NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Keir Hardie should take the precaution of Cabinet Ministers and prepare his speeches for important occasions to the extent of writing them out. He would be saved many appearances of being defeated in debate when, as a matter of fact, he has won. On Tuesday, for example, the first impression of observers was that Mr. Lloyd George had him fairly by the argument. We believe that Mr. Lloyd George, being a lawyer, and a clever lawyer, was not omitting any point, relevant or irrelevant, on which he could score. Nevertheless, it really appeared that he was scoring legitimately and convicting Mr. Hardie not only of careless inaccuracy but of deliberate perversion. Later reflection and analysis of the speeches showed, however, that Mr. Hardie, though literally inaccurate, had not been untruthful. Stripped of its exaggeration, his indictment of the Government proves to be only too true in the essential particulars of his charge. It may not be the case that the Government brought no pressure to bear on the companies; but it is true that this pressure was brought at the last moment and not, as it should have been, at the first. It may not be accurate to describe the orders given to the military as to shoot down strikers; yet, judging by results alone, and apart from the impudent admissions of Mr. Churchill, this is what the military were both prepared and authorised to do at their own discretion. This being the case, it is not too much to say that Mr. Keir Hardie's remarks were substantially true though superficially inaccurate, while Mr. Lloyd George's were exactly the reverse.

Now, we do not deny the right of any representative and responsible Government to employ force for the maintenance of law and order. Force for this purpose is as legitimately employed as for the purpose of national self-preservation. On the contrary, exactly because the employment of force in civil matters is, in one sense, a self-damage, the occasion for it should be postponed or avoided by every possible means, its quantity should be limited to the minimum indispensable, and the utmost pains should be taken to employ it on the side of justice. We confess that our bias was not antecedently in the direction of crediting Mr. Churchill with these precautions. A Minister who could himself superintend the military bombardment of a private house containing two suspected but unconvicted persons was obviously capable of anything when opportunity offered a larger platform for his Neronian performances. As a matter of fact, no pains whatever—that we can discover traces of—were taken by the Government to anticipate and to restrain the exact outbreak of the railway men, or to limit the scope of the employment of military force, and least of all to employ it on the side of justice. Every precaution, in short, that a true Minister of State would assuredly take to do as little damage as possible to the commonwealth was neglected; with the result that the so-called settlement will not only prove no settlement at all, but a mere breathing space, during which labour will collect its wits and its forces for a more powerful attack on law and order; but, as can easily be shown, the Government itself was within an ace of provoking a civil revolution, and was only saved therefrom by the magnanimity (or the weakness) of the men's official leaders.

It is commonly assumed by people whose information is derived solely from the worst portions of the Press, that a strike of the kind we have just seen occurs without any public warning. The maudlin theory of these individuals is that the workmen are secretly operated upon by agitators, who fasten on some small labour grievance and fan it to a flame which burns in secret until it reaches the powder magazine, which then explodes, in the form of a strike, to everybody else's astonishment. Nothing, of course, can be further from the truth. Anybody who has attempted to arouse Englishmen to a sense of their wrongs knows perfectly well how little inflammable they are. It is not their disposition to take offence easily or lightly to "down tools" at the suggestion of any person, however magical an agitator. They are slow to wrath and plenteous in endurance. Long before they are anywhere near striking point, the signs of the gathering storm are everywhere made visible and audible. In the present instance, indeed, the railwaymen have been too long in coming to a head on a matter that began to be grievous three years ago, and became intolerable last September. Any other men in their situation would have been driven to desperation long ago. But for the miraculous self-possession of their leaders the railwaymen themselves would have struck last year. It was no idle boast on the part of Mr. Thomas when he declared that he had held the men back for months. But if even the public may be forgiven for being taken by surprise by a strike that has cast its shadow before it during three years, the same excuse is not open to the Government and particularly to the Board of Trade. Mr. MacDonald makes the strange complaint that the men did not "give the Board of Trade to understand definitely and specifically that if the companies did not..."
keep the Agreement there would be trouble." It is certainly a novel doctrine that a Government Department requires to be threatened with trouble before it can reasonably be expected to see that its own agreements are carried out. The railwaymen may not have been properly informed of this new theory, and may, therefore, have neglected to threaten the Board of Trade definitely and specifically with a national strike in the event of its continued apathy. On the other hand, they did all that ordinary citizens think it proper to do under civil government, and adduced the detestable Conciliation Acts with their grievances and kept the Government very well informed of the breaches made by the companies in the Agreement of 1907. More than that it was neither their duty nor their policy to do. The onus was left on the Board of Trade to take steps voluntarily and at discretion to investigate and, if necessary, to remedy the grievances. The fact that the Board of Trade did absolutely nothing, but with the permission of the Cabinet allowed things to drift, is sufficient evidence that the employment of force in civil matters is not the detestable thing to the Government that it is to us. They could safely deny justice and the remedy of grievances, since at the first sign of trouble they could call out the soldiers against their fellow citizens as easily as if their fellow-citizens were invading foreigners.

The neglect to anticipate the trouble being thus unmistakeably laid at the door of the Government, we might have supposed that the force they were compelled to employ to correct their blunder would have been used with the utmost circumspection and consideration. Far from this, however, the intrepid Mr. Churchill, who is really too dangerous an incendiary to mention, suggested that the railwaymen, who had conspired to defeat the intentions of an Act of Parliament, and of the no less notorious Board of Trade, to take steps voluntarily and at their own discretion—and not only the railwaymen but the railway companies as the railway directors chose to dictate. To those of use like the President of the Board of Trade who have been aware of the just grievances of the railwaymen since the institution of the detestable Conciliation Boards in 1907, the outbreak of the strike was a sign that flesh and blood could not endure the vile and illegal treatment by the companies any longer. The fact itself of the strike constituted a prima facie case for the men and against the companies. Yet in spite of this knowledge, in spite of the fact that it was notoriously the companies who had conspired to defeat the intentions of an Act of Parliament, and of the no less notorious fact that the men had in vain exhausted all civil means of persuading the companies to act by the spirit and letter of the Conciliation Acts, the Government's first impulse, as we say, was to assume the men to be wrong. The third precaution in the use of civil force was no worse than this.

The third precaution in the use of civil force was no worse than this. The railway directors themselves could not more completely have prejudged the case in their own favour. Later on the Government found itself compelled by the fear of worse things to come, to offer a Royal Commission of Inquiry, but only then with such guarantees to the companies as the railway directors chose to dictate. To those of us like the President of the Board of Trade who have been aware of the just grievances of the railwaymen since the institution of the detestable Conciliation Boards in 1907, the outbreak of the strike was a sign that flesh and blood could not endure the vile and illegal treatment by the companies any longer. The fact itself of the strike constituted a prima facie case for the men and against the companies. Yet in spite of this knowledge, in spite of the fact that it was notoriously the companies who had conspired to defeat the intentions of an Act of Parliament, and of the no less notorious fact that the men had in vain exhausted all civil means of persuading the companies to act by the spirit and letter of the Conciliation Acts, the Government's first impulse, as we say, was to assume the men to be wrong and to throw their swords into the scales of the companies. It is useless to pretend, as Mr. Churchill pretends, that the pre-occupation of the Government was solely with safeguarding the food supply. What, we ask, would they have done if instead of a third, the whole of the railwaymen had come out? To guarantee the food supply under those conditions would have necessitated the employment of the army in the actual running of the railway service. Even as it was, the measures which Mr. Churchill employed were provocative enough to a less stolid set of men than those who surrounded him. Therefore, there is no need to demand the help of the police, or to make the threat of civil war unnecessary. If the General Strike, with all that it implies, was not precipitated last week as a consequence of Mr. Churchill's propensity to misplaced melodrama, the credit is not his nor even his Government's. They and he did all that the folly of men could suggest to bring it about. The credit, if it is any credit to them, lies with the labour leaders and with them alone.

The conclusion is rapidly being forced on us that this instance of the Government instinctively and naturally siding with capitalists against both workmen and the public is not an isolated phenomenon but typical of its prevailing attitude. Baldly stated, it amounts to the apparently incredible charge that the Government is in
alliance with the rich class of profiteers against the commonwealth. We have resisted this charge when it has been brought against people who in our opinion failed to realise its gravity; but there is no denying in face of recent events that the evidence for it is accumulating. Words and phrases apart—and we are quite aware that Machiavelli did not live in vain—when we examine the actual effects of the Government's measures as translated into deeds, we see that far from bettering the greatest evil of modern times, the unequal distribution of wealth, they intensify it. Within the last ten years the rich have got richer and the poor poorer. Now we may assume, if we so dispose, that this disastrous and anarchic process is taking place in spite of and not because of political government. We may assume with the “Christian Commonwealth,” the “Daily News,” and the innocent idealism in general, that people like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are doing their very utmost to bring in the kingdom of heaven, only the task is so immensely difficult that even their colossal and benevolent genius may fail to accomplish it. On this assumption and others (Mr. Strachey, for example) spend our time in devising schemes to assist these heaven-sent legislators. We rise early and retire late to discover the sources of the great economic evil and to invent a remedy. But what if, after all, the very evil we are bent upon discovering might be to abolish prove to be a condition they strenuously employ all their force to maintain! That, we submit, would be a very grim joke to play on unsuspecting students of economics. Yet there it is, and there is the evidence stands the case of the rich. We discovered the secret of poverty, we know exactly where that tiger has its lair. In a single year with political power we could put an end to it. Why are our governors ignorant unless it be that they are wilfully ignorant? * * *

Another of the illusions shattered by recent events is the belief that the governing classes have a horror of strikes, and that we can avoid them. This is no longer any ground for believing this. We have seen that the Government itself has been well aware for three years at least that the railway men were brewing trouble; yet it took no steps to avoid it, and up to the very last moment appeared to take a delight in challenging the men to come on! And why not, indeed? Strikes and lock-outs fall with the greatest severity upon the workmen and the unoffending public. Upon shareholders the governing classes as a body the weight is inconsiderable, and the trifling damage they may do them is usually more than compensated by the inevitable settlement. It is true that strikes are the only weapon left to workmen, and for this reason we shall continue to consider them. But the question is, even then that edge is double. On the other hand, the strike is no final remedy, but only a remedy somewhat less unbearable than the disease. To the governing classes, however, strikes are much more welcome than any diminution of profits. For the sake of the 47 million pounds annually made in profits on the railway lines, our rich classes are quite prepared to run a chance of occasional strikes, which, at most, imperils an hour or so of their personal convenience. The police suffer, the soldiers suffer, thousands of strikers and their children starve, and millions of the public are put to loss and trouble; but the rich feel nothing of these things. Their Government exercises its wits in a pleasurable man-hunt, and they themselves watch the spectacle with interest, and finally call upon the public to pay for the entertainment. Strikes, in short, also contribute, like everything else, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer! * * *

If these deductions from the behaviour of the Government have any logic, it will be seen at once that our discussion of economic problems and political problems is almost a waste of time. What great use is there in solving economic problems if there is no way left with the power to carry them out? We may argue with our friends and finally convince the best of our opponents that the only remedy for poverty is to transfer the bulk of profits to wages, but the effect is academic so long as the bullets and bayonets remain with the people whose ears are closed to persuasion. Convince Mr. Strachey we may, since Mr. Strachey, like ourselves, is a student of truth; but we have no power, and neither has reason herself, to convince the capitalists who employ the Government that our solution, however possible, is desirable. We have deliberated, and to such a degree of precision that even while we are trying to “avert industrial war,” in trying to “avert industrial war,” in signing Mr. Asquith’s document, and taking what they gave me and no more, then, that has my heart been content? Feel so very miserable and sick and sore, like heart of him who cannot pay his rent and hears the landlord’s footsteps at the door. Oh, please, oh, please, I never meant—Oh! Oh! Whatever did I do it for?

ALFRED P. BEGG.
VARIOUS rumours regarding Morocco have perplexed the public mind during the last week or ten days. It has been stated that the two nations nearly came to blows; and, indeed, a naive official contradiction was given to the statement that war had broken out. The public mind during the last week or ten days. It M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador to Germany, returned to Paris to consult the Government nearly ten days. It is remarkable that Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter's tenacity, independent spirit and jovial manner, the Teutonic instinct of obedience and respect for the Kaiser is strong within him. On more than one occasion, he has been turned down "by some one still higher than himself.

France wants a clearly defined agreement which will allow her, if she wishes, to establish a protectorate over Morocco, and in return for this she is prepared to grant Germany a slice of the French Congo. Germany was the Congo, the French Congo, and the Portuguese and Spanish possessions in Africa also enter into the negotiations. The "conversations" will be rather long, and in diplomatic circles it is not expected that they will come to a definite conclusion before the end of September.

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What will the upshot of these "conversations" be? This is practically decided now; but there is one very grave factor which will prevent it from being made public for some time. It is understood that, unless some diplomatic miracle happens, France will get her protectorate and Germany will get her French Congo. In this case she will, of course, take her departure from Agadir. Spain, who may have to give up one or two of her African possessions to Germany (or to France, who will eventually hand them over to Germany), will be satisfied with "increased influence" in Northern Morocco, including what Carlyle would call the "Northern frontier. Whole regiments of French troops are too near the French frontier. It is held in some quarters that the German Government wants to bring about an "incident," which would at once turn Western Europe upside-down at the time of the elections. The whole situation has been made by either Government of removing these soldiers from their present rather dangerous positions.

It has been stated in the Turkish Press, and officially denied, that the Porte has taken advantage of the Moroccan unrest to re-open the Cretan problem. Some papers, indeed, have gone so far as to say that Sir Edward Grey was approached on the subject, the object being to offer France and ourselves a share in the Bagdad Railway scheme in exchange for full power to exercise more definite authority over Crete. It is true that the Porte had this scheme in mind, but it was not actually put forward, and the precarious position of the Hakki Cabinet makes it improbable that any such move will be made.

Of course, when some Powers are occupied in one part of the world, other Powers will endeavour to shift for themselves somewhere else. It is this which chiefly accounts for the ex-Shah's incursion into the Northern frontier. Whole regiments of French troops are too near the French frontier. Whole regiments of French troops are too near the French frontier.

The United States Senate seems determined to settle the fantastic document known as the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. To cut out the clause which Mr. Bryce particularly wanted put in, and then to justify this by an appeal to Mr. Bryce's well-known book on the United States, strikes me as being funny, but no funnier than the protests which the very reasonable action of the Senate has aroused in the idealistic Press of this country.

News comes that Senhor Arriaga, a gentleman of no great renown in international affairs, is to be the first President of the new Republic of Portugal. Whether he will stand fair chance is at present a guess. Senhor Arriaga, a gentleman of no great renown in international affairs, is to be the first President of the new Republic of Portugal. Whether he will stand a fair chance is at present a guess.

If anyone suggested that Senhor Arriaga, a gentleman of no great renown in international affairs, is to be the first President of the new Republic of Portugal, I might also distinguish myself by being the last, little credence would now be given to the statement. And yet if I had half-a-million or so to throw away, I should hesitate before lending it to the present Lisbon Government. I do not necessarily wish to be looked upon as inferring that the Monarch is to come back. Labour disputes are so rife in Portugal just now, Clerical and Monarchical intrigues are so common, and the country people in general are so dissatisfied with the new régime that I am not sure that it would be regarded with any favours. Remember how the railway men recently paralysed everything, and think of mobs of fanatical Portugese in similar circumstances! Need I add, however, that capitalists must be protected even if they lose confidence, and that the Lisbon Government is not a government that can be trusted with the reins of power.
THREE POEMS.
By Henry Miller.

"ELL!"

The mission cove e asked me, did I know the dreadful place
Where blokes like me ud go to, if they missed the savin grace?
Ses e, "its full of torment, there's cries, an groans, an pains,
There's fire, an burnin brimstone, and it's where the Devil reigns."
Ho, yus, ses I, its Cradley Eath, where the wimmen make the chains;  
An it's Ell, just Ell.

E raised is eyes to Eaven, an ses e, "My pore lorst frend,  
It's a far wuss place than Cradley Eath where sinners meet their end;
For not a drop o' water there yer sinful lips ull reach,  
Theo' yer tortured with a blazin thirst, beyond the power o' speech."
Then I tried tm with St. Helens, where they make the cruel bleach;  
For that's Ell, just Ell.

E sed I was a eathen, that I'd drift to certain wreck;  
But E gave me up as opeless, when I sed git off me neck,
I'm out o' work, ole pigeon, right bang on the rocks instead,  
Dyer think I care a single cuss wot appens when I'm dead?
When I go ome empty ainded, and the kiddies cry for bread,  
O ! its Ell, ere an now, just Ell.

THE HAMMERMAN.

I swing the sledge on the glowing bars,  
Till I'm drenched in the golden rain;  
While the whirr of the wheels, and screech of the files,  
Bite into my weary brain.
And I hammer my heart on the anvil,  
All through the livelong day,
The heart that aches for the long white road  
That winds o'er the hills away.

I swing the sledge on the glowing bars,  
While I tread the road in a dream;  
The roar of the forge is the wind on the heath,  
Its light is the sun's red gleam.
When the pallid arc light floods the shop  
With its strange and ghastly glow,
Then I walk the fields all silver'd  
By the big moon sailing low.

But I hammer the bars in vain,  
That men should grub and grovel like the swine,  
For bits of colored stone that gleam and shine.  
It's a far wuss place than Cradley Eath where sinners meet their end.

A TRAMP AMIDST THE ROSES.

"Twas morn in golden June, the Surrey hedgeowrs  
Were gemmed with wild dogroses, newly blown,  
Like clustered stars, they lit the velvet verdure,  
Or lustrous jewels on a carpet thrown.

Indeed! each fairy blossom was bejewelled,  
With tears, bright diamond tears of dewy night,  
A-tremble on each curving sunflushed petal,  
Reflecting tiny beams of magic light.
While feasting on their beauty, much I marvelled  
That maids and wives should barter priceless Honor  
For bits of colored stone that gleam and shine.

While there was nature's glory, spent and squandered  
In the silence, on the scented summer air,  
With one poor homeless tramp to stand and worship  
Entranced amid the roses trailing there.

The Right to Murder.

"Is that lawful, where many innocent have bled, which is not lawful in a solitary murder?"—St. Ambrose to Theodosius.

The tragic events of the past few days require careful examination. The conduct of the actors in them must be subjected to a rigid scrutiny ere they can be admitted to praise or convicted of crime. We must begin by a rigid scrutiny ere they can be admitted to praise or convicted of crime. The Government had received from private citizens a definite intimation that the dallying of the railway directors would prove a grave outbreak. The Government had nine months in which to act, but did nothing.

Let us see, by example, how just or how ill-founded was the discontent with the Conciliation Boards. Mr. J. A. Fleming, K.C., was appointed arbitrator in the Caledonian railwaymen's dispute. This gentleman is chairman of the Edinburgh Roperie and Sailcloth Co., of Leith. The women employed by that company were paid an average remuneration of 8s. 5d. per week. They recently struck to secure a minimum wage of 10s. 72 hours unless the manager;

The opinion of the railway inspectors was that no good ground was shown for any alteration in the standard day. No change was made in the wages. Such is the material of which these much-vaulted independent arbitrators are constituted.

The heads of the railway unions had their hands forced by the pressure of the men; and they threatened a general strike within 24 hours unless the managers met them to discuss the various outstanding grievances. That was a perfectly legitimate proceeding from their point of view. So long as the Government and the public remained quite indifferent to the shocking conditions attaching to the railway service, the men had no
other alternative but to order a general strike. The capitalist Press has completely neglected to point out what other course the men could have pursued.

What did the Government proceed to do? Mr. Winston Churchill argued, in the House of Commons on August 22:—

It was not a question of taking sides with capital against labour, or with the companies against their employees. We took sides only with the public.

Let us test Mr. Churchill's veracity. On Wednesday, two days before the strike, Sir Guy Granet issued the following notice:—

The Government having assured the railway companies that they would afford them ample protection, have enabled them to carry on their services, the railway companies are prepared, even in the event of a general strike, to give an effective though restricted service.

On Monday, August 21, Mr. W. Wilson wrote as follows in an obviously "inspired" communication to the "Daily News":—

The Government went so far as to give the companies in advance of negotiations a written carte blanche to call upon the troops, without warning or, indeed, probably unprecedented document that was heralded forth by the companies as an absolute guarantee of an adequate, if restricted, train service.

The Editor of "M.A.P." in the issue dated August 26, carries the history of this incident a little further:—

Mr. Churchill's sympathies were with the companies. . . . On Monday, after the Government had handed the companies a written undertaking that the whole force of the British Army should be at the service of the railways if a strike were to break out.

It must be noted that this guarantee was not conditional on the railway companies moving a step in the direction of bettering the status of the men. Mr. Churchill's guarantee was met by a threat that the whole Trade Union movement would come out on strike. The Government, in the change of public opinion with respect to offences against property cannot be cited as a justification by military officers for ordering their men to fire, unless they are reasonably satisfied that the rioters intend to attack the lives of the citizenry. The military officers, by the terms of the Riot Act, could only be justified in using their troops to disperse the mob; but they have no right to compel them to fire upon the people. The Report signed by Lord Bowen, Sir Albert Rogers, and Viscount Haldane, who conducted the Stone Riots Inquiry, would seem to support this contention. The learned Commissioners wrote:—

When the need is clear, the soldier's duty is to fire with all reasonable caution, so as to produce no further injury than is absolutely wanted for the purpose of protecting person and property.

The learned Commissioners do not say "person and/or property," but "person and property," as though they believed that the Common Law no longer permitted a man to slay another merely in defence of his property. If a private citizen deliberately shot a man to mortal hurt who had taken some of his property, but had made no attempt upon his life or liberty, he would not be indicted for murder. It is quite true that the learned Commissioners also used language which went much further than the extract quoted above; but, on the other hand, one must choose out of contradictory propositions. In any case, an Act of Parliament is subject to certain limitations, as St. Germain remarked:—

If any custom general were directly contrary against the law of God, or if any statute were made directly against it, the statute was void. That is a moral criticism, not a legal contention. But Lord Coke has developed St. Germain's argument into a legal proposition:—"The Parliament cannot take away that protection which the Law of Nature giveth a man." The Law of Nature certainly would protect starving men who were seeking food and sustenance from being shot down by military men, or even batoned by the police. Lord Coke reiterated this thesis most definitely in the eighth Reports:—

In many cases the Common Law will control Acts of Parliament, and sometimes adjudge them to be utterly void. For, when an Act of Parliament is against common right and reason, or repugnant, or impossible to be performed, the Common Law will contradict, and adjudge such Act to be void.

In modern times any Act of Parliament which gave relief to military men who shot down their own starving countrymen, and protected the Haltpay of those who were morally (and, in some cases, legally) responsible for their starvation, must be regarded as "against common right and reason." Lord Hobart agreed with this theory of a possible conflict between Acts of Parliament and other sources of equity:—"An Act may be void from its first creation as an act against natural equity."

The duty of the soldier is a grave one. Can any military man who is a believer in the mercy of God, reconcile his occupation with his duties when he is ordered to fire at men who were morally responsible for their starvation, and when he must be regarded as a murderer? When the need is clear, the soldier's duty is to fire with all reasonable caution, so as to produce no further injury than is absolutely wanted for the purpose of protecting person and property.
that deed, which, above all others, requires deliberate conviction, without a moment’s inquiry as to its justice; and to place himself a passive instrument in hands which, as all history teaches, often seek with blood causelessly shed. It is often urged against Socialists that the world is dominated by self-interest. One would have thought that that could hardly be said of a country where men can be hired at something over a shilling a day to slay their starving brothers, fathers, mothers, sisters or colleagues. The law of social existence is “I care for no one’s order.” What finer example could one have of altruism, albeit misshapen and cruel in its operation! One may now proceed to Mr. Winston Churchill’s reasoning upon which he founded his defence for calling out the troops:-

To prevent this it was necessary to use the military forces of the Crown with the utmost promptitude. Let me say that when a task is entrusted to bodies of soldiers they must be left to carry that task under their officers in accordance with the instructions given to them by the Civil power. The task which was entrusted to the military was to safeguard the markets which were at work, and to keep the railways running for the transport of food supplies and raw material. It was necessary that they discharge that task, that the General commanding each area into which the country is divided, the General responsible for each of the different strike areas, should have full liberty to send troops to any point on the line so that communication should not be interrupted. . . . Four or five persons have been killed by the military. If Mr. Churchill sees that this is playing the game chronically everywhere to-day. Their painful effect is fresh in our minds. What finer example could one have of the universal repugnance to the spirit of the Preamble of the Constitution? The power of Impeachment, therefore, in the Commons seems to be an original inherent right in the people of England—reserved to them in the first institution of the Government, the law of Nature and self-preservation, for the common security of their just rights and liberties.

SUBURBAN LANDSCAPE (West Ham).

A dozen shafts were belching mighty clouds
Of grime smoke that enriched the mooning sky,
Trailing in ragged shreds and tangled shrouds,
The offspring of the fires that never die.

The blackened barges laden to the brim,
Dotted with groups of hovels, squalid, foul,
Whence every moon the stunted inmates haste,
Eyeing their piston, sobbing, snorting, grunting.

Pants forth a song of unremitting toil,
Onward with dull and drowsy motion glide,

Whence every moon the stunted inmates haste,
Eyeing their piston, sobbing, snorting, grunting,

The offspring of the fires that never die.

A stretch of pallid grass, a dismal waste,
Dotted with groups of hovels, squalid, foul,
Whence every moon the stunted inmates haste,
Eyeing their fellow.—with malicious scowl.

A slimy stream, upon whose greasy tide
The blackened barges laden to the brim,
Onward with dull and drowsy motion glide,
—O landscape drear and pitiful and grim! —

P. SELVER.
The Adoration of the Peasant.

By Edward McNulty.

The disillusioned poet wounded in conflict with men of cities, sick of the clever people who chloroform their starved emotions with pallid witticisms, aghast at the unrecorded miseries of women who bore false lives: above all, at the ignorance of the cultured, appeals to the peasant for the truth which he must find or perish. This phenomenon is common to all climes and times. It is that part of the gospel of the latest Irish literary movement which proclaims, in effect, that the mystery of life is the private property of the Connemara peasant. Descendant of ancient civilisation, its lost wisdom may be rediscovered by respestful analysis of his cryptic proverbs. He is in intimate relationship with the elemental powers: a secret gate to the occult unknown. The dewdrop, shining in the heart of a wild flower, mirrors for his mystic gaze the secrets of an unrecorded world. But, before the poet reaches the discovery that in the unreal universe the only reality is himself, he must relinquish this last illusion. For, of all naked facts, one of the nadest is that the Connemara peasant is but a pace advanced from prehistoric man. It is true that his environment seems to favour mental development of the rarest kind. He daily hears the clamour of wild geese across the bog, the arresting acrmony of wild geese across the bog, the arresting acrmony of wild geese across the bog. Here, by the expenditure of a few pence, he imbibes an evident when he visits the market town to sell his pig. Here, by the expenditure of a few pence, he imbibes an evidence when he visits the market town to sell his pig. Happily, childhood, even under such depressing surroundings, has an unpolluted fund of inborn joy. Yet no human eye ever beheld the Connemara peasant join in the play of his children. He will, on the contrary, often disperse their innocent fun with a guttural curse in his native tongue and by showing a premonitory impact of a withered cabbage stalk. He watches their growth in sullen impatience until they are big enough to help to fill the creeds of turf at the bog with their little brown hands. There is, however, an advantage in this attitude of his parenthood: although his half blinding ideals to distort their receptive minds; and, for this reason, they make excellent plastic material for the formative influences of the States. When these children grow up to be young men and women they are, in truth, magnificent beings, well worth their weight in gold to the empire which appears to have no room for them. They emigrate with feelings of hatred for all British institutions, feelings which they conscientiously transmit to their offspring. Handsome and healthy, alive with intelligence and impatient ambition, they resolve to have something better in the new world than the mud cabin and exhausted acre they leave behind. And they never forget the old couple at home. Every Christmas Eve arrives drafts from the Irish Emigrant Society of New York. The peasant, figuring the United States as a superior Connemara, is willing to admit that New York is twice as large as the market town, and would not be surprised to hear that the postmistress, during busy periods, requires the services of an assistant.

The function of the Atlantic, besides helping to bear away his superfluous children, is to discharge a fringe of seaweed which he utilises as manure for the patch of his exiled land that he works after the manner of his forefathers: that is, with much useless labour and absence of science. Should it seem pleasing to the Lord to blight his potato crop, with a submission less akin to devotion than despair, he kneels to kiss the bittersweet fate presaging his ruin. The preventive measures adopted by the inland farmers who perambulate their acres with a weird conventional they call a spraying machine, he abhors as an impious attempt to undermine the carefully-arranged plans of Providence. But, if he has not the cerebral activity of the men of cities, he is never troubled with the dual consciousness of introspection or the morbid delusions arising from perpetual fret and fume. He nurses none of those unholy thoughts which rush their egoistic victims down the abyss of calamity and crime. His body, uncontaminated by excess of food, is never racked with the agonies of the dyspeptic. He has, too, a special sense of smell. The oaks, the hawthorn bushes, the primrose, the flower, mirrors for his mystic gaze the secrets of an unrecorded world. There is, however, an advantage in the odours of thatched roof, turf fire, sweating grass or the aroma of larger spaces he is unreceptive. The brine-saturated waft of the Atlantic which staggers strangers miles inland before they sight the waves, he cannot sense any more than he can sense the air.

It seems a law of nature that a period of stagnation should be followed by an outburst of activity. The object of the aestheticist is the Connemara peasant, is, apparently, to produce a brilliant development in the offspring of his exiled children. Mary Ann's son becomes President of the United States, a railway king, a mining lord, an independent. Little Eunice, a daughter, at the age of twenty-five, is a famous Irish-American actress. Her black hair, olive-hued skin and grey eyes, inherited from her grandmother, prove additional fascinations which add magnetic lustre to the face of her Connemara stock. Every movement of the Connemara peasants, men, otherwise sane, squander their fortunes, wreck their lives, devastate their homes. This is the Connemara peasant's sub-conscious revenge on a callous world for his joyless life beside the lone Atlantic shore.
The House of Lords.

By J. M. Kennedy.

"Miserables!" cried Napoleon when the allies entered Paris in 1815, "Ils ne voient pas que j'ai étendu les révolutions et travaillé vingt ans à consolider la monarchie? Ils verront qu'après une centaine de vingt ans, je serai roi du monde!" Bismarck in a letter to Busch (September 27, 1888), "began to degenerate from 1840 onwards." "There is no longer, in fact, an aristocracy in England," said Disraeli in "Sybil;" "for the superiority of the animal man is an essential quality of aristocracy."

As Disraeli said on another occasion, authors are the creators of opinion.* The opinion created by Western European authors during the eighteenth century was that the principles of aristocracy and monarchy were bad; that democracy was the only rational form of government. The French Revolution was the first important attempt to put these opinions into practice; and the attempt proved, unfortunately for those who believed in aristocracy, that the opinion thus created was to a large extent justifiable and strictly accurate. The French nobility, long looked upon as the flower of European aristocracy, collapsed at the first onslaught. They were blind to the signs of the times and deaf to the complaints of the common people.

The principle of aristocracy, however, is not proved to be bad merely because aristocrats become degenerate here and there. An aristocracy—speaking, of course, of an aristocracy of birth—may degenerate through known causes, which may afterwards be avoided. One aristocracy may be able to profit by the bad example of another. The French revolutionists had a fanatical belief in the erroneous doctrine of the equality of men. It remained for other aristocracies to show that they possessed qualities which rendered them superior to their fellows.

Some writers have endeavoured to make out that the English aristocracy actually did this, instancing the fact that the French Revolution consolidated the English Monarchy and aristocracy more than ever. But it is only too clear that the English aristocracy was not consolidated towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth because of its superior intelligence or other good qualities, but merely because of the general fear experienced by the nation. When thrones began to tumble down all over the Continent, the English people grouped themselves solidly round their ruling classes.

Now this was a magnificent opportunity for the ruling classes of the time to utilise, but they neglected it. About the beginning of the nineteenth century the working population in England was in a state of the utmost misery. Wages were low and the hours of labour interminable. Children were put out to work in mines and factories to be mercilessly sweated. Labour interminable. Children were put out to work in mines and factories to be mercilessly sweated. Wages were low and the hours of labour interminable. Children were put out to work in mines and factories to be mercilessly sweated.

Some of Disraeli's novels, such as "Sybil," well sum up the horrors of the period.

If at that time the English ruling classes had set themselves to study and solve the sociological and economic problems which were becoming only too apparent, they would have consolidated their position in reality as well as in appearance. But, taking them as a whole, they did not. The Reform Bill of 1832 established the永久性 of Parliament, the aristocracy could have vastly improved the position of the working classes. But there was no Turgot among them, and the development of trade following the Napoleonic wars made an end of their supreme authority.

But while the Reform Bill of 1832 deprived the landed gentry of some of their power, it left the peers untouched. The nobility had another chance. The House of Commons was becoming filled with the representatives of trade, and the prejudices of the Commons. doctrines resulted in members of Parliament becoming sectional rather than national. The House of Lords, then, in spite of the efforts of successive nineteenth-century Liberal governments to eject the old order with new creations, could have continued to represent the nation in accordance with the precepts of Burke. Even this, however, it failed to do. The peers themselves, partly as the result of their neglect of the land, and partly as the result of an increase of commercial peers, began to be infected with the money fever. And from 1880 onwards the House of Lords, the vast majority of its members being Conservatives, showed itself to be nothing more than an appendage of the Tory party. This is, perhaps, the severest reproach that can be cast at it.

It was evident to all politicians that the two caucuses merely represented party interests; not even the interests of their own followings in the country. What was the obvious duty of the House of Lords in such circumstances? Naturally, to let no Bill pass that was clearly drawn up to please the caucus alone, and to improve in every way possible those Bills which equally clearly had a solid national support, whatever party secured their passage through the House of Commons. This, however, presupposed two things: that the Lords in the first place had the necessary insight into the needs of the nation; and that, in the second place, they would refuse to be browbeaten by the caucus. Precisely these two features were lacking. The peers knew as little about the needs of the people at the beginning of the twentieth century as they did at the beginning of the nineteenth, and this in spite of the fact that they could see for themselves the results of a century's democracy, what its defects were and how it could be combated. They were unable to recognise their own benefactors. They were ready to cry out against Napoleon, but they could see no evil in their apathy. They had given monarchy and aristocracy a new lease of life. They saw in Bismarck only a visionary and a day-dreamer, without recognising for a moment that Bismarck was taking the only possible steps to secure the permanence of the aristocratic order—viz., by allying it with the working classes.

Yet what Bismarck was doing in Germany, Disraeli had long been trying to do in England. From the eighteen-thirties onwards Disraeli kept driving into the ears of unintelligent Tories the principles of the very policy which Bismarck put into effect in Germany from 1879 onwards. But in spite of his exceptionally brilliant talents it was many a year before Disraeli worked his way to a commanding position in the Conservative party, and to the very last there were old-fashioned Tories who looked upon him with suspicion. Prejudice, hatred, sneers, suspicion, neglect, contumely—such were the rewards of the man who alone represented a practical Conservative philosophy in England during the nineteenth century.

Disraeli's ultimate success, however, in no way atoned for his early neglect. The year of his death saw the triumph of the caucus, and there was no man of sufficient intelligence left in the Tory party to show how the caucus was handled and its measures should be dealt with. The establishment of the caucus meant another opportunity for the House of Lords; but this opportunity was again neglected.
The Policy of the Labour Party.

A Correspondence between Mr. C. H. Norman and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.

I.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,

I venture to write to you upon a somewhat delicate matter which has been troubling me for some time past. In Mr. Belloc and Mr. C. Chesterton's book on "The Party System" the following passage appears in a note on page 98: "It has often been suggested by those who are associated with Westminster that the breakdown of the Labour Party and its absorption and digestion by the professional politicians was due to this influence of 'the Tone of the House' . . ." The suggestion is plausible, but inaccurate. 'The Tone of the House' certainly made the good speakers in the party much worse speakers than they might have been for 'the Tone of the House' is death to rhetoric; but the definite capitulation of the Labour men to the two Front Benches and the disappearance of the Labour Party as an active force was due to something far less subtle than any of these. It was due to a definite compact with the Executive by which places, advantage in moving motions, etc.--ultimately, perhaps, Cabinet rank--should be the price of compromise; the bargain was accepted.

This statement is specific and has been current for some months. It is supported by the acceptance of office by some members of the Labour Party has appeared to be followed by a slackening of criticism of the Liberal Government. Considering that the division between the rich and the poor is growing wider each year, according to the latest statistics, I cannot quite understand why the Labour Party has been so inactive this year. I happen to have the attendance of members of the Labour Party in Parliament which appears to me to be very low. Mr. Belloc's statement is simply rubbish, as the only case you can quote, namely, that of Mr. Shackleton, happened after the attacks had been made, and the attacks were made because the attacks had been made. If, for instance, I were to leave the party now, I should do so because I would be convinced that there was such a substantial proportion of incompetent critics in it that nobody, however faithful or hard-working, could possibly save it from disaster.

I have no particular "Will to Believe" on this question, though I can understand some of the critics of the Labour Party in this session, do you mean the Parliament Bill, or the Insurance Bill, or Payment of Members, or the Mines, or Shops Bill? If you are referring to this session, do you mean the Parliament Bill, or the Insurance Bill, or Payment of Members, or the Mines, or Shops Bill? If you are referring to previous sessions, do you mean the Budget of 1902, or the Old Age Pensions Act, or what? I am very anxious to understand what is in the mind of some of our critics, and as you have been good enough to write to me I would be very grateful if you could help me.

Yours faithfully,
C. H. Norman.

II.

House of Commons,

August 4, 1911.

Dear Mr. Norman,—I have not read Mr. Belloc's book. The extract which you give from it is simply absurd, and has not the shadow of a foundation. I cannot at the moment examine in detail the truth or otherwise of the statement that the Party has capitulated. Anyone who follows recent legislation must know that the proof is all in the other direction. You yourself seem to be under some misapprehension, because you refer to some "members" of the Labour Party having accepted office. Who are they? Mr. Shackleton, having become disheartened about the way we were attacked both inside and outside, and feeling that he could do better for the party outside as a member of the staff of the Home Office, left Parliament altogether. Who else followed his example, and can you understand some of the Labour Party's tactics, the Labour Party give a strong support to this essentially Liberal financial Act. The Bill will give effect to in regard to its economic

impressed with the fact that the Labour Party has been adjoining itself with the Liberal Party at a time when the gulf between the workers and the rich classes is rapidly widening.

I hope you will pardon my troubling you with these observations, which are offered in a very friendly, though somewhat anxious, spirit. Yours very truly,

C. H. Norman.

III.

Builth Wells, Wales,

August 7, 1911.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,—The answer you very much for your letter of the 4th. The reference to the Labour Party taking appointments and honours was not limited to the parliamentary holders of the Party. Mr. Mac-Mitchell, Mr. Shackleton, Mr. William Abraham, and several others. I presume Mr. Belloc's statement would bear the same interpretation.

I am fully appreciate that many Members of the Labour Party have to carry upon their shoulders.-I am, yours faithfully,

J. Ramsay Macdonald.

IV.

House of Commons,

August 8, 1911.

Dear Mr. Norman,—I am obliged by your further letter of the 7th. You seem to change the ground of attack in your second letter and add the weight of signatures to give yourself a case, and after having mentioned Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Shackleton, and Mr. Abraham you add, "and several other members of this party". In this matter is everything. I find that so many people get ideas into their heads owing, I suppose, to the operation of "The Will to Believe," and they do not take sufficient care to marshal facts before coming to opinions. What possible connection can Mr. Mitchell's appointment have with the policy of the Labour Party in Parliament? As a matter of fact, Mr. Mitchell belonged to the Liberal Party before he entered the House. Mr. Belloc's statement is simply rubbish, as the only case you can quote, namely, that of Mr. Shackleton, happened after the attacks had been made, and the attacks were made because the attacks had been made. If, for instance, I were to leave the party now, I should do so because I would be convinced that there was such a substantial proportion of incompetent critics in it that nobody, however faithful or hard-working, could possibly save it from disaster.

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I am very anxious to understand what is in the mind of some of our critics, and as you have been good enough to write to me I would be very grateful if you could help me.

Yours faithfully,

J. Ramsay Macdonald.

V.

Builth Wells, Wales,

August 11, 1911.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.—At the moment I have not my first letter by me, but my recollection is that the word "honours" was used by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. I did not intend to introduce it as "A new point." The reference to the Labour Party in this respect, do you mean the Parliament Bill, or the Insurance Bill, or Payment of Members, or the Mines, or Shops Bill? If you are referring to previous sessions, do you mean the Budget of 1902, or the Old Age Pensions Act, or what? I am very anxious to understand what is in the mind of some of our critics, and as you have been good enough to write to me I would be very grateful if you could help me.

Yours faithfully,

C. H. Norman.
Dear Sir,—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asks me to acknowledge yours of the 11th. Regarding the Licensing Bill, the Labour Party believed that it was a good Bill, and its results show them to have been right. The Labour Party as a party has not been active regarding Women's Suffrage. Its activities on the controversy arising out of the Education Act of 1902 have been taken on instructions from its own Annual Conference and the Trade Union Congress. Mr. MacDonald never heard it breathe a word on the Prevention of Crimes Act. It did not consume twenty minutes on the Children's Act. It is simply absurd to say it was slack in connection with unemployment, or the use of foreign strike-breakers (it forced its Bill on the latter subject through the House of Commons), and absurd in the highest degree to refer to mining accidents, as the Party has been pegging away with good effect at this subject. Mr. MacDonald says it strikes him as being rather comical that you should complain that the Party has been slack in the House regarding the nationalisation of mines, railways, banks, etc. The discontent which has been generated has been owing to the fact that the Trade Union movement, after the first year or so, ceased to believe in itself, and began to think that Parliament was to do everything for it.

The 1909 Budget did not attack the economic reserve of the workers except to increase it, such as it was. Mr. MacDonald in that connection, however, has no time to go over ground that has been covered scores and scores of times. He regrets that you have apparently not made yourself acquainted with the Labour Party through studies of that Bill. Your characterisation of the Insurance Bill Mr. MacDonald also considers to be absurd. You might as well tell him that because he has insured his life, he has imposed direct taxation upon himself. You are equally wrong in saying that the tactics of the Labour Party have been opposed the whole Bill, and thus its tactics appear to be made more generous still.—Yours faithfully,

C. H. Norman, Esq.

VII.

VI.

August 15, 1911.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,—Thank you for your full letter of the 15th, which has just reached me in course of post. The only point I need comment upon specifically has relation to the Insurance Bill. It is quite true that a compulsory reduction of 4l. a week from the earnings of the better-off wage-earners will not hurt them much, but the Bill does not distinguish between those who can afford to pay and those who cannot. With regard to the women and girls of the lower ranks, and male workers, the Insurance Bill, in my view, does impose a direct tax for which I cannot see the slightest justification.

In the present pressure of public affairs I will not weary you by any further observations upon your letter, though I find myself in disagreement with some facts in your letter. I only regret that you should have characterised so many of my remarks by the adjective "absurd," which does not disprove or justify anything, but is mere rhetoric. For instance, Mr. Th. G. Bell and Mr. Thomas, in a deputation to Mr. McKenna, took very much my view of the Insurance Bill, unless I very much misunderstood them. I think that the public now will be able to judge between our respective points of view, and I again express my appreciation of your courtesy in discussing these matters with me so fully.—Yours sincerely,

C. H. Norman.

VIII.

August 21, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has asked me to thank you for your letter of August 10, and to point out to you that the only element of merit in what you have said is the fact that the Insurance Bill does not distinguish between those who can afford to pay and those who cannot. As a matter of fact that is wrong, as there is a scale of pay which varies with the rate of wages, and which, owing to the representations of the Labour Party, is to be made more generous still.—Yours faithfully,

C. H. Norman, Esq.

IX.

August 22, 1911.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,—Thank you for your letter of the 22nd, but it is harder work to see the evasion of the Insurance Bill—that it compels persons by means of a compulsory deduction from their wages to insure themselves, though their wages are so wretched that they hitherto have not been able to insure. This is a question of fact on the working and principle of the Bill, and I am surprised that you are so indifferent to the monstrous over-work and scandalous under payment, which is the lot of the railway and other workers, that they have lost all right to consideration. I am astonished again for troubling you at such length,—Yours sincerely,

C. H. Norman.

X.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,—Thank you for your letter of the 24th. The issues are so clear between us that your letter seems to take a different view.—Yours faithfully,

J. Ramsay MacDonald.

XI.

August 19, 1911.

Dear Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,—Thank you for your full letter of the 19th, which has just reached me in course of post. The only point I need comment upon specifically has relation to the Insurance Bill. It is quite true that a compulsory reduction of 4l. a week from the earnings of the better-off wage-earners will not hurt them much, but the Bill does not distinguish between those who can afford to pay and those who cannot. With regard to the women and girls of the lower ranks, and male workers, the Insurance Bill, in my view, does impose a direct tax for which I cannot see the slightest justification.

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C. H. Norman.

A SONNET.

Lines composed on seeing during the late drought a thunder storm expend itself on the sea.

Oh Thou who made this world so anyhow,
And art so pleased with it at every turn,
Forgo complacency awhile and learn,
Twopence a bucket water costs us now;
Thy soil yields nothing; dry is every cow;
Thy sheep despair; Thy woods and commons burn.
Oh Thou who made this world so anyhow,
Thy wisdom ever knew!—Thy wisdom ever knew!

How, then, if none Thy wisdom ever knew!

E. D. W.
The Crisis in Literature—II.

A few critics have suddenly found their voices. A notable ebullition (and let us grant it is more than that)—a positive volcanic burst of criticism directed against the sensationalist writers—has enlivened the month. Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Masefield have all experienced together in a dozen lines in the "Times" what surely must have been a shocking disillusion. Mr. Phillpotts has been warned by one paper that he is becoming a bore; another, which is not so long after, is discussing Durturm and Elementary-Passion—three columns' length, bestows a bare quarter of a column upon Mr. Phillpotts' latest creative work. Mr. Locke lies as flat as a skilful reviewer can throw him. And, to mention only these most notorious offenders, the attitude of the critics is to be modest enough. The New Age attacks upon circulationist writers, is to be modest enough. We, in these pages, have seen how they will seize upon the least worthy of the writings that have come down in the classics, in order to bolster up their weak-backed universalism, even against the experience of all time, and they will restore the minds of many men who have lost their balance over sex-love, and the modern pandarins would find no prey but women. Generally, women should be disdained as readers by the artist whose business is with beauty of art. The standard of beauty has been so long masqueraded by the word "beauty" seems to us and point deliverance through skill and virtue from society, commerce and machinery, the artist has no concern. Even the most apparently edifying study of any of these subjects is deplorable loss when undertaken for artistic ends. The text-book, the pamphlet, and the blue-book purely literal with the author still hankering after dragging them into literature is confusion. The last decade has seen such confusion, and thus scarcely half a dozen books of that period will survive the restoration of canon and critical authority. Even anthology will fail to make for this end. To discuss, at length, with opponents, the limitation of subject would be here waste of space. Plainly, some subjects are quite impossible: two minutes' straight talk would settle that. It remains for the artist to reject doubtful ones. With sex-problems, lunatics, criminals, vulgar or smart society, commerce and machinery, the artist has no concern. Even the most apparently edifying study of any of these subjects is deplorable loss when undertaken for artistic ends. The text-book, the pamphlet, and the blue-book purely literal with the author still hankering after dragging them into literature is confusion. The last decade has seen such confusion, and thus scarcely half a dozen books of that period will survive the restoration of canon and critical authority. Even anthology will fail to make for this end. To discuss, at length, with opponents, the limitation of subject would be here waste of space. Plainly, some subjects are quite impossible: two minutes' straight talk would settle that. It remains for the artist to reject doubtful ones. With

It is time for both artists and critics to arise and save what they may. The uglification of the world proceeds everywhere by great strides, attacking the sea and the hills and breaking the silence of every valley. Only misery is ahead for intelligence at the hands of those in power. The artist is not in future likely to receive praise as literature. The critic may yet have his day. The artist can very well do without, and should insist upon the recognition of the boundaries of space and time, and that still beckon are the habits of smartness, insobriety, and morbid prying.

Without cataloguing the subjects fitted for great art, we may note that the ancients used the same subjects in works nearly contemporary. That some subjects used aforesaid by artists to whom they were of real and vital interest are now impossible, is an answer to those who deny limitation. Artists of to-day cannot work among men of recent times. The Gods, the Muses, the Heroes, the Saints are nothing but names in this age. And frightful things he is doing with creation, hacking with his terribly ingenious hands where once religion and reverence would have bidden him hold back. He has become an incarnate rage for possession, and his very charities are profit-making. It may be that he is thus learning, bitterly as he learns everything, the lesson of responsibility. That is, at least, a good hope. It is the dream of the artist, whose continued existence is all that lingers here of creative divinity.
A Tale for Men Only.
By R. H. Congreve.

IV.

Having failed in both directions, though I still had hopes that Marylebone in his meditation would recur to our last conversation and possibly discover some light in it, I had no resource but to allow events to ripen. It was always on the cards that a miracle might take place in the form of some illuminating incident that would reveal to Marylebone the glamour under which his mind lay. Miracles of this kind abound in the lives of the philosophic. Sometimes they occur as happy coincidences that draw the attention at the critical moment to the saving phrase. A chance remark, a passage that may interest in the clouds may prove an inspiration which solves a philosophic knot or, perchance, a problem of conduct. Still more rarely, but always then more vividly, they take the form of contact with a new personality. Where all one’s energies are to be directed, many a strange fellow may sometimes draw the bolts and open the gates without so much as knowing what has been done.

It happened that shortly after my unsuccessful attempts to dispel the glamour of Marylebone and Marion there was announced in some corner of the papers the coming to England of what was called a Mahatma. His prospective advent aroused considerable stir in Theosophical circles, but nowhere else did I gather from my interest in the Mahatma to my business to see and hear every new thing that promises illumination or even purports to deal in strange wisdom, I went to some pains to meet the Oriental phenomenon. In point of fact I travelled to Edinburgh, though it might, and turned out, and saved myself the journey, since the Mahatma shortly afterwards came to London. However, my visit to Edinburgh not only enabled me to hear the Mahatma converse before the first bloom of his Eastern wisdom was rubbed off, but I was able to propose to myself to take Marylebone to him with some hope of a novel transformation. For my own impression of the Mahatma was certainly that he possessed supernatural powers. He did not appear to me to be either so intelligent nor particularly skilful in my own art of dialectic. On the contrary, in his judgments he showed himself on general questions as superficial and fanatical as any proselytising Babu. But in character, in personality, and, above all, in what one calls atmosphere he was pathetic rather than akin to my own nature. I concluded that this powerful-looking, thoroughly masculine man had powers, if an occult, order; but what the effect of it I found not discover, and do not propose now to enquire. What, however, mainly suggested to me his possible service to Marylebone was his iteration of the doctrine of Maya or Illusion, and, secondly, his colossal contempt for women or, rather, the two conceptions appeared to go together in his mind and to be almost identical,—Woman with Maya or Maya or Illusion with Woman; and it occurred to me that Marylebone might hear something to his advantage by application to the Mahatma’s address when he came to London.

A week or two later the Mahatma, as I have already said, did come to London, and one of my first duties was to put my friend in the way of seeing him. I did not warn Marylebone of what I might expect, but I warned him of what he might not expect. I told him that the Mahatma had nothing new to say on our conversation, though I might, as it turned out, have set the mechanical nature of it all, I suddenly realised what the truth about Maya really is. It is just possible that the phrases he employed had some sort of magic of which he himself was unaware, and that it acted upon me. Anyhow, after a little while I found myself not only putting a meaning even evil thing the Mahatma said, but positively flowing over with ideas. I was very impatient to get home at once and write them down. It is not every day that one discovers a truth.

I should like to see, I said, what you have written, Marylebone. It may be fair gold. Not once, but many times I have got up in the night under the impulsiveness of an idea, only to find in the morning that what I had written was rubbish. You ought to know what glamour is, and especially the glamour of the night. There is, besides, something a little hectic in these abnormal visitations of ideas. The best ideas, I am convinced, have a gentlemanly manner with them. They do not batter at your door at unearthly hours, or force an entrance when you are not prepared to receive them. They come, in fact, to give you light and life, and if they cannot do that they stay away and bide their time. Vulgar ideas, on the other hand, are like vulgar persons—always in a hurry, always willing to enter a door not quite ajar, and always fastening on your weaknesses. It is, of course, their nature to do so, being, as they are, extremely short-lived, and therefore greedy of immediate issue, and extremely weak, and therefore requiring an easy access to one’s mind; and especially given to a显示 of light and life and not to give it. And that is the difference between good and bad ideas.

Marylebone listened to my remarks with singular good humour and with a kind of benign patience. I don’t propose, he said, to argue with you about it. I am so much prepared for all you have said that most of it is actually written down in these very notes, and a good deal more besides. The proof, to my mind, that my night has been well spent is that I feel now as if I had slept upon an amaranthine bed and drunk of nectar and eaten of ambrosia. A life of such waking nights would be perpetual youth.

His language was certainly not excessive for the appearance he actually presented, radiant and gay and graceful, as I had never seen him before. I confess that my doubts vanished as I looked at him; and I thankfully concluded that the miracle had occurred and Marylebone was over the river of glamour. I decided to waste no time in confirming my conclusion.

You have mentioned glamour, I said, as one of the forms of Maya. How does your new discovery apply to Marion?

To my infinite delight Marylebone burst out laughing.

Marion, Marion, he queried merrily, who is Marion? What is it that all the world is so excited about? I have settled Marion in my notes. Marion is out of it, or, at least, only so much in it as to afford an instructive little footnote. I’ve raised Marion to the xth power of illusion under the name of Maya, and discovered her secret...
there. Except to have discovered it, the secret was scarcely worth the searching. Women are unconscious magicians, that is all, and Marion is one of them. But her magic is weak, absurdly weak. Shall I read you my notes on her?

I was naturally anxious to hear Marylebone's comments on Marion written in a state of illumination and he read as follows:—

"The mutual attraction of the sexes is an example of the power of Maya. Though only one of the innumerable instruments of delusion, it is the most universal and consequently the last to be perceived. It is the nature of an illusion to produce appearance without reality, and thus the illusion of sex-love produces all the appearances of love, all the symptoms of happiness, all the phenomena of spiritual communion, with none of the realities of these. Thus your lover thinks he is in love, behaves as if he is in love, and even feels as if he is in love. But in proportion as he is sincere with himself he is not in love. He has simulated the appearances only. Challenged to affirm that he is happy, he will not only affirm it, but give such proofs as anybody but a doctor of the soul would accept. It is familiar to everybody that the lover feels his body to be so light, his spirit so free, that he wants no air. Yet these appearances are in reality. In reality he is so unhappy that the merest trifle will cast him into melancholy. His pretended happiness is no more than the iridescence of his ses-love and readily believes himself to be the happiest when in truth he is the most miserable of mortals."

Excellent, I said; but where does Marion come in? Besides, you have only touched the fringe of the subject of sex-love. Remember, Marylebone said, that these are only hasty notes. I feel that each sentence almost could be elaborated into a volume. As for Marion, let me read on.

So he continued: "But if the lover thus misconceives himself under the glamour of sex-love, his vision of the object of his infatuation is even more out of drawing. As a matter of fact, almost any material will serve his purpose as a frenzy artist to make of it a simulacrum divine in his eyes. Against the evidence of his normal eyes he will swear he sees what nobody else can see; and against his habitual judgment he will swear that her virtues are incomparable, when to everybody else they are negligible. Sex-love, in fact, is an intellectual crime, an aberration of truth and a fever of the soul. The relationship it assumes between two creatures is as false as their vision of each other is distorted. Lovers are not even friends. Before the glamour comes over them they are indifferent strangers; and when it is passed away, they are usually declared enemies. And why, indeed, not, since each is disposed to hold the other responsible for the passionate sickness as well as for the painful recovery?"

As I listened to Marylebone's intellectual voice pronouncing doom upon poor little Marion—for it was obvious that Marion was in his mind—I could not but feel momentarily sorry for her. After all, she had been as much the victim of illusion as Marylebone. In one sense the victim was more than Marion could be, in addition to her distorted vision of him she had gathered and taken into her soul his own glorified vision of herself. Marylebone had no faith at any time in Marion's megalomaniac conception of his own attainments. He lived too much among men to be peacock'd up by Marion's infatuate flattery. But Marion had been lifted out by Marylebone's loverlike exaggerations from her normal self-estimate into a mirroring medium in which she saw herself exactly as he described her. Her coming fall was, therefore, from a height exactly twice as high as his.

It was with this evanescent pity in my mind that I remarked to Marylebone when he had concluded his second extract that he had not so far suggested two qualifications that seemed to me to be necessary. First, he had made no attempt to justify the existence of illusion, and, secondly, he left it to be supposed that the parties to the distressing illusion owed nothing to each other afterwards but eternal separation.

If, I said, the illusion is merely bad and without any purpose in the universal economy but the production of lies, it must obviously be the work of devils. But, then, you must explain not only by what power in their devilish nature they produce even the appearance of beauty, but how it comes about that the appearances they produce are so closely related to the realities that they may, though at one's peril, be taken as symbols and fore-runners of reality. The passionate relation of two lovers may be an illusion, and doubtless is, but you would not deny that in true friendship—that rarest blossom in the world—the same relation exists only without matter of illusion. In one aspect, in fact, even illusion may be a form of reality, being a kind of reflection in sense of the realities of the second. Secondly, in thinking of Marion I am far from supposing that you will necessarily be just to her because, the illusion being over, you propose never to see her again. You owe to her this experience of the illusion, and have thereby incurred a debt which I think you should pay. You should free her from her illusion too.

I have a note on that, Marylebone said, but I confess it is only a note of interrogation. It takes the form of enunciation of a series of problems, e.g., How two lovers can cease to be lovers speedily and with the minimum of disagreeable sequel—a problem for doctors of the soul. Item, The Future Relations of two disillusioned lovers. Item, How, under what circumstances the end of love may prove the beginning of friendship. Item, Sentiment as lingering illusion. Item, The use of the Bludgeon in love affairs. I shall have to work them out one day. Meanwhile, as you say, there is the actual Marion to be considered. Why does the problem in fact so often precede the solution in theory? I'm sure I don’t know what I shall do.

My dear Marylebone, I said, while you were englamoured you behaved quite naturally as if you were englamoured. There was no concealment and no insincerity. Being mad, you acted the part to perfection, and you persuaded Marion. I have no doubt that now, being disillusioned, you will behave no less naturally, sincerely and persuasively. I shall be happy to hear the result.

Thus darkling I left him.

(To be concluded.)

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

Mr. GEORGE BOURNE'S forthcoming book is to be called "Change in the Village." As the title shows, it is on the same lines as those two masterpieces, "The Bettesworth Book" and "Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer"; and not a continuation in the vein of "The Ascending Effort." There is a large number of discerning persons who would like to know the identity of the village which Mr. Bourne has made the subject of his sociological studies. Attentive perusal of the books will convince any reader that the village must lie within a given area in the southern counties; but to discover the exact spot would be impossible without a hint from the informed.

I remember, some years ago, being in this very village, during the course of an itinerary through those parts; and I can assure you that it is much like any other village, save that a first-class village lives in it.

* * *

Publishers' advertisement of imaginative work are so constantly curious that one gets accustomed to their bizarre qualities and refrains from comment. But Messrs. Hutchinson, who are evidently rather proud of having secured Lucas Malet's new long novel, have thought of a passage adjective, and the event must be chronicled. They are announcing to the world that
Lucas Malet's new novel is "literary"—"the literary novel of the autumn." I cannot be quite sure what this means, but it is probably intended to signify that, in the opinion of Messrs. Hutchinson, Lucas Malet's novel is something between "literature" and "un-literary." It is probably intended to signify that, in the opinion of Messrs. Hutchinson, Lucas Malet's novel is something between "literature" and "un-literary." Less adroit publishers than Messrs. Hutchinson might have described it as an "art novel." (Cf. "art furniture," all up Tottenham Court Road.) Some of the most esteemed provincial dailies have a column headed "Literature," instead of with other novels under the rubric of fiction. Messrs. Hutchinson have published in volume form, Mr. John Oxenham has appropriated a title used by Mr. Hugh de Selincourt only about a couple of years ago. I consider it in the highest degree improbable that Mr. Oxenham and Mr. de Selincourt are familiar with each other's works, but it is strange that no one pointed out the unconscious plagiarism to Mr. Oxenham's publishers. No harm is done to either author. I am only thinking of the hypothetical case of an admirer of Mr. Oxenham being fobbed off at the literary counter with Mr. de Selincourt's novel. I can imagine that after about fifty pages he would be exceedingly cross.

Messrs. Smith and Son have renewed their boycott of "The English Review." That is to say, the September number is not offered by them for sale. I doubt not that they are prepared to supply it on demand.

In August number of "Le Mercure de France" there is a most amusing and valuable article entitled "Of the Inaptitude of Contemporary Novelists for Observing Money-matters." Many examples are given. Of course Zola comes in for the brunt of the attack. Zola left no fault uncommitted; and yet "Nana" is a pretty good novel. In "Fécondité," it appears, Mathieu Froment has a wife, five children, and a servant. There is plenty of food, warmth, and hospitality; cakes and fruit, and so on. The wife takes no part in the management of the household, leaving everything to the servant. Froment's total income is £164 a year. Another family, the Moranges, lives in luxury on £200 a year. In "L'Oeuvre," Claude Lantier lives with his mistress in Paris in a four-roomed flat on £40 a year. Then they take a house in the suburbs, with a garden, of which Lantier sells the apricots for £8, the first year! He is a painter, sells almost no pictures, and uses immense quantities of colour on huge canvases. When he does dispose of a picture the price is apt to be between £250 and £500. However, the couple keep a servant, and when a baby comes Christine has saved money to buy linen. So much for Zola, the alleged realist documenté! On the other hand, Flaubert, in "L'Education Sentimentale," presents Friederic Moreau as poverty-stricken on an income of over £200 a year—and he is a young bachelor. Zola, too, in "Germinal," where he desired to show the awfulness of the collier's fate, tried to prove that the Maheus were always at grips with the world, and they had over £2 a week for food alone, in a district and at a time of extreme cheapness! In Bourget's "Le Disciple" a ruined Marquis, obliged to let his house, is yet able to engage a private tutor at £240 a year with board and lodging. The reason for this singular miracle is that the tutor engaged is the hero of the novel, and it is essential that he should have a decent income. On the other hand, Bourget paints an older tutor, who was so poor that he had to get up early in the morning and wash his toilet in the cold, because he had to—he was so poor. But he earned an average of four francs an hour, which works out to about £480 a year.

I wish someone would write a similar article about the "inaptitudes" of English novelists. There is a boundless material, and, having regard to the importance of the money factor in all societies, the test of the treatment of money is a good one for a serious novelist. Few novelists will come safely through it. Mistakes in the artistic handling of money generally prove an appalling defect of imagination. Bourget is not a first-class novelist, but he is a real man of letters, and he is experienced and highly skilled, and averagely honest. How then came he to make such a mess of his tutor starving on £480 a year? He made such a mess simply because his imagination did not work adequately. He pictured his tutor running about from one employer to another, earning money in tiny instalments of four francs. But he did not picture him at the week's end or at the month's end receiving his payments in bulk; he did not hear the coins clinking or the notes rustling. If he had done this, even for an instant, he would have been obliged to alter the whole tableau. And that is just what is the matter with most novelists—even novelists who are in earnest— their imagination does not run far enough. Their imagination stops at the scenes which they have to describe, and is too idle or too feeble to penetrate into all the other scenes that are hidden in the background.

**REVIEW**

*What Is and What Might Be.* By E. G. A. Holmes. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is not often that accident advertises a book so well worth it as this. Out of the agitation connected with the famous Holmes circular many good things have come, but perhaps the publicity given to Mr. Holmes' considered views on elementary education contained herein is the best. Mr. Holmes proceeds au fond in his analysis of the predisposing circumstances of the present state of our schools. He traces our whole system of education, its method, causes; its defects, and its results. He has a personal Hebraic conception of the world, with its postulates of original sin, post-mortem rewards and punishments, and the authoritative order of priests. Transferred to education, these ideas have resulted in a system which assumes the inherent naughtiness of the child and proceeds to deal with it by regimentation, punishment and reward, the whole being under the control of the infallible teacher or educational director. This is exemplified most clearly in the dominant conception of the function of education. Save in the most exceptional corners of the elementary educational world, the function of schooling is still tacitly regarded as the "breaking in" of the devilish child. Children being by nature evil, disciplines of various kinds must be imposed on them in order, if not wholly to convert them, at least to mitigate their evil propensities, and to make of them "decent citizens." Mr. Holmes opposes to this theological view the reformist theory that the function of education is to foster the growth of the soul, and from this definition he proceeds to sketch the outlines of a new and better system. But in this, as he is careful to inform us, he is not merely willful—no, he has a sound practical theoretical basis for his views. What he describes as possibilities are, he assures us, already actualities in certain schools. Thus the second part of his book, the "What Might Be," is only the systematisation of certain reformed methods of education which in one school or another Mr. Holmes has himself seen.
The Practical Journalist.
A Vade-mecum for Aspirants.

By Jack Collings Squire.

No. 1.—THE MODEL LEADING ARTICLE.

The Report of the Royal Commission on Gramophones which, as will be seen in another column, was issued last night, is bulky and complicated even when compared with previous documents of this character. It is scarcely necessary for us, we presume, to recall to the minds of our readers the circumstances which led to the Commission’s appointment. To most of us they are only too painfully familiar. Suffice it to say that the ever-growing volume of public indignation on the subject of reference had by 1902 reached such a pitch that the Government of the day was compelled to yield to the pressure of opinion and appoint a Commission with the object of discovering what exactly was the present position of the law as bearing on the gramophones, and what changes, if any, were desirable.

The Commissioners, who met for the first time on March 9, 1904, were a very strong and representative body of men, amongst them being Lord Fitzgibbet, Lord Crimp, Viscount Bourton-on-the-Water (one of the greatest Speakers the House of Commons ever had), Mr. Andrew Hogmanay of the Mechanical Noise Abatement Society, Sir Heinrich Spitzbergen, M.P., Sir Giuseppe Piccolomini, M.P., Mr. Ivan Lewinski, M.P., Lord Julius Van Ostade, Mrs. Toop, Mr. Isaac L. Cholmondeley, the famous entrepreneur, Madame Colorotura, and Mr. Adolphus Jugg, of the Home Office, who acted as secretary. The first six years of the nine over which their sittings extended were devoted to the collection of a vast body of evidence from hundreds of witnesses of every shade of opinion; and the last two years have been spent on the preparation of the report. Nothing could well have been more thorough than this investigation. What is the outcome of it all? What is it that the Commission suggests should be done to diminish what is admittedly one of the most irritating of the many nuisances that harass the respectable citizen in modern England?

The suggestions of the Commissioners—who are unanimous save as respects certain minor points in connection with which Mrs. Toop has expressed her dissent from her colleagues—may be divided into two parts: the general ones, and the particular or negative proposals. With regard to the former it will be as well to say here and now that most people will find it impossible to give them their unqualified approval. Doubtless there are some sections in this half of the report in which the reasoning of the Commissioners is irrefutable and their conclusions unchallengeable. But at the most we can only say that this portion of the report is, like the curate’s egg, good in parts. It was inevitable that any Royal Commission which should take it upon itself to cross the Rubicon which divides the idealistic (and as we think, sound) conception of social dynamics from the purely material conception would provoke at once general and bitter indignation. It is painful to have to say this; but it is no use blinking facts, and we think that the vast majority of the people of this country will refuse to blink them with no uncertain voice. The development of events, the process of cosmic change, has brought us to a stage where it is inevitable that we should make a choice. Nations cannot remain for ever like the proverbial donkey between the two distant bundles of hay; they cannot serve two masters; either they must love the one and hate the other or they must forsake the one and seek after the other. Much of the Labour unrest which has been of late so
disquieting a feature to all students of social essences is directly, or at any rate indirectly, traceable to the prevailing confusion in the public mind in regard to this all-important matter. Our politicians, let us frankly admit, have given us a poor guidance. They have been in this connection but blind leaders unable to accord them our unqualified approval. That, however, is a matter with which the future will have to deal. It remains for us only to again express our sense of deep gratitude to the public-spirited men and women who by devoting so long a period to the study of a work which, without making too sudden a break in the slow and orderly evolution of English institutions, will by an adjustment here and a modification there cause the whole machine to work more smoothly. That, however, is a matter with which the future will have to deal.

The principal item in the great violinist's programme was Potbouille's delightful but exacting Concerto, the introductory Allegretto was played with consummate ease and purity, and the sudden magic check in the triplicated barberinis at the close literally sent an almost terrible shudder over the whole of the vast audience. Needless to say, the player received a great ovation at the close.

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Letters from Abroad.

The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—VII.

THE CONTRACTING THEATRE.

Vienna, August 7.

There are a score of things in Munich I should like to talk about. Munich is saturated with art and culture. How could it be otherwise, so near to Italy, and so attractive a country to persons of taste and ideas? Its walls are impressed with living and provocative forms of Art and Craft. Its open spaces are cheerful with lyrics in stone and set to the melody of flowing water. Its modern exhibition galleries are instinct with the co-operative spirit—mixed with the smell of wet paint.

Munich is a kind friend to all sorts and conditions of artists. One could wish it would harden its heart and accord wall space only to the sun-worshippers, who affect the magic play of light in wood and cornfield, across the snow-clad Bavarian Alps or upon waters charged with living forms. Instead of having three big exhibitions going at once, it might generously boil them down to one in which the pictures by artists who live to paint and are compelled to exhibit might be comfortably arranged. There are too small rooms in which it might select out of the seventy odd rooms at the Glaspalast, about twenty canvases from the forty odd rooms at the Jury Freie, and a dozen from the swarm at the Secessionist. The remaining pieces "it could banish to the fields in order to give the crowns a post-impressionist treat.

I see nothing in the objection that if it did so there would be no excuse for its very artistic exhibition rooms, with their many-coloured wall spaces. These are an interesting feature in themselves. It is very pleasant to pass from one coloured frame to another, and to pause before long passages of pure colour are moving as one room rapidly succeeds another. The real objection is that this assortment of colour does not add to the value of the exhibits. The effect, for instance, of the Colman's mustard room on the attenuated digestion of vegetarian visitors in paint, is disastrous; while Reckitt's blue so affects the pale pink pictures as to leave them gasping for air. In fact, these uncustomed bright walls only add to the dirt and gloom of the greater number of the exhibits.

Art moves most definitely and with force in the theatre, which here at least is a centre of artistic inspiration. The Theatre des Art, Paris, the Russian Ballets, and the Deutches Theater, Berlin, do not, then, stand alone in inspiring plastic forms of art. The Kunstler Theatre, Munich, is in active competition with them, both as regards being influenced by and widely influencing art. It is also reflecting the present contracting tendency in the theatre.

I would like to see this small complete theatre repeated in every town and city of the United Kingdom. It is just the sort of theatre for experiment and suggestion till the new theatre arrives, that a corporation could buy for a small sum—much less, in fact, than a Carnegie library costs—erect in the public park and exhibit to admiring visitors as a real example of progressive enthusiasm.

I do not recommend it as a permanent form of theatre. It is transitional, and with all its undoubted attractions it is but a delightful frame for small or condensed pictures. These faults are that it offers no scope for expansion, and reflects the present enormous efforts in the face of immense difficulties to adapt the new setting to an obsolete type of stage. This is a variation of the insane attempt to adapt the new ideas in art to a worn-out or unsuitable drama. Before a real advance can be made in the art of the theatre it must be recognised that according to the new standard of representation we have no drama and we have no theatre.
THE NEW AGE

August 31, 1911.

The Kunstler Theatre proves, however, that the theatre is coming. It proves that at last men have turned their attention to the housing of the drama. Its original ideas, of which it is full, prove that acute and subtle minds are taking the old conventions one by one, placing them on the dissecting table, examining, testing, and rejecting them. It proves that these searchers mean to get on the right line, even though at present they are off it.

Munich has found the ideal position for its art theatre in a park bordering the city, and here it has set up a symphony of synthesis, simplification and beauty. In a synthesis of the revolutionary ideas of Messrs. George Fuchs, Fritz Erler and Professor Littmann, and an application of the modern ideas of the unity of the theatre and the drama. The modern pursuit of the mood has led to the prevalent idea that the drama should create a dominant mood in the mind of the spectator and everything in the theatre should contribute to foster and strengthen this mood. There must be no friction. Mood is, in fact, the golden cord. The great thing.

Everything in the Kunstler Theatre is designed to produce a state of receptivity. Directly one sees the lyrical façade the proper frame of mind is produced. It is strengthened by the stimulus of the auditor aspects. It becomes more intense under the influence of the extraordinary artistic skill and taste displayed in the foyer and vestibules planned on so generous a scale. It is full of the essential spirit by the time the amphitheatre is reached where the spirit of Wagner is found to be working hand in hand with the artistic movement. This amphitheatre is, in fact, the modern one which rejects the old system of circles and galleries and was originated by Wagner in his search for sensations of unity, and it has special features which link it with Kunstoff Theatre, the Prinzregenten Theatre, as well as many other theatres in Germany, with the Festspielhaus. Herein is Wagner's triumph. The amphitheatre is designed to remove all friction, including inappropriate attendants, and to induce a state of mental concentration in the spectator. So there are the grateful harmonies of the tinted woods, the restful isolation of the seats in rising gently to the single row of boxes, the special acoustical properties of the auditorium, and the fawning tones of the sunken orchestra to complete the spell. Thus a direct communication is opened between mind and mind, between author and auditor.

Seated in comfort, I wondered whether the preliminary conditions of representation would be followed by others equally perfect, whether from the rise to the fall of that silver-blue curtain, with its air of mysticism, it would be possible to enjoy a performance which revealed a wise solution of the problem of the elimination of friction. That is, friction in unessentials. How does this stage deal with the problem of setting? What new ideas does it offer? What are the results of the search for simplification, synthesis, rhythm, and beauty? How are its walls and the space overhead covered? What is its system of lighting? How are its laws interpreted by the group of distinguished decorators—Erler, Diez, Hengeler, Engels, Schutz, Wieland, Stern and Graf? How does it serve to preserve the unity of the action of the drama in co-operation with sound, colour and motion? These are some of the questions that came to me. Such are the questions artistic revolutionaries are seeking to answer.

I felt that whatever the answers, I was about to be confronted with some interesting experiments. I was not disappointed. To begin with I was introduced to a stage entirely cleared of all the old meaningless bits of painted canvas that pass for scenery in England. Some of the worst of the ancient methods and details of staging had been swept away. There were no dirty, discordant, dislocated borders, wings, ground rows. No heaps of painted cloths. It was a return to the simple elements of setting by an immensely improved route. A new sensation.

The next innovation was a careful squaring up of the stage to the size of a small picture having two dimensions and the merest suggestion of a third (the new stage dimension)—depth. For the frame an immovable wooden portal had been fitted just behind the proscenium opening. This ingenious contrivance, which consists of a top piece and two side turrets having each a special window and a balcony, serves several purposes. It completely limits the sight-line of the spectator at the top and sides of the scene, it is a decoration, and it can be adapted to any interior or exterior.

Moreover, the use of this frame in conjunction with the specially constructed scenery, never consisting of more than a built-up wall or terrace thrown across the centre of the stage, does away with the necessity for wings, sky borders and ceilings. It effectually masks the side openings, thus there are any and, together with the walls, columns, etc., which are carried right up out of sight, and the admirable lighting arrangement, it helps to create the illusion of an unseen sky ceiling. The system of lighting is overhead and under the stage. There are no side lights and practically no footlights.

Another noticeable feature was the division of the scene into three—front, centre and back. The back stage is seldom used except for the purpose of obtaining perspective. According to a crude solution of the problem of stage perspective distance may be preserved by not allowing the actors to approach or move immediately against distant backgrounds. Some day, when a new stage is built, a more satisfactory solution will be found. Till then the undiminishing actor must keep away from receding landscapes.

There was also a moving background for panoramic effects in the form of a buck cloth run on perpendicular cylinders, worked by hand and electricity, and lit by four different colours. It will be gathered that the new system aims to reduce stage setting to the simplest proportions, and to call in the aid of suggestion in the attempt tokish modern extravagance and contrivance. It has many good points, such as the power of keeping the play rapidly in motion, of pressing the action to the main point, of excluding extraneous matter, ofities of setting or obvious padding out of the production. Indeed, it is a return to the best traditions of the stage of ancient Greece, or the finest Western conventions which admit of little else than a door or two and some beautiful draperies. Such a system will allow Shakespeare to be played with a column or two and a stationary or revolving backcloth and some intelligent limes. If persisted in and rightly developed the story of Messrs. Oscar Asche and Company's trip to Australia with five hundred tons of scenery will soon become an unhackneyed myth.

But the development of the machinery must be in a different direction from the present. It is useless to try and reform the scene by removing one tyranny and substituting another. This is what reformers are doing. In striving after the scenic effect they overlook the essence of the play. In getting rid of all the cumbersome stuff—canvas, ropes, struts, primitive lighting, all the devices for filling holes and corners, they have banished a great deal that rightly belongs to the existing type of stage. The important point they have overlooked is that the existing type of stage was not made for their sort of economy of space, and does not lend itself to the new system of setting. On the contrary, it appears to have evolved a system peculiar to itself just as the realistic movement has evolved a singularly ugly type of mind.
As I sat watching the performances—productions of light operas to which Max Reinhardt was devoting his vacation—some of the limitations imposed upon the new setting, the conditions of the stage, the reverse, became apparent. The first sensation was peculiarities. Besides, comic opera, in particular, exhibited the contracting scenes on a stage only seven metres in depth. The ship glided in seemingly wedged between the sky and the landing stage. Still, the interesting lines of whose moving lines and rich sentimental colours were perfectly in harmony with those of the scenic setting—the impression of congestion remained. When the crowds came on the stage furniture went off. Helen's bed, after a sultry love scene, finding the atmosphere too hot, slipped out to cool itself. Other similar strange things happened.

The scenes were first of all too tightly held by the decorative stationary frame; the walls of the scenes were for ever closing in; and the moving backdrop refused to throw the sky back. The backdrop was the greatest sinner. It was too near the audience. All its imperfections could be read. The fact that it sometimes had a very beautiful effect, as when it was transformed into a wonderful deep blue amorous night sky, so much in harmony with the fervour of Paris's love-makers. It was not other matters that appeared in the last act as a white horizon was absurd. It had a great stain in one corner as though someone had been using it as a tablecloth during the interval and had spilled the gravy on it. Thus in the same scene it left very little room for the decorative ship to come on, which carried away the decorative Paris and Helen. The ship glided in seemingly wedged between the sky and the landing stage. Still, the interesting lines of the eloping "lugger" filled very nicely into the space between the projecting figure and projecting column on opposite sides.

I had an invigorating vision of "Thermidore," a comic opera with banal music recalling everything ever written, by Digby la Touche, with fine decorations by Oskar Gräf and with less of the extraordinary sensuality which characterizes "Helena." In a word, it was clear throughout that though the new system of setting was infinitely more beautiful and impressive than the old, it was merely a system of reducing space in order to get a certain unity and simplicity, and therefore a device for forcing the play into impossible proportions. It excluded imagination also.

It may also be seen in some of his own plays produced by Frank Wedekind at the Schauspielhaus. I saw one of these plays. I forget its title. The theme was the well-born one of a man about to marry a woman, finds she has an affair, and there is the usual struggle of the two to come together. In the end the man hangs himself. All things considered, the end justifies the means. It would not have mattered if all the characters had hanged themselves. They were an undignified lot. The play was written from beginning to end, and the setting matched it. Wedekind played the leading part, and he has the distinction of being the very worst actor I have ever seen. To add to the joy of the thing, Wedekind has conceived the idea of distributing copies of the author's letter setting forth his reasons why the sexual question should be exploited on the stage, and why he, Wedekind, should not be persecuted for exploiting it. This is an age of novelties. I was invited to stay and see the new setting applied the next night to another of his sexual tracts. But I knew beforehand it would not be to my liking. The only satisfactory way of treating such a subject is to respect. It may also be seen in some of his own plays produced by Frank Wedekind at the Schauspielhaus. I saw one of these plays. I forget its title. The theme was the well-born one of a man about to marry a woman, finds she has an affair, and there is the usual struggle of the two to come together. In the end the man hangs himself. All things considered, the end justifies the means. It would not have mattered if all the characters had hanged themselves. They were an undignified lot. The play was written from beginning to end, and the setting matched it. Wedekind played the leading part, and he has the distinction of being the very worst actor I have ever seen. To add to the joy of the thing, Wedekind has conceived the idea of distributing copies of the author's letter setting forth his reasons why the sexual question should be exploited on the stage, and why he, Wedekind, should not be persecuted for exploiting it. This is an age of novelties. I was invited to stay and see the new setting applied the next night to another of his sexual tracts. But I knew beforehand it would not be to my liking. The only satisfactory way of treating such a subject is to respect.
Its art is very remarkable and beautiful, and carries the reader through scenes that without its perfection would be too horrible. From the beginning the feeling is too intense for the methods of ordinary narrative, and a lyric form of expression is adopted to give adequate opportunity for the expression of pity, indignation, and brooding grief in turn. In the first verse all hope of a possible happy ending is dispelled, in a word, poor, simple Isabel! and as the poem proceeds to tell how she overcame the horror of the grave in doing for her lover's unshriven soul all that lay in her power to give him joy, it means in lyric sympathy:—

Oh melancholy, linger here awhile,
Oh music, music, breathe despairingly.

But, as in "The Eve of St. Agnes," the individual figures of Lorenzo and Isabel in the foreground stand against a background dark with many wrongs. In the midst of the narrative the poet breaks forth in stanzas of indignation against the proud brothers and their ill-gotten gains. He is aware that by it he impedes the progress of his story and so breaks the laws of narrative, and he therefore "asks forgiving born" of Boccaccio, from whom he took his plot, but he lets the stanzas remain, and in that shows himself the supreme artist, for in them throws the hero of his story, the cause of the sorrows of the lovers, the principle by which many others also must suffer, by which they are only typified. The tragedy is multiplied.

The stanzas of indignation are the following:—

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandize,
And for them many a weary hand did swell
In toiled mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quiev'd loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip—with hollow eyes.

Many a day in dashing river stood
To take the rich'd driftings of the flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-drunken, half-shut up, they turn'd, an easy wheels
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?
Why were they proud? Because fair orange mounts
Were of more soft ascents than ladder stairs?
Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?

Surely scientific men and women and social reformers of all shades should ponder well those words.

Will the day ever dawn when the teachings of Plato on the breeding of humans will be listened to by a thoughtless world?

Surely the crosses I have ever seen
On castles, swords, and banners, and on kings,
The glory of each cross has always been
To boast a most unchristian state of things.

The cross that tops the crown of Hungary
Alone will not disgrace the Saviour's name,
Alone will not enjoy false dignity,
And totters, drooping all awry for shame.

Perhaps all crosses look a little bent
Since the great priestly murder bowed them down,
And yet I think the Saviour never meant
His cross to feel quite happy on a crown.

It is the new age,
August 31, 1911.
Then let the people strike. But to be effectual, the strike must be universal and on one day, and at one time. When the signal is given, they must all set forth from all sides in one way downwards. Doubtless I shall be termed a firebrand and morally.

Commonwealth all pause:—"On January of the people, and reducing the sum total of mental disease. It will be observed these figures do not relate to either Scotland or Ireland. Both these countries have their own terrible tale to tell. Now that members can be obtained post free IS. 0 1/2d. from Eyre and Spottiswoode, King's printers, East Harding Street, London, E.C.

H. R. GAWLER.

Ex-Member of St. Saviour's Guardians, Southwark, London, S.E.
small number of capitalists or heads of trusts, and a vast bourgeois, supporting, and at the same time supported by, the capitalists for the bourgeoisie and the capitalists stand or fall together.

In short, every Act dealing with the working classes, directly or indirectly, during the last half-century, has been based on the assumption that, while nominally benefitting the workman, and has tended to undermine the manhood of the working classes. Our legislators have done their very best. Mr. Johnstone, consistently warned them not to: they have broken the proud spirit of the poor.

To pretend that this is a grave state of things is inadequate. To adapt a phrase of Nietzsche's, it is a portentous fact, forming a premiss from which only the bravest of us will venture to draw a conclusion.

J. M. KENNEDY.

** SERIOUS POLITICS. **

Sir,—The English governing class at one time had a reputation for seriousness; the foreign diplomats clapped it dullness. To-day, they have ceased to be even serious. They are merely frivolous and vulgar. During Wednesday, August 23, the civil troubles in England took a most serious turn owing to the fact that the tension in Liverpool had revolved the threat of a general strike throughout England of the railway and transport workers. Upon that evening, the Prime Minister of England had a dinner party. One would have imagined Mr. Asquith would have taken the opportunity of consulting, in an after-dinner conference, some relevant public authority. But to all whose advice, judging by his singular proceedings in the last few days, he would appear to be badly in need of. On the contrary, it is reported that quite on the contrary, it is reported that right up to the day of the Prime Minister's departure, Mrs. S. Verdad has never referred to the circumstance that the manufacturer and financier were quite international in their interests will always conflict with such a view of Socialism. It is a fact. Let us not be deceived by the façade of patriotism. Mr. Asquith is only a trustee in the Union des Mines for the corporation shareholders in the companies chiefly concerned in Morocco, and is published in to-day's papers. In case it has

Sir,—In my last letter I put to Mr. Belfort Bax plain question in order that we might know exactly what he meant by "communism," and Mr. Bax, who so well understands that he meant that everything would be "absolutely free," as Mr. Blatchford expresses it. And I maintained that if this were its meaning, the object was most manifestly fundamental between such a system, commonly recognised as Communism, and the system of Socialism, in which only the means of production was supposed to be organised. It is one thing to nationalise the means of production, and a very different thing to communalise the product, that is, to hold it in common, as the Communists put it. If I am not going to quarrel about words. I gather from Mr. Bax's second letter that he does approve of "free everything," and I can only conclude that when he says there is no fundamental difference between the two systems, he means that the bourgeois must necessarily develop into Communism, and that he considers such evolution desirable. I should like him to give his reasons for holding these views.

I agree that there must be a "properly organised system of production," "scientific procedure," and all that sort of thing. It sounds well, but it is very vague. What I want to know is how under Communism it is possible, as Mr. Bax asserts, for any individual to escape arbitrary taxation for utilities judged necessary for him by others. If I should want a motor-car or an aeroplane for my personal pleasure, I could have it for the asking, everything being free—unless, of course, as might easily happen under Communism, but not under Socialism, where I should judge it unnecessary and refuse it, which would be an intolerable state of affairs. At whose expense is it to be manufactured? How can the system not put the world to the expense of the most part of other people, who may not desire such things, because they do not think the pleasure of owning them even profitable, the labour of making them or their equivalent. That means they would be taxed in one way or another for something they do not want, but which is considered necessary for them or other members of the public. Since there would be no "money-system," that is, no means of calculating and certifying the amount of socially necessary work an individual has done, and the amount of wages due to him as a result, it would be extremely cumbrous than the "free everything" of Communism, with its necessary accompaniment of compulsory viciousness and injustice. Communism would only be workable if we men lived in a world of workers and subsisted on nuts and berries. With your permission I ask Mr. Belfort Bax to defend his position.

J. Haldane Smith.

** MR. MASFIELD'S "NAN." **

Sir,—If Mr. Inkster were less of a "slave of beauty" and more of a judge, he might be induced to rebel against the genius whose police-court drama is under discussion.

His reference to Nan's vision, his "mental between such systems, he means that Socialism would only be possible if mankind lived in an idyllic state in the woods, would allow every individual to escape arbitrary taxation for something they do not want, but which is considered necessary for them or other members of the public. Since there would be no "money-system," that is, no means of calculating and certifying the amount of socially necessary work an individual has done, and the amount of wages due to him as a result, it would be cumbrous than the "free everything" of Communism, with its necessary accompaniment of compulsory viciousness and injustice. Communism would only be workable if we men lived in a world of workers and subsisted on nuts and berries. With your permission I ask Mr. Belfort Bax to defend his position.

J. Haldane Smith.

** THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO. **

Sir,—S. Verdad has missed or rather admitted the point of my letter. No doubt he mentioned the Mannesmann Brothers' interests, because they were a national firm. His view of foreign politics, as I understand, is that international Socialism is an absurd dream, and that national interests will always conflict with such a view of Socialism. I wrote my letter in order to show that the armament-maker and financier were quite international in their methods of promoting their undertakings. What national interests the Union des Mines are supposed to represent, whether Germany, England, or France, S. Verdad has omitted to state. It is very strange that, until challenged, S. Verdad has not referred to the fact that the shareholders in the companies chiefly concerned in Morocco represent several nations. The late Friedrich Krupp was only a trustee in the Union des Mines for the corporation which has been carrying on the German armament business for some years, and the company has the same holding at this day. The influence of the Krupp Company is still present in the councils of Germany, and the Neueste Nachrichten is still flourishing merily. It is a matter to be regretted upon public grounds that S. Verdad rarely draws attention to the financial wires manipulating the various movements in foreign affairs.

STANHOPE OF CHESTER.

** POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES. **

Sir,—Following on the trial of Mr. Sam Lewis, the future Prime Minister of Rhodesia (and of the South African Union), a telegram from Reuter's telegraph has arrived from Natal, and is published in to-day's papers. In case it has escaped the notice of any of your readers perhaps you will care to give it a place.

The native named Silwan, who was arrested at Bergville, a village in Natal, last May, for assaulting two white ladies who were driving along a lonely road in a pony carriage, has on two charges of assault with intent to rape and assault with intent to murder. He was sentenced altogether to 20 years' penal servitude, and go lashes.---Reuter.

No doubt those experts in moral education, the Natal police, will see to it that Silwan leaves the gaol a reformed and penitent character. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to see Natal manfully shouldering the White Man's Burden.

FREDERIC HILLERSDON.
another notion that Mozart was the greater master! He opines that "beauty may be only a by-product of art." "Fancy—after all these centuries! Then we hear that "the great artist who is a philosopher" "produces a matchless poem." A worm qua worm is no despicable object! Not as man qua worm! Mr. Inkster should con his own conclusion that a man who is "filthy will be filthy in his works—and then read "Nan" over again.

YOUR REVIEWER.

Sir,—My letter on this subject referred to what seemed to me an unfortunate phrase used by your reviewer about Mr. Ashley Dukes, and was entirely without prejudice to what I thought of Mr. Inkster's work. I have not publicly expressed an opinion of "Nan." Had I done so it would have shocked even hardened connoisseurs; and I should be glad to know the name of the "well-known critic" who says I wrote the original review which led to the discussion.

Since your critic, as I understand, invites me to comment upon Mr. Ashley Dukes, and other supporters of "Nan," I will so do as mildly as possible. It is well known that children, and even adults, experience certain repugnant physical sensations at the sight of certain insects or animals. Some take flight when they see a blackbeetle and others cannot stand a spider, while in every case there is the repugnant sensation of the smell, particularly in the neighbourhood of the spine, an attempt on the part of the hair to stand on end, an acceleration of the heart-beat, a nausea elevated to cold sweat. In this respect my own detestation, as a child, was earwigs: earwigs always produced these sensations. And whenever I read anything written by Mr. Maurice Browne's open letter to Mr. Stead, published in The New Age about two years ago, and various other productions of the earwig school.

There are several points in connection with this school, and the "Manchester Guardian"'s participation in the discussion, with which I hope to deal in an article by and by. I shall, of course, sign the article, in order that "well-known critics" may not be led astray. J. M. KENNEDY.

"Nietzsche and Art."

Sir,—"J. M. K." has allowed the case against Nietzsche to go by default. When so clever a writer plainly says, "No case, abuse plaintiff's attorney," the position is hopeless. But the shafts aimed at me prove to be boomerangs which return and strike the unskilled thrower. "J. M. K." says I am unable to make up my mind, and that I respond to every criticism with a narrower position. I say this of the only man who has analysed the whole situation in the art world, got at its true inwardness, stated his conclusions clearly and vigorously, and thus challenged the conclusions of certain insects or animals. Some take flight when they see a blackbeetle and others cannot stand a spider, while in every case there is the repugnant sensation of the smell, particularly in the neighbourhood of the spine, an attempt on the part of the hair to stand on end, an acceleration of the heart-beat, a nausea elevated to cold sweat. In this respect my own detestation, as a child, was earwigs: earwigs always produced these sensations. And whenever I read anything written by Mr. Maurice Browne's open letter to Mr. Stead, published in The New Age about two years ago, and various other productions of the earwig school. There are several points in connection with this school, and the "Manchester Guardian"'s participation in the discussion, with which I hope to deal in an article by and by. I shall, of course, sign the article, in order that "well-known critics" may not be led astray. J. M. KENNEDY.


THE ABBEY THEATRE.

Sir,—Mr. Jacob Tonson is always readable and usually well-informed. His causerie on the Abbey Theatre is interesting, but not quite well informed. He says the Theatre has recently come under the sinister influence of Dublin—"an influence fatal to the enterprise. It is well known in Dublin that the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Abercorn have never come to a performance of the Theatre during the six years they have been in Dublin Castle, and their main connection with it has been a hostile one when an attempt has been made to secure the castle as a site for production of "Blanco Posnet." Mr. Tonson says if called upon he can give proofs; well, it will be interesting to have them. It will be interesting to have them.

Many lovers of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin will agree with Mr. Tonson that it is a pity that the season in Dublin is not longer. As far as Dublin, it is the rightful place for the Theatre, and three or even four months is not an adequate period to devote to Ireland. An effort should also be made to get "new blood" into the ranks of the artists. It is not wise or desirable that so many of its events should be kept in the one basket. The existing actors and actresses surely could not object to additions to their ranks, having regard to the large number of plays that are produced. It is the common experience of managers that artists are rather disposed to be omnivorous and to resent the advent of rivals, but I have never heard that this is a characteristic or attribute of the Abbey players. Mr. Tonson criticises Mr. Yeats for speaking of the Abbey people as " professional players." This is not; but I do not see what is objectionable in the appellation. Peasants, especially in Ireland, are a very respectable section of the community. I speak feelingly, as I come from that class myself. Indeed, Mr. Tonson's analysis of the society from which the artists are drawn is rather remarkable: "journalists, clerks, lawyers, engineers and women of the middle class." It would be interesting were Mr. Tonson to tell us who among the Abbey players are "lawyers, engineers, and women of the middle class." Having regard to the policy of this house, I think it will not be long before we know in which of his three great classes of society he puts "peasants."

I am an admirer of the Abbey Theatre and of its plays and of its players, which and who I see as often as I am able to get to Dublin, and I think something is to be said in its name and again in that of its management, which is carried on under disadvantages from which ordinary theatres are free.

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