THE
# NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN the interests of truth it must be stated that the telegram sent by the railwaymen's leaders on Saturday night declaring that the strike had ended in a victory for trades unionism is a lie. No such victory can be claimed; but, on the contrary, the interests not only of the men, but of the public have been sacrificed to procure a victory for the railway companies and their servants—the official Government. These statements, we imagine, are susceptible of the most rigid proof by reasoning even at this moment; but we venture to prophesy that they will be confirmed by statistics of pounds, shillings, and pence in the course of the next year or so. As surely as the Conciliation Boards set up by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Sidney Webb in 1907 have been worked to the increase of profits on the railways, so surely will the settlement now effected under the bullets and bayonets of the Government work to the same end.

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It is obvious that the main moral demand of the men has been completely repudiated. No one, at least, can deny that. It was always a prime defect in the Conciliation Boards that they contained no provision for the representation of the men by their union officials. Alone among the great employing organisations, the railway combines refused recognition of the men's unions, with the natural result that in the majority of cases of dispute the spokesmen have been penalised. Nothing under the present settlement has been done to remedy this defect. On the other hand, confirmation of the companies' refusal to recognise the unions has been obtained, and we may assume that for the present, at any rate, the companies have won on this issue. In regard to wages and hours of labour, we do not see that it can be maintained that the men have won anything even here; or, if they have, it will prove to be at the expense of the public and of prices generally. The clause of the settlement in which the Government promises the companies legislation legalising higher charges to the public is a distinct evasion of the presumed intention of the Conciliation Act as well as an admission of its breach by the companies in the past. By demanding and obtaining such a promise the companies practically admit that they have been defeating the Conciliation Act for three years in order finally to compel the Government to permit them to raise charges. But it was the presumed intention of that Act to raise wages at the cost of the companies' profits. The settlement now effected releases the companies from this obligation and authorises them by Act of Parliament to raise wages at the cost of the public and without diminution by a single cent of their private profits.

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We do not hesitate to say that the responsibility for the men's defeat on the moral issue and the public's defeat on the material issue lies at the doors of the men's representatives in the first instance and of the Government in the second. Incredible blunders—not to use a more offensive term—have been committed by the secretaries of the unions joined together in the dispute. Their first blunder was to postpone at the solicitation of the treacherous Board of Trade the declaration of the general strike by a second twenty-four hours. Surely it was well enough known to the union officials that the Board of Trade was not disposed to be their friend. Ever since the setting up of the Conciliation Boards, the Board of Trade has been quite aware that they were not working to the men's satisfaction. As long ago as last September the same unions that struck last week jointly threatened to repudiate the conciliation scheme altogether, but with no more effect on the Board of Trade than to arouse it to increased exertions on behalf of the companies. The declaration a fortnight ago of the half-yearly dividends of the railway companies showing a considerable and general increase of profits, was the only answer vouchsafed to the men's grievances. With this record in their minds, the union officials' acceptance of the Board of Trade's intervention was a piece of mad folly. The additional twenty-four hours thus won by the companies enabled them not only to collect their wits, but to exercise them so effectively that by alternate bullying and bribery they induced thousands of non-unionists to remain in their service. A sudden strike at twenty-four hours' notice, strictly according to promise, would certainly have dislocated the service and probably have brought both the Board of Trade and the companies to their knees.

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This initial blunder opened the way to several more. First, it admitted the right of the Government to intervene and converted the strike into the appearance of a strike against the public; and, secondly, it made a hole in the councils of the men large enough to admit the sinister persons of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. We do not know what right Mr. MacDonald had to be consulted by the men's side. It is not denied that the Labour Party, of which this Scotsman is the fitting chairman, was so remote from contact with its professed constituents that its members were taken wholly by surprise when the strike occurred. But his

assistance of the Government was as necessary as it was opportune. Never did a Government annexe of a private capitalist organisation find a more useful tool than Mr. MacDonald. His one idea, it appears, was identical with that of the Government and of the railway companies: it was to secure peace and the return of the men to work at any cost to themselves or the public. In this rôle of the false friend he was, of course, ably assisted by the member of the Government who plays this part to perfection, to wit, Mr. Lloyd George, than whom the trade unionists of this country have no more powerful or implacable enemy. Between them these two concocted the terms of the settlement which was to bring peace with dishonour.

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But if the men's leaders behaved with exemplary blindness and cowardice, compensation and hope may be found in the attitude of the men. Their clear perception of the purpose of the strike stands in sharp contrast with the perception of their officials. These latter may pretend that the settlement is a trades union victory, but the men who have fought and suffered will be under no such illusion. For them it will rank, and rightly rank, as a defeat, due not to themselves, but to the weakmindedness of their paid representatives. We can safely prophesy that on the next occasion the men will discover leaders more nearly allied to themselves in spirit. Another favourable feature of the affair has been the readiness which allied trades have shown to strike in sympathy with their wronged and fighting fellows. Federation of trade unions is still in its infancy, but if such sympathetic striking as we have just seen is done in the green leaf, what shall be done in the brown! It may be that not for twenty years will the occasion be ripe for a general strike of wage-earners against the mad system of private profits; but sooner or later, unless meanwhile the Government organises labour on a national basis, England will witness an industrial war before which the military battles of the past will pale into insignificance. We have only to repeat the alternatives before our governing classes: to enslave the working classes by State charity on the lines of the Welsh Insurance Bill; to organise industry nationally so as to eliminate private profit, rent and interest; to face a future of increasingly bitter and widespread strikes ending in civil anarchy. Politicians, so far, are divided in their adherence between the first and the last of these three alternatives.

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Turning from consideration of the men's side to that of the Government and companies, it is amazing that a Liberal Government should have dared to show its identity of interest with capitalism so unmistakeably. From the moment of the intervention of the Board of Trade for the purpose of procuring twenty-four hours' respite for the companies to the drafting of the final clause in the articles of settlement, the Government, with all the forces at its disposal, has been the open ally of the railway companies. In the intervals of attending the theatre to see "Bunty pulls the Strings" and motoring in the country, Mr. Asquith has himself been engaged in bullying the men and threatening them with the unlimited employment of the army and navy as if they were a foreign enemy. We should have thought that the recollection of Featherstone would have inspired Mr. Asquith with some prudence, at least, in his use of threatening language. On the contrary, he appears to have become, by the use of it, more ready to threaten physical force than ever. The disposition of the soldiery over the face of the country and under orders apparently to shoot at small provocation and prepared when necessary to run the railways on behalf of the companies is the most vivid object lesson our workmen have had in capitalist government. So openly, indeed, was Mr. Asquith acting on behalf of the companies that the astute Mr. Lloyd George perceived the error in tactics and hastened, with Mr. MacDonald's assistance, to rectify it. A less bluntly expressed alliance was plainly advisable, and at the eleventh hour, when the Labour Party had sheepishly withdrawn its Vote of Censure, Mr. Lloyd George announced the revised intention of the Government to appoint a special Commission of Inquiry,—on which, we do not doubt, his dear reliable friend Mr. MacDonald will be certain to sit. Meanwhile, however, as we have said, everywhere the forces of the Government were at the disposal of the railway companies.

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Let us reckon up roughly the respective gains and losses accruing to the three parties of the dispute. The men, it is clear, have failed to gain what they struck for, namely, recognition. Further, they have only fastened the Conciliation Boards more securely round their own necks. These Boards may work a little more smoothly in future, since any increase of wages they determine may now be paid by the public; but it is contrary to human nature to suppose that the ring-leaders of the recent dispute will not be penalised or the blacklegs rewarded. In short, the advantages to the men as a body will be annulled by their distribution. The Government and the companies, on the other hand, have won some solid pudding. From the standpoint of the Government it is an advantage that the Conciliation Boards have been renewed. The loss of prestige involved in their breakdown would have been considerable, and quite possibly Mr. Lloyd George, their chief author, would have gone down with them. As it is, they are set on their legs again, and it is probable that before long they will be extended to include compulsion. There will thus be another line of approach laid down to the Servile State. As for the companies, it is manifest that their chief concern has now been met: the public are to pay for the Conciliation Boards. In all the affair, in fact, the public is the single uncompensated loser.

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This final result is so contrary to justice that we should be disposed to adopt Lord Hugh Cecil's suggestion and call for the impeachment of Mr. Asquith. In truth, no impeachment in history could be better sustained. With words on their lips protesting that in all their actions they were being guided solely by public considerations, Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet have been deliberately acting in the interests of railway shareholders. We defy the railway companies to deny that the Government has acted throughout the whole dispute exactly as their own directors would have acted with the army at their back. What is this if it is not public treachery? The public certainly has been no guilty party to the dispute. It may be that the men are wrong—though striking for a minimum wage of a pound a week does not seem criminal; it may be, and it is more likely, that the companies are wrong. But whoever is right or wrong, the public is an innocent party. Yet it is precisely the public that is to be sacrificed and penalised by the imposition of higher railway rates. And the worst of the whole matter is that this result was entirely unnecessary. It is, in fact, a gratuitous insult as well as injury piled upon the heap already inflicted on the public by rascally politicians. It is certain that as things have been allowed to run in the past, the railways have been simply sponges on the pockets of the public. In return for the indispensable minimum of services they render, the 230 railway companies of this country have been permitted to rackrent passengers and merchants to the very verge of commercial strangulation. And while they have thus robbed the public they have also exploited their men and sweated them into a state of revolt. The obvious public-spirited remedy for this diseased condition of private greed was to announce on the morning of the declaration of the strike that the public had had enough of the railway companies and would proceed at once to relieve them of a duty they had so patently neglected. A Bill for the Nationalisation of Railways would at once be introduced, guaranteeing a fair minimum wage to the men, fair hours of labour, and rates of carriage to the public strictly proportioned to the cost, without profit, of the administration of the service. A government that did not seize the opportunity of this declaration last week is obviously in league with the companies against both the men and the public. The present Government decidedly is.

# Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SEVERAL months ago I had occasion to call attention to Canada in terms that suggested a certain amount of disloyalty to the Empire on the part of the French-Canadians and the American immigrants. This view was pooh-poohed in many quarters at the time; but not by those who were acquainted with the political ramifications of the Dominion. I would like to take advantage of the interest aroused by the coming Canadian elections to refer to the matter again.

It must not be forgotten that whenever French-Canadian disloyalty was hinted at people always pointed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, as a typical French-Canadian and loyalist. But this will serve no longer. Mr. Bourassa, formerly one of Sir Wilfrid's followers, has broken away from his leader and undoubtedly represents present-day French-Canadian opinion much better than the Premier. Mr. Bourassa's first political meeting was a signal success. While his policy is anti-reciprocal—and the election is being fought chiefly on reciprocity—it is also anti-Imperialistic. The Conservatives may ally themselves with Mr. Bourassa to check the movement in favour of reciprocity with the United States; but they cannot look to him or his followers for support in connection with an Imperialistic programme.

It is also stated that the farmers in the Western Provinces of Canada are angry because Parliament has been dissolved without provision having been made for a redistribution of seats; for, in view of the recent rapid increase of population in the West, this would have given them an opportunity of returning more representatives to watch over "agricultural interests." This, however, can be no consolation for the Conservatives; for much of this increasing population is due to American immigration, and the American farmers who have settled down in Canada have done so from financial considerations, and not with any profound desire to accelerate the programme of Imperialism. Indeed, it is known that the farmers as a whole are keener on reciprocity than Imperialism. Where, then, are the Conservatives, who numbered 88 in the last Parliament, to gain the 23 seats necessary for them to secure a majority of one over the 133 Liberals who faced them? They frankly admit that they do not expect to gain anything like this number.

What seems most probable at the moment is that Quebec, Sir Wilfrid's hitherto loyal province, will split its votes between Mr. Bourassa's Nationalist following and the orthodox Liberals led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. If so, the Conservatives may be able to defeat the reciprocity measure. This, however, cannot be a question of more than a few weeks—and what then? What, indeed, even if the Conservatives do gain a small majority over both the other parties? Will such a state of things help them in their Imperialistic propaganda?

I doubt it. I doubt it because the Imperialistic element is at a disadvantage in Canada, and this is a disadvantage which is likely to become accentuated rather than otherwise in the course of the next few years. The French-Canadian element has more brains. The American element has more votes. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Lip-service to the mother-country is of little avail. The remarkable action of Canada in regard to her own Navy, and the conditions under which we may employ it if she graciously allows us to do so, are sufficient to show the difference between words and deeds. The intellectual influence of the French-Canadian element will always be maintained, especially when the numerically influential element goes on increasing.

If a very rough classification were called for, it might be said that the French-Canadians represented the professional and cultured classes, and that they are on the whole Liberal in politics, the more extreme section being represented by Mr. Bourassa's Nationalists. The Conservatives stand for the financial interests, and are led by Mr. G. K. L. Borden. The farmers are Liberal at the moment on account of the reciprocity question, and follow the orthodox lead of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Now, Canada is not yet a country where the financial interests can play a very prominent part. It is primarily a farming country, and such it must remain for many years. They do not seem to have been very successful in their work of Imperialistic propaganda, and it is for them to decide whether they think they can do better before reciprocity knocks the bottom out of their programme.

Let no mistake be made about it: the moral effect of the Reciprocity Bill, if it passes through the new Canadian Parliament, will be very great. Canada's commercial relations will be almost solidly united with those of the United States; and in commerce and agriculture the United States is by far the stronger Power. In view of the influence on world-politics now exercised by financiers, it will be difficult for any statesman to foretell what the exigencies of American finance may or may not call upon Canada to do in the event of a war in which Great Britain may be engaged.

I do not pretend to discuss the question of Canada thoroughly in this article; but I hope to return to it after the elections, when the position will no doubt be somewhat clearer. The immigration in the course of the next few years, indeed, may change the aspect of the whole affair. There might be such an influx of Englishmen as to swamp the votes of the semi-American farmers in the West. On the other hand, there may be a large enough number of American immigrants to turn the scale the other way. This latter event seems to be the more likely; but the intellectual weight of the French-Canadians will still preponderate over the mere numbers of the farming element.

We have heard a great deal about the commercial rights of the various European countries in Morocco, subject to the protection of France. In theory, no doubt, such an arrangement should work admirably. Among the actual merchants themselves, however, or their representatives in Morocco, there is a good deal of dissatisfaction over the manner in which France has for some time past been dealing with non-French subjects. Many English, Spanish, and German traders have complained that, where it is possible to grant privileges at all, such privileges are always conferred upon Frenchmen; and that, where Frenchmen are in competition with traders of other nationalities, as so often happens, only the Frenchmen stand the slightest chance of "making good," to use an expressive Americanism.

The attitude of the French officials in helping their own countrymen to the exclusion of others may be quite natural and inspired, no doubt, by a feeling of nationality as much as by commercial rivalry. Nevertheless, while the Algeciras Act granted France certain political rights in Morocco, there is supposed to be a commercial open door for other nations as well. If the French Government chooses to abuse its position as Morocco's political guardian to secure contracts for firms, and to protect French merchants while cold-shouldering others, Germany for one will have a perfect right to protest even more strongly than she is now doing. But English trade with Morocco is still more extensive; and it may be delicately intimated to Downing Street that there is certainly no Anglo-French entente cordiale in Morocco just at this moment. There is rather a feeling of considerable bitterness, which only the unsettled state of the country prevents from becoming more manifest.

As for the somewhat tiresome "conversations," they remain where they were. The financial elements interested on both sides must naturally take some time to make up their minds; and it is a matter of difficulty to get into communication with the various Mannesmann agents, scattered as they are in all parts of Morocco.

As announced by the Press, the British counter-proposals in connection with the Bagdad Railway have been sent to Constantinople. Here again, however, the Wilhelmstrasse will have to be consulted.

# An Open Letter to a Workingman.

SIR,—At the present moment, when you are so successfully striking, a number of more or less intelligent gentlemen are offering opinions to the world on the subject of *why* you are striking. On the Monday of the week in which I am writing this letter, a humorist, styling himself "An Ordinary Man," wrote an article for the "Daily Mail" in which he ascribed your unpardonable ill-temper to politics. All blows delivered at authority in one place, he asserted, caused blows to be delivered at authority in other places. "When," he asserts, "the constitutional prerogative of a King is assailed by his Ministers there is a general relaxation of the interrelated organisation, and the van-boy defies the authority of his master. When the House of Commons weakens the authority of the Second Chamber, it weakens also its own authority over the people whom it is its task to govern. When a Minister applies to high politics the low appeal of violent and angry vituperation, he sets in motion forces that express themselves in violent deeds about dock gates. The vengeful spirit introduced into the national politics sinks down and down, through the series of smaller interests, till it expresses itself in the curses and threats and violence of a mob at a factory gate." On the Tuesday of the week in which I write this letter to you, the first "leader" in the "Times" contained the highly-diverting suggestion that the strikes were due to the warm weather, to the inertia which excessive heat causes; in short, that you and your comrades are striking solely and simply because you find work somewhat displeasing in tropical conditions, and are anxious to have a little holiday. To-day a lady gravely informed me that the violence with which you have struck is entirely due to the exceedingly bad example set you by the militant Suffragists. This afternoon a gentleman who is a Tariff Reformer assured me from positive knowledge in his possession that you are striking because you are lazy, that you won't work, that there is plenty of work if you would only take it, and that you—The British Working-man (this was a sneer at you)—are a discontented brute who could do with a thrashing now and then to teach you to order yourself properly before your betters.

Sir, you have many faults. You are coarse, you are stupid, you are foul-mouthed; but you are not a fool. You do *not* strike because the House of Lords has had its Veto removed. You are not interested to the point of excitement in the preservation or destruction of the House of Lords. Van-boys do not leap from their vans and flout their masters because that obstinate and vain old man, Lord Halsbury, has been deprived of the power of being both mischievous and obstinate. Nor do you strike because you find the hot weather trying, any more than you strike because you find the cold weather trying, or wet weather trying, or foggy weather trying. This kind of humorous suggestion is precisely the kind of humorous suggestion that one naturally expects a leader-writer on the "Times" to make. God made that leader-writer, therefore we will let him pass for a man. Nor do you strike because you desire to emulate Miss Christabel Pankhurst's antics; nor do you strike because you are lazy or impertinent or discontented without cause. Singular as it may seem to the oligarchy which governs you, sir, you are striking because you desire to get Higher Wages. That, sir, I assert quite dogmatically, is the sole reason why you are at this moment doing your best to dislocate the trade and traffic of this country.

The attitude of these betters of yours towards you, sir, is plainly indicated in the following extract from a leading article in the "Daily Mail":—

> The process adopted by the Board of Trade . . . consisted in granting to the men all that they demanded. While we do not suppose that their claims were unreasonable, it is obvious that this principle of settlement cannot be applied in all cases.

You see, sir, that your claims, even although they are not unreasonable (a mild way of putting it), are not always to be met, presumably on the ground that you mustn't be over-indulged. If this man's not unreasonable claim be satisfied, then that other man may make his not unreasonable claim, too—a thing which the oligarchy cannot contemplate for a moment with complacency. What is this claim that you make, sir? It is for an adequate wage to enable you to maintain yourself and your family in decency and comfort. That, sir, is your not unreasonable claim.

How have the oligarchy treated your claim? They have allowed you and your class to sink into a state of degradation which makes our poor quarters an eyesore to men from other lands. They have so ruled England that the man in the town is living in conditions in which it is impossible for him to retain physical or spiritual health. They have so governed England that great numbers of children are born into homes where it is utterly impossible for them to acquire any sort of decency whatever, *where they can never be alone!* They must live in rooms which are occupied by other persons, male and female, old and young, where they cannot fail to be witnesses of intimate relationships. Let me give you a plain example of what I mean. Two years ago a boy, under eighteen, was tried before a magistrate for seducing his sister, younger than himself. He was syphilitic, and the girl contracted the disease from him. She had a child! The magistrate upbraided him. The magistrate informed him that he was a filthy young scoundrel, that he was a pest to society, that he ought to be flogged, that he was dead to all sense of decency . . . and sent him to jail. That boy and his sister, and his father and his mother, and yet other brothers and sisters lived in one room in Southwark, and had lived in one room, there and elsewhere, from the day he was born.

Sir, your not unreasonable demand is that you shall be allowed sufficient wage from the profits made by your masters to enable you to get out of one room into a house in which you and your children may enjoy the privilege of loneliness. Your demand is that you may receive sufficient money week by week to enable you to provide them and you with enough food to eat, enough clothes to wear, and enough pleasure to make work worth while. It is not possible for you to do any of these things on eighteen shillings per week.

How, sir, have they met your demand up to now? You asked them for bread, and they gave you a Conciliation Board. You went to them and you said: I cannot educate my children because my wages are so low. And they said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low that you cannot educate your children yourself, we will educate them for you. You asked them to give you Higher Wages, and they gave you Free Education. You went to them and you said: I cannot feed my children because my wages are so low. And they said: Poor fellow; since your wages are so low, we will feed your children for you. You asked them for Higher Wages, and they gave you Free Meals for School Children—except during holidays. You went to them and you said: I cannot provide my children with proper medical attention because my wages are so low; my children's teeth are decaying, their tonsils are enlarged, their glands are swollen, their eyes are sore, their ears are discharging, their bodies are ricketty and covered with sores. And they said: Poor fellow; since you cannot pay a doctor to attend to your children, we will pay one for you. You asked them for Higher Wages, and they gave you Free Medical Inspection. You went to them and you said: I cannot save up for the time when I shall be ill, or save for the time when my wife shall become a mother, because my wages are so small. And they said: Poor fellow; we will take fourpence a week from your wages because you cannot save, and we will make your employer give threepence per week, and we will give twopence, and thus shall we provide you with the means to be doctored. You asked for Higher Wages, and they gave you the National Insurance Bill. . . .

Sir, you do not want to be given things free of charge. You do not want your children fed by the community. You do not want your children educated

without cost to you. You do not want them medically inspected, or yourself doctored, or your wife midwifed without charge. You want Higher Wages. You want to feed your own children yourself. You want to be able to choose a doctor for yourself, and to pay him with your own money! . . . . If children are to be fed freely, educated without charge, medically inspected at the expense of the community, you do not object if *all* children, rich and poor, are so treated; but you do not want to be put apart, labelled and ticketed and called "the lower classes." You want Higher Wages. You are not lazy. If you were lazy you would not work at all. It is far easier in England to live by idleness than it is to live by labour. Those who say you are lazy do not know that you work long hours at toil which is sometimes repulsive and frequently dull beyond relief for small reward. There are women in Belfast who sew "dots" on cushions. When they have sewn a hundred or so dots on a cushion-cover they get one penny. It takes a week, working fourteen to sixteen hours per day, to earn seven or eight shillings. Will the oligarchy dare to say that these women are "lazy"? Damned fools they may be, but lazy—no! Van-boys of fourteen normally work fourteen hours every day! . . . Sir, I said you were stupid. You are. You are a damned fool. You have put up with the insolence and insults of the oligarchy too long. They have become so arrogant that they tell you when they give you sixpence per week increase of wage that you are being uncommonly well treated, and that you must not expect this sort of thing to go on. They will do anything for you except allow you to do things for yourself. They have turned the countryman into a dull, hat-touching, spiritless clod. Look out, sir, or they will do the same to you. You want Higher Wages. See that you get them. If you have to pull London and Liverpool and Glasgow and Manchester and half England to bits in order that you may get Higher Wages, do not hesitate: *get Higher Wages*.—I am, sir, yours sincerely, ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

# The Revolt and a Remedy.

By C. H. Norman.

THERE is a sternness of attitude and mind among the strikers that should warn the governing and employing classes that merely juggling with wages and hours will not root out, though it may allay the present industrial discontent. The progress of economic knowledge among the working classes has been very great in the last ten years. The workers have learned that the administrative and legal officials of this country are biassed against the working class. Sentences passed upon strikers have reached such a degree of vindictive harshness that a disinterested observer cannot but conclude that the magistrates and judges have determined to manipulate the legal machinery against any attempt to improve labour and economic conditions. On the other hand, offences against the working class, arising under the Truck and Factory Acts, are most leniently dealt with.

It is clear that a new spirit is permeating the industrial workers. They have become distrustful of their old-fashioned leaders in the trade unions. Their Parliamentary representatives are regarded with a tolerant disappointment. Mr. Tom Mann's creed of industrial syndicalism and industrial unionism has provided the workman with a new belief. By means of the able organisation of the strike committees, who have done far more than Mr. John Burns ever did, the workers have been able to present an unbroken front to the employers. The development of "the sympathetic" strike gave the men an additional weapon which has proved most effective. Yet, pending the expropriation of the owners of private property, the workers are entitled to legislative reforms which would place the employer under some responsibility, not only to the employed, but to the community.

My proposal is this: That Parliament should pass a new Act, entitled "An Act to regulate the relations between employers and employed." By the definition clause, the word "employer" would mean (1) a private employer owning his or her own business; (2) any director or shareholder of companies; (3) a manager employed by such private employer or directors; (4) an official under the control of the Government or any municipal body; (5) any committee or body of persons to whom the power of employing labour may be delegated, (5a) or any representative of such committee or body of persons for the time being; (6) any member of the Cabinet; (7) or any person whatsoever who may have any male or female person in such relation to him or her that the said male or female person is recipient of payment in coin or kind. An "employed person" would be defined as any person of either sex who received remuneration for his or her services in coin or kind from any employer, committee, council, Government, director, shareholder, Cabinet Minister, or any person whatsoever.

The definition clause has been put in the forefront so that the scope of the Act may be understood. Its drafting is not as neat as it might be; but I think it is so wide that even the ingenuity of a Sir William Grantham could not reduce the Act to a dead letter.

The concrete principle of the Act is this. Where any person employed by an employer can show to the satisfaction of a jury that the conditions of his employment are unclean, insanitary, dangerous, harsh and/or oppressive, or that his remuneration in coin and/or kind is inadequate, an offence shall be deemed to have been committed under this Act. That would be the first section. The second section would provide as follows: Notwithstanding anything in this Act hereinbefore contained, no employer shall be adjudged guilty of an offence under this Act unless the jury is satisfied that he or she employed a person contrary to the provisions of this Act to his or her knowledge.

The penalties under the Act must necessarily be of a severe character, so that it should become an effective social and economic measure. In my view, the penalty clause should embody these provisions: Any employer convicted of an offence under this Act, subject to the limitations set forth in section II., shall be sent to prison for a term of not less than two months and not exceeding seven years. It shall *not* be lawful for a court or a judge to impose a fine in respect of any offence committed under this Act. A court or a judge shall *not* be at liberty to treat employers convicted under this Act as first-class misdemeanants, *except* where such employer is a Minister of Cabinet rank. Where any offence committed under this Act shall arise in or out of municipal or governmental employment, the minimum sentence a court or a judge may inflict shall be three months, instead of two months as hereinbefore mentioned. Where any offence committed under this Act shall arise in or out of employment connected with charitable institutions, the minimum sentence a court or a judge may inflict shall be six months (instead of two and/or three months as hereinbefore mentioned), and the maximum sentence a court or a judge may inflict shall be ten years' penal servitude (instead of seven years' penal servitude as hereinbefore mentioned). Where any employer shall have been convicted of more than three offences under this Act, the provisions of the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1908, shall apply; and any such employer shall, upon service of due notice but not otherwise, be liable to be indicted as "an habitual criminal" within the meaning of the said Act. Any offence under this Act shall be deemed a felony. No costs shall be awarded against any employer convicted under this Act, nor shall any employer, tried for an alleged offence under this Act but acquitted, be entitled to recover costs.

An additional section to the Act would permit the jury to add a rider to their verdict of "Guilty," stating, in their opinion, that the First Offenders' Act should be invoked on behalf of an employer. In all such cases a court or a judge should pass no sentence upon the employer, but should bind him over to come up for judgment if called upon. No conviction for felony should be recorded in any case where the jury added

such a rider to their verdict; but it shall not be lawful for a jury to return such a rider to their verdict where the employer has already been convicted. In all cases where no conviction has been recorded against an employer, a court or a judge shall direct the jury specifically upon their powers of bringing in the aforesaid rider. Any employer convicted under this Act shall have the right of appealing to the Court of Criminal Appeal and from thence to the House of Lords.

It may be said that this Act would introduce many sweeping and novel propositions into the English law. I frankly admit it. Its punitive character is founded upon the view that misery is a preventible evil which is caused by the rapacity of dividend-receivers and their representatives. Misery is productive of all sorts of social ills, diseases, and cruelties to the mind and the body. It is the duty of society to protect itself against the selfish demands of the small section of the community known as the employing or wealthy classes. The exploitation of any man or woman for material gain, under many circumstances, is a moral crime. This draft of an Act of Parliament is directed towards making such exploitation a legal crime. Sir Frederick Banbury and his type are indifferent to moral suasion or moral remonstrance; but several months in prison would persuade them that wage employees are entitled to enjoy as full and ample life as they, in their affluence derived from the labour of others, under existing circumstances do enjoy.

# "Back to the Land!"

## By Laurence Riley.

THOMPSON had spent thirty years in the service of a prosperous firm in the West End. Now he was manager of an important branch, and, as his employers were clever enough to realise that it pays to oil a machine, they gave him a decent salary.

Thus it came about that by the time he was forty-five Thompson had managed to put by quite a considerable sum of money, and this in spite of the fact that he had a wife and three children whose mouths had to be filled, and whose bodies had to be clothed just like anybody else's wife and children.

Both he and his wife had looked forward to a day when he should no longer make money for other people, when he and his family should enjoy the full benefit of their labour. Perhaps this made saving easier. It is worth some sacrifice to be able to stand on one's own feet.

For some time they had made up their minds to take a farm in the country, a dairy farm with poultry and pigs as side lines. Mrs. Thompson was country-bred, and knew something about cream and butter, and they had always spent their holidays at farms where Thompson had picked up a lot of experience in the management of cows and pigs.

I don't know whether you have ever tried looking for a small farm. There are plenty of agents ready to help you; in fact, I believe that an agency of this sort is a most profitable business. Small farms change hands frequently, and every time 5 per cent. of the purchase money goes into the pocket of the agent. Don't imagine that when you pay "purchase money" you buy the freehold; you merely take over the stock at a valuation (by the agent), with the "goodwill" and certain other fictitious commodities.

Thompson put the matter into the hands of some such agent, and he spent many week-ends in the country with "orders to view" in his pocket. Some of the so-called dairy and poultry farms turned out to be nothing more than back yards, others had mysteriously risen in price since their tenants wrote to the agents, others had been sold, but retained by the agent on his books apparently as evidence of a large clientèle. So much for private enterprise.

After several weeks of this fruitless searching Thompson became thoroughly sick of the business; besides, these constant excursions were not adding to his capital. He had found nothing approaching even remotely what he sought.

However, one day Fate (or the agent) led him to a certain small village not far from London. It was a glorious warm day in early spring. You picture the little cottage with its warm plastered walls and pretty weatherworn tiles; the orchards bursting into bloom, the primroses, the rich green of the young grass, the cattle feeding peacefully.

The tenant said that he was doing well with milk in the neighbouring town, that he could sell all the eggs he could get, that the landlord was a pleasant, obliging man, and many other things.

The end of it was that Thompson took over the lease (which had still six months to run), the stock and the goodwill, and shortly afterwards moved in with his wife and the three children.

The vendor stated that his only reason for selling was that he wished to move to a larger farm.

Thompson bought incubators, a good strain of fowls, two or three litters of pigs, and another cow.

The first thing that happened was that the milk round turned out to exist only in the imagination. Thompson had counted on the money from this to keep him going until the pigs and poultry began to pay. Reprisals against the vendor were out of the question; he had disappeared, leaving no address—only a few debts.

May was a wet and stormy month. The first thunderstorm showed the existence of several defects in the roof. Thompson applied to the landlord, who by the terms of the lease was bound to do repairs. Then it was that he found that the landlord was an old man without a penny to bless himself with, far less to mend roofs for his tenants.

From time to time portions of the ceilings would fall down, or, to vary the monotony, one's foot would go through the floor. Thompson had laid out most of his capital on the stock; he hadn't the money to spend on another man's house.

Instead of enjoying better health as they had expected, he and his family caught colds from the general dampness, and their spirits sank lower and lower.

The cattle walked through the tumbledown hedges on to other farmers' fields—usually hayfields. Bills for damages became frequent.

The pigs simply pushed down the rotten boards of their sties, and rioted in all directions.

The previous tenant had cleared out, being a wise man and recognising the impossibility of doing anything with the place.

Finally, the landlord wrote giving Thompson notice to quit in October, as he had sold the freehold, and the new owner wished to occupy the property himself.

In the circumstances Thompson was glad to see the last of the place, but even if he had been successful and doing well he would have had to quit just the same.

They returned to London. Luckily Thompson managed to get another berth, but his salary was smaller, his savings had practically disappeared, and all ambition and desire to be his own master had been choked out of him irrevocably.

Now you may laugh and call Thompson a fool. You, of course, would have made careful inquiries as to the honesty of the vendor. You would have overhauled his accounts, you would have inspected the house like an expert, interviewed the landlord, and taken many other precautions.

In the first place, remember that Thompson had been driven to desperation by the casual treatment of the agent. If he were too exacting he felt that he might never find a farm to suit him. Secondly, you will be lucky if you find one in ten of these small farms that possesses an account book. Again, it is easy to make a house appear presentable for a few hours, and you cannot have up the carpet to find out whether the floors are sound, nor pull off the paper to ascertain the condition of the walls.

It is all very well to talk about a "back to the land" movement, but while the intending farmer is left to the mercy of commission-grabbing agents, unscrupulous vendors, and landlords whose only thought is to get their rent, you will continue to hear tales of disaster such as this of Thompson.

# Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

## The Swell Semitic.

THOSE who can recall the regatta week at Ryde some twice two score years ago, will very likely summon up to their imagination the two reigning beauties of the season, who never showed themselves on the pier or in any promenade of the place without attracting something of the attention usually reserved for royalty. They were always dressed to perfection, in garments whose every line and fold bore Paris visibly stamped upon them. The graceful movements and the good looks of the wearers set off their toilets to such advantage as to make any costumier's fortune. But what chiefly charmed all beholders in the two sisters was the beauty of their olive complexion, a mixture of tenderness and penetration in the expression of their eyes, together with a charm in their carriage and walk that realised the poetic platitudes about the poetry of motion. The regatta week was an exceptionally good one; all Hyde Park, Mayfair, Pall Mall and St. James' seemed to have emptied themselves upon Ryde Pier, to admire first these two daughters of Israel, and then to speculate upon their names, their identity, their accessibility, and much else to the same effect. The Ryde ball, even in those comparatively exclusive days, used to be a sufficiently mixed affair. Never had there been so many applications for tickets, the motive in perhaps the majority of cases being the applicant's hope of finding himself in the same room as the two girls, concerning whom the most definite knowledge obtainable was that they were daughters of an Isle of Wight jeweller.

The great majority of those who had admired at a distance the Hebrew maidens never had a chance of speaking to either till, a few years later, they found themselves among the wedding guests at Lochnagee Castle, the Highland home of the Marquis of Heatherland, whose eldest son and heir, the Master of Glencoe, was introducing to his father's roof a bride he had recently taken in southern England. Of the lady in question, little was known beyond the fact of her belonging to a business family, and of her portrait executed by Sir Apelles Fitzochre, who only painted pretty women, and whose brush made him the creator of "professional beauties" at will. Rumour, however, had it that she possessed a sister who shared her good looks, and for whom their father, if she found a desirable husband, would come down quite as handsomely as he had done for the Master of Glencoe's wife. Nothing could now satisfy the heir to the Heatherland marquisate but introducing his sister-in-law, as well as his bride, to the family circle at Lochnagee. Within forty-eight hours of the honeymooning couple, the bride's sister followed.

Kit Ponsonby, the most popular and omniscient yachtsman in English or in Scotch waters, made his appearance at the Castle about the same time. This gentleman was remarkable for the loose nautical roll rather than walk with which, as he himself put it, he hove into such harbourage as suited him for the time; his face seemed almost as featureless as the rising moon but for the shrewd and kindly smile that played round well-formed lips, and that said, as plainly as words, " I always like to do people a good turn, because I am too lazy to do them any ill. I never contradict, I never oppose, I never argue, but so far I have always had my own way; I mean to have it still, and those who stand in the way of my sunshine generally find they have been mistaken in doing so." Kit, now an elderly youth of two score years odd, thought that the time had come when he might as well think of settling down. After having saluted his old friend the Master, he was duly presented to the lady (née Mary Braham), and then to her sister. Both of these ladies, it could not but be noticed by the general circle, gave him, not indeed in words nor too pointedly in manner, but after a fashion as indefinable as it was not to be mistaken, greeting as to an old friend. No one but the Master of Glencoe, his wife, and sister-in-law knew more than that. There was no form of petticoated perplexity or distress that failed to find championship and relief in Kit Ponsonby. He had thus acquired, with ladies in any position of difficulty, a respectfully tender, and even chivalrously caressing way, that quietly assured them of his thorough insight into the situation, and of his purpose, if they would but entirely trust in him, to say and do exactly what the circumstances required. Before dinner the little group in which we are now interested took a stroll in the Castle grounds, where they slope down to the Loch Nagee waters. "Really," he murmured to the two sisters, "this quite reminds one of old times on the Ryde Pier." "Except," archly remarked Miss Esther Braham, "that we were none of us on speaking terms, however some might have wished it to have been otherwise." Neither at Lochnagee nor elsewhere, by Kit Ponsonby or by anyone else, was a word of Ryde reminiscence uttered. Not indeed that the pumping process was unapplied to Mr. Ponsonby by those bent upon ascertaining into what branch of the Braham family the Master of Glencoe had married, and where the parental place might be. Ponsonby was not a reading man, but, when these questions were put to him, he took down one of Dickens' novels, and referred to the description of the Chuzzlewit family as descending in a direct line from Adam and Eve, and in the very earliest times closely connected with the agricultural interest. Sometimes he deigned to be more explicit. The Brahams were undoubtedly of Huguenot descent, and in the persons of their remote ancestors had introduced arts and manufactures into those southern counties of the United Kingdom, originally indebted for their good looks and intelligence to foreign influence. Then there had been intermarriages, in earlier generations, of the Brahams with the Castilian Sephardim. Here, Kit Ponsonby ventured to think, was a blend of distinction with antiquity scarcely inferior to a titled noblesse, which, like that of the British Isles, can historically establish its authentic connection with a remoter period than is fixed for the beginning of modern history, the year when Harry of Richmond stood a conqueror on Bosworth Field.

Though the persons figuring in it will not be easily identified in any official narrative of our titled or untitled aristocracies' vicissitudes, the episode just related is not less accurate in every detail of person and circumstance than if it were taken from Debrett or Burke. Two noble houses at least owe alike their first-rate brains and their most marked facial features, including the thick lips reappearing in every generation, to the Hebrew intermarriages of their distant progenitors. The instances quoted now are only typical of others too numerous to be given. As for the Hebrew chiefs of our social system as it now exists, they really resemble ordinary well-dressed persons in that, certain physiognomical qualities excepted, there is little about their persons that calls for description. The souls of good Americans, it used to be said, went to Paris. Among the circumstances that have conspired to make London a paradise for the better sort of Jew must be written chiefly the Semitic genius for adapting race to environment. Here Disraeli showed himself the social re-creator of his people. He set them an example of mingling on equal terms with the British natives among whom their lot was cast, and of generally beating them in purely British pursuits. The admixture of new, often of foreign, and sometimes of Israelitish blood, has saved the peerage from becoming an effete past, and, whatever its legislative future, will ensure its remaining a national force of the first magnitude. It needed the far and deep-seeing audacity of Semitic genius to identify modern Conservatism with all that was most characteristic of the English genius, and to establish, if not as a mere political organisation, but as a system naturally attracting to and representing in itself, the humours, the caprices, and the tastes which made fashionable society for the moment what it was. The best representatives of the chosen race who have survived Disraeli have as little de-nationalised themselves or relegated their racial origin to the background as he did. What the true-born Briton is, man of pleasure or business, living for sport or for art, breeding shorthorns or collecting pictures, such is the Swell Semitic at this stage of our social or political evolution.

# Letters from Abroad.

## The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—VI.

### THE MEISTERSINGERS' MOOD.

Munich, August 7.

THERE is more sustained Meistersingers atmosphere in old Nuremburg than in Wagner's opera as presented under the joint management of Cosima Wagner, Siegfried Wagner, Rook's Touring Agency and Co.

* * *

Even on the journey from Bayreuth to Nuremberg there is more insistence on the mood Wagner sought to create than exhaustion. It is quite common to find small groups of travellers eagerly discussing the Master's intention and analysing the motives of his work with a great deal of sympathy and no little intuition. As the conversation lengthens and the subject deepens one does indeed drift to the margin of an imaginary world, to remain there while Hans Sachs and many a worthy burgomaster and whole groups of merry apprentices reconstruct that curious sunlit sphere in which they moved and found expression.

* * *

The journey is in fact a fitting prelude to the once famous City of Guilds, to the city that was the Art and Craft centre of the Middle Ages, the Mecca to which Italy came across the Alps. It is, as I have suggested, the symbol of the Middle Age spirit and movement, just as the old Sebaldus Church was once the symbol of the objective world of sound. We have only to call forth that immense concourse of apprentices, burghers, and judges closely packing every part of this spacious and richly decorated church, each one taking a live interest in the tournament of song, to realise what this world signified. It belonged to the great moods of humanity.

* * *

Such moods, when we can realise them, send us on our way rejoicing. Old Nuremburg was created in the mood of co-operation. To-day even in the grip of decay, and with the modern commercial spirit rapidly effacing its beauty, it rises to its original melodic heights, and speaks to the sympathetic observer of a period when the citizens of a tower or city combined to obtain the finest artistic results. Everything in the old mediæval city can, in fact, be brought into relation with this particular mood. Co-operation combined with extreme cheerfulness.

* * *

Look, for instance, how Art and Craft reign supreme in the old buildings. One can see that when these were constructed it was not the fashion to order private and and public architecture, as one orders potatoes and coals, from tradesmen who have a stock of ready-made shells on hand into which they pack their ready-made goods, or who will cheerfully undertake to build anything from a lunatic asylum with a nice sun-bath on the roof for the patients, to a "pretty" bijou residence with three commodious bedrooms on the first floor, a dressing-room or two, a box-room, bath-room, and lavatory on the same floor. A shell, at that time, grew round an individual, and a house or a town-hall was then the product of the art and craft worker, who had devoted himself to a study of applied art, and who was counted accordingly as an artist. As such he was publicly acknowledged and encouraged.

* * *

There was no Royal Academy to boycott him as a craftsman, and practically to uphold painting as the only form of art by supporting the idiotic proceeding of taking care of canvases of a sort and leaving architecture, sculpture and design to take care of themselves. His importance was frankly recognised; there was a demand for his finest work, and for such work produced in harmonious co-operation with his fellow artists. As a result he was enabled to let himself go, guided and inspired by the efficient mind of the Meistersinger. The latter planned the symphony, the apprentices filled in the parts. The composition was unified, yet made up of many vital expressions. This may be the reason of its joy and its undoubted popularity. At any rate it excuses the preservation of landmarks like the house that Hans Sachs lived in.

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Perhaps there never was so much joy expressed in Art and Craft as in the finest period of Nuremberg. Take only the merry little burgher figures of the very original water-fountains in the open spaces. They are movement personified. They dance away to the tune of the glittering cascades, and impart the feeling of setting the whole of humanity in joyous motion. One can understand the love that went to the making of these things.

* * *

Old Nuremburg is, in short, the harvest of the mediæval mind. It is both inspired and inspiring. It is just the place for black-and-white men and etchers. It always has been. We can see the genius of Dürer fired by the comedy of original lines so full of character, by the play of quaint masses, by the gracious pageant of light and shade created by the ancient buildings nestling within the shadow of that grey stone castle pressed to an immense height. Indeed, the whole place has the effect of an exhibition of natural impressive plates.

* * *

But this autumn-toned fragment has also many an eloquent note loved of painters. One can imagine the brush hastening from one beauty to another of that exquisite view from the quaint suspension bridge hung athwart the old wall. From the silver sheen of the weir to the gentle span of the sheltering grey bridge so nicely balanced by the grateful cluster of green trees; from the encompassing side streams vibrating with air, light, line and colour—shimmering blues, greens, yellows, and pinks—to the mass of red and violet roofs carved against the clouded amber sky. Hastening from point to point till those original intervolved and crowded roof lines are reached. Then a pause. Here is a subtle balance of irregularities that will lure and baffle the most seasoned artist. I believe it once caught Mr. Walter Crane in its snare.

* * *

The painter who depends largely on his selective sense will find elsewhere a good deal of sorting necessary in order to make his own class of attractive picture. He will, for one thing, have to remove those two twelfth century Gothic towers of St. Lorenz Church overlooking the quiet group of romantic Middle Age architecture, also within sound of the weir. As a rule, realism does not find ancient towns and cities good halting-places. The walls, roofs and towers of these, though paintable, are not satisfactory subjects for photographic representation. They are the material of which impressionist poems are made.

* * *

Nuremberg is both a decoration and a drama. The old city is a decoration admirably reflecting the decorative co-operative mind of the Middle Ages. The new growth is a drama; it is the dramatic expression of the modern spirit of competition. It may be seen from the castle tower gradually filling the wide basin formed by the sweep of hills, repeating the old in a bad imitation of the deep-painted reddish-brown roofs pitted with tier upon tier of tiny windows, and putting on new and ugly forms. The twentieth century gasometer goes at the trot across the horizon, while factories honeycomb the perspective with smoke-stacks as dense as at that marmalade borough, Bonnie Dundee. The eye wanders instinctively from this hideously designed new world to the exquisite remnant of a decaying past.

* * *

One reflects. We think we know so much. Were those alive who lived three or four hundred years ago they would probably wonder we know so little—especially in some matters of art. We do not know, for instance, how to combine in artistic achievements. Still, it must be admitted that we are acquiring more power to express ourselves both individually and together. The search for unity, simplicity and beauty in the theatre is serving to bring together groups of workers having a single purpose and harmoniously constituted to produce it. The artistic spirit of the Middle Ages has been carried across the footlights, and its fragrance

is beginning to disinfect the rank artificial atmosphere of the stage. There is a conscious attempt being made to recapture the Meistersingers mood—if not in England, at least out of it.

# The Don in Arcadia.

## X.—A Cow-Errant.

GOLD is tried in the fire and deprivation is the final test of character. My character, since I came to Arcadia, has been subjected to this crucial test, and I do not think it has been found base metal. I have not had a drop of port or a single cigar for weeks; for weeks my diet has consisted of primitive beef and beer; and Aristotle has been the only companion with whom I could converse on a footing of intellectual equality. All this, and much more, I have endured as became a gentleman and a philosopher. But there is a limit to everything.

As I have already recorded, one of the severest ordeals I have had to face in this our Arcadian life has been my host's unreasonable indulgence to his cow. Many are the times I have delicately hinted to him my disapproval of his conduct:

"Turn the beast out of the house," I have often said to him. "The house is not a fitting place for cows."

His answer has invariably been: "Ask of me anything else you like, and I will grant it with pleasure. But this—never. I cannot part with Chloë. I wish you to speak well of Chloë; for she is mine—mine to protect, love, and cherish—and all praises bestowed upon her, I shall regard as bestowed upon me"; then, pointing to the animal, he would add rapturously,

"The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart."

"That," once I admitted, "is a useful, cow-like function; but——"

"It is the least of Chloë's functions," he replied. "The truth is, Chloë represents in my eyes the poetry and the mystery of motion."

"Poetry and mystery in connection with a cow!" I exclaimed, scarcely knowing whether I ought to laugh or to feel scandalised.

"Even so," he said, shaking his head. "A cow has always seemed to me a being cut off from the world, as if by a charm, and moving in a kind of rapt isolation. Chloë has confirmed me in this opinion."

"Yes," I politely agreed, "she appears to be an animal of a calm and concentrated disposition. Most cows, I believe, are like that."

"Only Chloë is more—much more than that. A solemn gravity pervades all her actions. If you observe her carefully, you cannot but be aware of a curious significance in her movements, as if it were some form of religious ritual."

My complaisance being nearly exhausted, I said something about dumb, driven cattle.

Chestnuton protested: "Chloë is not dumb. She is only reticent: a goddess of deep and dainty thought—silent of habit, abjuring all obtrusiveness. Yet there is in her massive taciturnity more eloquence than in any other lady's assertive loquacity. Look at the manner in which she wags her tail. There is meaning in it—other than the meaning conveyed by the waggings of a human tongue. The waggings of the human tongue have, at most, a prosaic sense: you can always paraphrase them into prose; whereas the waggings of Chloë's tail cannot be translated into ordinary speech at all. Those silent, rhythmic oscillations have no prosaic sense. They are to the waggings of a human tongue what verse is to prose, having, like verse, a rhythm which is not a mere trick or ornament, but a means of self-expression, secret and mysterious. Of course, they may suit themselves to some story; but they do not need a story, for they are expressive through pure movement, as music is expressive through pure sound:

"O, Chloë, move thy tail still, still so,
And own no other function."

I suffered Chestnuton to go on emitting these florescent ineptitudes, my compassion for the man obliging me to suppress all the objections to his conduct which my commonsense prompted me to utter. All that I allowed myself to do by way of relieving my conscience was to sigh and mutter:

"Surely, nothing but disaster can come of such proceedings."

Alas! little did I suspect at the time how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled, or to what a degree its fulfilment was destined to redound to my own detriment. . . . .

I lay abed in a state of blissful somnolence, when there came a loud knocking at my door. I started, greatly irritated, but speechless. Presently the disturber of my matutinal dreams smote on the door again a second time, even louder than the first.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"A message for you, sir," answered from without a voice which I recognised as Mrs. Clodd's, and a slip of paper made its appearance under the door.

I leaned over and looked at the document, hearkening the while to the cook's retreating footsteps. Then I rose and picked it up. It was, indeed, a message—an urgent message from my host, imploring me to go to his room.

I went, of course, and found him very much distressed, with a degree of anxiety that I could not have believed.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Milk famine is the matter!" he replied, with tears in his voice. "No more milk for us! I shall never again have cream to eat with my apple-tart!"

I gathered that Chloë had, all of a sudden, been afflicted with sterility.

I condoled with Chestnuton, as was only proper. "But," I could not help adding, "are not you the cause of all this?"

"How?" he demanded, indignantly.

"You evidently injured the poor brute by forcing it to lead an unnatural life. I once knew a retired Anglo-Indian colonel who tried to introduce discipline among his hens by clipping their wings—thus he thought to break them of the habit of flying into a neighbouring wood and laying their eggs there. The result was that the hens ceased to lay any eggs at all: military discipline was contrary to their nature."

"Cows are not hens," he said.

"I grant the difference," said I. "But how do you account for Chloë's calamity then? Every natural phenomenon admits of a natural explanation, if we could only discover it."

"This is no natural phenomenon—its suddenness suggests something uncommon. The more I think of it, the clearer I discern in what has happened the hand of a supernatural agent."

"What!" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"Have you never heard of elf-smitten cattle?"

"You mean that Chloë——"

"Yes. She presents all the symptoms: elf-smitten cattle retain the appearance of cattle, but none of their uses, they yield no milk. Chloë retains the appearance of a cow, but she yields no milk: her value and reality as a cow are gone. She must be elf-smitten. Mrs. Clodd thinks so, too."

Chestnuton's syllogism did not seem to be conclusive, even though it was supported by Mrs. Clodd. But I thought it unwise to tax his mind further in its actual state. So I contented myself with hinting that, if Chloë had ceased to fulfil her mission as a milk-producer, she might be advantageously converted to other uses, more directly culinary.

Chestnuton was horror-struck.

"Eat my Chloë!" he cried. "I would as soon eat my grandmother! Besides, it would not be wholesome. The flesh of elf-smitten cattle, Mrs. Clodd says, is unfit for food."

"There is no harm in trying," I insisted, gently.

"No, no!" he cried. "Your advice involves something impious and distasteful to me."

"Very well, then," said I. "Do as you think best."

So far as I was concerned, Chloë's sterility was a matter I could easily survive, for milk has never been a great favourite with me, and, in any case, I felt confident that my philosophy would prove equal to this fresh deprivation. But I was soon to learn that misfortunes never come singly.

Leaving my host to mourn in peace, I spent the afternoon in a solitary walk, and on my way back I was caught in a thunderstorm. Although I took care to change my clothes as soon as I reached home, yet I noticed the signs of a slight chill, for during dinner I sneezed twice. Therefore I retired to my room early.

The storm had meanwhile developed into a hurricane. The wind howled like a hungry wolf round the corners of the "Hut," and the rain swished and splashed against the window-panes frantically. All the elements seemed to have lost their self-control utterly. However, I paid little heed to these things, but concentrated all my thoughts on my own comfort, and presently I might have been seen luxuriating in dressing-gown and slippers before a genial wood fire, with Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics" on my knees and a tumbler of hot nectar beside me. Despite everything, I did not feel as sorry for myself as another man of a less philosophical temperament would in like circumstances. . . .

I read through Aristotle's masterly delineation of the high-souled man with a new appreciation of its accuracy; then I laid the volume down, sipped a portion of the warm beverage slowly, and, leaning back in my easy chair, I planted my feet on the fender. "Friends," I mused, "might lose their sense of proportion, cows might lose their milk, and the elements might lost their self-control; but, the gods be praised, I remain always the same, and this nectar is truly delicious."

Thus I lay, with my eyes fixed on the dancing flames and the glowing caves of the wood fire, discovering all sorts of delectable pictures in them, and occasionally breaking into decorous little fits of laughter: whether it was due to Aristotle, or to the merry gambols of the flames in the hearth, or to the large, wild music of the night without, or to the hot nectar within me, I could not determine; but I felt happy—with a strange, vague, yet positive kind of happiness. . . .

All of a sudden the door burst open and in rushed a gust of cold wind, accompanied by Chestnuton.

"What in the name of ——" I began, springing to my feet; but the flow of words froze in my throat as I caught sight of my host's appearance: a ghastly pallor disfigured his usually rubicund countenance, and his hair, all out of curl, was dripping in a most melancholy fashion.

"I've lost my co-ow," he wailed, sinking into a chair and burying his wet face between his hands, while his broad bosom heaved with unuttered groans.

"May the demons of the night fly away with the beast!"—that was the thought that flashed through my heart, but what I said was totally different.

"Don't despair, my friend. We have all known the anguish of bereavement. Yet——"

"Will you come out and help me to find her?"

The unexpectedness and unreasonableness of the request paralysed me for a moment. But, rallying quickly, I set to work to lay before my host the various objections that rendered his proposal impracticable.

"First," I said, "the night is dark and tempestuous and we have no clue to Chloë's whereabouts. Secondly, my grey flannel suit is hardly yet dry after this afternoon's downpour. Thirdly, I myself have scarcely yet recovered from the consequent drenching. Fourthly—er—in short, I prefer to stay where I am."

These and other arguments I used, but with no effect. Finally, contrary to my better judgment, I yielded to Chestnuton's importunity. Slipping my dressing-gown off and my grey flannels on, and snatching up an umbrella, I followed my host out of the warmth of the house into the wet and cold darkness of the night. . . .

Our cross-country chase lasted for three hours—three hours of indescribable horror: the thunder cracked and crashed almost without any intermission; the lightnings leaped in streaks and in sheets; the waters gushed from the torn clouds in torrents. My umbrella, shattered by the wind, soon ceased to afford me any protection. We stumbled into countless treacherous ditches, and we had to crawl through an endless succession of barbed wire. At last, to my unutterable relief, Chestnuton consented to give up the fruitless quest, and we found our way home, dejected, dispirited, and drenched to the skin. My grey flannel suit was completely ruined. I could not refrain from drawing my host's attention to the condition of my apparel. Instead of sympathising with me, he instituted a comparison between the loss of my clothes and his own loss of Chloë. This exhibition of inhumanity vexed me not a little, and I said something disrespectful about cows in general and Chloë in particular.

Chestnuton retorted by calling me a callous Sybarite.

"Everyone cannot find happiness in abandoning a sober, civilised existence and taking to cattle-chasing through the night," I said as calmly as the circumstances permitted; then, considering that the moment had come for me to declare, without sinning against the proprieties, yet without mincing words either, what I thought of Chestnuton and his ways, I continued: "You, being a poet, may find in these wild proceedings something that satisfies your inner yearnings. I, for my own part, must plead guilty to a constitutional inability to enjoy midnight runs after lost quadrupeds."

Having spoken thus, I marched off to bed.

"Sybarite," indeed! After all, if one prefers a normal, cultured, and conventional life, Chestnuton has no right to criticise it. It is much more dignified than this dilettante and unreal state of discomfort that he has chosen for himself. There is something inconsequent, improper, and thoroughly unpleasant about pastoral life. I always felt that, and after to-night's horrible adventure I feel it more keenly than ever.

# Anecdote and Epigram.

By Muriel Ciolkowska.

THE publication of M. Frédéric Loliée's second volume on Talleyrand has provoked a revival of interest in the one-time bishop, statesman during many different régimes, wit all his life and, "after Napoleon, the most remarkable man of his period"—Charles-Maurice, Duc de Talleyrand-Périgord by birth, Prince de Bénévent by Imperial decree. Only habit or excess of zeal can have induced Napoleon to imagine the substitution of one of the most illustrious of the many old names with which he was fond of decorating his house, for this gaudy appendage.

"I should like my Court to be formed of nobility only," he was often heard to say, and it was not one of Talleyrand's easiest tasks, in his capacity as the Emperor's chamberlain, to select the most aristocratic names in the Faubourg Saint Germain for the attribution of Court functions.

"I am less and perhaps more," the statesman said when he asked his friends to refrain from addressing his as "Your Highness" and to call him simply M. de Talleyrand, for, while these Napoleonic favours flattered some, they amused him.

"Congratulate me," said one of Bonaparte's courtiers who by birth was a duke and peer of the French realm, "the Emperor has just made me a count." "Indeed," retorted Talleyrand, "I congratulate you most sincerely, and I can only hope that at the next promotion you will be made a baron."

Talleyrand returned his letters-patent to Napoleon when he broke off all connection with him with an alacrity only equal to his relief when he shed his bishop's mitre many years previously, for it may be said that Talleyrand was twice crowned against his wish. His parents had not understood him when they obliged him to take orders—a slight lameness excluding him from

the Army—with the clergy, the only appropriate career for French noblemen's sons, and Napoleon had not understood him when he presented him with a most superfluous prince's coronet.

Louis XVIII. flattered his pet vanity more artfully. "Our families are of the same age," he observed, on receiving Talleyrand for the first time at Compiègne in 1814, "but my ancestors were cleverer than yours; had yours been the cleverer you would now be saying to me, 'Take a chair, come here and talk business.' To-day it is I who say to you, Sit down, and let us chat.'"

Talleyrand was consistent in his pride of birth as in all else, for, when Louis Philippe visited him at his death-bed, Talleyrand thanked him by observing, "Sire, this is a great honour for our house," which implied that before the Counts of Périgord were absorbed by the crown they had reigned as sovereigns like the Bourbons.

Talleyrand was a friend of England, and here, as on many other points, he differed from Napoleon. He was one of the first to consider the advantages of establishing an entente cordiale between the two countries, assuring, as he firmly believed, the peace of Europe, for Talleyrand was as pacific in his politics as Napoleon was aggressive and bellicose. "While Napoleon's victories and the simultaneous increase of his demands excited a thirst for retaliation on the part of his enemies, Talleyrand studied proceedings for pacifying the Continent of Europe with durable treaties." Throughout his career, from the Revolution to the Empire, in 1792, in 1814 and in 1830 he remained true to the plan of the Franco-British alliance secured by a commercial treaty originally sketched out with Mirabeau, and none more than Talleyrand deplored the declaration of war with England.*

He was all his life faithful to these pacific tendencies as he was all his life faithful to his country's interests, although appearances allow the opinion that he was, above all, perhaps, faithful to his own. But whether the tactics he employed were or were not to his own advantage is historically of insignificant importance since they were tactics of undeniably extensive range and effect, while—as may, at least, be conceded—having the double advantage of serving two ends, the general—his country's, and the particular—his own. And it may be argued in his favour that during the Revolution he acted or tried to act as a conciliator, thus exposing himself to being accused of running with the hare and holding with the hounds. In those days, whatever side one took, one was bound to fall between two stools unless, and even when, one was careful to be ahead with the advance guard. But as Talleyrand could not be of these, when violence supplanted reason, he was obliged to leave the country. He had done his best to save the King, but his advice had not been listened to, and every suggestion at compromise only succeeded in compromising himself, for his attitude as a reformer was a suspicious attitude in those raving times.

Of course, it does not look nice on the face that when Napoleon's star was in the ascendant he supported Napoleon, and that he deserted him when it lowered, but on closer examination his own argument in defence of this proceeding, "that he had distinctly separated the nation's from the Emperor's cause," may be substituted for harsh judgment. Moreover, was he not paying him back in his own coin for having dismissed him from the Foreign Office and forced a post on him unworthy of the wide range of his talents? Besides, Talleyrand hated failure; he was not for protecting the weak as the following story illustrates: He had just given a diplomatic post to a young man who had been highly recommended to him. When calling on M. de Talleyrand to thank him, the newly-appointed official had the misfortune to say: "Monseigneur, I am doubly grateful to you, since it's the first time in my life that I have any luck." "Really?" asked Talleyrand, "are you not a lucky man?" "Oh, no, monseigneur," was the reply, "I never have been." "Then, tant pis, monsieur, tant pis, you must not consider yourself appointed. In politics, you see, one must be lucky." And he dismissed him pitilessly.

Although he was lame himself, or perhaps because he was, he did not care to serve as crutch to the halt and the maimed. And this explains why he took Napoleon's arm when it was strong and dropped it when it was no longer to be relied upon. Napoleon and Talleyrand helped each other up the hill of glory, but Talleyrand humanly—or inhumanly—stepped on one side when Napoleon was on the point of dragging him into the precipice. Can one blame him for not having been blind in his loyalty? Moreover, Talleyrand probably never pretended that he owed loyalty to Napoleon. The Napoleonic wave was one which Talleyrand had neither the power nor the desire to oppose. The wave, he knew, must be allowed to pass. He realised that while one agrees to live an active life, one must accept events as they come and profit by them, but he realised also, and as well as any sceptic, the vanity of activity. "Here are 83 years behind me," he wrote in February, 1837. "I do not know whether to be satisfied when I recapitulate how all these years have been spent. How much useless activity they represent. How many vain efforts. How many regrettable complications, exaggerated emotions, misused gifts, and how much wasted energy, how much enmity provoked, how much balance lost, and so many illusions destroyed and tastes exhausted! And what is the outcome of it all? Merely moral and physical fatigue, complete discouragement for the future and disgust with the past."

Talleyrand regulated his diplomacy to the country's need and ruling spirit. It may be a fine line which divides his suppleness from an appearance of duplicity, but there are reasons to suppose that he observed this fine line. His suppleness was, after all, that of the man of the world who conforms his course to the wind. And is this not the very element of diplomacy?

Although he took part in the earlier phases of the Revolution, he was not, therefore, a revolutionary, but a reformer—the distinction should be borne in mind. His clairvoyance saw that "envy, the principle of the French Revolution, assumes the mask of derisive equality. It holds its insulting level," he added, "above all heads in view of destroying the innocent superiorities established by social distinctions."

He may be called an "opportunist," as the modern French term has it, but is that a vice, especially in the case of a man who profited by opportunities to serve a general cause though his object might have embraced his own advancement?

A question which will ever remain open is: Does a politician act with more patriotism by retiring from public life during a form of government opposed to his

* A diplomatic message dated November 27, 1830, sent by Talleyrand from London during the embassy which had been given him by Louis Philippe, who shared his view that the recognition of the French constitution by England was of primordial importance, contains the following passage: "Europe is certainly undergoing a crisis. Well! England is the only power who, like ourselves, frankly desires peace; the other powers recognise some kind of divine right; only France and England do not recognise it. The principle of non-intervention is equally adopted by both countries. I would add, and I attribute importance to this, that to-day a sort of sympathy unites the two nations. My opinion is that we must make use of all these points of contact to give Europe the tranquility of which it stands in need. Although some States may or may not be disposed for peace, France must declare that she wants it, and this wish, emanating from the two strongest and most civilised countries in Europe, as it would, must make itself heard with all the authority which their authority permits. Some of those cabinets who still march under the banner of divine right are just now inclining towards coalition; they may agree because they have a principle in common; this principle is weakening, it is true, in some places, but it still exists; also, when these cabinets converse they may understand each other. They maintain their divine right with guns; England and ourselves will support public opinion with principles; principles travel everywhere, but the gun's reach is easily measured." "Principle" had been Talleyrand's pass-word at the Congress of Vienna, and to it France perhaps owes its preservation from a fate which might have been similar to that of Poland.

views, or those he owes his name and origin, or by taking part in it? Talleyrand adopted the decision which allowed him to pursue the career for which he knew himself to be exceptionally gifted. After he had sought refuge in America from ferocities which threatened every civilised French citizen, he felt his vocation beckoning him across the water, and he did not hesitate a minute to return to his country when he realised that his time to reappear on the public platform had come. With Talleyrand politics were a passion, and passions claim sacrifices. And it must be allowed Talleyrand that, unlike many others of his class, he did not maintain his position or secure advancement at the cost of humiliations or sycophancy, but by sheer diplomatic tact, as instance his position at the Congress of Vienna. His ability saved his head for him during the Revolution, and it was by making himself indispensable that he kept the lead in political affairs under such different circumstances.

"Opinion is a useful check," he said, " but a dangerous guide in government." The key to his career lies in these words. He could not be expected to smother his genius for the sake of an idea; nor can he be blamed for having pledged his own private opinion to the demands of the times and the attainment of his ambitions in yielding to the Bonaparte rule without being a Bonapartist, for he was ever at heart a legitimist. " The Bourbons are a principle," he said, using his favourite expression, " and all the rest is intrigue." But that he was primarily a patriot may be deduced from these lines written when he was an old man: "The country is saved (la patrie est sauvée), does not affect me any longer." So these words had affected this cold, emotionless man once.

Talleyrand was ever for moderation, and his practice of tempering Napoleon's impetuosity did not earn him gratitude from that quarter. "Monsieur," he said in the most serious way to his successor at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as, according to custom, he introduced him to the different subordinates, " here are many good officials, and with whom you will be satisfied," for Talleyrand was always admirably seconded by his secretaries. " You will find them faithful, skilful, punctual, but, thanks to my training, never in a hurry." This unexpected praise surprised M. de Champagny. "Yes, monsieur," continued Talleyrand, " except for a few young clerks who perhaps address their envelopes a little too hastily, everyone here is cool and collected and unaccustomed to haste. When you will have treated European affairs some little time with the Emperor, you will see how important it is not to hurry over sealing and posting his orders." For Talleyrand often said that in diplomatic matters it was first and foremost necessary to deal with Bonaparte. Before proceeding with foreign negotiations it was essential to slacken his abrupt impetuosities and to attenuate their hasty consequences.

"Every measure which is not necessary," wrote this too cautious counsellor for the impulsive Corsican's taste, "is unwise."

But he liked enthusiasm at times, for he also wrote: "To admire always with moderation is significant of a mediocre mind."

Unless his conduct in 1814 be estimated as such, Talleyrand was not false to Napoleon; for if he was at one time his champion and his servant he was never his friend, and it is to be supposed that he only disguised the true character of his feelings towards the master who often bullied and even publicly insulted him, so far as common civility and indispensable outward marks of respect required. Napoleon was quite aware there was no love lost between them, but the two were necessary to each other and they knew it. The day came when Napoleon was to say to M. de Champagny: "M. de Talleyrand would have managed better"; and to his dismissed minister: "You and I ought never to have separated."

That Napoleon suspected lack of real friendship on Talleyrand's part is shown by the following anecdote. Before leaving for Egypt, Bonaparte came to say goodbye to Talleyrand, who was lying ill in bed. Being in a confidential mood, Bonaparte spoke about his financial difficulties and how they hampered him in the realisation of his aims. Talleyrand listened attentively. "Look here," he said; "open my desk, you will find there one hundred thousand francs. They are yours for the time being; you can return them when you come back." And so Napoleon did; but one day he asked his minister: "What interest had you in lending me that money? I have turned it over a hundred times in my mind, but I have never been able to make out what was at the back of your head."

And Talleyrand answered simply that his only interest was the interest he took in him at the time.

On another occasion the Emperor said to him: "You imagine that if I were to die you would be head of a regency council. . . . But remember this; if I were to fall dangerously ill, you would be dead before me."

"Sire," quietly replied the Prince de Bénévent, "I did not require this warning ardently to pray Heaven to preserve your days."

They frequently spoke to each other with a touch of bitterness:

"We hope," said the First Consul to the former Madame Grand, whom he had forced Talleyrand to marry and about whom both too much and too little were known, "we hope the new Madame Talleyrand will allow us to forget Madame Grand." "As concerns that," quickly retorted Talleyrand, "my wife intends faithfully to follow the Citoyenne Bonaparte's example."

The swiftness of Talleyrand's repartee is historical. When Louis XVIII., insinuating that he could henceforth dispense with his services, asked him how many miles Paris was from Valençay, Talleyrand's country seat, he promptly replied: "Exactly fourteen miles further, sire, than from Paris to Ghent," where Louis had taken refuge during the Hundred Days.

He had a cutting wit served by a long memory, for some time after he said to Louis XVIII.: "I am old," which was equivalent to saying: "Sire, you are old," for they were the same age.

Talleyrand's intelligence, vivacity and humour always shone brilliantly in society. "If M. de Talleyrand's conversation could be bought it would ruin me," said Madame de Staël, and he was the Misses Burney's pet emigrant. In fact he was such a favourite in English society that he excited the jealousy of Sidney Smith, who would promptly leave a room when Talleyrand entered it. His ambassadorship in London was not only politically successful* but also socially, and his popularity was such that when he drove out men would raise the women in their arms to give them a better view of him, and when he alighted a crowd quickly formed itself round him.

Talleyrand was gifted, moreover, with that delicacy of tact, that unfailing judgment which draws important conclusions from apparently indifferent signs, the result of a habit of observation which Talleyrand considered common to all born gentlemen. He cultivated his natural tendency to an art and it proved of the utmost service to him. He had mastered another gentlemanly privilege and which is the accompaniment of this sense of judgment—the science of savoir vivre, important and useful always, but especially estimated in the punctilious eighteenth century society of France.

"Soyez tranquilles," said Louis XVIII. when people wondered, during a serious illness of Talleyrand's, how he could manage with the clergy, "M. de Talleyrand sait assez bien vivre pour savoir mourir." And so, when his turn really came, he did, comporting himself to the satisfaction of all the legitimists so divided in their opinion of him during his life-time. " Il est mort en bon gentilhomme," they proclaimed. "He dies like a man who knows how to live," added a lady of the old school.

[Frédéric Loliée: (1) "Talleyrand et la Société Française"; (2) "Talleyrand et la Société Européenne."
Bernard de Lacombe: "La Vie Privée de Talleyrand."
Louis Thomas: "L'Esprit de M. de Talleyrand."]

* "You are the only man at this moment," the Duke of Wellington said to him, "who can, under any cabinet, maintain harmony between France and Great Britain."

# A Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

III.

THINGS being left thus conclusively for the time being with Marylebone, I thought I might try my luck with Marion herself. Women have been known to confide to an acquaintance what they conceal from a lover. If I could catch her alone and flatter her into a talkative mood I might surprise her into a confession or an admission from which she could not retire without detected chicanery. I had no scruples about doing this if it were possible, since my view then was and still is that an inferior in an assembly of equals is a curse to everybody. I should be saving both Marion and the rest of us needless trouble by convincing her beforehand that she really had no part or lot in our circle. On the other hand, I was aware of the depth of her cunning, so much the deeper for being wholly beyond the reach of her tongue; and I knew that her instincts would put her mind on guard against me at the first bare sign of my purpose.

When I knocked at her door in the ugly block of flats, built ostensibly for the working classes but occupied chiefly by clerks and such people, I heard a discreet cough from within and then the rustle of some papers. When she let me in I saw that she had been reading and making notes in an exercise book, which was lying open on the table. She was evidently not expecting visitors quite definitely. Nevertheless, such was her invariable finesse, that she was as neatly dressed to receive them as if they might drop in at any moment. Marion, I should say, is not beautiful, despite the fairly regular features, the really well-modelled nose (save the nostrils, which always reminded me of a camel's), and the clear dark eyes under dark brown lashes. Her mouth, for one thing, was too small and the lobes of her ears were a little pouchy. Her hair was always parted down the side, which struck me as being affectedly mannish, but it had the designed effect of showing a fair-sized forehead on one side, not too sinewy for a woman, but too smooth for an intellectual and especially for a presumed metaphysician.

She was genuinely pleased to see me, and I at once plunged into the first stage of my voyage of discovery. I'm delighted, Marion, I said, that you are anxious to attend our group meeting. Marylebone has only just been telling me that you have no end of qualifications for membership. In fact, when I heard the list of your accomplishments I concluded that the divine Nine had been visiting you with presents. Our men will need to frequent Parnassus a little more regularly to keep up with you.

Marion gave a perceptible sniff of displeasure at this deliberate trowel work. Spare your compliments, she said. I am only a woman, but you need not on that account think it necessary to flatter me. Marylebone had no instructions from me to sing my praises. I can only conclude, if he did so, that he did it in defence. Who was attacking me? Was it you by any chance?

What would be said of a general who, when his first line of strategy had failed, was too disconcerted by the failure to produce his second? I was quite prepared for Marion's reply, but she was scarcely prepared for my instant rejoinder.

Yes, Marion, I said, it was I. I have been blackguarding you to Marylebone all the afternoon, and he has been nobly defending you. Shall I tell you what he said?

I would rather, if you please, hear what *you* said. What Marylebone said to you was probably true, but what you said to him may have been false. In any case I am interested in hearing the worst that can be said of me. The best is never quite true.

Marion looked so frankly anxious and almost intercessory while saying this that I thought it my cue to draw her a little further. Oh, but, I said, I find it difficult to say the worst of you to your face. It is the worst that seems most untrue when I look at you. I am almost inclined to repeat Marylebone's best and to swear that it is gospel. Indeed, I will. First you have been interested in philosophy ever since you were a tiny little girl. Second, you have the best collection of second-hand philosophic classics in London, and which you have gathered with your own hands from bookshops. Third——

You are a brute, she said, with a not too natural smile. On your lips these attributes sound remarkably like defects, as you intend they should. Now tell me what had you to say against me to Marylebone?

Well, I hesitated, I was trying to convince Marylebone that you were coming to the group on his account and not on account of the discussion. . . .

Go on, she said, say it all.

Naturally he would not believe it. He assured me that you were by natural bent as well as by constant exercise an expert in metaphysics, at least, a keen and disinterested student. Frankly, Marion, I doubted that, and I doubt it now. Convince me that you are, and I shall be delighted; but, honestly, I am not convinced.

And how shall I convince you, sir she said, sir she said? By not coming to the group lest my purpose should be mistaken for the pursuit of Marylebone instead of metaphysics? I believe that you really think you will persuade me against it by these means. But you will not. I am more than ever determined to come. I have as much right there as several of you. Weingott is simply a fool, and Prince is not much better. It is simply sex-prejudice on your part to try to exclude me.

So Marylebone said.

Well, what else is it? she repeated.

Nothing, possibly. Only the same might be said, and probably will be said by the malicious, of Marylebone's proposal to bring you. I owe you, Marion, complete frankness, and as a metaphysician you are right to insist on it. I confess I told Marylebone that his invitation to you was due to sex-prejudice,—of course, in your favour. He, of course, denied it just as I deny that sex-prejudice alone excludes you. So there we are, at an impasse, like the two goats. Which of us is to be walked over?

Marion meditated on the question so coolly that I was almost deceived into thinking our conversation had not yet penetrated her feelings. If they were so deep down, the intervening layer could not, in an intelligent being, be anything but intellect. In other words, she was demonstrating her capacity for abstract thought and the possession of at least the raw material of dialectics in this very detachment of thought from feeling. Whether this detachment was genuine or only acquired and exhibited now for my illusionment remained to be seen. I decided to play my last card.

Marion, I said, let me stop all this badinage of mine if I can, and do you so too. The fact that we have fenced with each other all this time is almost sufficient proof that dialectics in the pursuit of truth is impossible between us. With the best will in the world to reason with you as if you were a text-book of logic, here have I been intellectually flirting with you on a most serious matter. The worst of it is that you know that this is the case as well as I do. You know that we men lie to you and prevaricate and posture; and as a mind you hate it, but as a woman you love it. Now, I want to say quite truthfully that you are no friend of Marylebone's. You are simply his female, and as such you intend to be with him on every occasion through jealousy alone. *Now* will you say that I am concealing anything from you?

All the time I was speaking Marion grew more and more uncomfortable. It was the toss-up of a penny whether her mood resolved into tears or laughter. As it turned up, however, it was laughter. She positively shouted with relief and I could almost detect that she was as delighted to think she had escaped the ordeal of tears as to realise that in truth she was Marylebone's woman and nothing more. I, therefore, discounted her laughter as evidence that she was really incredulous of my charge. On the contrary I insisted on taking it

as an admission. I began to congratulate her on the fact that she was a woman after all. There is a fashion nowadays, I said, of despising women and of looking down on such women as frankly accept the definition of their sex. The suffrage movement is as much a movement of feminine self-contempt as of feminine aspiration. What it mostly means is that women are dissatisfied with themselves, and wish to become, not more womanly, but more manly. I am convinced, I went on—for Marion did not attempt to interrupt me—that by this effort they are really defeating their own object. Snatching at the glittering shadow of men's virtues they will be certain to lose the substance of their own. After a very few years you will find these misguided huntresses empty-handed, without strength and without charm.

I found it fatally easy to talk to Marion, and flattered myself in consequence that I was impressing her as well as myself. I commented, in fact, on the phenomenon at the moment, and mentally confirmed my previous diagnosis of Marylebone's temptation. Who would not believe that so helpful a sounding-board of one's ideas as Marion was gifted with original intelligence? But the fact that so far she had contributed nothing positive to the discussion did not escape me.

Well, I said, you have heard my ideas. Now tell me what you think of them. To be or not to be, that is the question. As Marylebone's woman you are something and somebody. As his ape you will be nothing and nobody.

It may have been the word ape that stung her, as indeed I meant it should. Marion almost sneered in her reply. Thanks to you, she said, I am perfectly determined to attend the meetings now and to risk every catastrophe you prophesy. If you and the rest of the men refuse to have me I shall despise you beyond words as a set of paleolithic savages. If you imagine I shall attend merely in order to follow Marylebone, or that Marylebone has invited me merely because he is my friend, you are mistaken. It is as a mind and not as a woman that I have a right to attend on Marylebone's invitation. If I were a man you would not dream of raising an objection. Your silly prejudices have no place in metaphysics and I am determined to ignore them.

The matter was past argument and I refrained even from pointing the obvious moral. Marion had demonstrated her femininity by no less vivid means than that of behaving as she imagined men would behave. No man under the circumstances would have chanced a refusal of admission to the group. He would have felt his way into it long before he provoked an invitation. The first breath of opposition would have sent him off in ten-leagued strides.

*(To be continued.)*

# Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

THE difficulty between Messrs. Smith and Son and "The English Review" has now been satisfactorily settled. After having refused to sell "The English Review" in the ordinary way, on the ground that it contained matter unfit for general circulation, Messrs. Smith and Son have withdrawn their ban. Everybody will applaud the courage which enabled Messrs. Smith and Son to admit an error of judgment. It is a courage rare enough in these days—and in all other days. So far as "The English Review" was concerned, the matter was ventilated by means of letters to the Press and of advertisements. The editors of the chief organs of opinion, of all shades, refrained, I believe, from any comment on what was nevertheless an affair of much interest to a large number of people. Their abstention was probably due to a certain delicate fear of consequences,—for Delane himself, Northcliffe himself, had and has to mind his p's and q's with Messrs. Smith and Son. I think the fear was ill-grounded. I do not believe that the mighty firm would attempt to visit adverse criticism with commercial consequences. Moreover, adverse criticism would need a great deal of brains to make it plausible, and scarcely a director of any of the chief organs has any real brains to spare for fundamental principles. (This is not written satirically, but as a record of fact.) If Messrs. Smith and Son believe "The English Review" to be contrary to public morals, why should they circulate it? Ought they not indeed to be praised for not circulating it? For after all, a refusal to circulate it means a diminution of their profits. It is stated that Messrs. Smith and Son were under contract to print the very periodical which they banned, but that point, though piquant, is negligible. Printing contracts are naturally made in advance, and printers cannot be expected to divine the exact nature of the copy which will be sent into their composing-rooms.

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It would be interesting to know the train of logic which led Messrs. Smith and Son to withdraw their ban on "The English Review." Personally I am convinced that upon reflection the managers came to the conclusion that they were mistaken in their impression that "The English Review" was inimical to the cause of good morals and good taste. A few weeks ago Messrs. Smith and Son circulated in the ordinary way the following anecdote—I mean that it was printed in a prominent position in a periodical without which no "Smith's bookstall" is complete: "'Dad, why do they call 'em the "gelded Lords"?' asked the small boy, who had been soaking himself in the Sunday paper. 'It may be,' answered Dad, with lofty philosophy and a strict regard for truth, 'because the Government seeks to deprive them of their power; but until that happens, my boy, stick to the good old participial adjective, *gilded*, my boy, *gilded*!'" And also the following anecdote: "Latest offence of the one and only Teddy Coward, who is Brightoning himself up at the Queen of whiskying places: What is the difference between looking from the King's Road into Muttons' shop window and looking from the inside of Muttons' shop into the King's Road? The answer is: In the first case you see the flies in the tarts, and in the second place you see the tarts in the flies."

* * *

Messrs. Smith and Son also circulated a description of a ball got up by some Parisian immoralists, from which I can only quote a few sentences:—

"The great tragedian, de Max, was there, gracefully reclining on a throne of skins and soft furs; his gorgeous costume was so décolleté that everyone knows all about the beauty spot situated about three inches over the left hip. Regina Badet and a huge negro danced together—'twas a dance calculated to bring a flush to the cheek of the most hardened sinner! You remember, très cher, Badet is the really beautiful little creature who created 'La Femme et le Pantin' and danced the famous dance in which she wore a transparent black lace shirt and a pair of black silk stockings. . . . What more can I tell you? That the cocktails were matched in colour to the frocks of the ladies? That two divorce proceedings started at 3 a.m., that the negroes were in great demand (to swing the punkahs, très cher, that's all!). . . ."

* * *

I have no objection whatever to Messrs. Smith and Son circulating the periodical in question. I should be sorry if they refused to circulate it. As a youth I used to enjoy the thing enormously. It is read with religious avidity in all the crack messes, and without it Anglo-India would not recognise its mail-day. Still, it would be difficult to argue that this periodical is on the side of the angels while "The English Review" is on the side of the devils. And Messrs. Smith and Son have probably not been blind to this difficulty. By the way, the blindness of the Vigilance Society to the same periodical is a most singular phenomenon. When the late Sir Percy Bunting was president of that delightful society he permitted it to make war on the review which happened to be a serious competitor to Sir Percy's

review, "The Contemporary," but it had no eye for such literature as I have quoted. This detail was not mentioned in the otherwise admirable obituaries of Sir Percy.

* * *

By the courtesy of a correspondent who is a publisher I have just met with a really interesting document that bears upon the sales of novels, and the comparative popularity of novelists, in a distant colony. A certain Colonial bookselling house issues a printed list of standing orders, and, I presume, sends it to all the chief publishers in Great Britain. This is a business-like proceeding, for the firm cannot profitably wait for reviews and market news from England. It gives its orders in advance, and solely on the strength of the names of authors. Naturally the relative strength of different names varies from time to time, and the list of standing orders is amended accordingly. In the latest list (cancelling all others) Miss Marie Corelli is paramount. The firm is prepared to buy in the dark two hundred and ten copies of any new work by Miss Marie Corelli. This is immense, and it is great and unparalleled; for no other author approaches the two hundred. Of the two other mighty purveyors of sentimental fiction for the multitudinous public, Mr. Hall Caine is honoured with an order for only sixty copies, and Mrs. Humphry Ward for only twenty copies; whereas even the American Winston Churchill comes in for eighty copies. Miss Gertrude Page gets an order for forty copies—and I had never heard of her! Kipling has forty, May Johnson thirty-seven, W. J. Locke twenty-two, Elinor Glyn ditto, Rider Haggard thirty-two, Joseph Hocking thirty (but his brother Silas only six), W. W. Jacobs thirty, and the Countess Arnim twenty-five. I deplore to say that I myself am down for a mere miserable nine copies; but Joseph Conrad is down for one less. Whether this is a source of comfort or of discomfort to me I leave the reader to guess.

# REVIEWS.

**Towards a National Policy.** By Harry Roberts. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Roberts makes an effort in this book "to approach certain problems of politics from the point of view of common sense," but he does not avoid either of the dangers of the plain, blunt man engaged in an art in which he has not been trained. If politics were as simple as the organisation of a sheep farm, doubtless the common sense of John Smith might contribute some valuable light, but, being as it is the art of managing large bodies of mostly disagreeable persons, even a Danton was compelled to say that it were better to fish than to meddle with government. Common sense applied to such an art is liable to lead on the one hand to inconsistencies, and, on the other, to the commonplace; and, as we have said, Mr. Roberts falls into both of these. In the matter of the commonplace, for example, it is enough to say that we have not found a single original suggestion in the book. All the author has done is to select from the large assortment of modern proposals for legislation a handful specially congenial to himself, and to call the result a commonplace programme. Really, of course, it hangs together solely in his own mind by the string with which his predilections bind it; it has no more unity of principle than, let us say, the Newcastle programme. In the matter of the incongruous it is even more condemnatory of the method of common sense to discover the nature of Mr. Roberts' positive proposal. He is of opinion that the party system has outlived its utility, and as a bridge between it and the new system of politics that will replace it, he suggests a strong Conciliation Committee that shall "meet with closed doors and come to an agreement as to an immediate national policy." It would be interesting, he says, and startlingly instructive to learn the results of such a conference. Indeed, it would be if the committee consisted of the names he suggests —Lord Milner, Mr. Fred Jowett, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. But beyond providing a mild sensation in amateur political circles, such a committee and such a report as they might issue would be of no value. But Mr. Roberts lands himself in this further difficulty of the common sense person: he has no notion of how to make his schemes work. If, for example, the party system has outlived its utility, to what force will Mr. Roberts appeal to establish his programme? The suggestion of the Conciliation Committee is, of course, mere moonshine unless there is some means of establishing it with the sovereign authority of the people and without the aid of the politicians. Mr. Roberts knows of no such means, and neither do we, short of a revolution and the establishment of a Committee of Public Safety, entrusted with a temporary dictatorship. Is this what common sense leads to? The truth is that when modern publicists declare that the party system has outlived its utility they fall into the double error of assuming that it has also outlived its popularity, and that its utility is necessarily their utility. It is quite conceivable that the party system, like the American Constitution, was only ostensibly designed for social utility as social reformers reckon it. Actually its intention may have been to maintain the inequalities of society as they exist, and on the assumption, frankly confessed by Mr. Balfour, that these inequalities are essential to a high civilisation. In that case the modern attack on the party system may be entirely misdirected. Mr. Belloc and his colleagues may be attacking an institution for fulfilling the very purpose for which it was devised. If they reply that the purpose is a bad one, we may agree; but the onus is on them to show that their own purpose is both better and equally practicable. That the party system is still popular nobody can deny. The Caucus can undertake at very short notice and by the simplest means to persuade nearly 90 per cent. of the electorate to vote for one or other of the party candidates. Until we can produce an appreciable reduction in the numbers of the electors who are willing to be rounded up like sheep, we shall obviously inspire no fear in the caucus wire-pullers. No common-sense though meritorious programme such as Mr. Roberts draws up will endanger the politicians. Addressed to nobody in particular, its effect will be proportionate to its direction.

**Talk of the Town.** By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane. 6s.)

Mrs. John Lane needs no introduction. As a novelist she is widely advertised and favourably reviewed; and of one of her books it was said that Thackeray might have written it if he had been a woman. Of this volume of essays one may say that Lamb might have written it if he had been Mrs. Lane, but not otherwise. She obliterates the distinction between journalism and literature to some purpose, for this volume is due to the acknowledged courtesy of the editors of various periodicals. We may regret their permission to republish when we have to read essays without structure or style, and whose satire is only comparable to that of one of Mr. Bottomley's publications. Two samples will suffice. We are told that women need pockets more than votes, and that men are reduced to a hopeless inferiority in the affairs of life by not being taught to use a needle. In similar fashion Mrs. Lane writes on a variety of subjects, objurgating motor-'buses and monuments, minor crimes such as punctuality and slamming doors, the tyranny of the past; and it seems that the principal trial of the celebrated woman is that she has to state her correct age to her biographer. This is humour of a kind that does not distinguish Mrs. Lane from a multitude of scribblers.

**Hilary Onslow.** By Horace Wyndham. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Of the two ways of writing an autobiography, Hilary Onslow is supposed to adopt the simple and direct method of "setting forth the various matters dealt with exactly as they really happened." This is all very well when accident has been at pains to produce a concatenation of character and events that selection could not better (a most rare circumstance), but in lives such as this of Hilary Onslow the method results in tedium.

No unusual incidents calling for an autobiography of over 300 pages are to be found in his career. At the age of twenty-five he meets a girl he desired to marry, but by sheer perversity he misses his opportunity, and only when he is on the point of marrying somebody else does she reappear. She refuses to disturb his arrangements, and absents herself until his marriage with the other woman is legally completed. At this stage a story of some interest to marriage pathologists might begin; but Mr. Wyndham here leaves off.

* * *

By J. M. Kennedy.

**The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus.** By J. Stuart Hay. (Macmillans. 8s. 6d. net.)

Some students of Roman History may perhaps be inclined to wonder why a nine-by-six volume of three hundred odd pages should be devoted to Heliogabalus. Most of us know what picturesque liars the "Scriptores" were, and what appalling ill-judgment they almost invariably exhibited; but was it worth while writing a book to contradict them? Can Heliogabalus be whitewashed?

Yes. In the first place, it was highly necessary that this portion of Roman History should be re-written in the light of the researches pursued by Continental scholars during the last thirty years or so, and the resultant new evidence provided by inscriptions, coins, and so forth. In the second place, it is impossible to write about Heliogabalus without dealing with the religions of the time, and the exact status of Christianity in Rome in the early part of the third century is a subject of much interest and importance. Apart from all this, of course, there is the partial rehabilitation of the Emperor himself. From the absurd contradictions in the very writers (particularly Lampridius) who are usually regarded as authorities on him, it must have been clear to any psychological reader of history that Heliogabalus could not have been the mere weak-willed sensualist and pervert depicted by the later "Scriptores." It has remained for Mr. Hay to study the works of dozens of recent writers, to add to them a great many sensible observations of his own, and then to present us with a picture which looks much more like the real Heliogabalus than the caricature to which we have hitherto been accustomed.

Mr. Hay shows conclusively that the boy-emperor did not allow himself to be led by the nose by his female relatives, particularly his grandmother. This is a great point in his favour. It is certainly creditable for a youth in his early teens to have been able to withstand and checkmate the schemes of the ambitious women of the period; and the story of the rising narrated in chapter vi., together with Mr. Hay's description of the conduct of the emperor on that occasion, certainly indicates that he was not lacking in courage. As for the vices with which Heliogabalus has been reproached, Mr. Hay is equally right in showing that they do not, after all, appear to be so very terrible when investigated from the standpoint of modern medical science of the Kraft-Ebing school.

The religious problem, however, is more important still, although Dill and Tucker have naturally shown religion in Rome was polytheistic, and it was the aim of the new Emperor to introduce "a fantastic Eastern monotheism, designed to extinguish the polytheistic atheism which permeated Roman Society" (p. 233). As our author points out on p. 212 :—

> Roman religion was in the third century what it always had been, purely political. It was the prosperity of the Empire, its peace and immortality, for which sacrifices were made; with the individual, his happiness and prosperity, it concerned itself not at all. The antique virtues were civic, not personal.

It was the desire of Heliogabalus, of course, to absorb into his own faith as many doctrines as he thought fit of the numerous little sects in the Empire, including the Christians, and then to rule as spiritual and temporal head. If this scheme had been carried out it would undoubtedly have welded the Empire together and incidentally put an end to Christianity in Europe. When we recollect that this grandiose project arose in the mind of a boy of sixteen we shall be inclined to alter our views of Heliogabalus, if they are the current views, very considerably. And how near this scheme came to being carried through, a perusal of Mr. Hay's exceedingly well-written pages will show. That it did fail, that Heliogabalus was finally assassinated and thrown down the main sewer of his capital, was not due to any lack of effort, courage, or intelligence on his part, but to the machinations of a clique, composed chiefly of his own relatives, which he was too young to overcome. "A close shave for Christianity" might well be the heading of one of Mr. Hay's later chapters, and we should have this portion of his book read in pulpits to imbue our clergymen with those principles of humility which they are supposed to put into practice and which most of them have forgotten. But Mr. Hay's book, it need hardly be added, is worthy of a much wider and more intellectual circulation; for no student of psychology, history, or theology can afford to neglect the new light it casts upon a vital period in the annals of the Roman Empire.

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By T. E. Hulme.

**L'Attitude du Lyrisme Contemporain.** By Tancrède de Visan. (Mercure de France.)

This is an extremely good and an extremely interesting book. I recommend those who either know nothing of modern French poetry or who, knowing something, want their knowledge systematised, to buy it at once. (True inwardness of movement.)

I confess that its goodness was a surprise to me. When I first picked it up I saw that it was a collection of essays on all the poets that one has known about for some time. The names on the cover—Verhaeren, De Regnier, Mockel, Paul Fort, Maeterlinck, and Viele-Griffin seem just the same as those in Beaunier's book, "La Poesie Nouvelle," that I read some five or six years ago. There were no new names. I found this to be an illustration of one of my favourite theories—that French verse, after a short period of great interest, the most vital that had occurred for centuries, had now arrived at comparative stagnation, and had been succeeded by a period during which French philosophy, also for the first time for centuries, was to dominate Europe.

However, when I commenced to read the book I found it vastly different to what I had expected. It is not a mere collection of disconnected, though intelligent, essays on the fashionable moderns that we all of us know, the kind of thing which any literary man who is in the know can turn out at his leisure, but is really a definitely-thought-out attempt to exhibit all these poets as particular manifestations of the same general current of ideas.

It starts out from this thesis. That there is in each generation what Taine called a "temperature morale," which is to be found at the same epoch in all the different orders of mental activity, and which constitutes "l'état général de l'esprit de moeurs environnantes." To any tendency of poetry at a given time there is a corresponding tendency of philosophy. The psychology of one of Corneille's heroes corresponds to the pure Cartesian doctrine. To the Positivism of Comte and Littre corresponds in literature the spread of naturalism and the "Parnasse." The criticism of Taine, the poetry of Leconte de Lisle, the novels of Flaubert, the painting of Courbet, all live in one common atmosphere. The question then arises, what similar parallelism holds good of modern French literature and philosophy—Monsieur De Visan's book is a reasoned attempt to prove that the spirit which finds expression in the Symboliste movement in poetry is the same as that represented by Bergson in philosophy.

They are both reactions against the definite and the clear, not for any preference for the vague as such, not for any mere preference for sentiment, but because both feel, one by a kind of instinctive, unconscious process and the other as the result of reasoning, that the clear conceptions of the intellect are a definite distortion of reality. Bergson represents a reaction against the atomic and rational psychology of Taine and Spencer, against the idea that states of mind can be arrived at by the summation of more elementary states. He asserts the mental states from a continuous and unanaly-

sable state of flux which cannot from its nature be ever represented clearly by the intellect, but must be seized by a process of intuition. The Symbolist reaction against the Parnasse is exactly the same reaction in a different region of thought. For what was the Parnassian attitude? It was an endeavour always to keep to accurate description. It was an endeavour to create poetry of "clear" ideas. They employed always clear and precise descriptions of external things and strove by combinations of such "atoms of the beautiful" to manufacture a living beauty. To the Symbolists this seems an impossible feat. For life is a continuous and unanalysable curve which cannot be seized clearly, but can only be felt as a kind of intuition. It can only be got at by a kind of central vision as opposed to analytic description, this central vision expressing itself by means of symbols. M. Visan would then define Symbolism as an attempt by means of successive and accumulated images to express and exteriorise such a central lyric intuition. This is the central idea of the book, and the working of it out in the detailed study of the poets of the movement is extremely well done. It is very interesting to see how a complex thought like that of Bergson should be unconsciously anticipated and find a tentative expression in a purely literary movement.

One amusing expression should be noted. He gives an interesting description of the eager little sets of students who used to attend Bergson's lectures at the Collège de France, and contrasts it with the present-day, when it is impossible to find a seat and the hall is overpowered by the feathers and "blasphemous scents" of women.

# The Journey to Bruges.

By Katherine Mansfield.

"You got three-quarters of an hour," said the porter. "You got an hour mostly. Put it in the cloak-room, lady."

A German family, their luggage neatly buttoned into what appeared to be odd canvas trouser legs, filled the entire space before the counter, and a homœopathic young clergyman, his black "dicky" flapping over his shirt, stood at my elbow. We waited and waited, for the cloak-room porter could not get rid of the German family, who appeared to be explaining to him by their enthusiasm and gestures the virtue of so many buttons. At last the wife of the party seized her particular packet and started to undo it. Shrugging his shoulders, the porter turned to me. "Where for?" he asked. "Ostend." "Wot are you putting it in here for?" I said, "Because I've a long time to wait." He shouted, "Train's in 2.20. No good bringing it here. Hie, you there, lump it off!" My porter lumped it. The young clergyman, who had listened and remarked, smiled at me radiantly. "The train is in," he said, "really in. You've only a few moments, you know." My sensitiveness glimpsed a symbol in his eye. I ran to the book-stall. When I returned I had lost my porter. In the teasing heat I ran up and down the the platform. The whole travelling world seemed to possess a porter and glory in him except me. Savage and wretched I saw them watch me with that delighted relish of the hot in the very much hotter. "One could have a fit running in weather like this," said a stout lady, eating a farewell present of grapes. Then I was informed that the train was not yet in. I had been running up and down the Folkestone express. On a higher platform I found my porter sitting on the suit case. "I knew you'd be doin' that," he said, airily. "I nearly come and stop you. I seen you from 'ere." I dropped into a smoking compartment with four young men, two of whom were saying good-bye to a pale youth with a cane. "Well, good-bye, old chap. It's frightfully good of you to have come down. I knew you. I knew the same old slouch. Now, look here, when we come back we'll have a night of it. What? Ripping of you to have come, old man." This from an enthusiast, who lit a cigar as the train swung out, turned to his companion and said, "Frightfully nice chap, but—lord—what a bore!" His companion, who was dressed entirely in mole, even unto his socks and hair, smiled gently. I think his brain must have been the same colour: he proved so gentle and sympathetic a listener. In the opposite corner to me sat a beautiful young Frenchman with curly hair and a watch-chain from which dangled a silver fish, a ring, a silver shoe, and a medal. He stared out of the window the whole time, faintly twitching his nose. Of the remaining member there was nothing to be seen from behind his luggage but a pair of tan shoes and a copy of the "Snark's Summer Annual." "Look here, old man," said the enthusiast, "I want to change all our places. You know those arrangements you've made—I want to cut them out altogether. Do you mind?" "No," said the Mole, faintly. "But why?" "Well, I was thinking it over in bed last night and I'm hanged if I can see the good of us paying fifteen bob if we don't want to. You see what I mean?" The Mole took off his pince-nez and breathed on them. "Now, I don't want to unsettle you," went on the Enthusiast, "because, after all, its your party—you asked me. I wouldn't upset it for anything, but—there you are—you see——what?" Suggested the Mole: "I'm afraid people will be down on me for taking you abroad." Straightway the other told him how sought after he had been. From far and near, people who were full up for the entire month of August had written and begged for him. He wrung the Mole's heart by enumerating those longing homes and vacant chairs dotted all over England, until the Mole deliberated between crying and going to sleep. He chose the latter procedure. They all went to sleep except the young Frenchman, who took a little pocket edition out of his coat and nursed it on his knee while he gazed at the warm, dusty country. At Shorncliffe the train stopped. Dead silence. There was nothing to be seen but a large, white cemetery. Fantastic it looked in the late afternoon sun, its full-length marble angels appearing to preside over a cheerless picnic of the Shorncliffe departeds on the brown field. One white butterfly flew over the railway lines. As we crept out of the station I saw a poster advertising the "Athenæum." The Enthusiast grunted and yawned, shook himself into existence by rattling the money in his trouser pockets. He jabbed the Mole in the ribs. "I say, we're nearly there! Can you get down those beastly golf clubs of mine from the rack?" My heart yearned over the Mole's immediate future, but he was cheerful and offered to find me a porter at Dover and strapped my parasol in with my rugs. We saw the sea. "It's going to be beastly rough," said the Enthusiast. "Gives you a head, doesn't it? Look here, I know a tip for sea-sickness, and it's this: You lie on your back—flat—you know, cover your face, and eat nothing but biscuits."

"Dover!" shouted a guard.

In the act of crossing the gangway we renounced England. The most blatant British female produced her mite of French: we "Si vous plait'd" one another on the deck, "Merci'd" one another on the stairs, and "Pardon'd" to our heart's content in the saloon. The stewardess stood at the foot of the stairs, a stout, forbidding female, pock-marked, her hands hidden under a businesslike-looking apron. She replied to our salutations with studied indifference, mentally ticking off her prey. I descended to the cabin to remove my hat. One old lady was already established there. She lay on a rose and white couch, a black shawl tucked round her, fanning herself with a black feather fan. Her grey hair was half covered with a lace cap and her face gleamed from the black drapings and rose pillows with charming old-world dignity. There was about her a faint rustling and the scents of camphor and lavender. As I watched her, thinking of Rembrandt and, for some reason, Anatole France, the stewardess bustled up, placed a canvas stool at her elbow, spread a newspaper upon it, and banged down a receptable rather like a baking tin. . . . I went up on deck. The sea was bright green with rolling waves. All the beauty and artificial flower of France had removed their hats and bound their heads in veils. A number of young German men displaying their national bulk in light coloured suits cut in the pattern of pyjamas, promenaded. French family parties—the female element in chairs—

the male in graceful attitudes against the ship's side, talked already with that brilliance which denotes friction! I found a chair in a corner against a white partition, but unfortunately this partition had a window set in it for the purpose of providing endless amusement for the curious, who peered through it, watching those bold and brave spirits who walked "for'ard" and were drenched and beaten by the waves. In the first half hour the excitement of getting wet and being pleaded with and rushing into dangerous places to return and be rubbed down, was all absorbing. Then it palled—the parties drifted into silence. You would catch them staring intently at the ocean—and yawning. They grew cold and "snappy." Suddenly a young lady in a white woollen hood with cherry bows got up from her chair and swayed over to the railings. We watched her, vaguely sympathetic. The young man with whom she had been sitting called to her. "Are you better?" Negative expressed. He sat up in his chair. "Would you like me to hold your head?" "No," said her shoulders. "Would you care for a coat round you? . . . Is it over? . . . Are you going to remain there?" . . . He looked at her with infinite tenderness. I decided never again to call men unsympathetic, and to believe in the all-conquering power of love until I died—but never put it to the test. I went below to sleep.

I lay down opposite the old lady, and watched the shadows spinning over the ceilings and the wave drops shining on the portholes.

In the shortest sea voyage there is no sense of time. You have been down in the cabin for hours or days or years. Nobody knows or cares. You know all the people to the point of indifference. You do not believe in dry land any more—you are caught in the pendulum itself, and left there, idly swinging. The light faded. I fell asleep, to wake to find the stewardess shaking me. "We are there in two minutes," said she. Forlorn ladies, freed from the embrace of Neptune, knelt upon the floor and searched for their shoes and hairpins—only the old and dignified one lay passive, fanning herself. She looked at me and smiled. "Grace de Dieu, c'est fini," she quavered in a voice so fine it seemed to quaver on a thread of lace. I lifted up my eyes. "Oui, c'est fini!" "Vous allez à Strasbourg, madame?" "No," I said; "Bruges." "That is a great pity," said she, closing her fan and the conversation. I could not think why, but I had visions of myself perhaps travelling in the same railway carriage with her, wrapping her in the black shawl, of her falling in love with me and leaving me unlimited quantities of money and old lace. . . . These sleepy thoughts pursued me until I arrived on deck. The sky was indigo blue, and a great many stars were shining; our little ship stood black and sharp in the clear air. "Have you the tickets? . . . Yes, they want the tickets. . . . Produce your tickets!" . . . We were squeezed over the gangway, shepherded into the custom house, where porters heaved our luggage on to long wooden slabs, and an old man wearing horn spectacles checked it without a word. "Follow me!" shouted the villainous-looking creature with whom I had endowed my worldly goods. He leapt on to a railway line, and I leapt after him. He raced along a platform, dodging the passengers and fruit waggons, with the security of a cinematograph figure. I reserved a seat and went to buy food at a little stall displaying grapes and greengages. The old lady was there, leaning on the arm of a large blond man, in white, with a flowing tie. We nodded. "Buy me," she said in her delicate voice, "three ham sandwiches, mon cher!" "And some cakes," said he. "Yes, and perhaps a bottle of lemonade."

"Romance is an imp!" thought I, climbing up into the carriage. The train swung out of the station; the air, blowing through the open windows, smelled of fresh leaves. There were sudden pools of light in the darkness; when I arrived at Bruges the bells were ringing, and white and mysterious shone the moon over the Grand' Place.

# The Sort of Prose-Articles Modern Prose-Writers Write.

**By Jack Collings Squire.**

No. VI.—THE TURKEY CARPET.

(Or "See How Many Authors *I* can Mention!")

"Life was built for them, not on the hope of a Hereafter, but on the proud self-consciousness of noble souls." Thus J. R. Green of the Anglo-Saxons. The gifted historian of the English people summarises in this one brief sentence the whole spiritual and mental outlook of a people. It is an outlook very distinct and clear cut, but an outlook from which we of the twentieth century have moved far indeed. It is difficult perhaps to define the distinction with any degree of exactitude. One remembers the philosopher in "Rasselas." "Deviation from nature is deviation from happiness," said he. "Let me only know what it is to live according to nature," observed the much-impressed Rasselas. "To live according to nature," replied the philosopher, "is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities arising from causes and effects: to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things." A kind of disquisition no more illuminating was that of Voltaire's professor of metaphysico-theologico-cosmolo-nigology. "It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for all being created for an end, all is necessarily for the best end. Observe that the nose has been formed to bear spectacles—thus we have spectacles." We should be wary, therefore, of attempting to draw hard and fast lines where no such lines may exist.

Nevertheless, it requires no very great penetration to discover that wherever the difference may lie there is certainly a difference, a difference so large, one may almost say, that it ceases to be a difference in degree and becomes one of kind, between a view of life such as that attributed to the Anglo-Saxons by Green (and even that of the Greeks as so acutely expounded by Mr. Lowes Dickinson in his excellent little manual), and that of the average Englishman, or for that matter Frenchman, of our own day. "Nothing but the infinite pity," said the author of "John Inglesant," "is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life." There perhaps we have the clue to the new factor which has intervened and worked a complete transformation in man's ways of looking at himself and at the universe. The same note may be found struck again and again over the whole vast range of modern literature. We find it in Shorthouse, we find it in Maeterlinck, we find it in Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, we find it in Tennyson, we find it in a writer so far apart from them all as Emile Zola.

It is true that here and there there is a revulsion, a throwback to the earlier type. Through the cosmic sea of sympathy that has flooded, as it were, the surface of the globe, the primæval fires beneath fling up now and then some reeking volcano of iron-heartedness and cynicism. This same Zola had a strong vein of it. One remembers that terrible sneer in "Dr. Pascal": "Suffering humanity cannot live without some lie or other to console it." Gissing too, a man in many respects poles apart from the great French realist, has that singularly sardonic remark in "Henry Rycroft": "We needs must laugh a little in the presence of suffering." Yet in his case it is rather perhaps that it is the very excess of his pity that makes him pitiless; for the phrase has an appendix, "else how should we live our lives?" In Matthew Arnold it is frequently possible without an undue exercise of fancy to detect the cynicism that is born of softness, the cruelty that is the obverse of the medal of love. "Few understood his language; none understood his aims." Thus G. H. Lewes of Goethe; and how often, indeed, do the greatest amongst us

speak to us in an alien tongue that we do not comprehend? There is often a barrier, impalpable, yet none the less real, between the genius and the mass of men among whom he moves. "If," says Rousseau in his Confessions, "I strive to speak to the people I meet, I certainly say some stupid thing to them; if I remain silent I am a misanthrope, an unsociable animal, a bear." Too true, alas! it is that the man who wishes to attract the gaze of the "general" cannot do it by speaking frankly and freely the truth that is in him. It has been the same from the dawn of the world. "It is a kind of policy in these dayes," writes old Burton of the "Anatomy," "to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold: for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing, like silly passengers, at an antick picture in a painter's shop, that will not look on a judicious piece." There are those in all times who possess a fatally potent gift for thus compelling the public gaze. As Seneca so forcibly put it, there are some who by the strangeness of their conceits will make him loiter by the way that was going to fetch a midwife for his daughter now ready to lie in. Simplicity and directness of utterance have always been recognised as a supreme merit by the few who can judge of these things. "Grandis, et ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa, nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit." Thus Petronius; but he was too much man of the world to let his practice accord with his principles.

In truth, the old materialism, whether of the more erect and admirable type or of the wallowing and grovelling type, is dead. We call ourselves materialists now, just as we call ourselves by many other strange names, but materialism no longer walks the globe. "The Animus," said Sterne, "taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling like a tadpole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle, or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shocked his imagination." The phraseology may be paralleled from Swinburne's amusing but perhaps rather too irreverent parody of Tennyson: "The soul squats down in the body like a tinker drunk in a ditch." After all, though, we ought not perhaps to carp at the freedom of Mr. Swinburne's jesting. Was it not Erasmus, himself the prince of jesters, yet a very serious man withal, who declared in his "Encomium Moriae" that "wits have always been allowed this privilege, that they might be smart upon any transactions of life, if so that their liberty did not extend unto railing." Though he himself qualifies his judgment somewhat by his implied rebuke to Juvenal for "raking in the sink of vices to procure a laughter." Certainly, if we cannot go the whole way with those who would elevate jesting to the highest place at the feast of life, we can, nevertheless, appreciate the force of the gentle Elia's rebuke to Coleridge. "I think, Charles," remarked the poet (referring to the pulpit experiences of his earlier life), "that you never heard me preach." "My dear boy," replied Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else!" But genius is like the wind. It bloweth where it listeth. Carlyle was uttering nothing more than a much needed warning when in "Sartor Resartus" he asked, "Would criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man?"

It may even be doubted whether at bottom all criticism is not entirely useless and purposeless. The critical spirit of Walt Whitman criticised criticism itself. "Showing the best and dividing it from the worst," runs that memorable passage in the "Song of Myself," "age vexes age; knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while they discuss I am silent, and go bathe, and admire myself." And even were all criticisms unquestionably just and impeccably acute, could they instruct any save the already instructed? "The power of instruction," observes Gibbon, "is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is already superfluous." Machiavelli was even more sweeping. "The world," says he in his placid way, "consists only of the vulgar."

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE STRIKES.

Sir,—I fear very few of the general public can know of the serious evils to the individual and the nation arising from the want of a sufficiency of food, week in and week out, amongst the working classes. That these unfortunate people are using that terrible and withal clumsy weapon of "the strike" for better and more humane conditions of life we all know, but we do not all know, especially the employers, that from the embryonic state to the grave millions lack a sufficient amount of proper food! It is absolutely necessary, a sine quâ non, that the human being in embryo to develop normally its body and brain must receive through its mother a sufficiency of food; to accomplish this the mother must get, or be supplied with, a sufficiency of proteids, carbo hydrates and fat. Now, take the case of the average working-class wife when pregnant. It may happen that during the whole period of gestation that unfortunate woman has lacked a sufficiency of food with which to aid her offspring to develop, normally, body and brain; the question anent her own poor body we will not touch upon. Well, then, gestation being ended, the human being enters upon a world of misery (to him), improperly developed, mentally and physically. It may be at the time, and often is, the father is out of work. Can we wonder that that child soon joins the ever-increasing army of the insane, idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded, etc.? I am away from home and quoting from memory: On January 1, 1911, there were no fewer than 133,000 certified lunatics, of whom 122,000 were classed as "paupers," vide the last annual report of the Lunacy Commissioners. How many of the working-classes with weak brains, and therefore with weak wills, are in our midst in consequence of this permanent semi-starvation of the people it is impossible to estimate. It is an incontrovertible fact that the weekly life of millions of workers in these islands is six days' famine more or less and one day feast from Christmas Day to Christmas Day; and Society wonders that since 1832 to February, 1910, it spent £600,000,000 upon pauperism. Also that during the past 25 years it has spent upon "lunacy" over £71,000,000 sterling, vide Mr. John Burns' answer to Mr. Pike Pease in the House recently. And in spite of all this terrible outlay on preventible misery and disease, mental and physical, we find large numbers of employers, presumably educated men, with human sympathies, refusing to the employees a sufficiency of wages with which they can not only supply themselves and wives and children with a proper amount of proteids, carbohydrates and fat, but also their children in embryo. That it should be necessary for any individual in the 20th century to call attention to these elementary facts is deplorable.

It seems to me, sir, that nothing will be done till *all* the workers have a trade union and all unions are banded together into one vast federation of labour; or the trade of the country carried on by co-operative principles, on a fair and just basis to the workers.

That soldiers should be used for shooting down their brothers, fathers, cousins in the streets, because the latter are simply fighting for the ordinary conditions of life, shows a radical alteration is wanted in the basis of society in this 20th century; and that the rank and file of the police, themselves miserably paid and most shockingly tyrannised over by their superiors, should be used for the bludgeoning of the people, when only fighting for economic liberty, is a sad phase of the question. Unless the soldiers are kept out of the strike, I fear "the Jolly Roger" will be flying in every town and village in the kingdom ere long! The employers should be compelled by the Government and the King to concede the men's demands, reasonable enough in all conscience, and thereby stopping the strike.

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY,
Ex-member of St. Saviour's Guardians,
Southwark, London, S.E.

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### THE UNINDEA'D FABIAN AGAIN.

Sir,—Permit me to draw your attention to two important factors in connection with the railway unrest, as set forth in the complaints of the men themselves:—

(1) The Conciliation Boards, which began to give rise to much ill-feeling almost as soon as they were established, have now completely broken down. Despite the seven-years' agreement, subject to twelve months' notice from 1913, the men and their leaders are so greatly disappointed that they have had to disown the Boards now. The employees chosen by the men themselves cannot make headway on the sectional boards, and the decisions of the Central Board or the "Single Arbitrator" have, apparently, proved to be slow and irritating.

(2) The men particularly demand the recognition of their union.

Now, the secretary of the Fabian Society wrote to THE NEW AGE on December 7, 1907, in the following terms:—

"What the President of the Board of Trade [Mr. Lloyd George] has done is, under the guise of a complicated Conciliation Board, to take the hours and wages of the railway men for seven years out of the sphere of private bargaining, whether individual or collective; to deprive the directors for that period of the power of fixing either wages or hours; and to vest this power in an impartial arbitrator, who will occupy practically the position of a judge. Mr. Lloyd George is, in fact, to be congratulated on having set up in England the first 'Wages Board.' . . . And notwithstanding all the parade of 'conciliation,' reference to the arbitrator is, from the outset, automatically compulsory in every case in which the parties do not come to agreement. All that the men have to do is to bring forward, in their several sections, in each company, the demands already formulated for each section in their 'National All-Grades Programme,' and if and when these are not wholly or substantially conceded by the representatives of the directors, to let them go to arbitration which cannot be refused. . . . .

"Mr. Bell and the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have been blamed for acceding to a treaty which does not in set terms accord 'recognition' of the Trade Union. But fine words butter no parsnips. The fullest possible 'recognition,' as many a baffled Trade Union has found, does not, in itself, raise any man's wages or shorten any man's hours. When Mr. Lloyd George made the directors concede instead, what had scarcely ever entered into the men's wildest dreams, not only formal conference on equal terms between the directors and the men, but also Compulsory Arbitration on all issues of wages and hours, on every railway, in every part of the United Kingdom, the A.S.R.S. Executive rightly recognised that they were securing, for the hundred thousand men whom they represented, a vastly greater boon than 'recognition.' They had gone out to seek their father's asses. They had found a kingdom."

This letter is signed, "On behalf of the Fabian Executive Committee," by Mr. Edward R. Pease. Perhaps they regret it now. As Mr. J. Stuart Hay says somewhere in his book on Heliogabalus, the pen is an even more dangerous weapon than the sword, because it constitutes documentary evidence. I make no comment on what is set forth above; but if any of your Fabian readers particularly wish me to do so I shall be charmed to oblige them.

J. M. KENNEDY.

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## THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

Sir,—In spite of Mr. W. S. Kennedy's ingenious reasoning, I fear I am still unconvinced that we are better off as regards food under the Declaration of London than before. In time of war, of course, it is exceedingly probable that food would have been declared "absolute" contraband under the old laws; but we need not necessarily have acquiesced in this. Under the Declaration, however, food may at once be declared conditional contraband, and the stretching of Article 33 will make this practically "absolute." But now, as signatories to the Declaration, we are bound to abide by it, or else put ourselves in the anomalous position of breaking a law which we have chiefly helped to make. I have already said that, as neutrals, we may be benefited to some slight extent under the Declaration.

As for "commerçant," this word has a much broader meaning than "contractor," which corresponds rather to the French "entrepreneur" or (in certain cases) "fournisseur." "Trader," or even "merchant," would be a much better English equivalent of "commerçant." A reference to the words in question in the unabridged Littré, or any other good French dictionary, will, I think, make this clear.

S. VERDAD.

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## THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

Sir,—"Stanhope of Chester" gives the names of certain financial firms interested in the Union des Mines Marocaines, talks about S. Verdad's "honesty, and those of his critics"—a remark which I regret to say I cannot quite understand— and then upbraids me for suppressing facts. Facts, forsooth! I never suppress facts; but before I allow a fact to get into my columns it must be a relevant fact. I have already referred to the Morocco affair as a financial deal; and months ago I mentioned an even more important group of financiers than any included in my critic's list, viz., the Mannesmanns. The reader's knowledge is not enlarged by the information given by my critic —most of it, indeed, was given in the current "Contemporary Review" by Mr. Bensusan—and that is why I chose to omit it myself. When detailed financial information was relevant, as in the case of Turkey, I gave as much of it as I deemed necessary.

Now, a word in answer to one or two of my critic's other points. The Union des Mines is not the "chief manipulator of the Morocco wires." Herr Friedrich Krupp of Essen, being dead and buried, is no longer in a position to influence governments one way or the other. No, the Creuzot firm and the Krupp firm cannot engulf France and Germany in a war so that their business in armaments may be benefited.

These, sir, are the reasons why my critic's "facts" have been "suppressed."

S. VERDAD.

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## SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

Sir,—I am sorry if Mr. J. Haldane Smith finds my letter difficult to understand. One would have thought the expression "communisation of the product" in contradistinction to "communism of the means of production" clear enough, and I imagine most of your readers, be they Socialists or Communists, or what not, will have found it so.

The correspondence columns of THE NEW AGE are, of course, not the place to discuss at length such a wide subject as Socialist economics in their practical application. But, pace Mr. Smith, I must still insist, in common with most Socialists, that there is no fundamental distinction between the two stages of Socialism or Communism mentioned. Under a completely developed Socialist system the ratio of demand and supply could, and probably would, be ascertained far more effectively by a scientific procedure of investigation than by the present rule of thumb methods of commercial competition. There need be no "taxation of the individual for utilities judged necessary for him," since with a properly organised system of production, readily adjustable, expanding and contracting in response to all varieties of needs, the burdens of production would fall with a relatively equal incidence upon all. The retention of the cumbrous money-system, necessary not only now, but during the earlier stages of Socialism, would then be a needless and clumsy survival, which as a nuisance would have become at once obsolete, and a thing to be abolished.

E. BELFORT BAX.

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## THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—I should, of course, be interested in the views of Mr. Purchar who has spent 36 years in South Africa, but not so much as if I had not spent fifteen there myself, did not come of pioneers who were fighting the natives four generations ago, and was not now possessed of relatives in the country at least as thick as milk-bushes, including a brother who was a Native Commissioner, speaks ten dialects, and probably can tell me as much about the Bantu as anyone. My correspondents, except one or two who have always lived in towns and don't know a Fingo from a Matabele, despise the recent frantic action of the women's committees. I heard—and the fact has since been stated in the South African papers—that one of the resolutions seriously sent to the astounded Government demanded that all men, white and black, who *attempted* rape should be executed!

When sexual indulgence is desired only by the man, such indulgence is called rape; the world may put two and two together about this rare occurrence. Men, in their own defence, if not for the sake of truth, should invent some kind of moral damages to be exacted from women who plague them. In fact, most women turn every pleasant circumstance into a sex-trap for someobdy, and they metamorphose all beauty, beautiful music, pictures, poetry and even the thrilling glory of natural scenes into sex-feeling. It has been suggested that women should go on strike as wives in order to get the vote. But the world of men on strike—Heavens! draw a veil!

Women expressed indignation at Mr. Sickert's satirical sketch of a delicate female carrying dirty water. But what satire could express a tithe of the indelicacy exhibited by the W.S.P.U. in congratulating that disgraceful woman in India who did a man to death when a pretence of virtue, let alone her confessed opposition, would have scared him—when he was already retreating? The drunken Umtali native retreated, yet thousands of women howled for his death with the curious coincidence, if Mr. Purchar will not admit it as a result, that women were attacked by natives in several other districts. It takes a woman perhaps longer than a man to comprehend that many women lie cruelly about assaults, and I confess that I once swallowed yarns of suffragettes which were leagues from the truth. If I had been old enough to consult my own experience, I should have replied: "You speak of your honour as if you meant your sex. Sex is all the honour you seem to understand. If you cannot maintain it, and if you really value it, you should put it under some man's protection; go back even to the harem with your only treasure and cease from egging on the whole race of women to appear like one interminable Fool."

A Cape Town daily journal had a broad comment to make upon the women's stand for the integrity of their

"honour." Some wag wrote suggesting that three special sorts of dogs, trained to ward off native intruders, should be kept in every house: "Excellent! The good man would then have leisure to look after the lodger."

Mr. Purchar refers to my "inaccuracies," and regrets that space will not allow him to "traverse and disprove them categorically." His stock terms do not lead me to believe he would throw much light upon the subject. But, anyway, I only made two remarks. One was that I regarded the outbreak—though "no more than a dozen cases [not so many, it turns out] among millions of harmless natives—as the result of the hysterics of the white women": and if Mr. Purchar is going to disprove the theory that discussion of crime breeds crime, he will have a life task. The other remark was that I, personally, have never been insulted by a native. Mr. Purchar cannot disprove that categorically or any other way; he may disbelieve it, but the published testimony of several women who have travelled quite alone into the interior is to the same effect.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

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Sir,—Mr. T. A. R. Purchar, in his letter in reply to Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in THE NEW AGE of August 17 does not make it quite clear whether he denies the fact of "The Black Peril" in South Africa or only the "charge against tens of thousands of women of her own race," viz., that "the present epidemic in Africa of native crime is the result of the cry of the white women for the blood of the Umtali native." Presumably he denies the existence of the Black Peril when he writes in an equally sweeping fashion that "her statement, from the first word to the last, is in direct opposition to the facts, and conveys an entirely false impression of the situation which really exists in this country." As I have lived and worked among black people in West Africa and Jamaica, and have deep sympathy with the coloured races in all lands, I would be glad to believe that there is no black peril for white women in South Africa as there is none in West Africa and in Jamaica, but at the recent Universal Races' Congress in London I heard the message from white women all over South Africa to the Congress, delivered by Mrs. Alfred N. Macfadyen, who I understand is the wife of a Civil Servant. She came as a delegate from the Women's Citizen Club, Cape Town. I quote from the verbatim report in "The Christian Commonwealth" of August 9. Speaking as "the mouthpiece of a large number of white South African women," she said: "I am charged to express our solemn conviction of the gravity of the situation, and that unless the question is dealt with seriously and responsibly now, public excitement at some critical time may precipitate a race feud; and that this is one of the gravest roots of bitterness between the two races." There were other representatives of South Africa present, and none of her statements were challenged.

She went on to say: "The white woman is in the position to suffer more, morally, than any human being in South Africa, because women are always just ahead of men in racial aspiration after higher development, and are the 'growing point' of the South African nation." If the women of South Africa breathe the spirit of Olive Schreiner, who, in her already classic work "Women and Labour," writes, summarising the last pages of the original book, that to the world's lasting loss was destroyed during the Boer War: "As human societies pass on slowly from their present barbarous and semi-savage condition in matter of sex into a higher, it will be found increasingly, that over and above its function in producing and sending onward the physical stream of life (a function which humanity shares with the most lowly animal and vegetable forms of life, and which even by some noted thinkers at the present day seems to be regarded as its only possible function) that sex and the sexual relation between man and woman, have distinct æsthetic, intellectual, and spiritual functions and ends, apart entirely from physical reproduction. That noble as is the function of the physical reproduction of humanity by the union of man and woman, rightly viewed, that union has in it latent other and even higher forms of creative energy and life-dispensing power, and that its history on earth has only begun" (p. 27),—it will be so.

"A terror worse—far worse—than death is growing round her," continues Mrs. Macfadyen. "Speaking broadly, where the white woman was safe before, she is unsafe, or feels unsafe, now. Formerly—all honour to native men under native traditions—she was safe. Among Kaffirs this crime was regarded as the most heinous, as it was an injury to the tribe, to the race, and was frequently punished by death. Recent events have caused an extraordinary awakening among South African women, not only to the increasing danger, but to the fact that we are the guardians of womanhood in South Africa. We are contrite that we have not sufficiently realised this in the past, and we recognise that no woman can be wronged and all women not suffer, and we mean to throw our protection round every woman and child in the Union, however degraded or at whatever stage of development."

Are Mr. Purchar and Mrs. Hastings both blind to these two sides, one of menace and the other of hope, of the woman question in South Africa? Let Mr. Purchar favour THE NEW AGE with facts, not mere "views."

WILLIAM MARWICK.

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## MR. MASEFIELD'S "NAN."

Sir,—I am sure that Mr. Kennedy is sincere when he accuses me of hysterics, because he evidently thinks I shall be too flushed to notice how he has re-written me for the purpose of criticising my style! I beg to say that "we restorationists" is not to be found in my writing. Mr. Kennedy invented that in order to convince himself; and in revenge I shall inform him that one of our well-known critics is saying that Mr. Kennedy wrote the review of "Nan."

Just noting this tendency to over-statement (I am trying not to irritate a well-known lion), I beg him to refer to the epistle of Mr. Maurice Browne. Let him read that, and then if he disagrees with me that these young men are muddled in brain and mushy in feeling, and not to be described accurately except as I have described them, I shall be glad to read some criticism of his own in his quite famous, chaste and severe style.

To Mr. Browne's question: "When your soul stands naked before posterity, and that inexorable judge demands of you your account, saying 'A thing of beauty was laid in your hands—what have you done with it?' in that day what answer will you make?"—I suppose my answer would run somewhat like this: "Read my criticism!"

YOUR REVIEWER.

* * *

Sir,—From an obscure provincial paper I take the subjoined review of a play called "Antony and Cleopatra."

"This disgusting play is a record of the illicit loves of an old man and a gipsy, who, in present-day parlance, would be called a nymphomaniac. Of her the author says that

> "'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety,'

so we presume that she, too, is not in the first blush of youth.

"Of the character of her wit, only one example is given. The old man, her lover, is fishing, and she causes a slave to fasten a putrid and stinking fish on to his line, which he then pulls up amid roars of laughter. This is real Hampstead Bank Holiday humour.

"In the very first act the lady calls her maid to cut open her stays, presumably to expose 'her infinite variety' to a prurient and gaping audience. From this edifying scene we pass to an obscene dialogue with a eunuch, and so on through dreary descriptions of drunken debauches, where eight boars were roasted whole, till we come to the battle, during which the strumpet tries to bolt, and the old dotard follows her. The last act of all, and perhaps the most repulsive, is where the old man, defeated and deserted, sticks a sword in his stomach, and in a last frenzy of lust is hauled up, with protruding bowels, into the gipsy's chamber, where we leave them nuzzling with 'reachy kisses.' Finally the old man dies, and the woman commits suicide. Such, in outline, is the play which has received the approval of the Manchester Press."

Do I not recognise the hand of "The Reviewer of Nan" here? His favourite expressions "putrid," "stinking," "nuzzling," are all there. But this type of reviewer is, unhappily, common enough.

E. L. A.

* * *

Sir,—A slave to beauty and a believer in John Masefield as one of the few hopes of beauty in this present intellect-cursed age, I came back from the wilderness the other day and found with huge joy the fight that has been waged so ardently between "The Reviewer of 'Nan'" and Mr. Dukes. Joy, because one must be glad of any sign that a true poet is being taken as important, and what better sign than honest raging? Lord bless us, it seems only the other day that Mr. Yeats was telling us in the Little Theatre how he had had horrid fears lest "Nan" was going to point a humanitarian moral, and how, after all, Masefield came triumphantly through the last act, the imagination working tense. And now some gentleman attacks Mr. Masefield on precisely opposite grounds, asserting indeed that so far from any ethical teaching being

present in the play, the "heroine" had homicidal mania, and assaulted her rival out of petty jealousy. Well, such proceedings are all to the good, and about such a small point (artistically speaking) as the moral significance of the degrading of Jenny I need only refer you reviewer to Nan's expressed motive for the killing of her lover. Nan had reached the tragic height whereon conventional morality does, as a fact, play little part; but, if we are to consider motive from this moral standpoint, it need only be said that the same absolute vision which showed Nan how desirable it was to kill the worthless hedonist also showed the beauty of punishing and sweeping aside the "worthless, mean, lying little soul" of Jenny. Far more important, however, from the point of view of beauty—your reviewer's point of view—are the inevitability and poetic justice of Jenny's treatment. She did not deserve stabbing; she ate her own filth. I am afraid I do not bother what the police would have said of the killing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern by Hamlet, nor whether a drawing-room would have approved of Othello's felo-de-se. It was unfortunate for his case that your reviewer reminded us of the classics; for against him they yield their evidence. "Homicidal mania" —ahem.

For all that, it is excellent that the restorationists are raising their voices in all branches of art. It seems to me weak, though no doubt intentional, that Masefield was the man singled out for attack; but it is certainly excellent that the present craze for "expression" should be shown of no actual avail save when it results in beauty. Mr. Ludovici's book on painting is valuable as an attempt to bring back the pendulum, though if it were taken literally the pendulum would swing as far the other side. The restorationists in holding any art vile except that whose raw material contains beauty, limit in a deadening degree the scope of the artist. The question to be asked is not whether Shylock and Portia and Macbeth all acted from noble motives, and acted beautifully, but whether Shakespeare had a beautiful soul and reproduced his own beauty in works of beautiful style. Certainly the value of "Othello" is largely what it is because of the purity of Desdemona, but the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" is perhaps the most beautiful piece of dramatic writing in the language, fashioned out of a raw material which can only be called morbid and horrible. I am even inclined to think that it would not be contrary to artistic law to maintain that a sublime tragedy might contain only ignoble characters, but practically this is impossible because the sublime in an artist is naturally more easily stimulated by the contemplation of the sublime than that of the ignoble. It happens, therefore—since even a genius takes the line of least resistance—that every sublime drama contains a sublime character, though rarely more than one. The sublimer this character, the nobler the tragedy. Thus "Othello" is greater than "Macbeth" as a whole because Othello is heroic, while Lady Macbeth is only great. I put forward this argument not by any means as an absolute one, but as being a recognition that there probably is some truth, not yet crystallised, in the theory of the restorationists. Beauty of motive, however, and beauty—spiritual beauty—of action, whether in the raw material or in the finished work of art, cannot be demanded as a sine quâ non. Thus Nan might have assailed Jenny purely out of petty spite, and yet the tragedy might have been more beautiful even than it is if it had been written by a man of still purer imagination, and a still finer sense of dramatic value than Mr. Masefield.

The point about the privacy in a little cottage is a small one of the theatre, and your reviewer is probably in the right. In the same way, I personally am slightly jarred by a touch of too much coincidence in the matter of the jug, but that again is too small a point of technique to bother about. But Mr. Dukes might have considered one aspect of your reviewer's remarks about the ugliness of the bad meat incident; for here, whether we grant the application or not, the restorationists are on sound lines. It is a question of artistic beauty—a question whether, at that particular moment of the tragedy, when we are already outside and above the physical sphere, it does not offend our taste to be reminded that one can die of ptomaine poisoning. It is a question of artistry and the infallible touch.

Beauty may be only a by-product. The great artist may be stimulated by a worm to produce a matchless poem. He feels the desire for expression, may be, after grubbing among bones. The great, the inexplicable thing, is creation. Without creation the beauty is a sham; it is romantic and will die. Whether a creation shall be beautiful or not depends on many operations, few of them in the conscious mind of the creator. At the moment of creation he can do nothing but creak—if he is filthy he will be filthy still—and the operation of conscious taste is a negative one, weeding out and killing the ugly, but never producing new beauty.

LEONARD INKSTER.

## "THE ENGLISH REVIEW."

Sir,—From the reading of Mr. R. B. Kerr's letter in your issue of August 17, I regret that by the word "lovers" I can only understand "persons between whom easy-going sexual intercourse exists," not just "friends" in any great or noble sense, nor even great and single-hearted "lovers," such as figure in many "clean" divorce cases, where a woman leaves a husband for a lover, or vice-versa.

It therefore appears that the husbands, assumed to be more or less complaisant because divorce is not to be sought, and the men who are getting their sexual pleasures on the cheap are equally "lovers" of the wives, as neither object to promiscuity; while any similarly minded married women, seduced maidens or paid harlots who may be adding to the husbands' felicities or consoling them for the temporary loan of their wives, are, with the wives, equally "lovers" of the husbands. If this deduction appears too far-fetched to be relished we might say that, as the wife gives herself to the unattached man for pleasure and not for keep or profit, these two are "lovers," while the husband and wife stand in the relation of occasional father and permanent paid harlot—and, incidentally, joint guardians of the home not to be broken by divorce by any decent man or woman.

Of course, a merely faithful wife who does not actually love her husband is not in this way a harlot, as, not possessing true love to keep her single-minded, she dignifies and honours the ideal of duty to husband and children implied in the marriage contract sufficiently to keep her what is conventionally known as pure.

According to Mr. Kerr's letter, promiscuity among respectable married women may soon become common over here, and as I am a respectable middle-class husband myself, I should like to see the following two points of equity soberly considered. Perhaps Mr. Kerr can say what his Canadian examples would think about them.

First, my harl—, I beg your pardon, my wife not only costs me money to keep, but is also prospective bearer of the legitimate children I may require to carry on my business, estates, name and so on. In the event of her contracting a contagious disease from a lover should I not be able to claim damages from the lover for depreciation of her value as a possible mother, and for sufficient money to buy safe "love" elsewhere, if necessary? If not, would divorce then be a "decent" proceeding?

Second, if my income only permits of my keeping a wife and properly educating and launching three children, and her lover insists on helping my wife to produce more, should I not be able to obtain a maintenance allowance from the lover for each child of his? If not, would it be right to send his children to the workhouse or should I only carefully differentiate between his children and mine, to ensure mine getting the best and most of everything I provide.

By the by, how soon would a child be told who his father is? And would Brown's child by Mrs. Smith be called "John Brown" Smith to remind him of his respectable parentage? Brown might be quite a superior man.

Of course, there may be a chance that it is never known who is the father of any child. How delightfully interesting for the mother and the possible fathers, as well as the child itself. I suppose, unless she tells lies to all concerned, its respectable mother will tell the child, when old enough to understand, "I never was certain who your father was, we were all so lover-like together."

Mr. Kerr does not tell us whether all the children of the Canadian families are likely to be those of the husbands or not, but presumably if a husband does not want the expense and trouble of any children except his own, he should be careful to watch that his harl—, bother! it will slip out—his wife only gives herself to other men with scientific precautions; even though it may be that instinctively poetical lovers such as these never love so greatly and naturally as to desire that crown and consummation of love—a child of their own. Love, apparently being concerned with pleasure only, while for child bearing and rearing, legitimised harlotry is sufficient. Here we perhaps see the true meaning of the last line of Pope's quoted couplet:

"When love is liberty, and nature—law."

Oh, those poor poets! What they have been said to have said and meant. Marriage may be, and too often is, alas, only a contract, but it is a contract which implies certain duties and restrictions on both sides to be honoured. Free love, provided it is single-minded and great while it lasts, may be an inspiring and clean ideal. But a mixture of legal marriage, with all the disadvantages and vices it may produce, and easy-going promiscuity—Faugh!

Do our women really want this for themselves and their children? Not the clean-minded among them, anyway, I am sure

NEVILL ELIOT.

### MATES AND SUPER-MATES.

Sir,—This would be an appropriate heading for the letter in last week's issue of THE NEW AGE, signed R. B. Kerr.

The writer states that he is acquainted with three married women in an agricultural part of Canada who have "lovers in addition to their husbands," that they "go to church," and are "considered respectable," although the position is known, and that at present they have been "cut by no one," although "there is gossip about all of them." He adds: "There can be no doubt that American and Colonial examples like these will soon be followed by the general body of the English middle classes."

I agree that the monotony in which married life is so often passed leaves a "felt want," but I deny that this "addition" would give the "freedom combined with stability" which he truly asserts is "wanted by women." Husbands and wives have it in their own hands to break the conventional customs of married life, in their own interest.

If it is the stratagems and wiles which form the chief part of the charm of intercourse outside the marriage bond, why not introduce a little of the same into the usual life of domesticity? Why not have clandestine meetings as if with strangers? Why not make appointments by note, and find the sort of mutual refreshment and wish to give pleasure so expressive of the other relationship? A young couple might be much amused and interested in making plans to meet away from domestic engagements and worries which oppress them at home. If it is the sense of "spree" that gives life to what is called illicit pleasure, why banish that element so completely in the licensed existence?

The same men and women might make themselves "other people" to each other if they made opportunities only known to themselves to meet and be together in entertainments, moonlight walks, rows on the river.

If it were found well to lead this "double existence" they would both find great benefit and resume the ordinary life with a secret sparkle in it which much less desirable plans often fail to afford.

When afterwards they become fathers and mothers what a relief to have now and then a time planned by and for themselves without children, and with themselves only to please.

M. A. B.

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### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—Mr. Thorn has replied to my last letter in one of his own in which he has thrown his previous savoir faire to the winds, and has delivered himself of an attack in, if he will forgive my saying so, by no means the most courteous terms. He asks a great number of questions, to attempt to reply to which would be an impossibility, as it would require a space which I could not possibly expect you to grant. It is not everybody who is so completely satisfied with argument by obiter dictum as Mr. Thorn appears to be.

He says that Huxley did not know everything. I think that is a truism with which everybody will agree. I quoted Huxley for the simple purpose of showing that a statement of mine which had been dismissed by Mr. Thorn as ridiculous, had the support of Huxley, and that a statement which had the support of Huxley could not be put out of court by a simple obiter dictum of Mr. Thorn.

Then Mr. Thorn says that organic disease cannot be cured by suggestion. If he would be so good as to read my letter, he would discover that I have been insisting on that in the correspondence. What he has failed to observe is that Christian Science and suggestion are different things. Then he says that Jesus made no distinction between mental and organic disease. That, again, is something I have been insisting upon. Why, because of this, Mr. Thorn should insist that Christian Science has murdered a certain patient who died of cancer, I am at a loss to conceive. First of all, I am under the impression that many thousands of people die regularly of cancer under medical treatment. Would Mr. Thorn like to contend that these people are murdered by doctors, because the doctors, being Christians, are of opinion that Jesus made no distinction between mental and organic disease? I am afraid, with all due respect to Mr. Thorn, that there are other people besides Christian Scientists to whom a course of logic would be profitable. Secondly, when Mr. Thorn makes these charges, he should give chapter and verse for them, and all the evidence into the bargain. The only evidence he gives is that he says the surgeon at the inquest declared the woman's life might have been prolonged by an operation. Every day of the week surgeons are operating in the endeavour to prolong their lives, to the common knowledge of the world, with the result that the patients die promptly from the effects of the operation. It would give me no trouble to give Mr. Thorn ample proof of this. That Mr. Thorn should stoop to calling a practitioner a murderer for failing to heal another person is a better proof of Mr. Thorn's mental temperature than of anything else. The calling of names is an exceedingly elderly process. Wyclif was described as lie forger for having the hardihood to translate the Bible: there is a statue to Wyclif on the Embankment to-day; Darwin was politely dismissed as a monkey, for teaching the theory of evolution: Darwin's name is to be found in Westminster Abbey to-day.

Again, Mr. Thorn falls foul of me for saying that nobody with ordinary intelligence would imagine that a murderer was the image and likeness of God, as though, he declares triumphantly, the image and likeness of God was an established fact. I presume that it is an accepted fact that whatever men mean by God, they mean good. The image and likeness of good is not murderous, at any rate. It is safe, therefore, to assume that a murderer is not the image and likeness of God, if God is good. "What the person of the Infinite is," Mrs. Eddy has written on page 28 of "No and Yes," "we know not; but we are gratefully and lovingly conscious of the fatherliness of this Supreme Being."

Then, Mr. Thorn goes on to ask how it is possible "to conceive an absolute Intelligent Divinity producing an Evil Negation of itself." Frankly, I do not know, and as Christian Science insists that this is an impossibility, I scarcely know why Mr. Thorn should expect me to reply. It is the dilemma which led to Gnosticism in the Early Church, a dilemma to which what is known as orthodox theology has still to find an answer.

Finally, Mr. Thorn descends to the somewhat cheap humour of asking me to consult the Almighty and get an answer to these questions. On the whole, Mr. Thorn's method reminds one of nothing so much as that by which the philosopher Chuang Tzu accounted for the Confucian theories. The philosopher reaped a bloodless victory by putting into the mouth of his opponents every conceivable foolish statement he could think of, and reducing these questions to an absurdity in his reply. It is a system which has been practised with much frequency in the intervening centuries, and it only requires, in order that an apparent triumph may be gained, that the people for whose edification the exposure is prepared should be disinclined, or unable, to think for themselves.

FREDERICK DIXON.

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### NIETZSCHE AND ART.

Sir,—When writing my review it occurred to me that Mr. E. Wake Cook would favour us with a letter on this subject; but I must confess that I looked for something better from him. Anyone who, like him, still believes in "idealism" and Wagner, and speaks of "orchestral opulence" for the "larger needs" of souls whose stomachs are not yet even able to digest simple fare must be so far above Nietzsche as to be floating in the clouds.

What, indeed, makes me suspect that Mr. Cook is really a romanticist (and hence cloudy) is the fact that he still believes in "progress," and is thus obviously too ill for even Mr. Ludovici's antidotes to have any effect on him. Mr. Cook, indeed, like all modern men, who are so tolerant that they cannot say Yea or Nay definitely to any colour, sign, smell, or spirit, naturally cries "narrow!" when anybody with some really definite taste in regard to colours, signs, smells, or spirit, stands up and makes a categorical statement about them, or declares that he knows what is right. The use of the expression, "the progressive life of art," really does show how little Mr. Cook understands the condition of things prevailing to-day.

This all-embracing tolerance, this complete inability to make up one's mind, this responding to every whiff and sentiment, no matter whence it comes: all these are things which Nietzsche himself strictly avoided, which he thundered against year in and year out, and which his real disciples naturally avoid likewise. To swallow realism and idealism together means intellectual and artistic indigestion, a disease from which Mr. Cook's letter shows him to be suffering in a somewhat acute form.

If it were not for the fact that Mr. Wake Cook's letter is clearly written in good faith, I should suspect a joke beneath the suggestion that the Apollo of Tenea is the apotheosis of a Dutch doll. It leads me to think that I should not only advise Mr. Cook to study the Apollo of Tenea—a piece of advice which he might have taken as tacit in the book—but also Dutch dolls, a course of study which Mr. Ludovici may be excused for not having recommended as needful.

I am, of course, pleased that Mr. E. Wake Cook should agree with some of my remarks; but I think I can assure him that a second or third reading of Mr. Ludovici's book will show that it has not made the artistic confusion of the day worse confounded. It is a thoroughly constructive work; but, while classicists will agree with practically every word in it, romanticists possibly find themselves swept off their legs by it.

J. M. K.

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