NOTES OF THE WEEK.

During the opening days of the Committee stage of the National Insurance Bill the great Welsh charleypitcher has been handing out concessions at a rate which suggests that his Bill was intentionally laden with them like a sort of Christmas tree. Nothing like it has been seen in politics before - the cheapjack, anxious to palm off a worthless and costly article, and offering one clause after another as an inducement to greedy, ignorant, but cunning purchasers. The doctors have missed their opportunity in failing to oppose a Bill that precisely the same objection lies against his own plan of abolishing contributions altogether. From the standpoint of labour, it is a matter of comparative indifference whether the contributions come directly from the employees or indirectly through the State. In both instances they are deductions from profits, and in both instances the employers will endeavour successfully to recoup themselves by reducing wages or raising prices. Under a capitalist system wages tend to the subsistence level, and if, by free or contributory services, workmen are enabled to exist on less wages than heretofore, their competitive necessity is reduced and their wages fall in consequence. It is, in fact, from this very reasoning, reinforced as it has been by statistical observation over the last twenty years, that we conclude that every scrap of Liberal social legislation has actually intensified the impoverishment of labour. Free education, free parks, free libraries, free food, free pensions, and now assisted insurance, have one common, economic effect - they enable the working classes to demand and receive the swings of State charity he loses on the roundabouts of private wages.

But if this reasoning disposes of Mr. Snowden's defence of free Insurance, it equally disposes of Mr. Macdonald's defence of assisted Insurance. The pseudo-Socialists who appear to be at loggerheads on a matter of principle are really united upon a common fallacy, of supposing that wage-slaves can get from employers, either directly or via a bureaucracy, something for nothing. Mr. Snowden imagines that it is possible for the working classes to receive free Insurance benefits without experiencing any diminution in their wages. Mr. Macdonald, on the other hand, being Scotch, imagines that by paying threepence the workmen will be enabled to draw ninepence, also with no after effects. Mr. Snowden, on the other hand, being Scotch, imagines that by paying threepence the workmen will be enabled to draw ninepence, also with no after effects. But neither Mr. Snowden's disapproval of the contributory principle, nor Mr. Macdonald's approval of it is Socialism at all. Mr. Snowden's defence of free, universal and non-contributory insurance is not Socialism but Communism; and Mr. Macdonald's defence of the contributory principle is Liberalism pure and simple. From the sound Socialist point of view, both methods of procedure are equally condemned, as leading in practice to one and the same end, namely, the reduction of wages.

We understand that Mr. Snowden's main objection to the contributory principle was the objection we have urged many times in these columns, that the contribution of the employer would most certainly be shifted on to the shoulders of the wage-earners. That is as plain as a pikestaff to everybody who has discussed the matter with employers themselves. Whatever may be the reports from Germany, as collected by Mr. Lloyd George, the path of the matter is known and in private, at any rate, acknowledged by English employers; it is that: either by actual reduction of wages or by increased cost of living, the cost of the Insurance will fall on labour. What, however, Mr. Snowden fails to see is that precisely the same objection lies against his own plan of abolishing contributions altogether. From the standpoint of labour, it is a matter of comparative indifference whether the contributions come directly from the employees or indirectly through the State. In both instances they are deductions from profits, and in both instances the employers will endeavour successfully to recoup themselves by reducing wages or raising prices.
picturesque, but it is not politics; for the more the rich are robbed the more they will need to rob. So long as the present system of production for private profit remains, so long will it be impossible by any means to increase the income of the poor without diminishing it at exactly the same rate.

This is so obvious that we are disgusted that Mr. Snowden and Mr. Macdonald should still be as blind to it as any liberal in their blindness accounts, perhaps, better than anything else within the limits of the credible, for their official support of the Insurance Bill. Once let them realise what, in fact, is the case, that Mr. Lloyd George's Bill is a detestable fraud, a superficial, tricky device for perpetuating and intensifying the present economic situation, and it is just possible that they may repent like Judas, even if they do not venture to the same conclusion. With the text-books of economics open before us, the statistics of recent production tabulated and the evidence and arguments of independent thinkers marshalled in our support, we unhesitatingly say that Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill is the worst measure devised by Parliament since the poll tax of 1830. Those acts were followed by Wat Tyler's rebellion. This Act, if any spirit is left in our wage-slaves, will be followed by a purge of Parliament that will drive out the whole treacherous Labour Party and such bohollah of the University as know not their right hand from their left. We entertain the hope whatever that the Welsh poll-tax will not be passed; but we do entertain high hopes that when it is passed its authors and abettors will be the first to suffer for it.

We are not now concerned with formulating an alternative scheme of Insurance to that of Mr. Lloyd George. Many of our readers have written to enquire what we should do in absolutely parish and dead. In not in office devise not the policy, said old Confucius. What is the use of formulating schemes when we are as good as told beforehand that no notice will be taken of them? As the political game is played (and every move on the board is now under the searchlight in Mr. Bello's new paper, "The Eye-Witness"), the Bills which are introduced bear no relation whatever either to reason or to economic necessity. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill, for example, had absolutely no legitimate parentage in any public need or demand. So far as the economic world is concerned, it was a bolt from the blue. The same considerations produced the Bill as produced a crop of new peers or any other event unintelligible outside the inner circle of the political. We entertain the hope whatever that the Welsh poll-tax will not be passed; but we do entertain high hopes that when it is passed its authors and abettors will be the first to suffer for it.

We cannot refrain from calling attention to one of the most extraordinary conversions or, rather, somersaults ever witnessed in the political arena. As everybody knows, Mr. Chiozza Money has been distinguished for years by his independent, careful, authoritative and complete demonstrations of the one issue of recent Liberal social legislation, namely, the fact that the rich grow richer and the poor poorer. Upon nobody more than upon Mr. Money we have relied for an accurate diagnosis of the disease of destitution, its progress and its crises. Mr. Chiozza Money, almost alone among Liberal politicians, was the critic of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. In attacking land, he said, Mr. Lloyd George was merely scratching and irritating the surface of capitalism. He needed to get further down . . . and, finally, to acquire profitable undertakings on behalf of the State. In short, Mr. Chiozza Money showed himself to be a Socialist in the strict sense of the word.

What was our surprise to learn, then, some weeks ago that Mr. Money was supporting the Insurance Bill. And the news has now been confirmed by the publication, with a preface by Mr. Lloyd George, of an apologistic, eulogistic and explanatory pamphlet by Mr. Money on the Bill itself, under the title of "A Nation Insured." We do not propose to re-examine the Bill in detail even under the unctuous guidance of a recent convert. One phrase that caught our eye is enough to show the spirit in which the trade is written. Explaining the reasons for making the poll-tax compulsory, Mr. Money inconsequently argues in this fashion: "If they [the working classes] have failed to remain members of Friendly Societies it is because they have been unable to afford to continue to subscribe. . . . It is in view of such facts that the principle of compulsory insurance has been adopted in the Bill." Since workmen are too poor to pay voluntarily, make them pay compulsorily! The case of Mr. Money reminds us of the gruesome story of Scotch second-sight. A small boy horrified his family by asking in her presence why grandmother was wearing bawbee's in her eyes. We are disposed to think that Mr. Money similarly has bawbee's in his eyes.

The New Age was the first journal to realise the importance of the Seamen's strike, which has now happily terminated in the complete success of the men. We will not be so impertinent as the "Labour Leader." "Clarence," the organ of which Mr. Asquith presume to lecture and instruct their betters in the art of economic warfare. It is obvious from the whole incident that the rank and file have moved miles beyond the position occupied by "The Labour Leader" and the Labour Party in Parliament, nor the Trade Union officials, nor the Labour journalists who conduct our contemporaries are within speaking distance of the men they pretend to represent. It is the ludicrous fact that the Seamen's strike occasions less surprise in the offices of the "Times" than in the offices of the official and non-official organs of Labour. As for the Labour Party in Parliament, it is enough to say of them that not one of the bunch either foresaw or was forewarned against it. Busyly engaged in protesting too much their independence of the Liberal Party, few of them failed to share all the limelit delights of the recent Coronation exhibition. But while the Labour members were "gazing into the eyes of Queen Mary," and reading ineffable prophecies of the content of the Budget, Messrs. Hume, Mann and Ben Tillett were at their work of raising wages. The carriers' strike in Manchester still remains to be satisfactorily settled. The carriers belong to four unions and have no single organisation; and this will tell against them when Mr. Asquith adopts his Napoleonic tactics of tackling them one by one. On the other hand, they are without official leaders, and this may save them.

Both the "Telegraph" and the "Times" have now joined the "Spectator" in urging the Lords to pass the Veto Bill. The decision was probably arrived at after unmistakable evidence that the King would offer no objection to the creation of peers. As a matter of fact, no objection on the part of the King could have had the smallest influence. Like the action of all the rest of the parties to the situation, his action has been foredoomed from the moment that the Coalition was formed and there was proved to be no alternative government. Mr. Garvin, who is understood to have written the "Telegraph" leader advising the Lords to drink the hemlock, continues in the "Observer" his earlier advice to them to do nothing of the kind. But Mr. Garvin has lost his influence, and with the passage of the Veto Bill the House of Lords may be lost to the Liberal Party. The "Observer" in the "Telegraph," and his protestations of Never Surrender in the "Observer," it will be quite gone. Save for the possible but improbable rejuvenation of the doctrine of Noblesse Oblige, the extinction of a political charlatan may be the most valuable result of the passage of the Veto Bill.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdax.

It is often necessary for writers on this paper to slow down and let the ordinary daily Press catch up. It was so, for example, in the case of the Insurance Bill, and equally so in the case of Morocco and Albania. Last week, for example, the Albanian imbroglio and the proposed intervention of a few of the Powers were matters which were fully discussed in this paper, and two or three days later the "special correspondents" of the daily papers hurried along with the same news. As for Morocco, Germany's position and her various plans were referred to on this paper several weeks ago, and nothing has since been added to the information I have already given. Some authorities hold that Germany wants a coaling station on the Atlantic; others that she wants her African boundary lines better defined; others that she simply wants to drive as good a bargain as she can; others, again, that, in view of the approaching Reichstag elections and the Socialistic propaganda, she wants a little diversion abroad. These different points of view, I repeat, were all discussed in this paper weeks ago.

The fact is, it is as impossible to talk of a definite German policy in Morocco as it is of a definite French or Spanish policy. In this case, as in so many others, a further development of events may be expected. Germany wants a coaling station, certainly, and she also wants certain boundary lines defined. If, while achieving one or other of these objects, she can at the same time put a spoke in the Socialistic wheel-well, there you are! But there is no German policy, as I have often said in this very paper, is based on bluff to a greater extent than most people imagine, and the sending of a cruiser to Agadir is only a tentative move.

Agadir, of course, is a good strategic port—so good that the Germans can't have it, as that would instantly nullify Gibraltar and place British trade at the mercy of a German Atlantic squadron. But there is now an opportunity for a "deal" all round. The French Press is being praised on account of its "admirable restraint." Proportional representation, it may as well be said at this point, is based on bluff to a greater extent than most people imagine, and the sending of a cruiser to Agadir is only a tentative move.

What has undoubtedly strengthened Germany's power in her international dealings is the weakness of government in France. Democracy, as I have said once or twice before, does not suit a Latin country, particularly France. The people are too individualistic, and the struggle for power and "la gloire" is particularly bitter and continuous; hence the fifty or sixty Ministries in France since the formation of the Republic and the consequent changes of policy. We read, for example, of negotiations begun by M. Pichon in the Briand Cabinet, discontinued by M. Cruppi in the Monis Cabinet, and tentatively resumed by M. de Selves in the Monis Cabinet. It is impossible for the foreign policy of a country to be controlled, much less directed, by a series of Ministers who come and go like figures on a cinematograph. The ideal administration is that of Germany, where, no matter how many Foreign Secretaries may be in power, the Kaiser exercises full control; and William II., let it be remembered, has been thus in charge for more than twenty years.

From Mr. Asquith's statement in the House of Commons on July 6, it will be clear that a somewhat serious official importance is ascribed to Germany's action. A German coaling station or even a German harbour at Agadir would be a grave menace to us; but it must not be forgotten that it would also be a menace, though not of so much importance, to the United States.

But the main feature of Mr. Asquith's reply was contained in the final sentence: "I am confident that diplomatic discussion will find a solution, and in the part that we shall take in it it is the German ports. While the general Press, by Mr. Asquith's reference to "treaty obligations," understands the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, I understand this military agreement which I have already mentioned in this paper, and about which Mr. Jowett vainly questioned Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons several weeks ago. The agreement exists, but it is the duty of the Foreign Secretary to deny its existence, if necessary by diplomatic protest, and to express the view that any such agreement would be contrary to the interests of the nation.

I think it will be clearly recognised that, from the standpoint of European prestige and internal politics, Germany has gained considerably by dispatching a cruiser to Agadir. The smaller nations, particularly the Turks and the Balkan States, will be suitably impressed, and at home the almost traditional hostility of the Germans to France may lead to a considerable diminution in the effect of the Socialist propaganda. Even if Germany is in the end no better off, either in land, money, or commercial concessions, from her action in Morocco, the addition to her prestige and a set-back to the Socialists would be great gains—speaking, of course, from the point of view of the Government.

As no definite and settled policy exists where Morocco is concerned, either in London, Madrid, Paris, or Berlin, it is naturally difficult to forecast the future. M. Caillaux, the new French Premier, has just been defeated in the Chamber over the question of proportional representation, and this may or may not mean the formation of another French Cabinet very shortly. Such an unsettled condition of French politics will be taken advantage of by Germany if there is anything for her to gain by doing so. Straws like this may change the whole course of events, for there might conceivably be a Monarchist rising in Portugal, or a change of Premiers at Madrid, which might alter any plans that the Spanish Government might be thinking of carrying out.
"For it was of the Lord to destroy them." If this sentiment, so familiarly recurring in a biblical context, could be applicable in the present day to bodies of men or to individuals of their own doing, the tactics of humbler champions outside their own number would invest it with a sinister reference to the immediate sentiment, collected itself beneath a historic roof. Then came a words, the Lords are quite capable of fighting their invest it with a sinister reference to the immediate in another place, instruct their noble friends regarding the line of resistance they should take. In other in another part of the same roof, owe their election to no constituencies. When Parliaments first came into existence, the shire an entirely different body, for, at any rate, its affections than. those who, beneath another part. They are quite capable of fighting their own battle. It is not only that their collective ability at least equals and probably surpasses that to be found in the other assembly. Could the country be polled on that single issue, the legislators who sit on the crimson benches would be found to have a personal following quite as large as those who sit on green. The peers who have so long been, in Irish phrase, "spoil for a fight " are indeed not intentionally doing all they can to rehabilitate the Commons with the multitude. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that the elected members of Parliament, individually or collectively, have had a higher place in the country's affections than those who sit on green or red beneath another part of the same roof, owe their election to no constituencies.

When Parliaments first came into existence, the shire knights—in other words, the county members—derived any collective strength from the idea that, whether they belong to the sovereign's humble Commons, or not presuming to offer an opinion except by special permission and request of their superiors. If he did not obey these conditions, he was publicly whipped, just as much under the Tudors as under the Stuarts. Should he be in the Chapter House, his place of assembly till the middle of the sixteenth century, presume to do anything more than vote supplies, the Court, with the entire approval of the Crown, took good care that he should be promptly and effectively forbidden the Westminster precincts. Denied respect by others, he gradual lost respect for himself. Some time before Cromwell let it be known he intended to work his own will with Goodman Stubbs, that burgess had within its walls by degrees subjected themselves to the control of some two or three Score men of genius or coloured overcoats, big button-holes, and opera hats cocked most knowingly on their heads. Yet they constituted, after all, features of popular interest in the Chamber, whose absence is a real loss to it in this Coronation year.

One cannot, therefore, consider it otherwise than as a godsend that, just as the House had reached the nadir of popular indifference, of prosaic dullness, of withdrawal from it of anything like wit, beauty, or even pleasantness, the Lords and their friends should have raised a breeze which may possibly float it once more into favour. Quieta non movere sums up the sage advice left by Lord Salisbury in all matters of party management to his nephew and to his other successors.

Disraeli, as Salisbury remembered, was never so popular with his party or in the country as when, in 1876, he refused to change the day fixed for a great Conservative gathering at the Crystal Palace to suit the convenience of one or two Tory dukes. Whatever Conservative noblemen, whether two, three, half a dozen, or more, may wish, beware of committing, for that reason of this or that party to a particular course. The superlative sagacity of a later age has seen nothing but nonsense or paltroonery in such shrewd counsel. Once more, therefore, the Tory organisation is to be handicapped by identification with a titled patriarchy. If anything could remove to the descent of the Commons' House to absolute unpopularity, it is, providentially as enemies of the bicameral system may think, forthcoming in the partisanship to which their leaders are committing the whole body of Unionist M.P.'s in the constitutional discussions. The difference will perhaps only be found in the national weariness of the issues it is said to raise, and the interminable disquisitions of which it has been made the theme.

Tory Democracy.

By J. M. Kennedy.

VI.—Labour Members' Wives.

The influence of women in a democratic community is a subject which has yet to be written about in detail. Those who look upon women from the standpoint of idealistic Liberalism—the most common standpoint in England, by the way—will claim from them virtues with which they may be endowed in theory but certainly not in practice: strict morality, honesty, candour, justice; an earnest desire to benefit their fellow-women and to guide men in the right path. The fact that, to take one instance, women have at best only a rudimentary sense

Is the House of Commons Popular?

By Kosmo Wilkinson.
of justice is a statement with which the average idealist, i.e., the average English Liberal, will never agree. Yet it is true. Nietzsche has already pointed out, with special reference to Greece, that justice in a nation is usually allied with stupidity; that just people, in short, are usually stupid, conventional folk, while higher types of culture are usually found to prevail among people with whom the sense of justice is much less developed, e.g., the earlier Greeks. Compare the sense of justice among the Greeks and among the Romans, and compare the artistic productiveness of both nations.

These points are a fragment of a larger theme, with which I hope to deal before long in these columns. On the present occasion I am concerned with the influence exercised on English politics by one section of women, a small but important section, viz., the wives of Labour M.P.'s.

Unless their attention is specially directed, the complex varieties of human elements which we know vaguely as the public are not given, as a rule, to looking behind the scenes. Are we satisfied with the fierce light that beats upon the superficial and the external? It is known that there is a Labour Party in Parliament; it is known to a few deeper students of politics that this party is for all practical purposes a section of the Liberal Party, and is, therefore, less notorious example of Mr. Richard Bell, I am not going to quarrel with his party. This further instance of a Labour M.P.'s success from a worldly point of view will act as an additional stimulant, and will probably render the Labour Party tamer than ever.

To express the matter even more plainly: we have been sickened by newspaper gush about the assistance rendered to Labour M.P.'s by their wives. How often have we heard that Mrs. Burns, for instance, in her own right, is an invaluable aid to her husband, and that much of Mr. Crooks' popularity is due to Mrs. Crooks? We know that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald married, to use the acknowledged expression, "above him," and that he is tacitly bound to raise himself to his wife's class. Nor, indeed, as it is, has soldiering been a leviathan of directors and a king among railway princes. Not, indeed, as it is, has soldiering been destined for the profession of Scipio and Hannibal, he would have long since won renown and opulence as a leviathan of directors and a king among railway princes. Not, indeed, as it is, has soldiering been destined for the profession of Scipio and Hannibal, he would have long since won renown and opulence as a leviathan of directors and a king among railway princes.
War shows throughout the prostration of its writer's powerful mind before the name of Bonaparte. Napier’s preferences, adapted to the events of our own time, have throughout his career coloured the thoughts and inspired the action of General Cook, who sees in the operation of war a mere game of conjecture, till when praise can only go to the most successful player. For the rest, he may boast with Horace to have taken no man’s shining, and at every turn to have justified his persistent refusal to shrink from no responsibility.

In better things than the conventional sense, it is Field-Marshal Lord Cook’s initial distinction to be a self-made man. Belonging to the school neither of a Roberts, of a Wolseley, nor of any other among the much-advertised warriors of his day, he listened profitably at the Woolwich Academy to the advice given him by the academy professors about masters in the art of war, from Hannibal and Caesar to Jomini, and thence to Von Moltke and the Hamleys. But the school in which he practically perfected himself was the battlefield. His victories in the hinterland of Canopia, one after another, were, as Palmerston might have said, “won off his own bat,” with no preliminary blare of trumpets at home, and, as regards the joining of battle with the enemy, in the field and, as concerns itself entirely to himself. These were the tactics which, adopted by individual commanders on their own responsibility, with no chance of reference to superior authorities and none of the merely involved in the military involvements, laid the foundations of King George’s Empire and, skilfully reproduced by General Cook, secured his successive promotions to the chief command of its service.

Asked where and how he learned to do his work so quietly and effectively, whether as a pupil of this great commander or that, he has always found an answer to inquirers in Topsy’s words, “Specs I grew up in, wherein I have been distinguished from so many of my cloth is that he has actually accomplished three-score years without doing that which Job wished his enemies to do; in other words, he has never written a book. His officers it is true have illustrated, some of them most blamelessly as well as successfully, the fashionable union between sword and pen. The General himself has preserved a singular and consistent silence about the method by which he has avoided mistakes himself and retrieved the blunders of others. The present is a time in which every handler of troops on a large scale has become his own Xenophon, and for a campaign abroad, one of the most necessary items of his commissariat. Not so Field-Marshal Cook. His countrymen at home, in such accounts of his movements as reach them, read nothing of far-reaching plans slowly and surely developing themself, or of probabilities given to the nations or princes of friendly tribes. So few are the false steps needing to be re-traced, and so uneventful, for an inordinately long time, seems the chronicle from the seat of war as to need of any kind likely to breed active dissatisfaction in Cook with his present métier.

A RHYME OF AGADIR.

When in Morocco (or elsewhere)
I come along to take my share,
And I asked my business there,
I will not snarl, I will not snort:

But in the rules of a bookeet theme
There’s trouble still at Agadir.

I will not snarl, I will not snort:
There’s trouble still at Agadir.

I want a port.

But in my suavest tones retort
There’s trouble still at Agadir.

I want a port.

There’s trouble still at Agadir.

To set the universe on fire,
And haply raise Great Britain’s ire,
I’ll never use the word “mastery of the seas,”
Nor mention “mastery of the seas.”

But murmur with a well-bred ease:

There’s trouble still at Agadir.

When anti-warlike fervours set
The pace, and cash is hard to get,
I will not fume, I will not fume,
But bid the God of Battles stand
Beside me for the Fatherland,
Repeating with demeanour bland:

There’s trouble still at Agadir.

Arthur T. Colman.
The Pride of His Profession.

By W. L. George.

"WELL?" said the News Editor rather suavily. It had been a long day and he was not as yet very well impressed by the new reporter. He could not get over the escape of the Princess of Novogordor, who had dived into a block of flats in Piccadilly to elude the reporter's notebook and left him to wait two hours at the door while she coolly walked out into Jermyn Street. A journalist who wants isn't up to that. . . . Well! So he looked unkindly on the short figure in grey as it apologetically worried its straw hat.

"I've got something, Chief," said the reporter slowly; "murther." "Oh? We'll get that from the Association," replied the News Editor. "Sure enough, by and by, not for a couple of hours though." The News Editor's face showed sudden signs of interest. He threw himself back in his armchair and pushed his scanty hair away from his forehead, as he was wont to do when a special piece of information fired his surfeited imagination. "Oh?" he said at length; "how's that?" "Saw it half an hour ago; nobody else did." A slight flush rose up into the reporter's cheeks as he exhibited his prize.

"Nobody else? . . . How? . . . What? . . ." cried the News Editor with increasing interest. "Let's hear about it anyhow. . . . Back up, we'll be in time for the final." "I was walking along Lisson Grove," began the reporter, "on my way to the Tube, when I saw a big she was open at the bottom. 'I'm goin' to do yer in and . . . . But I had a bit of luck," added the reporter. His eyes glittered now, full of vivacity. "As I ran out into Marylebone Road, along Marylebone Road, just to see where he was going. He was steady enough, sobered perhaps. At last he walked into a place that was half a mews and half a street, quiet sort of place, but he wasn't walking so well then. After hanging about for a minute or so he went to the end, where there's an empty house. I was watching him from the corner, but though he looked round he didn't see me. I saw him go down the area, heard him break a pane of glass, lift up a sash. He got into the kitchen, I..."

"Go on, go on," he stammered. "There's not much more," said the reporter. "He got hold of her by the throat and threw her down on the ground. 'Don't, Jim,' she cried, 'don't do it. I've always done my duty to you.' No, wait a bit, she didn't say that. . . ."

The young man daintily drew out his notebook. "No, what she said was: 'I've always been a good wife to you.' I took a shorthand note, you see," he explained. "As I ran out into Marylebone Road to find a taxi I fell into Brunton. Didn't tell him everything, of course; just let him know there was a murderer in that house. Made him swear not to tell the police, but that would have let the cat out of the bag, wouldn't it? And it wouldn't have done his family much good."

"No, you're right there," said the News Editor, his mouth again twitching. "But I had a bit of luck," added the reporter. His eyes glittered now, full of vivacity. "As I ran out into Marylebone Road to find a taxi I fell into Brunton. Didn't tell him everything, of course; just let him know there was a murderer in that house. Made him swear not to tell the police, but that would have let the cat out of the bag, wouldn't it? And it wouldn't have done his family much good."

"Of course it didn't matter in those parts; half a dozen people passed me, but it's like that in the slums; there's no security. Anyhow, the woman got up again; there was a bit of a scrap. She explained."

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"And here you are," said the News Editor blankly. He was staring at the young man now with extraordinary inten..."
A Symposium on the Art of the Theatre.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

Questions having relation to the artistic reform of the theatre have been put to the following representative persons:—

AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Bryce Stewart, Director of Adelaide Literary Theatre.

The Adelaide Literary Theatre is the only movement of its kind in Australia. There is a Stage Society in Sydney, but this is largely governed by social exigencies, and is not primarily artistic. There has been an attempt made in Melbourne, but so far it has only resulted in a few isolated performances of "The Silver Box" and "You Never Can Tell." The attempt to produce "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," which I should consider outside the purpose of the movement, as we view it.

I know of nothing in New Zealand.

As to our purpose, I will attempt to reply as briefly as possible. In the first place, we want to infuse a taste for sincere drama; to get people to distinguish the difference between art as good and bad art on the stage.

In the second place, we are seeking to curry the foundations of an institution which, by reason of its endowment will be more stable than it is possible for ours to be. Australia is a young nation; it is governed democratically, and in the evolutionary phases of its laws can bring shame on its maternal progenitor. But it has still something to do. It has to provide, primarily artistic, an environment for its community welfare. In no branch of art has the Government shown practical sympathy. Is it any wonder that Australia loses all her gifted sons and daughters? And this misfortune will continually recur, until this country can give its people an artistic education and an outlet. The former is no good without the latter. It is futile training people in any realm of art and then turning them adrift without much hope of gaining sustenance by a sufficiency of labour.

Let us consider this in its bearings upon histrionic art. Australia is a country that responds excellently to its amusements upon private managers. These managers, with every due respect to them, have given the people, not exactly what was good for them, but what, with a tolerable measure of certainty, they felt would replenish their coffers. I do not say this is so in every case, because Mr. Williamson, to take an instance, must have lost heavily on his last operatic venture. He is a man of great acumen and discernment, and must have foreseen that to present a piece of such advanced modern texture as "Madame Butterfly" must irrevocably end in disaster.

Music such as this is difficult of comprehension. It requires not only a keen sensibility on the part of the listener, but presupposes a knowledge of much that has gone before in the art to account for what to the uninitiated may appear as mere idiosyncracies.

With regard to the use of colour in the Eastern theatre, I may say the only colour I know of on the Chinese stage is in the first grand gorge I traversed. I admired the effect of Miss Loie Fuller's Chinese Play at the Little Theatre. It was a real colour feast.

As to the use of colour in the Eastern theatre, I may say the story of a young man born and bred in China and half Chinese, who on arrival in England was taken to see "Sumurun." When asked for his opinion he wagged his finger at me and said: "Oh, I had forgotten to speak of that. Don't go to see it. It is no good at all. Horrid! And fancy, they make the Arab men kneel before the women. Concede that I said Arab, we might have been two of their own unlike Chinese. I was not intimately acquainted with Arabs. "But was not the scenery and staging good?" He looked quite confounded. "Oh, that, yes, but—I never noticed," he said. "But the piece is no good." I admired the effect of Miss Loie Fuller's Chinese Play at the Little Theatre. It was a real colour feast. I regretted very much she did not give the effect so beautiful in Western Chinese towns at the Eastern festivals of the decoration going on ad infinitum and in infinite variety. I have never yet seen an English stage more theatrical as the entrance hall of an ordinary Chinese house of business at New Year's time.

CHINA.

MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

With regard to the use of colour in the Eastern theatre, I may say the only colour I know of on the Chinese stage is in the dresses of the actors and the exceedingly beautiful guild houses in which the plays are generally performed. The first of these guild-houses I saw was in a yet more magnificent setting on the bank of the great Yangtse River in the first grand gorge I traversed.

The Chinese, as a primary purpose generally in their ceilings and roofs, undegneered by that odious admixture of black prevalent in Japan and France.

As indicative of Chinese theatre, I may mention the story of a young man born and bred in China and half Chinese, who on arrival in England was taken to see "Sumurun." When asked for his opinion he wagged his finger at me and said: "Oh, I had forgotten to speak of that. Don't go to see it. It is no good at all. Horrid! And fancy, they make the Arab men kneel before the women. Concede that I said Arab, we might have been two of their own unlike Chinese. I was not intimately acquainted with Arabs. "But was not the scenery and staging good?" He looked quite confounded. "Oh, that, yes, but—I never noticed," he said. "But the piece is no good." I admired the effect of Miss Loie Fuller's Chinese Play at the Little Theatre. It was a real colour feast. I regretted very much she did not give the effect so beautiful in Western Chinese towns at the Eastern festivals of the decoration going on ad infinitum and in infinite variety. I have never yet seen an English stage more theatrical as the entrance hall of an ordinary Chinese house of business at New Year's time.

POUND.

Professor Axentowicz, Cracow.

The Polish stage in general, and the Cracow Theatre in particular, is but of a great deal less than fifty years. The Cracow stage is but of a great deal less than fifty years. First, under the management of Mr. Pawlikowski, and then under that of Mr. Sołski, the Cracow Theatre, both as regards the choice of plays and their
production, has been brought quite up to the modern European level.

Among the performers was Stanislaw Wyspianski, who exercised such influence in Cracow that he practically revolutionised the theatre. He was poet, play-writer, acting-manager, and painter. He wrought plays, painted the decorations and designed the costumes. Possessing an imagination of a "visionaire" almost excessive in its intensity, he could by means of the stage effects play to an unusual height the feelings of the audience.

His plays "Wesele," "Warsawianke," and "The Night in November" (Noc Listopadowa) were magnificently from a stage-effect of vividness. Also his productions such as "Aulilette," "Meleager," "Leodeunia." The Act Ill. in "Bolestaw Smiaty" is simply the vision of a painter in which the winds are represented by a display of colours by means of spontaneous changing lights. In the "Wyrzwoleme," where the relation of the genius to average men is depicted, the hero of the play is seen acting with masks. The masks represent the kind of people who need them to hide their nulility.

Among modern writers beside Wyspianski mention ought to be made of Stanislaw Pnylynewski, and Mr. German (author of "Lilith"), one of a group of rising writers.

Among the painters who have worked for the advance- ment of modern theatre in Poland, the name of Mr. Karol Krycz stands prominent.

RUSSIA.
M. Leon BAKST, Decorator of the Russian Ballets.
I believe the time for the conventional producer to arrange the sunshine and shadow of the "scene" has passed for ever. The peculiar form of "mental" intelligence which has created literature for so many centuries is being replaced by the plastic intelligence, and the tone of the ensemble will be determined by the painter. The evolution of the theatre is a plastic action of a piece, sometimes full of invention, is weak and ineffective if it has not been conceived according to an artistic vision; just as an exaggerated "literary" picture repels a true connoisseur. It is from a body of painters of the highest intelligence that we are going to recruit the directors of the work of the theatre, which evolves unceasingly, and which now takes a place of importance as well as ornament.

The age of realism in the theatre is dead. Every person of intelligence becomes everyday more and more convinced that stage interpretation is before all, a plastic rather than a literary one.

The tendency now is "to overload Shakespeare with scenery." The result of this is to divert the attention of an audience from the play itself to its stage-setting.

The effect of "extensive cuts" in the plays depends on the critical judgment and sound artistic taste of the stage-manager. Owing to the length of some of the plays it is necessary that they be abridged, and the abridgment is done properly, that would not detract from but, on the contrary, would conduc to the effectiveness of their presentation.

In conclusion, no matter how great are the plays, or how artistically they are presented, their final effect depends on the audience.--

I. Shakespeare had the sanest intellect of any man that ever lived. In him both the imaginative and the practical were developed to the highest degree. He therefore wrote his plays with strict regard to the Elizabethan theatre in which they were to be presented; and to the audience which assembled therein.

There was no scenery used in his theatres. The word "scene" does not occur in his plays; nor does the word "scene" as meaning a painted curtain and background of the stage to represent the place where the action occurs. He does use the word "scene" as meaning the location of the action.

He did not trust for his success to "appropriate decoration for his plays," but to the imagination of his audience. In the prologue to "The Taming of the Shrew," he describes definitely his method of presenting his plays:

"Suppose within the girdle of these walls Are now confined two mighty monarchies, Whose high-peddled stories are by so doing be could certainly intensify the dramatic effect.

I do not think he would present the plays "unabridged." In his theatre a presentation took about two hours. Of prologues to "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Henry the Eighth," the quartos of his plays were in many cases abridged, and acting copies of the original MSS., which were first published in full in fol. and quarto. This fact is not to be wondered at in the "Bankside Shakespeare," in which the Quarto and folio texts are printed on parallel pages.

Were Shakespeare writing now he would, I believe, adapt the theatrical representation of his plays, both as regards scenery and abridgment, to the conventions of the modern theatre.

3. To a certain, possibly to a very great, extent, "the beauty of Shakespeare resides in the spoken word," and consequently the utmost attention should be given to the delivery of Shakespearean verse. Shakespeare was the greatest master of English that ever put pen to paper. With the exception of Shakespeare, Milton used more words than any writer of English, viz., about eight thousand. Shakespeare's vocabulary amounted to sixteen thousand words. His vocabulary was so rich that it included innumerable new words, and he used whatever suited the expression. His words are suggestive not only in what they denote, but also in what they connote. In his verse, therefore, resides much of the beauty of his dramas, and to its recital should be given the greatest care.

4. The tendency now is "to overload Shakespeare with scenery." The result of this is to divert the attention of an audience from the play itself to its stage-setting.

The effect of "extensive cuts" in the plays depends on the critical judgment and sound artistic taste of the stage-manager. Owing to the length of some of the plays it is necessary that they be abridged, and the abridgment is done properly, that would not detract from but, on the contrary, would conduc to the effectiveness of their presentation.

In conclusion, no matter how great are the plays, or how artistically they are presented, their final effect depends on the audience.

Hippolyta was dissatisfied with the crude acting of the Athenian Mechanics. She said to Theseus:

"This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard."

He replied: "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them."

Hippolyta responded:

"It must be your imagination then, and not theirs."

"-Midsummer Night's Dream," V. 1. 208-211.

Such is Shakespeare's comment on his own art.

Dip thou ever so deep in brook or river, thou canst not fill thy pitcher.
Unedited Opinions.

The Economics of Population.

That great service of child-bearing which wives render the State, I have been thinking about it with some amusing results. Do you know, I find it is often no service at all, but the very contrary, a great disservice. This applies not only to manifest drags and drains such as idiots and invalids, but to thousands of apparently healthy children. The State, I am sure, could do with considerably less service of this kind than it is unfortunately compelled to receive. Children are very often a bad investment for the State indeed! Well, it is no bad exercise in congenial company to discuss the production, distribution and exchange of children exactly as if they were an admitted commodity. From the statesman-economist’s point of view they are a commodity, of course, and, as such, subject to the same laws of supply and demand as any other commodity. Only it would never do to say so, would it? I remember one phrase, however, that contains a hint of it—"to forestall the reproductive power". It is just possible that wars and other degraded occupations were invented to keep the surplus population busy.

What do you suppose would happen then if such occupations were prohibited?

That is precisely my problem—the effect on the manufacture of children of a sudden cessation of demand. Wives, as wives, would obviously be thrown out of work. There would be a slump in the marriage market. Children being at a discount and a drug in the market, women driven from the marriage market, would be compelled to turn elsewhere for an occupation; they would clamour at all the doors of labour crying to be let in. Only women who could not help themselves, or who were specially gifted, would produce children at all. The former would become more and more despised, the latter more and more respected.

Why, you are describing the existing situation almost exactly! Do you understand that it is the present and not merely the future that you have sketched?

Perfectly. But there is one difference; there has been no sudden cessation of demand. The cessation is gradual.

You mean that wars have not suddenly ceased?

I mean more. Several causes have contributed to the diminution of demand, of which the comparative cessation of war is only one. The decline of the death-rate is another. But perhaps the invention and extension of machinery is the most powerful cause of all. Machinery dispenses society from the necessity of a large population.

But machinery can never take the place of the human brain.

Not of the best brains, certainly, and of the soul never. But what has economics to do with the soul? For nine out of ten brains mechanical substitutes can easily be found. Substitutes, nay, improved substitutes! Lots of machines are singly equal in capacity to dozens of men. Why should inferior articles in the form of human beings be produced at a vast expense when superior articles in the form of machines can be easily produced to better their office? You will observe, in fact, that this reasoning has already been implicitly adopted. With the extension of machinery the birth-rate begins to decline. As machinery advances the population retires.

That is only true in a modified sense. As a matter of fact, the population increases but at a slower rate.

The same thing. And remember that the legitimate decline in population, which should be much more rapid than it is, has been retarded by several causes. The sentiment of hysterical bachelors preaching the duty of rearing large families is one cause. A second is the necessity many women are under to produce children or lose their sanity. Still a fifth is the deliberate under-employment and arrested development of machinery itself. So long as large numbers of people must be employed, and can be made to do so, machinery is arrested in its development. Why, there are inventors alive at this moment who could save the country the labour of millions of hands if only it were worth the country’s while to keep the hands idle, or the production of more hands could be stayed. But let the cost of human hands go up, say, by the establishment of a high minimum wage or by insisting that every child shall cost a thousand pounds in education before it is permitted to earn a penny, and machinery may be driven from the invention of machinery and down will go the birth-rate as surely as a market is a market.

By the way, I forgot to ask if you are serious. You are not meaning, I hope, that this prospect pleases you. The substitution of machinery for human beings strikes me as social retrogression.

Yet, strangely enough, you would approve, I think, of all the means that will infallibly bring it about. A high universal and compulsory minimum wage, for example? An educational curriculum for everybody to the age of twenty-one? Restriction of wholesale emigration save to countries civilised enough to establish the same conditions of wages and education? Establish these and your increase of population is doomed! Yet who can be so inhuman as not to wish to establish them?

Certainly I do, but I am not prepared for the ultimate effect you foresee.

Because you have not fully realised, first, what terrible lives society imposes upon the many unwanted, and how much human misery would be saved if they were never born; and, secondly, how splendid a society might be every one of whose members was necessary to it. In production generally the substitution of quality for quantity is the first mark of a high civilisation. It is so in the area of other commodities; and it will be so in the case of children. When, owing to the cessation of the causes I have named, the production of numbers of children ceases to be commercially profitable, production of quality may, if we are wise, be substituted. And the moment for our choice is close at hand, if it is not already slipping past us.

Are you, then, among the Eugenists?

God forbid! The Eugenists are, to my mind, only one degree less absurd than the producers of over-population—the bishops and their train.

Yet the Eugenists advocate the very course you prescribe as desirable, namely, production for quality.

True, but their means, my friend, their means! Pre-occupation with the actual processes of child-production is a mark of superficiality, if not of degeneracy, wherever it appears. It matters not whether the object is to increase the quantity or better the quality of the population. Both objects, as ends in themselves, are worthless. The statesman-economist sets himself to the creation of a high civilisation, the conditions of which are those measures I spoke of and which you approved—high wages for everybody, prolonged education and the maintenance of these standards for his people in all parts of the world. These conditions are within his reach and within his duty. They, in their turn, will settle the population question for us. Any more direct approach is indecent.
A PAIL OF SLOPS.
An Ethiopian Saga.
By Richmond Haigh.

CHAPTER XIX.

When they saw that the song was finished the Councillors praised Spalodi greatly, and Koloani the Chief spoke kindly to him and thanked him. But Jamba, the son of Bama, went over and sat down beside Spalodi, for he had not heard such a thing before. And it was a wonder and a delight to the young man, and he spoke to Spalodi; and after that they became great friends. And now, being well rested, they came again to the road and continued their journey.

From this place was a broad road which had been made for the waggons and the carts of the White People, and they travelled along this road, having now no fear. About the turn of the day they came to a place where they knew was water; but the water could not be seen because it ran through the sand, and the heat of the sun made it appear as dry sand only.

And when they had found a shady place to rest, one of the men went down and dug a hole in the sand with his hand. And another went into a corn land near by and found an old gourd, which he scraped out with a stone. And he rubbed the gourd with sand and washed it. And when together in the house, he brought water in the gourd to the Chief and to the Councillors, and all the men went down to the hole and drank.

Koloani and those with him slept at this place, for the day was hot and they had travelled far. And near the closing of the day they set forth again.

When they had gone some way they left the big road and moved again on a path which led steeply out from the valley. It was over the top of the hill at this part, and they travelled at a great distance, where the White People would be found.

And near the setting of the moon they came to a spring with clear water, and Koloani the Chief said, "We will sleep here, my Brothers, that we may come refreshed and with clear eyes before the White People in the morning." So they prepared their places and slept there that night.

In the morning, before the rising of the sun, Koloani the Chief spoke to Matauw. "Matauw, my friend, take now two of the men with thee and go before us to the camp of the White Men. And when thou hast found one in authority, make known that I, Koloani, am coming and will quickly be at the camp to speak with those who have charge of the house and with me. When the sun has risen we will follow after thee."

Matauw struck his hands together and said, "I have heard, Chief."

Then Matauw went to the men and called two of them, and they took up their blankets and went off.

CHAPTER XX.

When the sun had risen a little way, Koloani the Chief and Spalodi and Jamba and the men came again to the big road. And before the sun was hot they came to a rise from which they saw the place of the White Men not far from them. And first they saw a large white house built after the fashion of the White People, so that many could live there. But as they went on further in the house were kraals, built of loose stones, for cattle and sheep, and there was also a place of many trees, which were all trees of fruit which was good to eat. And Koloani and those saw waggon and carts close to the house which were outspanned, and many Oxen and horses were feeding a little way off. And as they came nearer they saw that many men were at the house and about the place.

Now he who lived at the house was the one appointed by the White People to deal with the tribes in that part; to hear the complaints of Chiefs and to decide between them.

Also he came at certain seasons into their country to take money from the Black People; and when they had not money cattle were taken, or sheep or goats, for the White People were strong and could do this thing.

The name of this man, as he was known to Koloani and the others, was "Seatlata," which is to say "He of the Heavy Hand."

Now while Koloani the Chief was yet a stone's throw from the house came Matauw to meet him, and with him a White Man, and when they came together the White Man held out his hand to the Chief and greeted him, and told him in his own tongue, "My father, Seatlata, greets thee, Chief, and asks that you rest under the wattle tree and he will come to thee quickly."

And when Matauw had given this word to the Chief, Koloani said, "Give my greetings to Seatlata, and say I will await him as he has said."

Then the young White Man went down with the Chief, and when he had brought him to the wattle tree he went back again to the house.

And Matauw spoke to Koloani and said, "The men who came with me have spoken with those who herd the cattle and the horses, Chief, and they say these White Men are greatly troubled because they are beaten in fight with those who have come against them from over the great river. And those who are met together here to consider what they shall do."

And Koloani the Chief was sad at this word, and he said, "Have I, then, brought my complaint to a sick doctor?"

Then one came from a kraal carrying a sheep on his shoulders, and when he stood before them he put the sheep down and said, "My Master sends this sheep to the Chief for meat." And Koloani said, "Give my thanks to thy Master."

And corn meal was also brought, and an iron pot which stood on three legs. Then one of the men took the sheep away and killed it and prepared it. And a fire was made, and the men got bowls from the house and meat. And when water had been put into the iron pot and boiled over the fire, the corn meal was poured in and cooked, and it was stirred with a stick until the meal was thick and could be broken with the fingers. And the meat was also brought and cooked over another fire which the men had made.

And when all had eaten there was not any of the meat left, for they had had little food for two days, and were hungry.
CHAPTER XXII

Now while Koloani the Chief was speaking these words, Seatlata the White Man had shown great wrath upon his face, and his hand had pulled strongly upon his beard. And when the Chief had said all, Seatlata stood up and his chair fell back, and he strode quickly back and forth.

Then came he again to the table and spoke to Koloani, and said "Chief, I have heard thy words. Go now again and sit under the wattle tree, for I will hold Council upon this thing at once. I will send again to thee in a little while."

And Koloani the Chief and those with him came again and sat under the tree.

And the sun rose and came overhead, and the day turned, yet came none from the house to call the Chief again.

But White Men came from the carts and from the wagons and went into the house, back and forth; and it was seen that Council was being held, for some came out holding argument, and there was shaking of the head and waving of the hands, as of men who speak heatedly.

And now, when it was past the noon, came one from the house again to call the Chief Koloani, and Matauw and the other two went into the house with the Chief.

And when they were brought into the place again there were other White Men who sat about the table, but Seatlata sat in his chair between them.

And Seatlata the White Man, who ruled over all that part, said, "Koloani, Chief! We have held Council and spoken over that which you have told us about Kundu and the slaying of your people. Kundu has seen that we are fighting against an enemy in the land and that our hands are very full with this matter, and so he has dared to laugh in our faces. He shall surely die for this thing.

"But at this time, Koloani, can no White Men go in with thee? But Kundu must know that even he cannot wait until we have swept our own enemy out of the land. It will not be many days before we have done this, but now we have not a man we can spare to go with you to Moali."

And when Koloani the Chief would have begged for twenty White Men, or ten, Seatlata said, "Nay, Chief, we have spoken much over this matter, and would fain grant thy wish and send in and destroy Kundu, with all those who have counselled him evilly. But there are even greater matters before us, and we must deal with Kundu later.

"As for thyself, Koloani, it is as thou wilt. Either can you stay here and I will find a place for you and your people, or if you would go to any other place I will not hinder thee."

And when they had spoken a little more, and Koloani saw that he could not move the White Man from that which he had said, the Chief went out again, and those with him, and they came to the wattle tree and sat down. And they were all sore at heart.

Now the day was closing and one came from the house and said Seatlata had sent him to show the Chief a place in which he might sleep that night. But Koloani said: "Nay! We will sleep under this tree to-night."

And he went away again to the house.

And Matauw and Spalodi and the young man Jamba sat before the Chief, and Koloani spake and said, "My Brothers! Ye have heard the word of the White Man which he has spoken to us. It must be with them even as we have heard, that they are sorely pressed by their enemy and have great fear for themselves.

"The crippled wolf has come to the sick lion for
Chief took his blanket and said, "We will speak again. "help! Let us now speak together on our affairs and their blankets also and laid them down. Many things, and when the moon had set, Koloani the best bath for the eyes." And the others took in the morning and say what we will do, for sleep is THE first publication of the publishing house founded by mon in France, but rare in England, of an author achieving a real and distinguished reputation at the early in 1903, Claudel's two little books of essays and "L'Otage," a play in three acts, by Paul Claudel. Claudel furnishes one of those cases, not uncommon in France, and yet the enthusiasm of his admirers has got his name into the histories of contemporary literature! I remember that when I went to live in Paris for a time, early in 1903, Claude's two little books of essays and descriptions, "L'Arbre" and "Connaissance de l'Est," were regarded in certain circles as the nec plus ultra of style. And to-day there are perhaps a couple of hundred people in Paris for whom the appearance of "L'Otage" is an event of the highest artistic importance. The piece is noble in theme and conception. Laid at the end of the Napoleonic era, it employs the vast politics of the time to produce a dramatic conflict between the forces of love, religion and patriotism in the heart of a fine girl. The treatment is austere. Every theatrical artifice (save that of a tempest) is disdained. The characterisation is clear. Fierce irony is not absent. The writing is beautiful. In some scenes, notably at the culmination of the long scene between the heroine and the priest, the emotion becomes acute, and the lyrical quality of the dialogue is remarkable. And yet on the whole I have not been greatly impressed by "L'Otage." It seems to me to contain every virtue except the virtue of spontaneity. It seems trop soonu; and assuredly it is not quite free from the fault of preciousness. It is as if the author, in sitting down to write, had said to himself: "Now I am going to produce a work of high art, and I doubt whether anybody on earth understands as I do what high art is, or can appreciate the intensity with which I scorn the misunderstandings of art, is certain. But I think it is equally sure that he has not the full creative gift. If he had possessed the full creative gift, that gift would have forced him to produce a great deal more than he produced. It would have cured him of finickingness. First-class creative artists are never finicking. The stuff tumbles out of them, pell-mell. The next generation will discover about Paul Claudel, as Paul Claudel's admirers have discovered about Flaubert, that his more ambitious works have the quality of a pastiche, and are dull accordingly. This is a hard saying.

Another esoteric reputation is that of Charles Péguy, being voluminous, has already arrived at the distinction of a volume of "Selected Works"—"Oeuvres Choisies, 1900-1910" (Bernard Grasset, 3f. 50c.). Charles Péguy is a critic, and he is critic of everything—the arts, politics, social life. He is equally good on art, war, science, metaphysics. He can paint a portrait as well as discuss the philosophy of the King of Spain's visit to Paris. His portrait of Clemenceau, for example, is very striking. This book makes grand miscellaneous reading. It is a bed book and should be used as such, and not read straight through from end to end.

Volumes of essays, on account of their extreme rarity, must be respectfully, and even deferentially, treated. I feel this, though I cannot rationally defend it. My attitude towards Mrs. (or Miss) Rosalind Denis-Browne's "A Bird in the Hand" (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net) was polite to begin with, and after I had, against my inclination, read one essay my attitude became considerate, and after I had read it several times it became respectful. Mrs. Denis-Browne courageously chooses again all the old subjects: "On Falling in Love," "Geniuses," "Shop Windows," "The Pursuit of Happiness," "In Defence of the Age," etc., etc., etc. She is very sagacious and salty about falling in love. This is true: "Her love is very much like influenza—the more you do it, the more likely you are to do it again, for repeated attacks render you more susceptible to both complaints." Also this: "The love that sees the object of its affection as it really is and not as it would like it to be . . . is the most lasting of all; but this can never be felt in extreme youth." Mrs. Denis-Browne is diverting about widows and geniuses. If the book had contained only the second three essays, I should have said that the Mrs. Denis-Browne had possibilities, and I should have shut my eyes to her misquotations and her constant use of clichés. Quite half the book, however, is feeble, and the clichés grow distressing. Here is a list of clichés taken from one average page—and the page is very short; this paragraph, for example, would fill two pages of the book:—

The fact that the farmers will benefit is cold comfort. A sealed book to the optimist. One little word of love. To make it a point of honour. Everything has a bright side. Every cloud has a silver lining. The optimist has tend to resist me. Ugly and sordid surroundings.

Mrs. Denis-Browne thinks in ready-made phrases instead of in separate words. She ought to read Schopenhauer on literary style. Her vice may be curable; it probably is curable, for now and then she really has something to say, one does not use clichés; one cannot.

Who could find fault with the tone of Mr. J. M. Kennedy's urbane and magnificent article on Mr. H. G. Wells's "manifesto last week? Not I! But I shall venture to add to the sum of Mr. Kennedy's knowledge. Mr. Wells did not originally publish the manifesto in "Le Temps." He published it vivd voice to a crowded audience at the Times Book Club some weeks ago, and a report of his lecture was given in these columns at the time. "Le Temps," merely bought a translation of the original lecture. The little biography appended to the translation was neither furnished by Mr. Wells nor revised by him. This I know from inquiries made in Paris. Mr. Wells, by the way, has changed, in spite of Susan Ferrier, to call his new novel simply "Marriage." As it is to run serially in an American magazine, the book publication has been postponed till the autumn of 1912. In the meantime, these columns are bearing us two-shilling series a volume of Mr. Wells's short stories, and Mr. Palmer is issuing a little book of his on the nursery.
REVIEWS.

The English Review (for July).

PROBABLY the ridiculous and the sublime never met nearer than when the sick soldier lagged so far behind that he lost sight of the army altogether, and, believing himself to be leading, struggled back to the deserted camp to fetch the rest. This story is somewhat above its day, when psychologists are beginning to realise that half the world remains subconscious during its whole existence, and the other half, with few exceptions, is but rarely wide awake. It does not do to accuse persons whose sayings and actions are deliberately perverted of either deliberation or motive. Even though some of these declaim so loudly and so often the horrid futility of their intentions, we must not too easily believe them quite responsible. Even though others whom we see smitten with the elemental ills of blindness and vanity vociferate never so tediously their ability to show us the way, we should remember their legion of diseases. They are blind, they are off the track, they are behind, they are very lonely, and they call the desert to arms. To deny them sincerity, still more to accuse them of wilful imposture, is to endow them with a naughty power which they do not possess.

During the last twenty years there has occurred in literature a sort of insurrection of the sick. The soldiers of art were out on expedition, but in the camps lay, raving or melancholy, the unfit. Their attempt to set up a new standard was momentarily assured of success, and round about the emblem of their hectic ideals they fussed and staggered and fluttered with feverish energy. But in the camps lay, morbid conviction of their perfect health and strength. Health, indeed, not unnaturally according to the diagnosis of certain specialists in such matters,—Health was their catchword. We were, above all, to be healthy in the way that they themselves were healthy. Health was proved, for instance, if one showed no shame about some actions of which even the doers, par excellence, had hitherto found it no credit to boast. Health was proved, in fact, if one went to worship a certain mythical female, "Ann Whitegrabber, Ann. Such was the cult of health in sex matters that the immemorial sex problem very nearly came of age, remain. All the rest are off to follow the idler, and the fool in their deathy path across the furies of life.

The Tragedy of Nan. By John Masefield. (Grant Richards, 15. 6d.)

"A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deathy path across history." A sort of platitudinous distinction is made by the author of art and of sex. But we have somehow come of age, remain. All the rest are off to follow the idler, and the foolish in their deathy path across the furies of life. All the signs of ultimate failure became evident in their work. Dramatists, poets, novelists, painters and musicians, all ineffectual! We began to notice now the differences not only from the healthy, natural, unashamed animals, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy animals, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages. Clearly, we concluded, the way to power and glory was not the sexual way, but from the healthy and natural artists of all climes and ages.
monstrous share in "that power of exultation which comes from a delighted brooding over excessive, terrible things." This language is frightful—fit for hell, not earth. To find the writer of that, parroting the hackneyed language stock, is otiose, and need not be mentioned except that here, for the second time within an act, the irritation of human beings, and making between them a very fair exhibition of Mr. Masefield's genius in making over the world of music very little the poorer. Amongst American musicians he was the most distinguished because he was a Scotidian. And if you were disposed to praise or define MacDowell's music you would not say it is American or Scottish, but that it is Scotchman. Grieg was the most distinguished musician Scotland ever produced, and he was distinguished because he was a Norwegian. And in praising or defining Grieg's music you would not say it is Scottish or MacDowellish; you would say it is Scandianavian. We have here the cases of two Scotchmen, nationalised; one imitating (I use the word in its most respectful sense) the music of the country of his nativity and education, and the other imitating the music of the country of his—etc.—a sort of house that Jack built. American music is like the house that Jack built. We have known this for years. All the world knows it, except the United States of America. We have observed the rise of a great school in France; we have observed the decadence of a great school in Germany; we have observed the music of Russia coming to a climax in Kinsky-Korsakov, hesitate and tremble and do nothing; we have watched the wine-cups of Italy overflow, and we have alternately scoffed and enthused at the renascence in England. But we have never this overweening far from America. And, indeed, we are morally incapable of but one opinion on the subject, and America has the other.

The latest test of our regard for the creative art of the North American Continent was made at the Queen's Hall a few days ago. With the assistance of Mr. Daniel Mayer, agent, Mr. Henry Hadley challenged the public opinion of this country as far as it is represented and misrepresented by a handful of London newspapers. It is no joke engaging the London Symphony Orchestra of eighty to a hundred competent musicians, hiring the Queen's Hall, putting big advertisements in the front page of the "Daily Telegraph" and other expensive papers, and paying the usual fees to everybody concerned. However, by hook or by crook the noble hall was practically filled. I should like to know how many hundreds of tickets were given away by Mr. Daniel Mayer (on behalf of Mr. Henry Hadley), for presumably we were not all personal friends. Indeed, it is unlikely that one person in each hundred of the audience had ever heard Mr. Hadley's name before, or, having heard it, knew what relationship the points of the compass bear to Mr. Hadley's symphony. It may be that Mr. Hadley, whose musical receptionist suggests a sort of Marconi instrument, has given his magnum opus this title as an act of conscience. We have nearly everybody in it except Brahms—Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Elgar, Sousa, and so on. The first movement was strenuous nonsense; the second (a formal "slow" movement) had a little more colour and interest than the third when its dreamy tempo quickened; the third

one's final impression is of farce, perhaps after all we have over-estimated the damage possible to be done through Masefield's sickly rampage over the dramatic field.
The next composition was "The Culprit Fay," a "tone poem" suggested by an American ballad. The gaucheness is a fair indication of the quality of the music. Well, that goes towards Debussy. This time, but it is at least satisfactory to observe that the fragmentary motifs of Debussy never come so near to the quick-lunch manner as those created by the ictus brail of Mr. Henry Hadley. Indeed, it was most expeditious music, taking it all round, and as suggestive of the supernatural as a tin can is suggestive of William Blake. . . . The final item on the programme was another "tone poem"—on the subject of Salome. This was performed at the Promenades here a year or two ago. I was afraid to hear it again, for first impressions are sometimes very dear. Mr. John Powell played the E flat Concerto of Liszt at this American concert. He is improving rapidly. He is an aestheticist, but he should study his Beethoven a little further. Liszt is not all theatrical brilliance and sentiment and tempo rubato, any more than Beethoven is all crescendo and diminuendo. A little more Beethoven will teach Mr. Powell a little more Liszt.

"More Masterpieces." (Grant Richards. S.)

There is a good deal of commonplace in Mr. Filson Young's new book. It contains a number of essays which appeared originally in various journals and reviews. Some of these, regarded from the point of view of literature, are negligible enough, suitable, perhaps, for University Extension lectures, and containing nothing that everybody has not said heaps of times before. In fact, about half of the book is actually a reprint of lectures, and Mr. Young has apparently been unable to leave out of it such a startling observation as this: "As for his inspiration, that must come directly from within himself if his music is to make any mark, if it is to have any real life or any place in the world of art." There are other ways, however, in which we may cultivate our gifts and faculties—by study, exercise, and practice. When we find a natural musical gift we try thus to cultivate it, with the result that it eventually leads to genius. But the author's attitude is quite safe; he is well informed, and when his thoughts are not too utterly obvious they are pleasant to read. . . . It is becoming very much the fashion for authors to write their reminiscences early in life and to set about issuing collected editions; the younger the author the more passionately he devotes himself to retrospect. It is a delightful pose. I know at least six young writers under thirty, each of whom has in still unprinted manuscripts incidents in the history of his emotional life. It is quite good fun. Mr. Filson Young is interesting in his "Memories of a Cathedral"; it is picturesque, humorous and sentimental, without being ridiculous. But the modesty of his enthusiasm for a certain famous organist whom he knew and loved makes him write a lot of nonsense on page 40 and platitude on page 41. "Absolute precision and firmness in putting down a single value of dotted notes," "phrasing," and "the sense of time and rhythm" are taught in every decent musical institution, and are as well taught now as ever they were. In this book, indeed, Mr. Filson Young wastes a good deal of breath. We have plenty of writers' theses and the essentials of musical art. "The secret of conducting is domination. . . . But we must hear in mind that the domination thus exercised must also be founded on absolute technical equipment." We must.

We can, however, forgive Mr. Young's insistence on one or two of the eternal verities for some pretty writing. The "Music of the Salon" is a charming essay, egotistical in the modern manner, and containing many well-turned phrases. His reflections upon Catholic and Protestant restrained with the domination thus exercised must also be founded on absolute technical equipment. The whole book, in fact, is a model of good, plain English common sense. There are no opinions in it that could offend the most conservative lady in the land.

Asiatic Labour.
An Open Letter to Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.

Sir,—It so happened that a letter from Vancouver, B.C., in the "Spectator," headed "The Problem of the Pacific," reached India at the same time as a Reuter's telegram informing us that at Kilmarnock you had attempted to chastise Mr. Fisher for attending to Australian Defence matters. As probably the comparative virtues of the middle classes conveyed by Mr. St. Loe Strachey would tend to weary you, it is possible that the "Spectator" may not appear before you regularly, but I would ask your kind attention to this particular letter in its issue of April 19, it deals briefly and very clearly with the most important questions of future politics, viz., the clash between Western and Eastern labour.

The reason why I ask your kind attention to this problem is that it commends itself especially to your charge as a warm friend of both parties. Partly on account of your efforts, British labour has often been able to establish itself on a better footing, and more especially so in our self-governing Colonies, where, with less competition and sometimes more congenial climate, it has been able to improve the scale of living and the rate of pay, and also to reduce the hours of working. All this being in accordance with your teaching must cause you the most lively gratification, the only drawback to this pleasant state of things being the close proximity of the Asiatic—also a friend of yours, and whom you are also educating to demand more—who is willing to work much longer and harder for one-third of the pay, and also at the same time to breed faster. The white labourer, with an established higher scale of living, etc., must necessarily view this competition with anxiety.

As you know, Sir, some few centuries ago wars were waged at the instigation of either royal or religious factions—the quarrels or desires for conquest of Kings, Princes, Princesses, Popes, Cardinals, etc.; later the Napoleonic wars were fought on trade routes; and since the issue of 1820 one band of plutocrats (Boer) at Pretoria or another (Mexican) at Mexico should control the affairs of these, as in other matters. Quite lately it has been shown to us that huge financial concessions in Korea were an important factor in forcing the Russo-Japanese War. Our last war was to settle whether one band of plutocrats (Boer) at Pretoria or another (cosmopolitan crowd (with an English label) at Johannesburgh should control the affairs of South Africa. Whether for Prince, Pope, or Plutocrat, the masses have always been anxious to kill one another, although the real cause has generally been carefully covered up by flag-waggling and other side issues; but if in the past the people were really anxious to fight for the doubtful claims of a Princess, or, as quite recently, to slaughter one another in the interests of a Wernher, how much more anxious will Democracy be to fight for bread and butter and the comfort you have educated the masses to demand. And soon, with the more rapidly expanding East, it will be a fight for room to live and food to eat—the simplest fight of Nature.

Now Labour in Australia has only one way of looking at the Asiatic, from a Malay coolie to your Bengali friends in Calcutta. It is coarse and ignorant, but you must remember that all of us, including yourself, are naturally severe on cheap, under-cutting labour. Can the Australian look upon his Asiatic neighbours in any
other light? Some of the resolutions passed in recent years by Labour in Australia (and also, for that matter, in Canada and South Africa) with regard to the Asiatic could not show more studied insolence in the implied contempt than was taken for granted in the despatches of kings, etc., in the Middle Ages. In recent years, however, the Australian has woken up to discover that this contempt would really only be possible at the finish if the British flag and the British Army were withdrawn from him. Labour in Australia affects to despise these two institutions, therefore this desire for independence in defence matters, and hence your little difference of opinion with Mr. Fisher at Kilmarnock.

And now, Sir, I would ask your special attention to this, which must eventually become the most important question in the British Empire. The Asiatic cannot stop. His food is costing him more, and the chances are that the simple commodities of life will further increase in price. Very few people realise how much our wealth is dependent upon our Eastern trade, directly or indirectly. Do you realise that if the Asiatic is to have more, the white man has got to have less? The working man has probably grasped this: his newspapers are brutally clear on the point.

The Canadian writing in the "Spectator" suggested, roughly, that certain arrangements and limits might be the solution of the difficulty. We have difficulty, but it is clear that a discussion on even terms would be advisable. At present we are not on even terms in the Pacific, which your Canadian and Australian friends fully realise.

In conclusion, you will pardon my saying that so far a tendency to abuse people, institutions, policies, etc., with which you disagree has been stronger with you than any tendency to constructive statesmanship. This Asiatic question should give you an opportunity of correcting this.—Yours faithfully,

India, June, 1911.

Wm. Westwood.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A FRIENDLY LETTER.

Sir,—I trust you will publish this letter as promised, because with feelings like these unexpressed, I shall be in a false position if I continue to write for THE NEW AGE. Permit me to commence by reminding you it was among Fabians, as the promoter of an Art and Philosophy Group of the Society, that you became known. That you are now the most effective of Fabian leaders is an adably conducted avowedly Socialist journal. There was no need to tell you it was no more likely to last than other such ventures, and for its survival, but not for the complete volte-face which we have witnessed lately. You must have done it with your eyes open to the inferiority of its opponents, and it would be idle even an editor can fairly be blamed for a change of opinions merely, but it has gone far beyond that as you know, and what has surprised and delighted me is your having lowered yourself as to let it become a medium for the dissemination of malice and lies affecting the achievement and personnel of your former leaders and friends.

There is a fine fighting force in Mr. Cecil Chesterton, who surely should be on my side, but we all have to confess to failings, and his would appear to be tilting at windmills; but according to you and your friends there is not only something, but there is much more than that in view, and I confess I have been astonished to see Mr. Chesterton playing into your hands by hammering at his old enemies continually, though they are all on our side, and from my point of view he would have been better employed in raising the editor's camp, and not leaving a man alive.

With the hatchet of Nietzsche commented from you which appears in Mr. Kennedy's "Tory Democracy," I had intended to deal in another letter, but all I can do at present is to challenge that gentleman's right to pose as a leader of thought. An Aristocracy is inseparable from the idea of a perfect State. There, I take it, we are agreed. The Sociologist holds that it would represent at its best the intelligence of the community, and the essential conception but a "strange inversion of genius," as one who was seldom quite sober remarked while he stood on his head. Will XXI. do it? is this having a discussion on even terms would be advisable. At present we are not on even terms in the Pacific, which your Canadian and Australian friends fully realise.

In conclusion, you will pardon my saying that so far a tendency to abuse people, institutions, policies, etc., with which you disagree has been stronger with you than any tendency to constructive statesmanship. This Asiatic question should give you an opportunity of correcting this.—Yours faithfully,

India, June, 1911.

Wm. Westwood.
would he have placed our friend? The man who wrote the upbuilding of brains, was advised to commence with a couple of whales, and not to begin talking about the importation of Boast, I have never beheld before. Since treated as such more tenderly than he deserved, because can to change their old leaders for new, and since not all of which is doubtless due to my bad writing, but which I feel shall deeply regret it.

P.S.—

*I was angry with my friend,*

*I told my wrath, my wrath did end.*

This from Blake, is very near to the truth at the present time, because the trouble is three months old, and I don't see what my object is in printing a letter provoked by articles mostly forgotten which were not worth getting by heart.—E. R.

**MR. GRAYSON AND THE LABOUR PARTY.**

Sir,—In my article last week there occurs a misprint, which is doubtless due to my bad writing, but which I feel must be corrected.

I am made to speak of Mr. Grayson's "desertion of the Labour Party." This, of course, would be nonsense, for Mr. Grayson that part he could not "desert" it. What I wrote was, "his desertion by the Labour Party," referring to the famous scene in the House, where, in a speech of Snowden "defending" this desertion, should make this clear. Nevertheless, I should be obliged if you would insert this correction.

**CECIL CHESTERTON.**

**PROPERTY IN LAND.**

Sir,—Mr. Donisthorpe asks for a definition of property. I must first mention my sympathy with Mr. Donisthorpe in his reluctance to comply with the request. Proudhon made the attempt in a lengthy volume, but his one phrase, "Property is Robbery," would be that which I would claim for the right to buy and sell, and in this light I think that the disadvantages of monopoly of land by those who do nothing but charge rent for it, in certain cases outweighs the advantages of absentee landlordism sketched by Mr. Donisthorpe.

But I am strongly of opinion that, for this country at least, the land question is of quite subsidiary importance to the cattle question, and, if put in time, towards the question of the comparative benefits likely to accrue to the workers from Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. The question resolves itself into the extent of being dubbed a Communist! It seems to me of far more practical use to discuss, on its own merits, and in the light of social welfare, each proposal of interference with the right to see what your object is in printing a letter provoked by articles mostly forgotten which were not worth getting by heart.

As many people would like to see the landlord having a moral right, because there is some chance of that becoming a legal right.

Sir,—Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, in The New Age, July 3d, appears to be of the opinion that moral right is not worth considering, and of no interest in the case of favour of legal right. I am not sure that such is the case. Such was the attitude of slave owners, but slavery was abolished when the community made up its mind that it was morally wrong. The time has come when the people have a legal right to employ little children for long hours at unhealthy labour. The Earl of Shaftesbury and others said these children have a moral right to wages. Hasn't the result the mine-owners' legal right was curtailed. Since then many people have said the child has a moral right to an education. Why, they now have a legal right. Hasn't this from Blake, is very near to the truth at the present time, because the trouble is three months old, and I don't see what my object is in printing a letter provoked by articles mostly forgotten which were not worth getting by heart.

**HENRY MEULLEN.**

Knowing the lip-service individualists have rendered to "liberty," I asked, "What is their attitude to the land question?" The replies up to date do not suggest that there was a body who would have much to do with releasing the community from the grip of the landlord. Mr. Meullen is quite satisfied to allow the landlord to sell his land at the rate of £2,000,000 per acre and say that this is wrong is spreading rapidly, and when the majority say the landlord has no moral right to the land he will soon lose his legal right, and I should reply, I am not interested in so doing. What I am interested in is what the community considers a moral right, because there is some chance of that becoming a legal right.

**H. D. PAUL.**

**THE PORTRAIT OF MR. MORDKIN.**

Sir.—There is at present on exhibition in the Doré Gallery a portrait of Mr. Mordkin, the Russian dancer, from the brush of Miss Bettia Schelsman, who is also a Russian by birth. The portrait is so interesting that I trust YOU will find space for this letter.

Those who are acquainted with the modern galleries of European art will, I think, agree that the most beautiful portraits are those painted by other artists, of dancers, actors, actresses or painters, whereas the portraits of ordinary successful people are as a rule the dullest. That is why this portrait of Mordkin attracts attention. Nietzsche in Zarathustra asks the youth who desires to marry: "Art thou a man who has a right to wish for a child?" And this is the increase of the industrial world, however, has prohibited any increase in the volume of the only paper credit which can be used for wages, namely, the bank-note; and since any great reduction of industrial wages the industry of the industrial world is constantly limited by the danger of the depletion of its banks' stores of gold. I affirm that this from Blake, is very near to the truth at the present time, because the trouble is three months old, and I don't see what my object is in printing a letter provoked by articles mostly forgotten which were not worth getting by heart.

**THE NEW AGE.**

Sir,—I was angry with my friend,

I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

This from Blake, is very near to the truth at the present time, because the trouble is three months old, and I don't see what my object is in printing a letter provoked by articles mostly forgotten which were not worth getting by heart.

The central cause of the poverty of the workers is lack of demand for their labour. Either we must remove the credit restrictions which now prevent men from lending the means to set up fresh industry, or the State must step in and "organise" industry by setting up factories in competition with present employers; but the evil undoubtedly de-
Such portraits as those of Rosario Guerrero and Die Schlafänezerin by Fritz August von Kaulbach, which were exhibited in New York, truly astonish. The pose, colour and atmosphere are all selected with wonderful skill to express in the first case the alluring witchery of full-blooded south America, and in the second the mystery of her who dances in a trance of sleep. The portraits are, in fact, not imitations, but art works whole and complete in itself as an art work must be, and as such surpasses any portrait I have seen in England for many years. The picture by Mordkin is one of the most fascinating portraits I have seen. Mordkin's portrait is a bodily and emotional picture, and the dull insipid portraits around it look Sobriety; and, irrelevant as it may seem, people are flocking to see that Paul, when he said that "he that soweth to the flesh shall perish; but he that soweth to the seed shall reap everlasting life," was possibly right. Nay more, being a little, deformed man, it is even possible that he was earnest in a saintly way.

G. T. WRENCH.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Arthur F. Thorn, in your issue of June 22, 281, is to the point. It is a pity that, if its premises correctly stated the teaching of Christian Science, no person of ordinary intelligence could accept it. However, so frequently the arguments against Christian Science are so weak and slender that, if they have too long dwelt in gloom and sobriety. Nevertheless a change may be coming. We have at least recently refused to give up, all question of the gloom and sobriety; and, as little as it may seem, people are flocking to see the beauty of the picture, to the eternal riddle of life (see Gal. vi.), and, as is the case in all idealistic teaching, it denies the reality of the phenomenon called matter. The theory has been put with complete frankness by one of the greatest chemists in Europe, a man whom the University of Oxford has declared as "a little, deformed man, it is even possible that he was earnest in a saintly way."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE accepts, without qualification, the declaration of Jesus that man must be born again, and it insists that this is not an imitation, but a whole and complete art work must be, and as such surpasses any portrait I have seen in England for many years. The picture by Mordkin is one of the most fascinating portraits I have seen. Mordkin's portrait is a bodily and emotional picture, and the dull insipid portraits around it look

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natural significance. They mean the one an act of power, the other a sign. The miracles of Jesus were, to the materialists, acts of power, lumps of lead in the air, which they warmed into° knives as and to asylum seekers, but to the spiritually-minded disciples they were signs of the power of divine law, that absolute Truth the knowledge of which was to make them gods. ""What shall we do,"" said one of them when told that the power of Truth heals a patient in Christian Science the modern Sanhedrin shakes its head, and asks: ""What shall we do with such a man?"" In that instance the miracle had been done by them to manifest to all that they dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it. But that it spread no further among the people, let us straightly blame them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name."n
Christian Science accepts the miracles of Jesus in their true historical bearings in the light of Christian theology. "Ye shall know the truth," he said, "and the truth shall make you free." He came preaching to the world this truth, the first word of the gospel, one of the principal manifestations of the age promptly accused him of blasphemy, and said he was arrogating to himself the power of God. The world knows what he said, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." He chose me, the works that I shall do also, he that understands my teaching, or my theology, will be able to prove the truth of it by demonstrating it in the way I have demonstrated it. No amount of ingenuity can ever get away from the simple meaning of those words, and when one reads the various answers of the sects to the teaching of Christian Science, one can find the answer of the Franciscans, when they demanded that he should declare that they had controverted Luther's doctrines: "I can truthfully answer categorically, that I have burned no books, but I cannot say that you have answered them." The opponents of Christian Science endeavour to answer the teaching of Christian Science by expelling its books and expelling books from the public libraries. They do not burn them, for that method has gone out of fashion. They fail to see that the modern argument is quite as humorous as the mediæval one.

FREDERICK DIXON.

EMIGRATION.

Sir,—For years the Irish Press has been striving to discourage emigration from Ireland, and the Scotch Press is now protesting against the heavy emigration from Scotland to England of able-bodied Englishmen, as the Irish Press is by Irishmen, and the Scotch Press by Scotchmen. It would be desirable to discourage the present hufu-efficiency of Englishmen, as it is, it is developing the reverse of this. Although English emigration now reaches about a quarter of a million annually, the majority of the London dailies are not satisfied. They insist that the Scotch Press is mainly of quotations and extracts from the works of statesmen, divines, medical men and economists on the question of population and with advertisements of various sanitary appliances. Hundreds of thousands of the book have been sold, and hundreds similar are sold every day, in spite of which that few dollars have been on too high a plane to have any practical application to real life and action; it might be usual to examine the question from the very common-place stand of a really good dictionary.

James White is dead, and as the money to pay the fine was not raised as it should have been, James White went to prison. ""True Morality,"" has been publicly sold for years not only in England but in the colonies and abroad; it consists mainly of quotations and extracts from the works of statesmen, divines, medical men and economists on the question of population and with advertisements of various sanitary appliances. Hundreds of thousands of the book have been sold, and hundreds similar are sold every day, in spite of which that few dollars have been on too high a plane to have any practical application to real life and action; it might be usual to examine the question from the very common-place stand of a really good dictionary.

Sir,—Believing that the New Age before almost everything else stands for a Free Press and Free Discussion, I am writing to ask a small space to draw attention to the death of a poor man who has gone under in a single-handed fight with Law and Authority and Obscurantism.

On November 30, 1910, James White was committed for trial for having sold in Consett Market Place a pamphlet entitled "True Morality." He was sentenced to a fine of £20 and costs or undergo three months' imprisonment.

There was an appeal and an adverse decision, as might be expected with a case of this sort. It was said the book said to be 'obscene,' 'corrupting,' 'calculated to promote immorality.' These words will still mean the same; for example in every degree of geography, and every year in time—one could almost say with every minute in time and space; meanings and definitions which are really more fluid than water.

During the last two or three years there has been vast talk and argument about "natural law," and "law of the country," and many of the English emigration promoters doing anything in that direction. The two largest contributors to the funds of the Central Emigration Board (Messrs. Almeric Paget and H. Ingelby, the owner of portions of two or two English counties, and Sir Edward Stern. Now, the first-mentioned of these two imitation Englishmen has been particularly prominent in opposing the movement for restricting alien immigration. While subscribing towards the expense of expelling Englishmen from their own country, his exotic Lordship insists that aliens, even of the least desirable class, should be permitted to earn their bread, and their bread can be fresh and wholesome if it be of the right kind. In a letter to the Scotch Press, Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, and the other non-exotic promoters of the emigration movement have been accused of enacting a miracle. If they had, instead of endeavouring to increase the enormous emigration of their own countrymen, they would devote their energies towards bringing in infu of foreigners. An English ex-soldier has quite as much right in England as a Jew deserter, and a respectable English workman, even in his daily oratorical hero. It is a pity that Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, and the other contributors to emigration funds, may be said, of course, that the unemployed ex-soldiers, and other Englishmen who are being exiled at the expense of Jewish millionaires are 'undesirables.' But this can hardly be so, for the London dailies are not satisfied. They insist that the English Press is controlled by Jewish millionaires, that they speak henceforth to no man in this manner. Perhaps if the English Press were controlled by the public libraries. They do not burn them, for that they speak henceforth to no man in this name. Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, and the other contributors to emigration funds, have to ship their ex-prison birds, and paupers to England. It was Englishmen who made England free, prosperous, and a pleasant country for Jew plutocrats to accumulate their money in, not the compatriots Lord Rothschild, Sir Edward Stern, Sir Edgar Speyer, and the other contributors to emigration funds. It may be said, of course, that the unemployed ex-soldiers, and other Englishmen who are being exiled at the expense of Jewish millionaires are 'undesirables.' But this can hardly be so, for the London dailies are not satisfied. They insist that the English Press is controlled by Jewish millionaires. The answer of the sects to the teaching of Christian Science, one of the principal emigration movements of the age promptly accused him of blasphemy, and said he was arrogating to himself the power of God. The world knows what he said, 'I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.' He chose me, the works that I shall do also, he that understands my teaching, or my theology, will be able to prove the truth of it by demonstrating it in the way I have demonstrated it. No amount of ingenuity can ever get away from the simple meaning of those words, and when one reads the various answers of the sects to the teaching of Christian Science, one can find the answer of the Franciscans, when they demanded that he should declare that they had controverted Luther's doctrines: 'I can truthfully answer categorically, that I have burned no books, but I cannot say that you have answered them.' The opponents of Christian Science endeavour to answer the teaching of Christian Science by expelling its books and expelling books from the public libraries. They do not burn them, for that method has gone out of fashion. They fail to see that the modern argument is quite as humorous as the mediæval one. They do not burn them, for that method has gone out of fashion. They fail to see that the modern argument is quite as humorous as the mediæval one.

FREDERICK DIXON.
Meanwhile, a woman is left sorrowing—again the woman pays—and nothing seems to be done as to the main issue.

T. SHORE.

**REFINED BRUTALITY.**

Sir,—Enclosed is a recent newspaper report of a case tried before Mr. R. Wallace, K.C. The devilish ingenuity by which he first raised the hopes of the poor woman only to shatter them later, is an imagination which any humane person, after reciting the wrongs inflicted by society on this woman in her childhood, would have sentenced to nothing less than a pension for the rest of her broken life by way of compensation. Public opinion, I am certain, would do it if public opinion could only speak. But, alas, it is Mr. R. Wallace, K.C., who has the speaking.

Mr. R. Wallace, K.C.: She must have been sent to hard labour when she was only twelve. I am happy to think that such a thing is impossible nowadays, but I have no doubt that from such an unhappy beginning can be traced the life history of many criminals.

The accused declared that she had worked for a woman, after failing to obtain a position as "chorus girl." The jury found that Hayden was an habitual criminal, and his lordship ordered her three years' penal servitude and five years' preventive detention. As she left the dock the accused swooned. She would have pitched headlong down the steps leading to the cells had not a wardress assisted her.

**THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.**

Sir,—As a constant and admiring reader of The New Age, and as one with some sense of patriotism and pride in his country's greatness, I have looked in vain during the recent crisis brought about by the Declaration of London for a full and explicit exposition of this amazing treaty in your Notes of the Week. The entire omission of the importance of the "Declaration of London," for which we do not agree with our correspondent in his estimate of the main issue.

We have no right to administer adrenaline for cretinism and Addison's disease, and proceeds to comment as follows: "Adrenaline—the extract of supra-renal bodies—has never yet been administered by any practitioner who is not entirely given over to empiricism." Sir William Ooler, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P. Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, says in his "Principles and Practice of Medicine" that he withholds his degrees, has taken a deeper draught from the Pierian spring than I, but he appears to have clouded understanding of the thyroid gland. That we can to-day rescue children otherwise doomed to helpless idiocy—that we can to-day rescue those disorders due to disturbed function of the thyroid gland. That we can to-day rescue children otherwise doomed to helpless idiocy—that we can to-day rescue children whom she met in the streets. She gave her name to the SOUL, to the SOUL the Truth revealed.

Theistic Literature will be sent gratis to anyone applying to the Hon. Sec., Postal Mission, THEISTIC CHURCH, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W., where services are held on Sundays at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**A CURE FOR CRETINISM.**

Sir,—I do not doubt that Mr. Macdonald, despite the fact that he withdraws his degrees, has taken a deeper draught from the Pierian spring than I, but he appears to have clouded the entire omission of the importance of the "Declaration of London," for which we do not agree with our correspondent in his estimate of the main issue.

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