to show its readers nothing but a chaste, artistic, and edifying world."

Mr. Wells, instead of confining himself to a single theme, has taken full advantage of the advertising facilities offered him by Press interviews, newspaper puffs, and the numerous little ways and means of appealing to the public directly and indirectly, for the object of his novel is a discursive work. When the Sleeper Wakes, his first novel, is written so that it may be read at a single sitting, and to free himself from the rules by which art is sailing to-day between the reefs of degrading triviality and the whirlpool of imaginative literature. The theory of the weary Titan.

Mr. Wells makes himself the guide and interpreter of quite a pleiad of English novelists, such as Messrs. Arnold Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, and Forster, whose names deserve to be better known in France. He deals at the start with the sentiment that he is perceiving it, the strong ties which unite the young English school with the French thought of to-day." (a) Good. Now for Mr. Wells:

"The great fault of any more important part of my life is spent in writing novels, and I employ the rest of my time in preparing others. It is natural that in these circumstances one is led to reflect upon the calling of the novelist, what it signifies, what it is, and what it signifies. On the other hand, when one has given to the novel so great a part of one's self, it is difficult to speak of it with modesty or compunction. I will say, then, without hesitation, that the novel is an important and necessary form of the complex system of troublesome adjustments and readjustments which constitute modern civilisation. I claim for it the highest and widest place: from more than one point of view I am of the opinion that we should not be able to do without its assistance.

"This opinion, I am aware, is not generally accepted. There is a theory which reduces the novel to a mere instrument of recreation. In spite of obvious facts, this idea has held sway during the great period which we in England have called, and which still survives even to-day. It is a masculine theory rather than a feminine theory, and might be called The theory of the weary Titan."

This "Weary Titan" represents the average English business man, who is worn out after his day's work and wants a book to amuse him rather than to provoke thought. The "Weary Titan" theory, in Mr. Wells's opinion, prevailed up to about the time of the Boer War, when it lost its former influence.

"To-day, indeed, both novels and critics are up in arms against weary Titans: the Englishman is prospering. To-day I do not know of any English writer of distinction, save, perhaps, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who, so far as I can see, who looks upon what he task to entertain the armchair reader. . . . The fact is, the novel has always seemed to me to be quite another thing than a mere amusement.

"I am also of the opinion that the novel may now free itself from those restrictions which pedants would impose upon it under the pretext of defining it. Every art is sailing to-day between the reefs of degrading triviality and the whirlpool of barbary and irrational criticism. Whatever other faults the novel, as an art, becomes a speciality and a profession, whenever a new class of judges appears, these judges tend, as a class, to distrust their immediate impressions and to adopt methods of comparison applicable to all works. They attempt to give order and psychology, and that several of his works, such as Kipps, Ann Veronica, Tomo Bungay, and The New Machiaveli, have made him, as it were, without his seeking it, the head of a school.

"In this capacity Mr. Wells has long been attacked from all sides by innumerable adversaries. As his works contained thought, he has seen himself threatened by all those who dread thought. Scientific people, and especially those who are sociologists, blood in the other hand, referred to him disdainfully as a mere man of letters. But those who are most enraged against him are the puritans; for Mr. Wells has deliberately broken with the English tradition which wished the novel to show its readers nothing but a chaste, artistic, and edifying world."

As a reply to all these criticisms, Mr. Wells has written a novel containing thought, he has seen himself threatened by all those who dread thought. Scientific people, and especially those who are sociologists, blood in the other hand, referred to him disdainfully as a mere man of letters. But those who are most enraged against him are the puritans; for Mr. Wells has deliberately broken with the English tradition which wished the novel to show its readers nothing but a chaste, artistic, and edifying world.

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Then follows a reference to the Westminster Gazette symposium on the length of novels, and a distinction between the short story, which should be written so that it can be read in a single sitting, and the novel. Mr. Wells goes on:

"The novel is, in my view, a discursive work. Instead of confining itself to a single theme, it forms an entire tapestry of interlaced themes. It appeals to us, now by one method and now by another. It is a work to which we must come back. Thus it is difficult to perceive how any limits can be assigned to its compass."
The distinctive value of the novel among written works of art lies in the depicting of characters, and the charm of a well-conceived character depends, above all, upon the manner in which it is developed. I confess that all the novels of Dickens, however long they may be, are too short for my taste. I am sorry that the charm of Falstaff cannot more of the same. I should like to see Micawber, Dick Swiveller, and Sally Gamp reappear in other novels, just as the rubicund countenance of Falstaff is to be seen in several plays of Shakespeare. It is true that Dickens once tried this experiment in the Pickwick Club, 'Mr. Humphrey's Clock'; but the experiment was not satisfactory, and he never tried it again. After Dickens the English novel began to contract and to subordinate the depicting of characters to anecdotage; description to drama.

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"To-day, nevertheless, many signs indicate, to my lively satisfaction, that this phase of cramping and diminution is nearing its end, and that the novel is encouraging us to return to a freer and more spacious type of novel. This new movement is partly of English origin. It represents in England a revolt against a certain narrow and paralysing conception of artistic perfection, with which I propose to speak later, and a return to the liberty of form, the dilly-dallying of thought, the taste of roundabout ways, which we find in the old English novel, in 'Tristram Shandy' and in 'Tom Jones.' This new movement comes from abroad, and draws its greatest encouragement from daring and original ventures such as those made by M. Romain Rolland in his 'Jean Christophe.'"

Going on to remark that the English mind of the present day tends to "fancy and variety," while the tendency of the French mind is rather in the direction of minutiae, Mr. Wells mentions Mr. Arnold Bennett as one of the greatest of contemporary English novelists, who experimented in a similar style with such instances as the "Old Wives' Tales" and "Clayhanger." After this follows an interesting survey of the differences between the novel and the short story.

"The confusion between the point of view of the novel and that of the short story does not lead only to the amusing symposium of the 'Westminster Gazette' on the requisite length of this kind of work. All kinds of condenmations and absurd exigencies regarding questions of style and method arise from it. The fundamental error always lies in supposing that the novel, like the short story, ought to produce a single, concentrated impression."

"It is frequently, for example, that critics, when reviewing a novel, lay special stress on this or that detail and declare it to be a digression. Now, there is doubtless nothing more out of place in a short story than a digression. The short story should aim at conciseness; the novel for its goal like a man who is running away from a tiger and who does not think of stopping to pluck the flowers on the border of the path, or to notice the colour of the moss at the foot of the tree which he is going to climb. But the novel, on the other hand, recalls an open-air breakfast on a summer morning. No detail is out of place if only the writer is in a good temper. The thrush pecking in the garden path, and the petals falling into my cup, are just as much in place as the eggs I open and the slice of bread-and-butter I am biting."

"It is the same with many things which could not fail to injure a short story by destroying the illusion which it should bring about: the appearance on the scene of the author's personality, the comments in which the author lets it be seen that the novel, after all, is but fiction; the changes of style, exaggerations, parodies, which belong to a dazzling and magic world, one less real than the scenes of the admirable and unforeseen verd antique which formed on old marble in the course of time. Much of the charm which we find in old furniture and needlework is due to acquired and fortuitous associations and reactions among individuals, inspired by the study of a social organisation is vain and unprofitable if we do not consider it as the study of the mental associations and reactions among individuals, inspired by
by various motives, governed by traditions, and dominated by the most complex currents of ideas. . . .

"It is just here, in my opinion, that the novel comes in and is most valuable. So far as I can see, it is the novel alone which provides us with the means of discussing the great majority of personal, political, and social questions. Each of these problems at bottom leads back to a psychological problem. To have recourse to principles or generalisation to deal with questions of this sort would be like taking up his stand at the entrance to a wood full of the most varied game. The real sport only begins when we hide ourselves in the thickets."

Mr. Wells goes on to speak of the number of functionaries in the modern state as fit subjects for treatment in the novel, instancing Bumble in "Oliver Twist," adding, however, that we do not want merely caricature and satire, but the complete picture of the vanities, abuses, and absurdities of "functionarism."

"This ideal may seem to be difficult of attainment. So much the worse. In the great effort of conciliation and elucidation which must be accomplished if men wish to join together and to act, an immunity from surprises and emotions; but if the theatre provides us with an opportunity of saying astonishing and suggestive things—and Mr. Bernard Shaw has, from this standpoint, made the best possible account—I do not think it perceptibly enlarges our range of sympathies or that it adds to our supply of motive ideas. The drama supplies us with emotions, but it is far too objective to open up new horizons to our sensitiveness; and it is just the enlarging of our sensitiveness as well as our mind which is, in my view, the aim of civilisation." (d)

The difficulty of writing a really true biography is now considered out, with special reference to Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and—

"As for memoirs, if it be true that a man can conceal his character in a thousand unconscious ways, it is given to no one to be able to analyse himself and to extract his soul. It is a miracle of care that the Cellinis and the Casanovas, who wrote the best memoirs."

Mr. Wells holds that the faults of biographies and books of memoirs are lacking in the novel. It must play the part of a social arbiter, spreading intelligence, investigating consciences, comparing moralities, manufacturing morals, passing through the sieve of criticism laws, institutions, and social dogmas. I do not mean that the novelist must pose as a pedagogue or become a kind of priest-author, determined to impose his beliefs on others. The novel is not a social chair; it is an immunity from the avalanche, it seems to me that the novel is called upon to play the most daring and efficacious rôle.

"But why, it may be said, do you look upon the novel as the instrument for this human inter-penetration? Cannot the same result be attained more easily with the aid of biographies and memoirs? Have we not poetry? Above all, have we not the theatre? As for the theatre, I admit that it is a form of art as charming as it is attractive, an admirably fount of surprises and emotions; but if the theatre provides us with an opportunity of saying astonishing and suggestive things—and Mr. Bernard Shaw has, from this standpoint, made the best possible account—I do not think it perceptibly enlarges our range of sympathies or that it adds to our supply of motive ideas. The drama supplies us with emotions, but it is far too objective to open up new horizons to our sensitiveness; and it is just the enlarging of our sensitiveness as well as our mind which is, in my view, the aim of civilisation." (d)

(a) What a wonderful plea! and what a wonderful leader! How Mr. Wells has made himself the guide and interpreter of the novelists he mentions is rather puzzling; for they have nothing in common. In the great gift of imagination, for example, without which professions of faith (as of little faith) Mr. Conrad and others shoulders above Mr. Wells, besides exhibiting a greater degree of intelligence and more knowledge of the technical side of his art. The three novels by Dickens have the effect of an action for libel; but, unless our opinion of Mr. Bennett's work is to undergo considerable modification, such an utterance calls for prompt and emphatic answer. The "young English school" and the "French thought of to-day" are at opposite poles. It would be difficult to name a single important tenet which they hold in common.

(b) This eulogy of a sentimentalist like Dickens (who, one would have thought, stood for everything to which Mr. Wells is opposed) is very much out of place at the present day. However interesting the personages in Dickens' novels may be, they are most decidedly not "characters" or "types," in the customary sense of these words, but oddities; and novels based on a collection of oddities should not be held up as models.

(c) This is the widespread error of innumerable modern artists, especially the English. A longer time ago than this seemed to think that if it did nothing more than merely reflect life, even though such reflection did give rise to the consequences mentioned by Mr. Wells, the following paragraph might serve as a long ago of the distinction between the musician who carefully picks out his notes and the musician who merely sits on the piano. It is the task of the artist to improve on nature by the selection of particular scenes or incidents. If the selection is done badly, we shall have the novels against which Mr. Wells declares; if it is done well we shall have something really artistic. If we wait for the"perfect" anywhere we have only to go to a cinematograph exhibition.

(d) Mr. Wells, it will be seen, rates the stage lower than the novel, yet it is a significant fact that our novelists are turning their attention to the stage. Mr. Jerome, for example, has been reported by some newspaper as saying that he had no time to write more novels, since he preferred to write plays. We have also men like Mr. Bennett and Mr. J. M. Barrie devoting a considerable amount of attention to the theatre. The fact is, the British stage of the present day deserves all the hard things that may be said about it; but this does not necessarily mean that a properly regulated stage could not exercise more influence than the novel. An increase of intelligence of the writers. To-day we have better novelists than dramatists, hence the superiority of the novel. In another five or ten years this may be reversed. As for Mr. Shaw, he is not a dramatist at all, and only unbalanced and superficial critics could have mistaken him for one. He is a writer of a different character; and, however, whom, Mr. Wells assures us, the world is beginning to free itself, and he has endeavoured to use the stage as a pulpit for the purpose of appealing to the cranky oddities whom Dickens has introduced into his novels.

J. M. KENNEDY.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

RECENT spectacular events at Court have been the cause of a considerable amount of verse, indifferent or offensive. But it is to be noticed that the poets of this realm have not been inspired by the said events. I mean, as W. R. W. Browne, Robert Brind, Lord Alfred Douglas, W. H. Davies. And yet I see no reason why a Coronation, even in this day of figure-heads and revolting snobbery, should not be the subject of a good poem—a poem which would not be afflicting to read. And for the lettered public or for the chief actor in the scene. However, the time for such poems has apparently not yet arrived. And meanwhile the sea-and-scholar school have been doing an excellent work these last few weeks in demonstrating how entirely absurd the sea-and-scholar school is. Mr. Alfred Noyes has been very prominent, not only in his native page, "Blackwood's," but also in the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Noyes is, I believe, the only living versifier whose books are, in the words of an American editor, "a commercial proposition." He is by many thought to be a poet. Personally, I have always classed him with Messrs. Laurence Binyon and Alfred Austin, not yet having come across one single stanza of his which would fall within my definition of poetry. Here is an extract from his "A Salute from the Fleet":—

Mother, O grey sea-mother, thine is the crowning cry—
I am bound to interrupt the quotation here in order to ventil my feelings of extreme irritation caused by the mere phrase, "O grey sea-mother." Why should this phrase drive me to fury? It does. Well, to re-commence:

Mother, O grey sea-mother, thine is the crowning cry—
Thine the glory for ever in the nation born of thy womb! Thine the Sword and the Shield and the shout that Salamis heard,

Surging in each splendour, earth-shaking acclaim! Ocean-mother of England, thine is the throne of her fame! Fancy standing on the shore and addressing the real sea in these words and accents! Fancy the poet doing it! The mood and the mentality are prehistoric. I would not mind Mr. Noyes putting himself lyrically into the woaked skin of our ancestors. But I do think he might have got a little nearer the mark in indicating the "theme of her fame." Because I expect Mr. Noyes knows as well as anybody that the real throne of England's fame is not in the sea at all. England's true fame springs from the few acts of national justice which she has accomplished, and from the generous impulses which as a nation she has had—as, for example, in her relations with Italy; as, for example, in the Factory Acts which prevented children from working eighteen hours a day six or seven days a week. The patriotic versifiers of this country will, if they persist, end by making the sea impossible for a plain man to sail on. I have long felt that I want never again to read anything about the sea, except by many thought to be the subject of a good poem—a poem which would not be afflicting to read. And for the lettered public or for the chief actor in the scene.

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* * *

I learn that the anonymous authors of that mighty strange book, "An Adventure," which has been one of the real successes of the spring season, are Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, both of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

* * *

Another volume of M. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" is imminent. Its title is to be "Le Buisson Ardent." * * *

The new number of the "English Review" contains the Editor's reply to the "Spectator's" attack on him of three weeks ago. In my opinion Mr. Austin Harrison has given somewhat too much importance to the "Spectator" in this affair. He has partially failed to realise that the opinion of the "Spectator" does not matter, except to the clergy of the Church of England, without whose goodwill (I was recently informed) the "Spectator" could not be "the commercial proposition" that it undoubtedly is. The list of contributors to the July number of the "English Review" is in itself quite sufficient to substantiate the "Spectator." This list includes Joseph Conrad, Cunningham Graham, Eden Phillpotts, May Sinclair, John M. Robertson, C. F. Keary, and Margaret L. Woods. Spectator, the "Spectator's" attack has been answered by correspondents in its own columns. Its retorts to the numerous and weighty letters of protest have been silly, and, what is worse, they have lacked candour. The "Spectator" stipulated its right to object to that which it considers objectionable. Nobody has challenged that right. Nobody is angry because the "Spectator" does not share the moral, political, or artistic opinions of the "English Review." Nobody expects the "Spectator" to be other than reactionary. But the point is not there. The point lies in the fact that the "Spectator" accused the "English Review" of employing the methods of the merchant of pornography. Here is the passage:—

"We all know what this means. We have seen the kind of thing in the leering, knowing cant purveyed by the catalogue compilers of shady second-hand booksellers when, under the plea of honesty and plain speaking, they recommend some particularly nauseous work." This was the only part of the "Spectator's" attack which in the slightest degree mattered. And the "Spectator" has not attempted to justify it. It has merely insisted on its right to object to what it considers objectionable. The "Spectator's" accusation is, in fact, unjustifiable. None can know this better than the writer of the article. None can be more keenly aware than he that in the heat of composition he was doing something that was monstrous. The "Spectator" would do well to apologise for the sentences which I have quoted. But, of course, it will not. It will not, because it has not the moral courage to do so. Naturally, it loses enormously in the esteem of intellectually honest people. The price it pays for the approval of the clergy is indeed ruinous.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"FIVE ABBEAST THROUGH LONDON STREETS." Sir,—The snobbishness and littleness of the W.S.P.U. officials as evidenced by the list of high-married suffragists in "Votes for Women," is a commercial proposition. He has partially failed to realise that the opinion of the "Spectator" does not matter, except to the clergy of the Church of England, without whose goodwill (I was recently informed) the "Spectator" could not be "the commercial proposition" that it undoubtedly is. The list of contributors to the July number of the "English Review" is in itself quite sufficient to substantiate the "Spectator." This list includes Joseph Conrad, Cunningham Graham, Eden Phillpotts, May Sinclair, John M. Robertson, C. F. Keary, and Margaret L. Woods. Spectator, the "Spectator's" attack has been answered by correspondents in its own columns. Its retorts to the numerous and weighty letters of protest have been silly, and, what is worse, they have lacked candour. The "Spectator" stipulated its right to object to that which it considers objectionable. Nobody has challenged that right. Nobody is angry because the "Spectator" does not share the moral, political, or artistic opinions of the "English Review." Nobody expects the "Spectator" to be other than reactionary. But the point is not there. The point lies in the fact that the "Spectator" accused the "English Review" of employing the methods of the merchant of pornography. Here is the passage:—

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their reward in getting a wee bit higher up the social scale, and that a position to them no higher than the position others before them were living their purely domestic lives before they heard the call that made them mere superfluous rebels—not real ones, for there is nothing real in a protest movement. They are as limited in their natures as they are in their demands.

One is compelled to the conclusion that the supporters are no more above mean desires; no more capable of a large contraction of the sphere of their interest than when they were contentedly suffering their purely domestic lives before they heard the call that made them mere superfluous rebels—not real ones, for there is nothing real in a protest movement. They are as limited in their natures as they are in their demands.

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story which Mr. Maude quoted without disapproval in his biography. The defender of Tolstoy did not object to my use of this story: he only rebuked my quotation of Merejko-"vsky's version of another statement of Anna Seuron, to the effect that Tolstoy's undercooking was scented. My impartiality was surely demonstrated by the fact that I quoted both versions. Mr. Visiak, instead of Stevenson the statement that Stevenson wrote pot-boilers. Mr. Visiak has evidently not read these letters, and I give a few references:

"Ordered Sowth," page 121, Vol. I.

"Fontainebleau," page 211, Vol. I.


"Treasure Island," page 50, Vol. II.

"Silverado Squatters," page 111, Vol. II.


"Kidnapped," pages 237 and 296, Vol. III.

"Jekyll and Hyde," page 277, Vol. III.

Mr. Visiak must read for himself, and he can discover other examples if he reads with any care. What Stevenson did with his money matters nothing to me; but his letters show that he regarded literature as a trade.

Mr. Visiak's first paragraph was irrelevant because it did not contradict my statement. I said that "Stevenson lived only at his fingers' ends, in the thing he was doing," etc.; and Mr. Visiak has proved nothing by his quoted paragraph. The sentence dealing with the diplomats of Samoa means exactly what it says: no more and no less. Stevenson meant nothing of these diplomats except that he did not like them. Mr. Visiak has no right to find influence, and found himself in active opposition to men who could not act on elementary moral principles. Mr. Visiak to denounce me as a black-guard to notice any inaccuracy in my statement of facts; I must correct myself. Politics did not become a dirty game at this time: Stevenson had used the phrase before. I do not ask Mr. Visiak to believe me; I ask him to believe Stevenson. Let him read them carefully; let him also read the 150 new letters separately, let the facts speak for themselves, and then read my article again. He will discover that I have done nothing but summarise and select, and that my defamation is con- fined to the quotation of Stevenson. The matter is not one of sentiment: it is simply a matter of fact; but Mr. Visiak is a poet as well as a preacher.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

TWO CORRECTIONS.

Sir,—In my "Stevenson" letter last week, "My comment upon 'Life meant nothing to him,' etc., is printed: "My comment was not clear. I meant to print his "Sullenness" (before the letter from Henley). As these errors made nonsense of the texts following, I ask you kindly to publish this letter.

E. H. VlSIAK.

PARIS AS A PLEASURE RESORT.

Sir,—It is many years since my illusions as to the essen- tial sainthood of clergymen and morality of policemen were destroyed. I still, however, cherish one illusion—Paris as the city where the Nonconformist Conscience ceased from troubling and those supermen and others to whom sex is of paramount importance were at rest. For the rest, I am only inquiring into the reputation of Paris as the home of gaiety and of Parisians as joyfulivers.

Setting aside the Parisians of the "week-end frisk of the London stockbroker," which only differs from similar resorts at home by its pseudo-romantic environment of foreign tongues and glittering restaurants, where whole nights may be spent uninterrupted by the call of "time." Setting aside this aspect of Parisian life, is the Paris of the novels of Paul Bourget, Marcel Proust, and the Confessions of George Moore a figment of the imagination?

That delightful society where the marriage problem is solved; where, while maintaining its respectable form, it is .set free to "flirt and gallivant" and to "kidnap" Balfour ready at last to be hail-fellow-well-met with the supple Prestongrange and the other intriguers, even though they had formerly made him a partner in their shedding of innocent blood.

Mr. Visiak is too indulgent to quote correctly, but I said that Stevenson "never ceased to centre the interest of any matter in himself and his emotions." Mr. Visiak refers me to his defence of Father Damien. Damien was dead, and profited nothing by the defence: the matter was of pure local and sectarian interest, and nothing but pure egoism could have prompted the re-publication of his letter in England. In this case Stevenson can dispense with Mr. Visiak's discussion, as he has made too many mistakes. He wrote to Mrs. Fairchild in August, 1892: "I was a particularly brave boy—this I think of myself, and his biographer says that "in all life is that it seems to make evil overcome good and evil come in conflict in one person, Dr. Jekyll and Hyde. The awful Master of Ballantrae vanishes in Mr. Hyde. The awful Master of Ballantrae, even though Mr. Hyde, the awful Master of Ballantrae, even though"

Mr. Visiak is too determined to denounce me as a black-guard to notice any inaccuracy in my statement of facts; it was in several days he continued his work only by dictating to his step-daughter on his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet. In this fast he received from me an average of three or four pages of manuscript a day." Mr. Visiak might explain what he means by large parts of "Hermitson" and "St. Ives" being dictated in this way. Stevenson died December 13, 1894, and his biographer says that "in all the time he was in Samoa he had but two or three slight hemorrhages, that were cured with ease in a very few days." Mr. Visiak's vision of a man paralysed and dumb for nearly two years is not con- firms the evidence of the letters or the biographer. I do not ask Mr. Visiak to believe me; I ask him to believe Stevenson. Let him read them carefully; let him also read the 150 new letters separately, let the facts speak for themselves, and then read my article again. He will discover that I have done nothing but summarise and select, and that my defamation is con- fined to the quotation of Stevenson. The matter is not one of sentiment: it is simply a matter of fact; but Mr. Visiak is a poet as well as a preacher.

THE "SPECTATOR" AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW." Sir,—The dispute between the "Spectator" and the "English Review," concerning the right of one journal to censor another, involves such far-reaching questions that I thought it right to address the enclosed letter to the editor of the "Spectator." Naturally, it was not admitted to the hospitality of that respectable journal's columns; so, perhaps I may crave a space here, and enlarge its scope by taking the advertisement of the "advertisement of the pamphlet" quoted in the article in gross taste and exceed- ingly offensive. No one who possesses fineness of feeling could defend its form or matter; but it is not a document issued to the public, much less "a pamphlet" as the specta- tor claims it be. The wording of the pamphlet is immoral. Still, it must be remembered that business and literature are not in artistic harmony, and that the subject of clerical irregularity, which makes the whole world kin, in some eyes, is not confined to "The English Review" management, but is a common and regre- table feature of most heterosexual organisations and of the "Spectator." Now let me discuss the grave questions raised in the
does flourish on what it calls "pornography." Is not the "Spectator," in this connection, hinting, though not daring to state it openly, to its readers and advertisers that "The English Review" may prosper on what the "Spectator" condemns? Such a contention is opposed to the morality of this century. I do not pretend that this reasoning is unanswerable; I am merely suggesting the possibility that the "Spectator" may hold the opposite opinion, "to sow their wild oats" in their youth. That means that men are granted by social opinion the right of having irregular relationships with women before settling down in marriage. That is a detestable ideal; but the bourgeois morality, so distressingly vulgar, is a detestable ideal! The "Spectator" may, therefore, be in the wrong. That is the essence of freedom of speech, and writing is merely written speech.

Next I come to Mr. Frank Harris' article. Why his article is quoted I do not know. The "Spectator" may hold the thesis presented in abhorrence; that is no reason for boycotting it, but for endeavouring to refute it. What is the problem? Is not the "Spectator" denouncing "immorality," so the "Spectator" undoubtedly mean? The "Spectator" may be in the wrong. That is the essence of freedom of speech, and writing is merely written speech.

The "Spectator" has insinuated, possibly quite rightly, that "The English Review"'s advertisement is aimed at en-deavouring to refute it. What is the problem? Is not the "Spectator" denouncing "immorality," so the "Spectator" undoubtedly mean? The "Spectator" may be in the wrong. That is the essence of freedom of speech, and writing is merely written speech.

I was struck by the omission of Mr. Jacob Tonson. I hasten to fill in the blank. "Books and Periodicals," I venture to assert, is the most widely read periodical by people who are interested in the progress of any of our weeklies. The causticity and vitality with which Mr. Tonson expresses himself are delightfully refreshing. He is one of the most valuable assets of The New Age Press. Of course, I am aware that he has his faults. He would never dream (pace J. M. Kennedy) of judging Charles Lamb as a numerically correct, as in the "Spectator". And I've listened to lots. "Books and Periodicals," I venture to assert, is the most widely read periodical by people who are interested in the progress of any of our weeklies. The causticity and vitality with which Mr. Tonson expresses himself are delightfully refreshing. He is one of the most valuable assets of The New Age Press. Of course, I am aware that he has his faults. He would never dream (pace J. M. Kennedy) of judging Charles Lamb as a numerically correct, as in the "Spectator". And I've listened to lots.
sionally absurd, and like all great artists, from the nervous irritation of an unhealthy physiognomy, in the creases of a vicious face, in every deformity and decay, he draws his most terrific exaggerations. Positively gloats over them, feeds on them. You would fascinate him. In your goatish exterior he would discover the Great Internal Truth.

Pan: Ha! Come to yon grot and I'll tell you some more.

Exit Pan and Nonsense. Enter the Mandarins.

Mandarins: Our Panic Sovereign with this chap Appears uncommon busy. Oh! Hark! if so you hap To know—tell us, who is he?

Mandarins: He is the Representative, Is Mr. Rakish Nonsense, Of all that's least prohibitive, And most against the conscience. When we some naughty book condemn For its indecent sins, He's first to cry: "Oh, bother them! Oh, damn the Mandarins.

Pan: The Jolly Dog! Of course this ruthless Less author wild Writes scarlet yarns.

Mandarins: Oh, no. In truth His output's very mild.

Pan: O calumny! I'll bet my tail He's heard in yonder nook Some copy that he will not fail To work up in a book.

Mandarins: O risk not your appendages! What would you be without 'em?

Pan: He chases the mandar's bondages But never seems to flout 'em.

Mandarins: No! Here he comes! Now, if you care, Just sound his business with. We'll to the cave. To see us here Would give him falling fits.

(Enter Pan and Nonsense.)

Pan: And when, O Son of the Muses, shall I receive a copy of the book—when shall I read in print my horrid revelations?

(Exit Pan and Nonsense.)

Nonsense: Aha! Your Divinity's little jest. The Muses are not advanced one step, for, to anyone cognisant of the first who is not entirely given over to empiricism. Even supposing that it had been so administered, Mr. Mandell's point is never yet been administered for cretinism by any practitioner.

Adrenaline—the extract of the supra-renal bodies—has never yet been administered for cretinism by any practitioner who is not entirely given over to empiricism. Even supposing that it had been so administered, Mr. Mandell's point is not advanced one step, for, to anyone cognisant of the first principles of anatomy, it would not appear that the homologous organ to the thyroid gland was the supra-renal body! Adrenaline in Addison's disease is useless because of its extreme volatility.

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