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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Various explanations have been suggested for the mildness of the Trade Union Congress in the matter of the recent use of the military. True, there was a scene on Tuesday, but of the character of a paper blaze; and by Wednesday all the heat had died out. Certain observers would have us believe that the breaking of the proud spirit of the poor has already begun, and the absence of resentment against Mr. Churchill's military dramatics is a proof of it. Others, again, throw the responsibility on the leaders and wirepullers of the Congress, who are supposed to be secretly hand in glove with the Government and its "fraternal" delegates. Neither of these explanations, however, satisfies us. There were not many signs during the late strike that the spirit of the organised workers, at any rate, was near the breaking point. If anybody's spirit is weak among them, it is that of their leaders. Nor was there any sign at the subsequent meetings of the Congress that the men felt themselves permanently defeated. On the contrary, as we shall make clear in a moment, the Conference concluded in the most martial strain of resolute industrial warfare that has been heard at Labour meetings these many years. The echoes of that strain, we venture to say, will penetrate every political council, every shareholders' office, and every editorial room in England. It was neither the cowardice of the men nor the treachery of the leaders that accounted for the mild condemnation of Mr. Churchill. It arose, we believe, from the men's realisation of a new discovery in tactics, the discovery that the military may and in future must be rendered unnecessary.

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Exactly in proportion as strikes become more general they will become less violent in character. This, we may say, is a truism among the workmen to-day. The "Times" was base enough to declare on Wednesday that "rioting of the Continental type . . . has become a familiar feature of our industrial disputes." This lie, no doubt, is intended to pave the way for the attempted suppression of picketing and for compulsory arbitration. The truth, however, is the very contrary of this. During the recent stike, as Manchester, one of its storm-centres, can bear witness, the strikers were not only orderly themselves, but they were everywhere the cause of order in others. Read the evidence of the witnesses before the Railway Commission, and you will learn (and the fact that it is news to the public is a reflection on the Press) that in various railway centres the unemployed railwaymen offered to supply the authorities with special constables free of charge for the purpose of maintaining order. This does not appear as if rioting of the Continental or any other type is becoming a familiar feature of Trade Union disputes. On the contrary, it appears to us to be an infinitely more menacing omen for capitalism. Carlyle, it will be remembered, remarked as the significant feature of one of the popular demonstrations preceding the French Revolution that the people, though hungry, did not steal bread. It is a sign that the workmen of England are beginning to realise their strength when they no longer need to display it in "rioting of the Continental type."

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The absence of rioting, and above all, the guarantee that strike leaders of the future will be able to give that no riots shall take place, will rob the Government of the day of any excuse to call out the military. We may admit, if we please, that there was just a shadow of excuse for Mr. Churchill's action. It was premature, and it proved to be provocative rather than merely superfluous. On the other hand, as Mr. Churchill no doubt argued, the Government had had no experience of a strike on this scale before. At the risk of appearing ridiculous, or even of proving dangerous, a timid Minister might conceivably be honestly convinced that the wise thing to be done was to ensure himself against the worst. But the experience of the general peacefulness of so wide a strike, the evident determination of the strikers to suppress rioting, and the decision now generally accepted among the organised workers to conduct their industrial wars civilly, will make the intrusion of the Government's military into the strikes of the future an act of wilful aggression. Already several municipal authorities are angrily protesting that in the recent strikes the military were unnecessary. Once they are given guarantees by the Strike Committees of the future that order shall be maintained, we can conceive them refusing to permit the military to be quartered on them. Unless the Government of the coming days is demented enough to force its military on towns where they are neither wanted nor needed, the opportunities for the use of soldiers will disappear. Some such forecast of the future, we believe, was present to the minds of the Newcastle delegates, who, to most people's surprise, let the Government off rather lightly for its late military exploits. Had there been any apprehension that the military would be able to break the strike now being organised for a not too distant future, we may be certain that a stronger protest against Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill would have been heard.

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As bearing on the intentions of labour we have already remarked that the Congress concluded in a martial strain. So far from the recently revived strike campaign showing signs of dying down, not the most wilfully blind of observers can doubt that it is rapidly

becoming more intense, more deliberate and more determined. The delegate who happily paraphrased the tag—Let him strike now who never struck before, And him that struck before now strike the more—appeared to hit exactly the spirit and intention of the Conference; and this view is confirmed by all the reports we have read and heard. It is plain that we are on the eve of a momentous change in Trade Union policy. Twenty years of exclusively Parliamentary activity having failed as hopelessly to raise wages as twenty years of exclusively industrial agitation, the plan is now to be adopted of pursuing both methods simultaneously. We do not anticipate in consequence of the new strike policy that there will be any slackening in political effort. On the contrary, political efforts will gather new force from association with industrial efforts. But we may certainly expect that there will be no further attempts by the political leaders to suppress industrial agitation. Or if these attempts are made they will assuredly be doomed to failure. The outlook, therefore, in the world of labour is what we have long foreseen, a resumption of the method of the strike, with increasing care to strike suddenly, effectively, and widely.

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The General Strike being now the declared object of organised labour, it remains to be seen what the governing classes of this country will do to forestall, avert, or forward it. Let us say at once that if Labour is not mad as well as blind, no efforts on the part of the Government can avert a General Strike by any means short of making it unnecessary. Impossible no government can make it, either by law or by force. We have seen that the trade unionists have learned the Ju-jitsu tactics in industrial strife of keeping order among themselves. Against a purely passive resistance military occupation and martial law would be absolutely useless. But law in the technical sense will be no less ineffective. Studious hours are now being spent by Government officials in concert with employers to devise some means of making arbitration compulsory and strikes illegal. We do not wish to exaggerate the difficulties of these methods; but it is very well known that for several reasons they are impossible in England. We defy, in fact, any responsible Ministry that does not wish to be defeated to bring in a Bill to establish either of these antipodean nostrums. In New Zealand, where both measures have been and are being tried, the price of the one would be regarded as prohibitive in England, and the other is a dead letter. It is impossible to collect fines from or to imprison ten thousand men who choose to strike without giving a legal notice. You cannot invent crimes of that kind and then seriously propose to punish for their commission. Mr. Crooks' silly Bill, for example, reduces the attempt to make strikes illegal to an absurdity. From his exemplary stupidity an invaluable lesson in the art of how it is impossible to legislate has been learned. The conclusion is that no means exist of making strikes effectively illegal. But equally, Compulsory Arbitration in this country will prove impossible. In New Zealand, the bribe paid to employers (who generally lose under any fair arbitration) to induce them to accept the scheme is Protection. In effect, they receive permission to charge the public with every increase of wages forced on them by an Arbitration Board. But, except in the case of the railways in England, no such governmental permission can be given or guaranteed. Consequently, the opposition in England to Compulsory Arbitration will come mainly from the employers, unless, as is improbable, Protection is promised them by a Free-trade Government.

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English politicians, however, are very ingenious. The pains they take to prop up a system that is dead are analogous to the pathetic efforts employers make to compel obsolete machines to do the work of new machines. Though the Railway Commission is not half through its labours, it is not difficult to forecast its report, the recommendations of which will probably erect an instrument of Conciliation with new vices for old as its chief characteristic. A Board for each railway, we imagine, will be recommended, with recognition of the unions, and the establishment of a National Board as a Court of Appeal. In return for recognition, the union officials will be prepared to guarantee obedience to the signed agreements; and it is just here that the new instrument will break down in practice. It is all very well for union officials to pretend that their power of the purse is absolute; but it neither is nor ought to be. As a matter of fact, they are not, and can never be, in a position to dictate what their men should or should not do; and their guarantees of obedience are consequently worthless. With the tide of labour thoughts running strongly against them and in the direction of extended strikes, it would be folly for the Railwaymen's officials to promise, under any circumstances, not to strike; and it would be equal folly of the companies or the Government to accept their assurance. Nevertheless, such is the desire of the Government to maintain its 1907 Act in some form or other, and to avoid the obvious solution of the whole difficulty that Railway Nationalisation affords, that we may expect the Commission's recommendations will be accepted and a bruised reed be placed as a buttress under a system that is fast falling to pieces.

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It will not conduce to the stability of the settlement that in consequence of it railway rates and fares will be raised to the general public. With an annual profit of 47 millions—a greater sum than the total amount annually paid in wages—it is a disgrace that the companies should be permitted by special Act of Parliament to transfer the increased cost of wages to prices. There is surely nothing sacrosanct in this exact sum of 47 million pounds annually extracted by some 100,000 shareholders from the trading and travelling population of 40 million persons. It is a piece of monstrous injustice that the settlement of the strike should have to be paid for by the public, and not one penny piece of it be charged on the exorbitant profits of railway proprietors. The transfer of at least half this sum to wages is the least that justice demands; and if the transfer of the remainder were made to the public in the form of reduced rates and fares, the nation, save and except the 100,000 shareholders (who could be comforted in another way), would be the better off. The nationalisation of railways would, in fact, effect this with as little trouble as possible. By simply abolishing profits—as in the Post Office—a State railway department could both reduce rates and raise wages with no loss whatever in administrative efficiency.

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Something similar to this has been done and is about to be done on an extended scale in France in consequence of the so-called food riots. These riots, it appears, have their origin in a strike of the purchasing public against high prices. Economic phenomena are constant in their manifestation, and a rise in the cost of production, whether by increased wages or by increased difficulty of supply, is invariably followed under the capitalist system by a rise in prices. This rise in prices is not necessary, however, on all occasions. It is rendered inevitable under the existing system only because the last thing to be reduced by capitalists is profits. Wages may be reduced or raised, prices may be reduced or raised, but profits may never be touched except to increase. Under these circumstances, when from any cause prices need to be raised to ensure a continuance of profits, the only remedies open to the purchasing public are (1) to find a new and cheaper supply, (2) to content themselves with an inferior article or substitute, (3) to eliminate the profit in prices by municipalisation or co-operation. This last device, strangely enough, though the simplest, the most effective, and the most permanent, is usually the very last to be resorted to. An increase of prices in the matter of bread or coal or meat or milk in England, for example, will be met by the public by either the first or the second of the three alternatives open to them. It is never allowed them by their employers' press to imagine that the third alternative is not only practical but commonsense. In

France, on the other hand, the third alternative of municipalisation has both been tried and is about to be more extensively employed. We desire to draw particular attention to M. Cailloux, the Prime Minister's, promise of legislation in the coming session against excessively high prices. First—as was natural—promises are made to increase the avenues of supply of the articles in question (meat and bread) by lightening the charges on imports—a triumph, this, for Free Trade, the "Nation" informs us. Secondly, however—and this, though the "Nation" completely ignores it, is the most important piece of social news reported for months—measures are to be drafted empowering the local authorities to establish communal co-operative markets and to compete with private establishments by selling at "standard" rates, that is, we suppose, at cost price without profits! There is legislation for you!

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We have risked irritating our readers during some weeks by challenging certain publicists to produce their scheme for raising wages without nullifying the effect by raising prices. It is significant of the intellectual cowardice (or shall we say caution?) of our public men that not one of those to whom we have specifically addressed our questions has had the spirit either to attempt a reply or to acknowledge that he has none. The journals most in honour amongst the middle classes—the "Times," the "Spectator," and the "Nation"—have alike failed to contribute a single illuminating or constructive idea to the subject. Everybody who is not a paid capitalists' hack, a Government peon, or an ignoramus unfit to write a paragraph of society gossip, knows very well that the problem before society, and consequently the problem with which professional publicists of any pretension to intelligence must deal under penalty of forfeiture of their reputation among honest people, is the problem of how to raise wages in this country effectively, that is, without raising prices to the same amount. Yet among the scores to whom our question has been put, during a time, too, when events themselves were marked with the same emphatic interrogation, not one has been found to make a sign that he even understood the question. We offer them a choice of names. For the answer to our question is simple, and the French Government has found it. To raise wages without raising prices it is necessary to start businesses, either co-operatively or communally, to sell at cost price without profit.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THANKS to the courtesy of a friend of mine in the Berlin Foreign Office, a copy of all the main provisions in the official German reply to M. Jules Cambon's revised proposals reached me even before the original document arrived at the Quai d'Orsay. I can only say that the German answer is drawn up with great skill—skill which is admirably combined with the I'll-stand-no-damned-nonsense manner of the admirable Foreign Secretary, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. The hand of this gentleman, indeed, is seen in every line of Germany's written demands; and if the documents in connection with these negotiations are published years hence they will show Herr Von Kiderlen-Wächter as a master of bargaining.

To sum up this much-talked-of reply, it may be said that Germany's demands would make her practically paramount in Moroccan commerce. She wants mining concessions. She wants railway concessions. She wants banking concessions. And, where she does not demand mining and railway and banking concessions for herself alone, she demands that they shall be thrown open to the world in general and not reserved for France only. These concessions are demanded in such a way as to make it appear that Germany is merely trying to establish the "open-door" principle; but in practice they would set Germany in quite a privileged position. France would be able to exercise a certain amount of political power in Morocco; but her officials would really be occupied in administering and keeping order in the country for the benefit of German merchants. That, broadly speaking, would be the effect of one part of Germany's demands.

To take another point, however. We all know that what France really wanted out of these negotiations was "finality" in Morocco. Aware of the ease with which Germany tore up the Agreement of 1909, she wanted some form of cast-iron Treaty—and M. Cambon's proposals were formulated as a Draft Treaty—which would prevent Germany from ever again re-opening the Morocco question. She wanted to turn Morocco into a sort of French Egypt. The Sultan of Morocco might nominally exercise the power, just as Egypt is nominally governed by a representative of the Turkish Government; but France meant to be in Morocco exactly what England is in Egypt, i.e., boss. The German commercial demands, however, would put an end to this policy. The mining and other concessions would enable Germany to re-open the Morocco question at any time: it would be easy to find an excuse. France, in other words, would give up a large portion of the French Congo, and would not receive in return what she wanted in Morocco, viz., "finality." She would not even have the commercial exploitation of the country; for, in the first place, the Germans would have many important concessions, and, in the second place, assuming that nations were competing on equal terms, what chance would French firms have against German firms subsidised by the Government?

Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, however, kills several more birds with this stone. Obviously, economic privileges for German firms would interfere with English trade in Morocco, which is very large; and the view held in Berlin is that, if France were obliged to grant such terms, a wedge would be driven into the entente cordiale which might, in time, split this unique combination from end to end. Again, Germany, of course, hopes within a few years—during Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter's term of office, if he can only manage it—to acquire the Belgian Congo. A glance at the map will show the outcome of this. Germany would then possess colonies stretching across Africa, viz., a considerable portion of the French Congo (for Germany's demands include a strip of the coast, which France is willing to concede), the Belgian Congo, and German East Africa. When it is borne in mind that Germany has the first claim to the Portuguese colony of Angola, and that Angola lies between the French Congo and German South-West Africa, it will easily be understood that the Wilhelmstrasse is not altogether working in the dark, but with a really high aim in view.

Now, a glance at any map of Africa will show that French Congo, Belgian Congo, Angola, German South-West Africa, and German East Africa, form a considerable chunk of the continent. Assuming these districts to be in German hands, we should find our South African Colonies hemmed in on all sides, not, as at present, by comparatively weak nations like Belgium and Portugal, but by a really powerful country. The map, too, will show the "position" of British East Africa, Uganda, and the Soudan, in more than one sense of the word.

It does not follow that this country would have either the power or the will to prevent Germany from thus expanding. Yet, sooner than they imagine, our statesmen will be confronted with a problem: is Belgium worth so little to us in the event of a European war that we can afford to let Germany absorb her rich African colony without raising a finger in protest?

These are all matters which are touched upon only very indirectly in the German reply; but they may be read between the lines. Germany not only wishes to be able to expand in the directions indicated: she also wants power to re-open the Morocco question at any time she pleases. This is what France decidedly objects to. She wants, first, complete control over Morocco, politically and economically, and, secondly, "finality" in this control. So the bargaining is likely to be carried on for some considerable time. True, there is a war party in Paris which maintains—and quite rightly—that now or never is the time to attack Germany; but that is another

story, and one to which, at this moment, no particular importance need be attached.

Of course, Spain is proceeding to insist on her political "rights" in Morocco, which she is doing at the direct instigation of Germany. The claim to Ifni, based on a fifty-year-old and obsolete Treaty, is amusing, but it is a piece of amusement which may cost the Spanish Government dear. The French Government, it should never be forgotten, controls the Paris Bourse to a great extent; and if bundles of Spanish stock were thrown on the market the effect would soon be felt on the other side of the Pyrenees. Spain, it is to be feared, does not count in these negotiations; and, if France and Germany reach a decision which Spain doesn't like, she will simply have to put up with it. Observe the disadvantages of being a small country without a good army, a good navy, and financial resources! Personally, I feel sorry for this; for the Spaniards are at all events gentlemen.

Italy's designs on Tripoli, which were referred to on this page some weeks ago, have just been discovered by the daily papers, including the "Neue Freie Presse." I may add to the information I have already given. Italy has sounded several of the Powers in regard to Tripoli. Only one objection was made to her taking over this Turkish colony. This objection came from Germany, and I regard it as tactless. For, if Germany had given her consent, Italy would have felt more at home in the Triplice; and Germany would have lost nothing.

Some Tory Policies.

By J. M. Kennedy.

In an earlier article of the "Tory Democracy" series I made the statement that the Tory party had a policy of sorts, but that it had no ideas wherewith to back up its policy. But that the policy is exceedingly vague and immature may be seen from the utterances of those who try to explain it. There is something in it about tariffs, and some vague stress is laid upon the unity of the Empire and social reform. No policy of this nature has ever been put forward in detail, least of all by those who consistently call for it. One of the latest articles which has come to my notice on this point is that by Mr. Maurice Woods in the "Fortnightly" (August, 1911), and some passages in it are so typical of what is said by Conservatives generally that I venture to quote them here:—

> One is sick of hearing that the Unionist Party has no constructive policy and that this is the reason of its impotence. It is simply not true. The creation of a national tariff and the erection of a system of inter-Imperial preferences is as great a work of constructive statesmanship as any party has placed on its programme in the last hundred years of English history. . . .
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> It is in a Tory social policy, closely linked up with the system of national and Imperial tariff, that the party will find its political salvation. . . . .
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> The industrial masses have become a part, perhaps the most important part, of the nation. The preservation of their health and efficiency by such measures as a national tariff and a minimum wage is as much a matter of public concern as the maintenance of an invincible navy. If Toryism will once accept this view, the Tory Democracy will place its leaders in power before many months have run out.

We have here a very fair summary of the Conservative "policy," and yet when it is examined there is very little in it. Tentative plans have been suggested for putting a scheme of Imperial tariffs into effect; but practical statesmen will have none of them. Imperial Federation, which, we are assured, must be based on some form of Imperial preference, would appear to have met with poor luck when its supporters endeavoured to translate its somewhat vague generalities into practice. It is for many Englishmen and Colonials an inspiring ideal; but Conservatives should not lay too much stress upon ideals of which they have not worked out the practical application. For example, Sir Joseph Ward's scheme for an Imperial Council of State as adviser to the Imperial Government was treated with a certain amount of disdain at the 1911 Conference—not, let it be noted, by the representatives of the Liberal Home Government, but by Sir Joseph's fellow-Premiers. The proposed Imperial Council of Defence met with a similar fate, and the reason was that the various Colonial Ministers felt that such a plan would detract from their own power. It must be borne in mind by British statesmen of both parties that the Colonies are exceedingly jealous ("touchy" would be a better word) about their "liberties," and they will assuredly "turn down" any proposal which appears to them to interfere with these precious "liberties" of theirs, even remotely.

At this 1911 Imperial Conference, too, Mr. Harcourt, on behalf of the Home Government, proposed the formation of a Standing Consultative Committee of the Conference itself; but this plan was likewise rejected by the representatives of the Colonies on the ground that it would hinder direct intercourse between them and the Home Government, and would thus tend, even if only in a slight degree, to lower their status as self-governing countries. Even Mr. Buxton's proposal for an Imperial system of labour exchanges was not received with any great enthusiasm.

A perusal of the official reports of the Conference, meagre as they are, will show the reader that there were many minor matters upon which it was found difficult to reach an agreement, *e.g.* the question of coloured seamen, when the Government came into sharp conflict with New Zealand; and the question of Indian labour in South Africa, when Lord Crewe came into friendly contact with General Botha.

It may be held that the Colonies are eager to act with us in the defence of the Empire—that they must do so, in fact, in the event of a big war. But even this arrangement must be accepted with some modification. It is the clearly expressed determination of Canada and Australia to have national navies of their own, which are not to be used by the Home Government unless the definite consent of the colonies interested has previously been obtained. In other words, the colonies intend to be self-governing countries in their plans of defence just as much as in everything else. It will be seen, then, that even the smallest proposal connected with Imperial Federation has many difficulties to overcome before it can be put into practice, and in the meantime it looks quite a hopeless impossibility to reach an agreement on Imperial Preference. In a federalised empire preference would not merely have to be considered from the point of view of the economic relations between the colonies and the mother-country, but also from the point of view of the economic relations of the colonies among themselves. No Imperialistic economist has ever yet put forward a proposal to show how this difficulty would be met.

It is doubtless true, to take another point raised by Mr. Woods—as by all the Tory writers on this subject—that the Conservatives, like any other political party, will not make much headway if they do not come out with a definite scheme of social reform. But the Tories would be well advised to cease from saying that their programme of social reform depends on their programme of Tariff Reform. It seems evident that the Colonies do not care for the Conservative programme of Tariff Reform or for any of the various suggestions put forward by the Conservatives for Imperial Federation.

It is wrong to say, as Mr. Woods and other writers do, that "the creation of a national tariff and the erection of a system of inter-Imperial preferences is as great a work of constructive statesmanship as any party has placed on its programme in the last hundred years of English history." There is, as I have said, no scheme; and the tentative proposals made for establishing one have been rejected by the parties most intimately concerned in it—viz., the Colonies themselves. It is, therefore, wrong likewise to say that "It is in a Tory social policy closely linked up with a system of a national and Imperial tariff that the party will find its political salvation." In theory, I am myself to some extent an Imperialist and Tariff Reformer; but I seem to differ from other Imperialists and Tariff Reformers in that I have studied the question of Federalism with some minuteness. There will always, in my opinion, be a bond of sentiment varying greatly in its intensity between the Colonies and the Home

Country; but a bond of economics or a bond of imperial defence is practically impossible.

Indeed, when this loose talk about our Colonies is now so much in evidence, I shall be doing some service to the Conservative party by pointing out that there is a sentimentality of Imperialism as well as a sentimentality of Liberalism. The sentimentalist who pretends to feel what he does not feel, and whose habit of constant repetition sometimes deludes him into the belief that he actually possesses a feeling which is foreign to him, and the idealist who loses himself in clouds of impracticable schemes, owe their origin in politics to the Liberal party; but the influence of Bentham and Mill, as I have already endeavoured to emphasise, has not been confined to their original disciples, but has spread among a party which should never have had anything to do with their doctrines. As instances of Liberal sentimentality and idealism, I may mention the principle of the equality of races, the belief that arbitration can ever become a substitute for war, and the belief in the theory of internationalisation, upon which Prof. Hobhouse lays so much stress. These and dozens of other Liberal schemes are fantastic and idealistic, certainly; but let it be acknowledged that there are equally fantastic schemes proposed by the Conservative party, not because they are justified by the philosophy of Conservatism, but simply because Conservatives have muddled and confused their own philosophy with that of their most extreme opponents.

As instances of Conservative sentimentality let me mention the theory of "the creation of a national tariff and the erection of a system of inter-Imperial preferences," together with the theory of "a Tory social policy, closely linked up with the system of a national and Imperial tariff." These theories bear every resemblance to the Liberal theories mentioned above; for they are of an analogous nature. They are put forward by politicians who feel the necessity for a good party cry, rather than by statesmen who actually believe in them; and their similarity is further seen in the fact that they break down hopelessly when any attempt is made to put them into practice. The light-headed idealist who believes that arbitration will ultimately put an end to war will be undeceived one day by the roar of cannon; but not more so, surely, than the idealists of the other party who believe that meaningless phrases about Imperial Preference can be written down as an abracadabra and utilised as an economic and sociological prophylactic.

We are left with a third statement by Mr. Woods—who, I repeat, merely typifies a vast number of Imperialistic writers and speakers—in which he says, speaking of the working-classes: "The preservation of their health and efficiency by such measures as a national tariff and a minimum wage is as much a matter of public concern as an invincible navy." I say emphatically that a declaration like this betrays gross ignorance of the British working-man and gross ignorance of economic facts. If statements like these are persisted in, the Conservative party as a whole will be utterly shipwrecked within the next fifteen years. It was made sufficiently clear during the discussions throughout the country on the National Insurance Bill that when the ruling authorities speak of the workman's "efficiency" and the "preservation of the workman's health," they refer to his efficiency from the point of view of his employer. It is the employer who is tacitly expected to benefit from any increased efficiency of the workman, rather than the workman himself or his family. In speaking like this, Mr. Woods and his friends are unconsciously imitating the tone and doctrines of the Liberals, whose various measures for the alleged relief of the workman (*e.g.*, the Insurance Bill) consist in making reductions from his wages and spending in his behalf, whether he likes it or not, the money thus acquired. In short, modern Conservatives, as I have already unfortunately had occasion to point out, are falling into the same error as the Young Tories of 1820 and 1830: they have become so much impressed with the individualistic doctrines of their opponents that they think they themselves can adopt them and remain Tories.

Unedited Opinions.

The Imperial Pump.

THE taunt is often flung at Socialists that they aspire to guide the Empire and cannot organise a whelk-stall, but it applies quite as well to the English people. But for the Scots and the Irish I doubt if the Empire would ever have been built. Certainly it could not have been held together without them. The English as a people appear to me to have always been incapable of government; more and more they are becoming incapable even of self-government.

What is the occasion of this reflection of yours?

I have recently been staying in various English villages and I am shocked to discover there manifest signs of both incapacity and disinclination to look after themselves. The villages are simply dens of anarchic individualism, without, as far as I could find, any corporate sense whatever.

But what did you expect to find?

Well, I imagined that the parish councils when they superseded the old vestries would at least have formed some sort of self-governing centre, and that round about them would gather some tradition of village unity. On the contrary, they appear to be even more obscure than the vestries were, and a good deal less respectable. In several villages I could not discover a single labourer who even knew the names of the parish councillors, still less where they met or what they did or might do. In one village only did I find a labourer who had some notion of the existence of his village parliament; and he did not think much of it.

The obscurity may not, however, be a defect. Not to know that there is a government may be the best state for the governed.

Quite right if things are going on well; but things are going from bad to worse in our villages. Twenty years ago to my knowledge they were rapidly growing intolerable. To-day the process is complete in many instances. And the people who find them intolerable are not merely visitors like myself, but the inhabitants. I have talked with dozens of them whose one desire is to get away, or whose one regret is that they did not get away when they had the chance.

What are the specific charges besides the old old charge that village life is dull?

Dulness is not the main complaint of villagers to-day and never was. Mere monotony is not unendurable when it is not a monotony of pain; and village life was seldom painful. The complaint of villagers, curiously enough, is that there is nobody to look after them. I do not mean, to supply them with coal and blankets or to ask after their souls, but to take a pride in the village as a village. Years ago it was the parson or the squire or both together who owned the village; and it must be said for them that they took some pride in their possession. Whatever there is of beauty in villages to-day is due to them. When they were displaced and parish councils were put in their stead most of them lost their old pride and interest. Instead of abandoning cheerfully their pretensions to complete possession and doubling their sense of responsibility, I'm afraid that many of them retired in resentment and swore to leave their parishes to "stew in their own juice." At any rate, in the villages I have just observed, neither squire nor parson seems to be prepared for responsibility. In most instances both live as much to themselves and as remote from the villagers as possible, with the result, as I have said, that the villages are acephalous. Of course, if the parish councils had been born alive they would have taken the place of the squarson within a year or two. Unfortunately they scarcely exist; they must have been born nearly dead.

But surely it is no bad thing that the old personal government of the villages should have disappeared. It was often an untempered despotism.

Well, do you know, I sometimes think that an untempered despotism is what villages really want as well as need. Nations—Western nations, at least— can be governed by principles and have acquired a respect for impersonal law; but villagers require to see the law in

bodily form. It is no use talking to them of rights and wrongs. So-and-so says so and he's the man, and there's an end of it. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the personal example of the deposed village kings is still almost omnipotent. They may retire, but gossip still hands about for imitation their most careless deeds and words. The effect of taking away the natural heads of the village and replacing them by a council of no prestige or authority is simply to leave the villagers to their own devices; and these, running still on the lines laid down by their whilom lords, lead straight to anarchy. Exactly as the squire and parson withdrew themselves from the corporate life as if it had ceased to be worthy of them, so the villagers tend to withdraw from each other. I have been appalled at the amount of mutual malice and uncharity of villagers; they simply hate and despise each other. In one village I know, of a total population of about a thousand, some two or three hundred persons were present at the village flower-show held, by a death-cold custom, in the squire's grounds. The squire's party sat dutifully looking on in a tent set apart; and the two or three hundred guests followed suit to the best of their ability. There were only family groups; and the gossip I heard was thoroughly ill-natured. Had an assembly of strangers in a town or on a ship thus met and thus behaved, we should have inquired the reason.

I fancy this has always been the same in villages, has it not?

By no means. But let that pass. I want to point to another effect of the deposition of the squire and the failure to govern of the parish councils: I mean the increasing savagery of villagers in respect of the conditions they create and endure. This is most noticeable, of course, to one who goes to a village for peace and quiet and rest. Briefly, there are none of these things to be had. And as for beauty, the beasts simply seek about to slay it. In one of the naturally most lovely old-world villages I know, a little paradise to the eye of Elizabethan cottages, the common is one surface of filth, the roads are gritty, the paths unkempt, the stiles broken down, and the cottage gardens mostly weed-plots. But, observe, in that village there are two gramophones that nightly bellow out music-hall songs. Think of it—gramophones in a village at night!

And I suppose the inhabitants love it?

I wonder. They *say* they do. The young people certainly do. But the older people, I fancy, would be satisfied to hear it once and never again. But I do not know. That's the worst of these villagers, you never even know what they like or do not like. They are in such mortal terror of each other that they will put up with any nuisance from a neighbour and even pretend to enjoy it. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that they would be silently grateful if a superior person or authority made gramophones and other hogs impossible. One thing is certain, however, villages are becoming more and more intolerable to people with any nerves. They are fast becoming isolated slums.

Have you any remedy?

I know of no specific. It is plain we cannot return to squarsonism. Parish councils are here to stay. But I *would* like to see parish councils properly run. The material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the citizens. Why should it not be pooled? We want in every village a sort of civic parson—one who felt under the same obligation to civilisation that the parson felt to the Church and the squire to his order. One such person in each village would very soon make a new head for it. If the Fabians had had any real interest in government they would have sent out their wealthy members as missionaries into the villages when the Parish Councils Act was passed. The W.S.P.U. would have similarly disposed of the enormous energies of its women. But this rotten centralism and metropolitan mania and Imperialistic nonsense makes any such course impossible. We shall get our Empire, no doubt, but when we have got it England will be dead. The Fabians will get their Socialism and the women their votes; but not a soul will know how to use one or the other.

Ode on Friendship.

By Beatrice Hastings.

CEASE, ye wan pipers! Proserpina droppeth
Her maiden belt.
Now in remotest dell the spring song stoppeth;
Full pause is felt.
Daffodil, lily, rose of earliest breath,
Wood-violet and may
Drift by the way,
While Ceres' child fronts the black throne of Death.

But play, O pipers! where the Summer, clapping,
Bids the new tune.
Play, jovial pipers! boldest measure tapping
For regnant June.
She leads the firmament's procession past
The bright gods,
Shaking her floral rods
Whence Summer's varied multitude is cast.

Rounds the set year; yet oft the poet dreaming,
Above Time's grip
By cloud and breeze bemused, espies the teeming
Future outstrip
Mid-season, the due lord; hears April mock
December's snowing;
While June's yet blowing,
Sees Autumn marshalling his yellow flock.

Created mid all change, none him contenting,
Dwells Man, time-tost.
He takes, rejects; yet, aye what's done repenting,
Seems to have lost.
All—*love, sweet sleep, war and delightful dance*—
Fails soon or late.
Man satiate
Doth fretful shirk the once momentous chance.

What seeks he in a world where thrives to perish
Each thing that's willed?
What spirit bids him, through all ruin, cherish
Strength to re-build?
With greater hope that spares intemperate joy
He girds, to lift
From loss some gift
Of human grace that Time may not destroy.

Men's wonder-works all pass: to-morrow
Fall and lie broken dust: and Time has hurled
The hot, ambitious world
To diverse wrack and sorrow.

One only gift the breast of Time adorning,
Outlasts the closing of a mortal's hand;
Sign of the Love that planned
Creation's frustrate morning:

Friendship, that Immanence Divine yet proveth:
Gift sole of heav'n that men may interchange.
Element gross or strange
In all else moveth.

Deem not, Ignoble, to thy friendship faithless,
That, with thy perjury, the tie doth end!
Hear thou, that never scatheless
Goes one betrayed by friend.

He shrinks e'en from the just, in none confiding—
Thou hast confused for him the name of friend.
He lives half-dead, abiding
What cruel ill impend.

So drags his treasured days, become a burden,
Till his heart heal from inward salve, or tale
Left by the wise in guerdon
For grieving men prevail.

Thus, traitor, workest thou! Nor yet is banished
Interest, though liking be for ever lost.
One harvest vanished,
Unfruitful years may cost.

* * *

Sigh not, ye Muses! Though the age is over
When shepherds kept your gates through Summer's day,
While buttercups to sorrel red gave way,
And tardy crimsoned the triumphant clover,—
Still one true tune on honoured pipes we play,
Still one true theme anew discover.

But sigh thou, Aphrodite! from thy gaudy altar
Now willows hang. Thy melancholy priests
Can no more lure the poet to thy feasts,
Nor bribe him gild with verse thy ribald psalter.
So brim the bowl for doomed Circean beasts,
So faster spin Omphale's halter.

Turn not away, O Muse! but as aforetime
Come. As I viewed thee
Once through the forest-brake emerging, raise
Thy lyre, and interlude
Play after raging night. The ways
Of storm shone rainbow hued,
And the day broke singing,
The low-flight birds rose winging,
And the threat'ning cloud was forgot in that tide sublime.

Come, for my day breaks fair and I would pipe
'Gainst stormy eve,
A tale of merry hours in orchards ripe
At by-gone estival,
Where friends in festival
Garlands new did weave.
Sing gay and clear Sabinian ode!
While the teamsters load,
And Horace sheds no tear wit cannot wipe.
By now, the downward sun
His ocean journey has begun,
The beams oblique around the wains are pouring,
The lark in vesper flight is soaring,
Whilst within the lighted hall
The guests, in pleasing mood, recall
Silver verses that commend
Gifts the social gods do send—
Gaiety, plenty and a friend.

Still hither, Muse, with ministration sweet!
In lovely lightness once thy feet
Fared on these ways:
But fewer, fewer grow thy haunts,
Sceptic greed the mad world flaunts,
And nearer loom the evil days
Thy last imprint to erase:
And thou, withdrawing, shalt forbidding bind
Thy name within the mute, proud poet's mind.
Me still thou lov'st! With skilful voice I call
And by insistent note lay low the wall
Of dreadful dulness 'midst demonomy
And mirth more sinister than blasphemy.
This that thou giv'st to me, I onward send—
Greeting thy rare, unknown and lonely friend.

* * * * *

Last night, thou wast a bud,
O myriad-petalled rose!
Who bade thee forth to deck this first June morning?
What moon-time warning
From imp on pearly scud
Told thee: To-morrow, Flora's chariot goes?

Thy wild hedge-cousin,
To garnish Summer's car,
With rural zeal plied, leaf by leaf preparing,
And bees went faring
'Mong blooms a dozen:
But thou didst take the ether like a star.

I came, at rounding noon,
Where waved a field of rye,
'Neath winds slow numbering the serried ears.
And vivid beams like spears
Fretted to swoon
The black-spot moth, wasp, bee and bright-winged fly.

O Wind, what tellest thou?
Is't of the world's beginning,
Or of the dire or happy end of sun and tide?
What mystic skein denied
Man's winding ravellest thou?
What knowest thou of knowledge past his winning?

Men that take hold of mind, that seek out skill,
Nor down the voids of time go whirling
Like straws on the wind or sand nowhither swirling,—
Some crown would win, rage sate, quest end, or oath fulfil.
Some lust would venge, or wreak,
Some power set up, or break;
Establish oracle in Wisdom's hall,
Or bay or olive-wreath hang on the wall.
And some the quest delectable pursue:
To seek in friend-like man celestial clue.

* * * * *

Thy voice proclaimed thee, and my soul stood still—
As stands to silence some deep Indian dell
Whence the sly elf and pix whose eerie yell
And restless play the woodland lute did fill,
Flee, and through the neighb'ring glade and over hil
The rustle of their going dies: when bell
And mantram advent of magician tell—
Come there his occult purpose to fulfil.
So cam'st thou to the threshold of my heart.
So stood I, at thy magical salute,
Freed of my lesser gods. Thou didst accuse
My triumphs, break my idols; badst depart
All loves, all ties, all hopes irresolute:
Mad'st clear my temple for the potent Muse.

Not as the alien pilgrim, vain though bold,
Hazards the unknown sands, and day by day,
No path discerning, scanning every way,
Turns on his idle heel, and shivers, cold,
Though all the shadeless desert melt its gold
Up to the far horizon; not astray,
But as the tribesman who, from hunt or fray,
Comes home, and of a well-known hand takes hold:
Thus I, familiar, range for thy delight
Those domains hedged but by Fancy's veil,
The realms of Poesy, whose ways profound
To eyes initiate yield; from foreign sight
Utterly vanish, fade like mirage frail,
Leaving the rude besieger desert-bound.

Thou dost my solitary hours requite
With gifts benignant from thy mystic well;
Thou leadest me within the charmèd dell
Of thy outpouring mind; yet, this despite,
Still dost thou marvel at thy singing sprite.
How shall I fail to sing, who hear thee tell
The Mysteries, and watch thy skilful spell
Draw from elusive signs their inward light?
My summer life is gay with friendship's rose.
Nor aught of evil fortune Time may wield
Save if thou die and cease to come among
The ways I wander. Yet a Vision glows
Of friendship's phalanx on th' immortal Field,—
Nor bard nor prophet more than this hath sung.

Letters from Abroad.

By Huntly Carter.

Zakopane, Tatra Mountains, August 28.

ANOTHER definite step has been taken towards the artistic evolution of the theatre. This time it is in Buda-Pesth, and by Mr. Jeno Kemendy. It introduces the much-desired element of expansion and enables the stage to reach the larger freedom of simplicity, unity, and movement, instead of being cramped by the system which is being developed elsewhere.

* * *

It is important to note that the advance has been made by one who understands stagecraft, having had an enormous practical experience as the scenic inspector of the Royal Opera House and the National Theatre, Buda-Pesth, and who combines with artistic ideas a remarkable power of dealing with mechanical problems. The combination is rare, but extremely necessary to the new work of the theatre. If this fact were more generally recognised things would move faster. But it is not so recognised. Because thoughtful persons are accustomed to call the revolutionary movement in the theatre an artistic one, less thoughtful persons have the bad habit of imagining, therefore, that none but wholly artistic spirits are capable of dealing with the complex problems involved in giving effect to the new principles. As a common result they exalt the artist where the mechanician ought to be. And the artist, blind to his own limitations, usually pans out in public dinners, denunciations, and tears.

* * *

Mr. Kemendy is the type of practical reformer who gets something done. As a proof of this I wish it were possible to send a working model of his invention on tour in England. I am not suggesting it should be talked about, but tried. Let it be taken into every large theatre where either Shakespeare or Wagner or some other imaginative composer or author is in residence, and allowed to demonstrate what an immense aid has been discovered to the emotional statements of life, and to the expression of the big sensation from the big effect. How much, in fact, has been done to restore the stage to the world of imagination.

* * *

There would be, indeed, no need for it to be talked about. The story of its conception and the method of its construction is plainly enough stamped on the work. One can see that the inventor once grew very tired of taking off his hat to the old conventions of the stage. He had, no doubt, noticed the disturbing effects of all the top-hammer, the wings, and bits of painted wood and canvas that cumber the established stage. He saw, too, the difficulty of getting big natural effects in a space narrowed down to stupid proportions by a square mass of projecting inappropriate scenery.

* * *

Thus would arise his idea of a new stage. In the contemplation of the structure itself it is possible to trace the development of this idea. Obviously, after throwing overboard the impossible cumber of the traditional stage, he has asked himself the question, "How can I cover these walls and the top opening in a simple, dignified, and natural manner? That is my task. First, how can I cover the back wall, which is suffering from two evils—the primitive hanging back-cloth on the one hand, and the more progressive revolving back-cloth on the other? The latter is really useless. It refuses to remain taut and requires too much handling and too much time to change. Suppose I try a permanent structure in the form of an immoveable wall. This could be made to envelope the back of the stage, and if sufficiently high and wide would limit the sight-line of the spectator. It could be prepared to receive any lighting effect, and would mask the space up stage usually occupied by scenery stacks. As very little scenery will be required for my new stage, the space thus gained could be set apart for dressing-rooms—a far more convenient and economical arrangement than the old one of banishing actors under the stage or spreading them all over the house, and in some cases putting them to dress on the roof with the immortal gods. Moreover, in view of the introduction of quick changes of scenery it is absolutely necessary that the actors should have facilities for quick changes of costume."

* * *

When Mr. Kemendy constructed this wall, ingeniously pierced with invisible holes for star-light effect, he was, of course, aware that it was one of the many details of the new stage which will distress the orthodox. But, indifferent to the fact, he passed to other innovations. Accordingly we next find him actively constructing the ground plan of the new stage, still pursuing the economies of space and time. His first question here is "How can I arrange my stage? In two parts—front and back. The back stage immediately in front of the wall-screen can remain simply for big panoramic effects, or it can be utilised for "crowd" effects. It can be constructed in three separate movable sections, to be raised or lowered to form rostrums, or to be worked to give natural appearances to large moving bodies, either approaching or receding."

* * *

"In this way I shall destroy the convention of ships like the 'Flying Dutchman' passing out of a palsied back-cloth full tilt at a startled audience, in the manner of the Boadicea group charging upon the House of Commons, and open up wide avenues down which they may make a natural entrance. On the existing stage a little ship goes a long way with the artistic spectator; on the new stage it will be different."

* * *

Having settled the back stage, Mr. Kemendy arrived at the front stage. Here he had to solve the general problem of quick changes. How to keep the scenes moving without the irritating pause of one big set succeeding another on the conventional stage—that was the question. He knew it had been attacked and answers provided as widely apart as the elimination of scenery by the Shakespearean Society, the introduction of immovable and adaptable setting as at the Kunstler Theatre, the adoption of movable stages—the revolving stage at the Coliseum, London, and the Deutches Theatre, Berlin—and the hydraulic-lift stage (one stage above another) invented in America and promised to England by Sir Charles Wyndham.

* * *

But none of these solutions satisfied him. The no-scenery method was not logical; the immovable setting was full of disadvantages, the proscenium frame, for instance, must always have a door. The revolving stage did not answer. When set for a big production the scenes were too small and too tight, besides being out of gear; their entrances and exits especially were all wrong. The hydraulic lift stage had all the imperfections of the passenger lift, with none of its perfections. It was always in a fix.

* * *

There was nothing, then, to do but to invent a new arrangement that would preserve the desired continuity of scenes. Hence emerged a structure consisting of three parts, a centre and two side platforms moving on wheels. By this invention the logical growth of the production is maintained, for it enables one scene to be played while another scene is being struck and set expeditiously, and with no more trouble than would be necessary to set it in the ordinary way. Moreover, it removes the necessity for striking a scene that has to be repeated.

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One innovation led to another. The triple fore-stage had hardly reached completion when it was seen that its use in big panoramic scenes would entirely dispense with side wings. On either side of the centre platform

there would be a space that could be devoted to the expansion of the scene. Nothing must mask these spaces, for in the variety of moving light and shade effects upon great expanses of land and sea and sky would come the magical effects of nature itself.

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Thus from eliminating the unessentials at the sides the inventor arrives at the top opening of the stage, and in deciding to fill it solely with light and to get all his lighting from this point, he reaches the most difficult problem of all. We can hear him putting the question: "How can I get great masses of light and shade distributed from above? How can I give the new setting life? What system of lighting shall I employ?"

* * *

The diffusion of light had to be settled in a new way, and it was inevitable that the inventor would devise his own system of lighting, and erect it in a position that would enable him to obtain the greatest effect from the background which he had prepared, as well as from the immense spaces ready to be vitalised with light and colour. Some experiments have led him to suspend a number of galleries or bridges on one side of the stage. These are firmly secured to the roof by a grille, and arranged one above the other so as to be invisible to the nearest spectator. From these galleries it is possible to obtain the most varied moving effects from the latest mechanical inventions. Such effects will be reproduced on the wall or screen, and the space in front of it. Further, in order to flood the stage or to focus and intensify particular passions, emotions, or aspects of the scene, as is done in "Sumurun" at the Coliseum, he has fixed a number of triangular lamps underneath the ends of the bridges.

* * *

Such is a brief outline of the conception and construction of Mr. Kemendy's new stage. There is no need to deal with the mechanism for controlling and working it. It is very simple and economical, and by merely moving a lever here or there the stage manager will have the necessary results repeated as often as he likes, and this without having to hurl the slang dictionary at stupid stage hands.

* * *

Nor is there any need to go into hysteria over its promising features. These speak for themselves. Anyone can see that the invention offers the stage much freer scope, and prepares the way for new triumphs of staging and dramatic ensemble. One can imagine the Rhinegold Cycle played on this stage in a far more convincing manner than at Bayreuth, and without that weird medley of pantomime animals which Wagner introduced. No woolly rams looking like animated door-mats, no Peter Pan dragons with Ansonia clocks inside, no mechanical birds warranted to fly five consecutive minutes without stopping, no bears with union forelegs and non-union back-legs (or black-legs for short). Nothing, in fact, to reduce the affair to the level of a box of wooden soldiers all made to stand up.

* * *

Beyond the invention of his stage, Mr. Kemendy has been pre-occupied with the search for the quick-change and simplified Shakespeare setting. It appears to be the fashion among Continental theatres to seek to rescue Shakespeare from the obliteration with which the all-scenery mania threatens him in England. The researchers are exhausting considerable energy in devising Shakespeare settings and Shakespeare stages. And the reason? Some are convinced there are more Shakespeare settings than one. Others maintain there is only one, and Shakespeare experimental theatres should be established to determine which it is. Perhaps it would be advisable, in view of this, for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Syndicate to sit quite still till the experiments are concluded, lest it be discovered that the vast imagination of Shakespeare demands the vast spaces of Hyde Park. Of course, the S.M.T.S. may point out that M. Eugene Ivanfi, a sociétaire of the National Theatre, Buda Pesth, complains that playing in the open-air theatre is bad for the voice. It is difficult to make sound travel in big unconfined spaces. But then the open-air theatre might retort that nowadays few actors have voices to send on tour. Unfortunately the example of the eminent Greek elocutionist is no longer followed. Persons on the stage do not make a practice of filling their mouths with stones and shouting for hours on the sad sea shore.

* * *

So, the big theatres of Europe are searching with an open conscience for the new setting. And in Berlin, Vienna, and Buda-Pesth, cities where Shakespeare is perfectly interpreted, some interesting experiments are the result. The Royal Opera House at Munich has adopted one type of "New Shakespeare Stage," namely, that which consists of fitting a deep immovable frame to the front part of the stage, leaving a cramped space at the back which necessitates the reduction of the walls, furniture, etc., to the simplest elements. Wagner is also represented at this theatre under the same conditions of setting.

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Mr. Kemendy has adapted the main idea of the stage at the old Swan Theatre. Anyone may follow his lead by constructing a framework consisting of an upper and lower part, each part having three openings, a centre and two side ones. This remains throughout the play, and the scenes are played in the various openings, upstairs or down, as the case may be. In "Hamlet" the ghost makes his entrance. For him the transition from the upper to the lower house is natural and rapid. The grave-digger has a nice little vault all to himself in the opening down right, where he is discovered by Hamlet, Horatio and Co., after they have made their entrance up back to the left of the setting, and enjoyed a fairly long walk amid the beauties of the imagination. The lighting is simple and effective. That part of the setting in use is illuminated. The rest is blacked out. The balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet" is played in the usual way, but the meeting of lovers is more expeditiously arranged. It is but a step from below to Juliet's chamber.

* * *

The conclusion reached is that Shakespeare on the Continent is not the Shakespeare off it. On the Continent he is accorded a position; in England he is accorded adjectives. Buda-Pesth honours him as a great creative artist. Shakespeare societies have been formed in his honour. Distinguished Hungarian poets, Arany, Petofi, Vorosmarthy, Rakosi, vie with each other in translating him. The National Theatre gives him the finest interpretation. In England his name is used for begging purposes. Some pretentious persons are passing round the hat for an endowed theatre. They pretend it is for Shakespeare. But the only thing of which we may be certain is that it will be a Shauspielhaus.

The Great War.

By Vance Palmer.

EVERY year when the end of winter was approaching it was the custom of the scattered groups of blacks to foregather at the camping grounds that had once been the headquarters of their tribes. They came singly or in bands, stringing over the hills at dusk like some ragged regiment with a horde of piccaninies and dogs trailing in the rear. Each little river of West Queensland has its tribe, with a language slightly different from the rest, and though the need for white man's food and raiment has been a wedge splitting the clans asunder, they remember in their bones their old tribal communism and gather to perpetuate its memory for one month in the twelve.

Riding out each evening in the twilight I had seen them coming in to the spot at the bend of the creek where there were half a hundred bark gunyahs that had rotted in the rains of many summers. Fifty yards away a large clearing showed the place on which many generations had held their corroborees, and round about were the blackened patches of dead camp-fires. For

some time I had known such reunions and most of the faces were familiar. I knew the old men with their strange shyness and their excellent obstinacy in clinging to a tradition that was all they knew of faith or morality. I knew the young men with their flash shirts, their quick faces and their pigeon English that consisted of a few nouns and a wealth of expletives. Nor was it altogether impossible to distinguish the individual faces of the gins who beat their skin drums in the chorus of the corroboree or squatted by day at the entrances of their masters' gunyahs.

It was, I say, a yearly gathering, but this year there were faint hints and adumbrations of something that held a greater significance. They had collected to the number of two hundred, and not for a very long while had there been such an excited reunion. A certain tenseness was noticeable in the manner of the young boys, who hung about the yards ready to hold a rope or open a gate while branding was going on; they collected in groups and whispered rather fearfully, as if something quite new to their experience was before them. And in the evening the whole camp was inhabited by a strange unrest. They went through their evening corroboree as usual, but it had the air of a prelude; nowhere was there that happy abandon which at other times typified their preoccupation with the present moment.

It was impossible to probe very deeply beneath their reticence or to gain any coherent information about their intentions save from one old man whom I had once befriended. He was very old if one could judge by his face, which was wrinkled and seamed in every conceivable way wherever its fussy growth of white beard allowed it to be seen. He was, I believe, of royal blood and comported himself with a tragic dignity as if he knew himself to be the repository of whatever remnants of tradition remained with the tribe. For years he had combatted the forces which were breaking it up; he had striven to preserve the "borah" and other ancient customs; he had resolutely refused to eat flour or to wear any clothes except the very limited amount that the not exaggerated sense of decency prevalent in the cattle-country required. At times of festival he was apt to become possessed, especially at corroborees he had himself devised, and the younger men made him the butt of their sly humour.

This was his last effort to recapture and retain one of those ordinances that had befallen into desuetude. The younger men merely regarded the annual foregathering as a pleasant opportunity to try their skill at poker and "loo," or as an excuse to break away from the monotonous grind of work among the cattle. They were half-hearted about the corroboree; they carved the old implements of war badly and had little skill in the ornamentation of their bodies. When they wanted to be emphatic in argument they forsook their ancient language and used the popular intensive of their white masters. There was but one way to weld the tribe into a harmonious unit again. That way was war.

The excuse had long lain dormant. Three or four years before an old woman of another tribe had "pointed the bone" at a man against whom she had a grievance—a simple custom that was the prerogative of old people, though used with a necessary discretion. The man at whom the bone was pointed had obediently lain down and died in three days, whether because of the efficacy of the bone or of human volition it would be irrelevant to discover. Anyhow, such an act was regarded by the king as an insult that could only be wiped out with blood; at every gathering since he had explained this to the young men, but they had listened good-humouredly and shuffled the pack of cards again. This year, however, enough excitement had been engendered through the appeals to local patriotism, tradition, and what not to stir the smouldering embers of tribal life, and a herald had been despatched to the other camp forty miles away inviting them to come and settle things in the usual manner.

There had been some delay, partly owing to the temperament of the herald and partly to a certain lack of enterprise on the part of the other tribe. The herald, a plausible rascal with a well-developed thirst and a ready tongue, had managed to inveigle some intoxicants from a credulous shanty-keeper by the way and had gone off into the scrub to sleep off the effects of his alleged snake-bite. Piecing little hints and whispers together I was able to construct the position of things till at last it was no longer necessary to use any ingenuity. They were coming.

They came in from the timber on all sides one night when everything was zealously quiet in the still dusk, and at once there arose a wild babel from the dogs and men of the other camp. I don't know that I expected an instant encounter and a welter of broken heads before nightfall, but at any rate it was surprising to see them camp quietly a hundred yards away from their enemies and to watch their peaceful movements around their fires as they cooked the evening meal. There was a flutter of excitement in both camps the next day, but no signs of attack, and it was manifest that some formalities had to be gone through before the requisite blood was to be shed.

For two days they camped quietly, neither side anxious, apparently, to open up hostilities, and at night they held their corroborees in different places, keeping up a wordy warfare that lasted well into the morning. It is probable that if the old men had held modern ideas about honour the affair would have ended with a truce and a joint festival, but their persistence saturated even the young men with the idea that blood, in some form or other, must be shed, enough to make it admit that the hurling of the two tribes bodily on one another was an unnecessary business, and that it would be better for the chosen champions of each to fight it out.

I think everyone was relieved except the old man of royal blood and the two champions. The representative of the home tribe happened to be a man of great good humour and tremendous girth. He was named Hector (by some curious irony), and was remarkable for nothing but his hearty laugh and his appalling obesity. What fortuitous choice marked out this cheery Falstaff for the deadly business passes my comprehension, unless it was some cruel manifestation of the comic spirit. One could have more easily imagined him as an old-fashioned landlord dispensing drinks with coarse banter than as a participant in such activities. But to his discomfiture the choice was irrevocably made.

A yell went up one morning just before dawn. I half expected it to be the death-knell of one of the gladiators, but it was merely the prelude. The opposing camps were drawn up at a respectable distance and the champions advanced—at least, they took care not to advance. It was pathetic to see the corpulent Hector, stripped and bedaubed with white chalk, trying to find cover for his ample body behind an insufficient sapling. With his hoarse voice, so well adapted for a rough joke, he bellowed out threats to his opponent and slipped from one tree to another, keeping always the same distance away. His opponent was apparently just as anxious to come to grips, and so the movement went on. Occasionally, incited by the shouts of their assembled friends, they came almost within range of each other's boomerangs, but were careful to retreat imperceptibly as soon as the opportunity offered.

For some hours this went on till the throats of both combatants and spectators were raw with shouting. It seemed difficult to see why it should ever end except that the old man of royal blood became exasperated at their manœuvring and would have rushed in upon both of them had not his friends restrained him. At last, thrown off their balance by the frenzied incitements of the crowd, the gladiators urged themselves for a moment out into the open. The climax had come. Hector's boomerang whirled through the air, and dropping quickly dodged his opponent's helaman. Two inches below the knee it struck him and he fell prone.

I believe—I certainly believe that blood was shed. Anyhow it was decided that honour was satisfied, and the two tribes held a joint corroboree. The old man of royal blood died shortly afterwards, and nothing, I think, was more satisfying to him than the knowledge that in a transitory world he had helped to maintain those usages which give life continuity and a glimpse of permanence.

A Wordsworthian Fragment.

Edited by P. Selver.

PREFATORY NOTE OF THE EDITOR.

THE following sonnet was recently discovered during the painting and decorating of a rag-and-bone emporium in Cumberland. Although the poem is unsigned, the best English, American, and Continental critics feel no hesitation in assigning it to Wordsworth, whose poetical characteristics it displays in a marked degree. Style, form, choice of subject and sympathetic treatment of a humble theme, all betray the hand that penned "We are Seven" and "Goody Blake." The Editor has reproduced the original text as far as possible, adding such notes as seemed necessary for the elucidation of doubtful points.

1. Scorn not the milkman! Neighbour, you have frowned
When oft our Cambrian friend at break of day
With merry cry pursued his lonely way
Cheerily passing o'er his morning round,
5. And often from his lips a blithesome sound
Like to the charger's snorting 'midst the fray,
Or to the deep-toned trumpet's mellow bray,
Has to our tingling ears a passage found.
Oh, scorn him not! Perchance some ode unsung
10. Of cream and clattering milk-cans would he voice
Haply he fain, the patient herd among
At Nature's bounteous plenty would rejoice.
Then let thy cry ring out, O milkman, thou
Who oft sold milk, but never saw a cow!

NOTES.

[Line 1.] *Neighbour.*—The poem is evidently addressed to some friend of Wordsworth's who had expressed an adverse criticism on the matutinal call of the milkman. Dr. Trockenstaub, in an article in "Philologenklatsch," Bd. CV., 1189, ingeniously suggests that the poem may have been addressed to Coleridge, arguing that a victim of the opium habit might reasonably be irritated by a noisy milkman, failing in his nervous state to realise the innate poetry of the romantic summons. Prof. Hiram K. Blonks, of Texas, however, points out that opium eaters are not the only people annoyed by street cries. He aptly cites a report from the "Galveston Weekly Eagle" concerning a respectable chimney-sweep—certainly no opium-eater!—who was so exasperated by the cries of an itinerant shrimp-vendor that he shot the unfortunate hawker dead with a six-chambered revolver. The Professor does not suggest any alternative, however, and hence the tentative theory that Coleridge is the friend in question may be accepted with some reserve.

[2.] "*Our Cambrian friend.*"—This phrase has occasioned the critics some difficulty. It may here be pointed out that the MS. of this poem, owing to the disadvantageous circumstances under which it has been preserved, is in rather poor condition. In the present case, for instance, the space between *C* and the *m* has been chosen by a dead fly as its last resting-place, and it is feared that any attempt to remove the intrusive insect may result in the destruction of the missing vowel and further mutilation of the MS. The alternative reading is "our Cumbrian friend," suggested by Aeneas L. O'Higgs in a brilliant article in the "Nebraska Literary Casket," the argument being that Wordsworth is here referring to Cumberland, to which he was so closely attached, and where, as has already been observed, the present MS. was discovered. This theory is combated by Prof. Stümper in his monumental work, "Zur Geschichte der englischen Gesellschaft im 19ten Jahrhundert," where he shows that Wordsworth is obviously referring to a milkman in London, since the procedure of country milkmen in disposing of their wares is entirely different, no accompanying cries being employed. He therefore suggests the present reading "our Cambrian friend," now generally adopted, showing by a quotation from the London Directory for 1809, which he examined, that 95.43 per cent. of the milkmen in London at that time bore distinctly Welsh or, as Wordsworth more poetically puts it, Cambrian names.

[2.] "*At break of day.*"—This line is important as deciding the period of the year at which the poem was written. Mr. Gumpot, M.A., of Tipperary Commercial and Literary Academy, has shown by calculations depending on the time at which the sun rises during various seasons of the year, combined with a close study of the habits of milkmen, that the poem must have been written about February or the early part of March.

[6-7.] Prof. Bloomer, of Philadelphia, in commenting on the beauty of these two lines, justly remarks, "This passage is worthy of Milton. If, as seems probable, this poem was written towards the close of Wordsworth's life, it offers one of the most brilliant examples in English literature of poetical vigour preserved unimpaired by old age to the last." ("The Chemical Aspects of Milk," Vol. II, p. 2,584.)

[7.] "Bray."—The following alternative readings are suggested:—

bay (Prof. Bloomer).
play (Dr. Hans Dampf).
lay (Prof. Meltau-Moderer).

For a full discussion see the "Kansas Philological Intelligencer," Vol. LI, p. 399; "Krähwinkler Volksblatt für Landwirtschaft," Bd. XVI, p. 83.

[11-12.] "Any doubt as to the authenticity of this poem is entirely dispelled by these two lines, which in their moving simplicity and close attachment to Nature are essentially Wordsworthian in character" (Prof. Asmodeus Bootle, of California State College).

("Was Wordsworth a Freemason?" Vol. II, p. 883.)

[13-14.] The genuineness of these last two lines has seriously been called into question by many critics. An examination of the MS. shows that they were obviously written in haste, and the handwriting differs from the rest in bearing marks of failing strength. If the lines are accepted as genuine, the assumption is that Wordsworth on reaching line 12, feeling the sudden approach of death, hastily summoned his fast dispersing faculties together in order not to leave his final contribution to English literature in a fragmentary condition. The critics who would assign these two lines to the later writer, urge with some degree of justice that they are defective in poetic worth when compared with the rest. This, of course, could be defended on the grounds already mentioned—namely, the forced haste with which they were completed. Prof. Schwätzer-Mumpitz, who would reject the lines, points out the inconsistent use of the pronouns in line 1 "you," and line 13 "thou." Dr. Schabernack, however, in his brilliant little pamphlet, "Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Fürworts in der englischen Dichtung am Anfang der Romantik," urges that the pronouns refer to different persons. "You" is employed in addressing the neighbour who was obviously of a superior station, and was perhaps even Coleridge. "Thou" is applied to the milkman, not in contempt, as often in Shakespeare, but with an implication of mild encouragement, such as a superior might naturally use towards an inferior, without any suggestion of patronage. Dr. Fabian Wells Shaw, in his detailed treatise "Was Wordsworth a Socialist?" combats this, and thinks that Wordsworth was too much of a democrat to draw invidious distinctions in his use of pronouns. The discrepancy, then, can be explained either by assuming it to be the result of necessary haste, or by supposing that the lines are the spurious addition of a careless interpolator. In this case we must assume the existence of some person, hitherto unknown, who was possessed of undoubted poetical capabilities.

Recent Music.

By Herbert Hughes.

The Promenade Season.

THE most important event of the last few days is Thomas Beecham's decision to go to Paris. He is to produce " Der Rosenkavalier " and " Elektra " at the Châtelet Theatre and take his own orchestra with him. This is something of a slap in the face to those of us who have been bragging lately about English music. Mr. Beecham's musical achievements have been the most remarkable thing in recent musical history, but I am told that these romantic adventures have cost him, in the last twelve months, something like eighty thousand pounds. Beecham refuses to do anything badly; having done everything well, he is now sick of the great British public. Presently, perhaps, the same great British public will discover that he has been making all France talk, and all Germany, and that America is clamouring for him and prepared to pay fabulous sums to hear or see anything he cares to produce. Then—who knows?—when all the world's been talking, the British public will begin to pay, and we shall be called musical at last.

* * *

The popularity of the Promenade concerts is, in its way, a good enough sign. In spite of a very high temperature and thick atmosphere, the floor of the Queen's Hall has been packed every evening since the season began with people willing to stand on one foot and puff smoke into each other's faces for two hours and a half. The applause is deafening and indiscriminate. It may cheer one to know that the Brandenburg concerto for strings is now encored each time it is played; but when a little later in the evening a vocal composition by, say, Mr. Frank Lambert is similarly honoured, one's enthusiasm is slightly chilled. Nevertheless, one may find an element of satisfaction in the fact that a great thing like the Brandenburg is sufficiently liked to be asked for again; and for all I care they may applaud Mr. Frank Lambert till the crack of doom.

* * *

It is now the fifth week of the Promenade season, and no new work of the first class has yet been heard. Several " first performances " have taken place. The best of these was Mr. Balfour Gardiner's " Shepherd Fennel's Dance," and the worst was M. Georges Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody. Mr. Gardiner's music is based upon a tale of Thomas Hardy's, " The Three Strangers," and especially upon the incident of the christening party given by Shepherd Fennel and his wife. However, any excuse will do for simple music like this. It is sprightly, spontaneous stuff, delightfully scored, with a whirling movement likely to appeal to the average man's sense of rhythm. It was so successful that it was repeated on the first night. . . . M. Enesco's rhapsody is the noisiest nonsense I have heard at a Promenade any time during the last ten years. There was a pianist once who loved Hungarian music and composed rhapsodies because he couldn't help it. He was a musician, and we still like his picturesque passions, but I hope we will be spared the Roumanian rhapsodists a little longer.

* * *

I can hardly ever resist hearing the Grieg piano concerto, or the Tchaikovski, if I am within reasonable distance of a reasonable performance of either. They were among the first enthusiasms of my student days, and if the memory of one is more sweet than the other it is, I think, the Grieg. It perhaps holds my affection more strongly, for when I hear it played little fragrant memories of affaires du cœur, gay and sentimental episodes of boy and girl friendship come back to me, and if I am not standing on one foot in the neighbourhood of a vile cigar, or sitting near some whispering fool in the stalls, I could laugh or weep at those precious recollections—especially when the divine " second subject " comes in. . . . The other evening at the Proms. the Grieg concerto was being played. The pianist—I will not tell her name—was very ill at ease; at least I presume so. She was a débutante, young, inexperienced, not very musical, perhaps, but doing her level best in an intelligent way. But Sir 'Enry—'e was in a 'urry, 'e was. " Nah then," 'e says, " git on wiv it; 'urry up. Wot's a-keepin' yer?" Sir 'Enry was tired, p'raps. P'raps not. Gawblimey, 'e couldn't stick it, 'e couldn't; no bloomin' kid. An' 'e didn't neither. . . . It really was a little shameful. Such an exhibition of bad musicianship, bad manners, bad everything I have never seen at the Queen's Hall. Not a single liberty of time, cadence, nuance was the poor performer allowed, and she had to scramble through anyhow at the mercy of the distinguished conductor. His eminence and distinction clearly overpowered her, and the result was horrible. It was one of the occasions when I forgot to laugh or weep.

* * *

We have to thank Sir Henry Wood for several things; not specially English music, for the proportion of new native compositions to foreign is precious low on his list, and looks like being lower. With the exception of certain things of Strauss and Reger, D'Indy and Debussy, which would have reached England without Sir Henry's patronage, the standard of foreign work produced by him has been anything but high. But he has given us, among other things, " Finlandia " and the " Præludium " of Järnefelt. It is, I think, three years since " Finlandia " was performed here for the first time and we hailed Sibelius as a musician. The "Præludium" appeared last year and has now taken its place with " Finlandia " and other new pieces in the Queen's Hall repertoire. Both these works are works of a very high order. The " Præludium " is not distinctively national as one might expect Danish or Scandinavian music to be. It is simply a light, beautifully-wrought exercise in rhythm, without much melody, without much colour, without much contrast. But it is extraordinarily pleasing to listen to; it is not a fraction of a bar too long or too short, and its termination shows the master hand. The man who can stop his music at the right moment has nearly always a touch of genius. This piece suggested Bach to me as a possible ancestor of M. Järnefelt the first time I heard it. One could do M. Järnefelt no greater honour, and I feel convinced old Bach himself would be glad to father such a jolly little composition.

* * *

I am further convinced that " Finlandia " is an important work. One may not go far in Kensington without hearing it sneered at. Sibelius omitted to work a double fugue into his peroration and his counterpoint is unfashionable. But it is a work with guts, an intellectual quality they don't understand in South Kensington, because they never come across it, and if they did they would consider it impolite and unnecessary.

* * *

Jan Sibelius combines art and political propaganda in this work in a way that is, in the history of music, unequalled. And the art is exalted. Sixty years ago James Clarence Mangan, in " My Dark Rosaleen " (a pseudonym of Ireland), wrote some political verses that have a similar ring of passion in them :—

> Over hills and through dales
> Have I roamed for your sake;
> All yesterday I sailed with sails
> On river and on lake.
> The Erne . . . at its highest flood
> I dashed across unseen,
> For there was lightning in my blood,
> My dark Rosaleen!
> My own Rosaleen!
> Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
> Red lightning lightened through my blood
> My dark Rosaleen!

I look forward to the day when the harmony masters of South Kensington and Marylebone will put as much passion into the chord of the dominant seventh.

Another Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

I.

IF our group has obtained the reputation for hardness with women, I shall admit that it is not undeserved. But neither has it been obtained without being bought and paid for. It is not natural nowadays for men to regard women with intellectual contempt, however richly they merit it. From the cradle onwards the tendency in the West has been for centuries to inculcate in the male sex a lying estimate of women's powers, under the pretence that these are mysterious and include an intuition that surpasses mere intellect in lucidity and penetration. The influence of this feminine instruction reinforced by male victims and decoys has proved impossible to counteract save in the most exceptional cases. Our group, for example, has been composed after a hundred failures, numbers only some seven or eight, and is still constantly exposed to perturbations in its celestial orbit. The history of our youthful order is strewn with wrecks.

One of the saddest of these was the case of Freestone. He was only nineteen when he first came amongst us; but I remember reflecting at our first meeting that if any youth had swum the Red Sea and arrived safely on the other side, it was he. Gay, modest, serious, studious, as well as handsome, he appeared to have emerged from the flood not exhausted or soiled, but invigorated and almost divinised. To complete his attraction for us, he was not merely a philosopher but a poet. The poems he read to us were full of faults, it is true, but they were the faults of haste, or so they appeared to us. I tax my memory to deny that the thought did once cross my mind that an image he employed in one of them was dangerously fanciful and might suggest playing with fire. But I certainly did not pay as much heed to my doubt as I should have done.

It was generally understood among us that women were under no circumstances to be admitted to our formal meetings; but we relaxed this rule in the case of informal meetings now and then. In the case of Freestone we relaxed the rule with some trepidation. There not only existed in my mind the doubt above referred to, which, if it had never sought speech, nevertheless did not lack a mode of expression; but in addition certain little hints were dropped by Freestone bearing the marks of an influence not thoroughly free. On the other hand, the rest of us felt rather than said that the sooner the worst was over the better; and when Freestone announced with unnecessary ceremony that he would introduce his "girl" to us at our next coffee-evening, we bowed our head to an experiment of fate.

I shall never forget the sensation the little monkey produced before she had been in the room half an hour. At the outset she was shy and mousily unobtrusive. There was, in fact, about her some of the atmosphere of a mouse; she was prettily inconspicuous, and appeared to want nothing better than to play on Freestone's sleeve and to pick up the crumbs of his conversation. About the rest of us she was apprehensively curious only—I mean that she did not attempt to comprehend anything we were or said, but rested content just to feel our presence by its mutual effect upon Freestone.

The conversation turned, as was only natural, on Freestone's poems, and when he produced some new verses and read them to us, we offered him criticism and comment, each after his fashion, as we had always been in the habit of doing. One of the poems, I remember, described a pool of waterlilies among which white swans floated. The lines in which the poet had indicated the magical metamorphosis of swans into waterlilies and waterlilies into swans were wonderfully composed. It almost seemed as if such phrases and rhythms as he had created would be potent enough to transform reality as easily as dreams. There was a terrific drop, however, in the concluding lines which, to our horror, contained some maudlin reference to some white princess or other who was supposed to be the embodiment of the scene.

When it came by courtesy to my turn to comment on the poems, I criticised these lines rather sharply. But the moment I began my remarks I realised that I was putting my foot into it with Freestone's girl. She had, when I came to think of it, behaved rather strangely during his reading of this particular poem, and I might have guessed that she identified the princess with herself. Really, however, despite all our disillusionment, the wonder will never cease for us that commonplace young females with no pretensions to rare beauty of body or soul will still imagine themselves to be princesses of beauty's blood royal. I foolishly let slip my impression that she was hearing the lines swung in a censer before her ridiculous person, and in consequence found myself up to my knees in satirical criticism of them before I quite realised that she would take my remarks to herself also.

Freestone laughingly began to defend his sinful passage on the ground that a pre-ordained harmony existed between lilies and swans and princesses. Some link, he said, is essential to connect natural beauty with humanity. What link can be better than a human figure which might conceivably be also a natural one? A mountain tarn, for example, is only beautiful if associated with a harmonious human creature, a holy hermit perhaps. The poet's choice is confined to things in the same key, indeed, but one of the notes must be human.

Well, I said, the doctrine is heretical, but even assuming its orthodoxy, your introduction of the princess is strictly unpardonable. To introduce a holy hermit by a mountain spring is comparatively safe, since the associations he brings with him into the poem are not discordant. But your princess trails clouds of an alien glory (if it is a glory) into the world of waterlilies and swans. After all, you must admit that your holy hermit can enter alone, and the mind is not driven to fear any sequel. The princess, on the other hand, is not self-contained. The waterlilies and swans must fear the intrusion at any moment of the prince, perhaps with a gun in hand. Am I not right?

Freestone was not disinclined, I thought, to be convinced, and I do not doubt that if he had been alone he would have given in. But he had no sooner shown signs of having no reply to my remarks than the little mouse on his sleeve began to cry. The situation was ludicrously embarrassing and I felt tempted to send for a doctor just to bring her to her senses, as if I had concluded that she was seriously ill. Freestone, however, put his arm round her waist, drew her head on his shoulder and asked her gently what was amiss. Through her sobs and tears she conveyed to him the message that we were all enemies of his, and were wickedly making a fool of him because we were jealous of his poetry.

Needless to say, *we* did not hear this message in so many words, nor did Freestone himself repeat it to us. But from his soothing denials of her syncopated remarks we gathered that this was the purport. Here was a nice how-do-you-do for our emancipated group. If the girl had been an infant in arms suddenly startled by a stranger's tie and now bawling in childish fear, the situation would have been tolerable because easily mendable. But the infant was Freestone's "girl," and here he was, soothing her without a thought of our outraged feelings. What he might have done was to carry her off in his arms and to deposit her at her home. Better still, as she was grown-up, he might have boxed her ears, or peremptorily ordered her to shut up. Instead of this, he permitted some minutes

to pass during which we were allowed to suppose that if he did not exactly blame us for creating the incident, at least we could see the effect of our criticisms on a more sensitive mind than his own.

The girl dried her tears in a very little while, and soon we were talking of other things. Naturally, of course, the talk was no longer free. We had not only a mouse turned cat in the room, but there was a traitor as well. Freestone had not come out of the trifling ordeal with all his colours flying. Under the communicated emotion aroused in the girl by our reception of his poem, his own mind wobbled for a while between belief in her absurd fears and confidence in his own judgment. As plainly as if I heard his mind meditating aloud, he appeared to be wondering if, after all, the girl's intuitive shot had not struck the mark, and we were actually jealous. The suggestion in daylight was monstrous, but in the momentary twilight of feminine glamour the bat-like suspicion spread wings and flew abroad. It vanished again so soon as the girl's tears were completely dried; but I for one had seen enough of the potentialities of Freestone's nature to give him up for lost.

(To be continued.)

The Race Question.

By M. B. Oxon.

I.

I DARESAY some people are aware that there has lately been held in London a congress—the First International Races Congress—to consider what attitude should be adopted by the various races of the world towards one another.

The general results which were arrived at during the Congress were:—(1) That all men are potentially the same and that the differences are all due to environment, and (2) that "civilisation" is a panacea.

The old adage, Do as you think others would wish to be done by, is clearly of no use now, for there are many peoples who do not know what is good for them and fail to recognise how much better they would be if they were "civilised."

Dr. Eastmans, a very red American Indian, favoured the antiquated and erroneous view, in one of the best speeches which I heard delivered, and seemed sorry that he had been civilised. But he must clearly have been wrong, for various young gentlemen from India, China, and other distant lands, said that they were very much in favour of being civilised and were very desirous that all their fellow-countrymen should be civilised too, but they gave no figures which would show what proportion the ignorant anti-civilisationists bore to the population.

Civilisation, I gathered from them, is a very wonderful thing. It gives a man expensive habits, in order to gratify which he must have increased wages. This at once clears up the difficulty of cheap Eastern labour, and so is very desirable. It also, I believe, increases the revenue, another point in its favour. Further, it removes from the scenes those who are not strong enough to stand the process, which I should have thought was another point in its favour, but I did not hear this brought forward.

The more scientific consideration of the question was chiefly confined to a volume of excellent papers which had been obtained from various authorities and had been printed and circulated before the Congress. The results which one arrives at after glancing through these are much more interesting. Although to do justice to them, and all the views and knowledge which they contain, would need a long time and much hard work, yet some points seem to stand out at once, and as they are rather fundamental ones, it seems worth while to try whether by looking at them from a different point of view from that usually adopted, different and perhaps equally tenable results may not be reached.

A point to which great importance is attached by almost all writers is the origin of all mankind from one single stock. Hence it is argued that all the present divisions of mankind are potentially interchangeable.

If we are talking pure theory this is perhaps all arguable contention, but it is not a practical truth. As an abstraction $3 + 2 = 2 + 3$, but it is not the same in practical politics. The identity is a limited one only. Any rowing man recognises the difference between an Eton eight and the best possible 'Varsity eight compounded of men who have all had different upbringings. At the back of beyond there may have been only one race of men, or there may not; it is too far off to matter. Stilton and Cheshire are both made from curds, but you cannot change one into the other. Of course, the question cannot really be quite so easily disposed of, but I think that the obsession of the single origin of mankind has hampered us a good deal.

There are many other facts to be considered. No doubt, for example, we know of coloured men who have in many ways reached a very high grade on the European standard. By what signs do we recognise this? In other words, what are we measuring? How do we know that they were fair samples of the coloured races? Many boys besides Sir Richard Burton have spent their youth in wandering about the Continent without learning to become an Oriental at will. Many firemen's sons have got jobs about the pit without revolutionising the world as Stephenson did. Not all shepherds can write poetry, nor all policemen paint pictures. We all of us know Englishmen who, but for their colour and physiognomy, one would unhesitatingly class among the "savages."

In fact, humanity may be divided up in at least two ways, and resemblance between two items according to one classification tells us nothing of their relationship according to the other. All groups of peoples are as different from one another as are all the men in one nation.

This seems really too childish a proposition to require statement, but, nevertheless, the whole world is being run on lines which entirely ignore it.

By what signs, then, may we, perhaps, hope to be able to sort out the various individuals? We must first decide on the use we will make of certain words. For me, Race is, at bottom, a question of anatomy and physiology; Nation, one of geography and politics. Psychology, as its name implies, is the science of the soul, which is not body, although it is in some way closely connected with it. It is by psychology that we make the cross classification above referred to. Scientific psychology interests itself chiefly with that part of the subject which overlaps physiology—with that part of the soul where it is attached to body, if one may so say;—this needs to be noticed in order to avoid misunderstanding.

It seems, as might be expected, that certain soul-types are inclined to be connected with certain body-types, but clearly this is not invariable. In the course of ages the mixture of "plasm," or whatever we call it, in the heredity machine has become so mixed and complex as almost to defy classification, except on some few easily traceable lines. When we put a penny in the slot we may get out a box of matches, or a box of chocolates, or a chocolate-box full of matches, or a match-box full of chocolates. We may get a white man with an Eastern soul, or an Eastern with a "European" soul. Just as we may get two brothers as like as two peas, one of whom is a book-worm and the other an explorer. The question of the proper relationship between races cannot be dealt with apart from the proper relationship between individuals of one nation. The solution of one question is the solution of the other. Which is the easier question to solve first may be answered differently by different people. It seems to me that man to man is a simpler relation than race to race.

(To be continued.)

Henri de Regnier.

By Richard Buxton.

THE symbolist and vers libriste movement which dominated French literature towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, most unquestionably had its origin in foreign influences. Heine has said that the French can express the sun perfectly, but never the moon. There is a precision in the traditional technique of France which necessarily precludes any attempt to render those fine shades of meaning and feeling which defy exact statement. The poetry of Germany and England, while less precise, is at once more human and more comprehensive.

The first French poets to revolt against the Parnassian tyranny, Verlaine and Mallarmé, were both fine English scholars and enthusiastic admirers of the English poets. The first by his works, and the second by his theories and his habit of life, were the direct initiators of the movement which sought to capture that elusive element which is the basis of life and which was excluded by the rigid rules of French parody and style. The methods by which this end were to be attained were essentially empirical and foreign to the French mind, and in spite of the enormous influence it at one time exercised, not only has the school few followers of note among the younger poets of to-day, but also many of the elder poets who championed symbolism in their youth, have turned to composition on traditional or semi-traditional lines. The plainest and most mournful example of this apostasy is to be found in M. de Régnier, who has recently been elected to the French Academy.

In a criticism of a poet, a progressive examination of his works is rarely valuable, but in the case of M. de Régnier it is necessary to show his development from his first period of brilliant discipleship to his second period of mastery and his decline to his third period of mediocrity.

His work is large in bulk, filling at present seven volumes. It may safely be said at the outset that hardly a seventh of this quantity is destined to live; perhaps indeed Régnier will be one of those poets who survive only in anthologies on the strength of one or two pieces of supreme beauty. Too great a facility has been his greatest hindrance during all the period of his poetic production. It is noteworthy that he has chosen as the key of his poems, that which is most easily evoked, a restrained, gentle, tender melancholy, which rarely rises to the expression of a virile sorrow, and still more rarely changes to a note of content. Evening, autumn, death; fountains and forests, these are his poetical machinery, tools handled through page after page with a listlessness that throws into more striking relief the compositions in which feeling and language burn together in one perfect flame.

His first slender volume, "Les Lendemains," published at the age of nineteen, already exhibits these characteristics. He is still under the influence of Verlaine, but the beautiful lyric "Experience" shows him set in a path from which he will deviate little in the years to come.

> I have walked behind them, hearing every kiss,
> Watching their slender shapes stand out together
> Against an autumn sky whose harmonies
> Were like the pearl grey of a seagull's feather.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Walking they went, holding their fair dream fast
> That realised this idyll of a day.
> They were the present, and I was the past
> That knew the final word their dream would say.

This is perhaps amusing in a youth of eighteen, and recalls Rimbaud's "On n'est pas sérieux quand on a dix-sept ans," which was written at fifteen, but it is significant since it shows that his persistent melancholy is something natural in the mental structure of the poet, and not his summing up of life. His philosophy is easily comprehensible, but not important. He has expressed it in one verse, and for poetical effect contradicted it in another.

> His is true wisdom who builds on the sands,
> Knowing that all is vain in eternity,
> And that even love itself no longer stands
> Than the breath of the wind or the colour of the sky.
>
> . . . . .
>
> . . . . For not sweet-scented roses on the sand,
> Nor the gentle wind, nor the colour of the sky,
> Can e'er appease my agonised demand
> That all should not be vain in eternity.

Between the tone of these verses published in 1906 and that of "Experience" published in 1885, what essential difference is there to be discovered? Twenty years pass over the poet's head leaving his nature untouched, because he is not a philosopher but a poet only. His poems are not a criticism of life, but perhaps they form a collection of data for that criticism.

In this earlier volume examples of Régnier's unfortunate prolixity are not wanting, but we are sustained from one isolated patch of poetry to the next by his talent for word-music and word-pictures. In his least inspired poem frequently he will sketch in two lines a most delightful landscape and then flounder on into the realms of the unnecessary.

> Un blanc vol de ramiers tournoie en l'azur clair,
> Se disperse et s'ébat aux toits des métairies
> Et l'éparpillement de leur descente a l'air
> D'une défleuraison de couronnes fleuries.

Here is a charming picture illuminating an otherwise uninspired sonnet. Immediately following it, is obtruded the melancholy personality of the poet:

> Et me voici comme au retour d'un long exil . . .

This pictorial power is one that could be illustrated a thousand times from his earlier poems. "Episodes," a work profoundly influenced by Mallarmé in its obscurity, is yet full of these extraordinarily vivid little landscapes.

With the publication of "Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques" in 1890 we are confronted with a confusion. The poet has left imitation behind him and is experimenting with a style of his own, but at first sight this new style is completely unintelligible. What in the world are we to make of such lines as the following, from "La Vigile des Grèves"?:

> Qu'il vienne à nos exils, et vers nos seins et vers nos lèvres
> Le Bienvenu d'espoir sûr d'être Celui-là,
> Qu'il vienne à notre exil
> Le Bienvenu d'amour sûr d'être Celui-là,
> Vers l'offre de nos seins gorgés et l'ardeur de nos lèvres.

This is less comprehensible even than the obscurer parts of Gustave Kahn's first volume. Lovers of poetry might well have been dismayed when they saw a stream, clear if derivative, thus muddied by the trampling of the Symbolist influence. But the secret of the matter was that in his efforts to attain style the poet had for the moment lost his mastery over expression and meaning. "Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques" is, save for some very few passages, valuable only as the evidence of the experiments which led up to the perfected and glorious style of "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins." In the hackneyed but indispensable phrase of the Symbolists, he desired to suggest rather than to state. The meaning was presented by means of a series of pictures which, in their rapid succession, were to print an image on the mind of the reader which was none of them and yet which was composed by all of them. In "La Vigile des Grèves" the poet knows well the mood he wishes to describe, but he is not yet able to handle his new tools, and the cumulative effect is merely grotesque. But "Scènes au Crépuscule" contains one unforgetable

passage, from quoting which in full only considerations of space withhold me.

En allant vers la Ville, où l'on chante aux terrasses,
Sous les arbres en fleur comme des bouquets des fiancées,
En allant vers la Ville où le pavé des places
Vibre au soir rose et bleu d'un silence de danses lassées,
Nous avons rencontré les filles de la plaine
Qui s'en venaient à la fontaine,
Qui s'en venaient à perdre haleine,
Et nous avons passé . . . .

It is impossible to deny the beauty of this as poetry and as a picture, and its effectiveness in evoking a mood without describing it. Throughout the whole of this volume, however, there are hardly more than five or six pieces of twenty consecutive lines which show a master in full command of his instruments. For the most part these poems either exhibit an overpowering obscurity or a puerile ineffectiveness. The same faults in a lesser degree with a larger proportion of successful works are to be seen in " Tel qu'en Songe," which appeared in 1892. The conclusion of " Exergue " is full of a grave and noble beauty that presages the finest poems in "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins."

O mon âme, le soir est triste sur hier,
O mon âmi, le soir est morn sur demain,
O mon âme, le soir est grave sur toi-même!

A word is necessary at this point upon Régnier's metrical experiments. In his early poems he adopted the licences which were sanctioned by Verlaine; for example, the use of the hiatus and the neglect of the caesura, but this was rather vers liberé than vers libre. In the two volumes with which I have just dealt he made use of classical metres, real vers libre, and the alexandrin familier which is not exact in its number of syllables, and does not observe the alternance of rhyme.

"Arethuse," which forms the first part of "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins," was published in 1895, and the whole volume two years later. In this we see Régnier's completed and perfected genius. The alexandrin familier is the favourite medium, though vers libre has its place, and the choice of subject has changed in the direction of comprehensibility without abandoning the symbolist method. The framework is almost entirely classical, nymphs, satyrs, funeral urns, Pegasus, and so forth, but he who would describe the poems as classical in essence is misled by a superficiality. Let us grant the poet the medium by which he chooses to express himself. His classical twilight, his wood-gods are no more to be taken literally than the other images of the symbolists. He endeavours still to render his feelings by what means he can, and chooses for the sake of convenience to present his readings of life to us in this form. Only we must regret that he chose the form most favourable to his tendency to over-write, to produce verses that are complete in every particular except that they are not, and never have been, alive.

The beauty of his successful poems in this manner is not obvious and startling; the meaning is too vague to captivate upon the first reading. Consequently it requires care to distinguish the live poems from those that are dead, and a hasty judgment of Régnier is quite certainly a wrong one. Gradually, in the finer poems, a certain completeness of meaning and expression breaks upon the reader; gradually, very gradually, a definite feeling is evolved out of the confusion of phrases and images, and for the moment you feel as the poet felt when he wrote. For an instant you know the meaning of that mood which cannot be stated in plain terms. Any man can say, I am sad, but only the poet can give a subtler expression to the feeling. The poem entitled " The Return " is an example of this.

Lower than anger and more high than love
All day a voice has spoken in the grove:
The Past speaks, dreaming, to his Melancholy;
They both are standing, face to face; and she
Bows her tired head and holds a closed black flower
Picked by the way and withered in an hour.
For she, the Stranger, followed him, the Past,
Unto those sands whose prints are half effaced
By the echo that Remembrance leaves with us,
Treading upon our dead thoughts glorious.
When autumn came at last, ere evening,
Hither they came to stay, and, shivering,
The black wood heard about its great trees blown,
Fate standing 'fore his counterfeit in stone,
A voice that spoke and groaned alternately,
Lower than anger, and than love more high.

A lesser poet might have made a poem of this of ten times the length and embellished it with all the ornaments that remain unused. He would still have missed the highest meaning; no method but this, no man but Régnier could have exactly rendered the mood which gave rise to the poem.

It is with difficulty that I restrain myself from the delight of quoting pages from this volume. "The Vase" is perhaps Régnier's masterpiece; but as it is of some length, and of a unity that defies selection, no extract from it can be given here. In it is symbolised the joy of creation, the ecstasy of the artist and his depression when his work is finished. Hardly less beautiful is the poem " A Twofold Elegy," in which the girl implores her lover to return to her from the shades.

Thy house awaits thee, friend, and here I keep
On the silver plate, on the plate of ebony
In the crystal cup and the ashen cup for thee
Milk and grey olives, purple figs and wine. . . .
And we will stand, thy sweet soft lips on mine
Filled with strange pleasure thus to meet once more,
O Traveller from the reeds of that lorn shore
Where never wakes the morning or the wind,

But her lover replies in elegy over himself:

The mouth dies and the kisses die with it.
Leave the ripe figs, and leave the olives sweet;
Oh, fruit is sweet to lips of flesh, to thee,
But I dwell in a realm beside the Sea
Of Shades.

Before I begin the less pleasant task of analysing the decline of M. de Régnier from this height, I will mention the "Odelettes" of which M. Jean de Gourmont has said that they are " such delicious melodies as one loves to recite to oneself."

" Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins " shows Régnier at the height of his powers. " Les Medailles d'Argile " is the first step in his decline. Noble poems are to be found in this volume, notably " La Couronne."

Hélas! qu'avez-vous fait de moi, ô mes Pensées?
Hélas qu'avez-vous fait de vous, ô mes Pensées?

But a new element is obtruded, a purely objective element which consists in a lifeless modification of the manner of José-Maria de Hérédia. It is unnecessary to discuss the respective values of the subjective and objective methods in poetry, though I may be permitted to say that it is my opinion that the subjective method is better suited to the modern poet. It is enough to say that Henri de Régnier was a master of the subjective method, and a dull though correct disciple when he took up the objective.

No purpose can be served by hazarding guesses at the personal reason for the change. The general reason which accounts for the cessation of the Symbolist School in France is that subjectivity is foreign to the French genius.

Régnier's later manner, becoming more hard and crystallised from volume to volume, is not that of a poet, but of a verse-writer of talent. He has even lost his power of composing pictures.

Ce long jour a fini par une lune jaune
Qui monte mollement entre les peupliers,
Tandis que se répand parmi l'air qu'elle embaume
L'odeur de l'eau qui dort entre les joncs mouillés.

This verse from " La Cité des Eaux " compares with the pictures in " Tel qu'en Songe " as a coloured illus-

tration in a Christmas book compares with a landscape by Turner.

Régnier's latest volume, "Le Miroir des Heures," is the last blow to those of his admirers who still hoped for a revival in him. It is composed of nothing but trivialities. The classical traditions are observed throughout, and there is no trace of life or inspiration. Even the would-be daring lasciviousness of "Sept Estampes Amoureuses" raises no thrill in the reader. It is an exercise in the manner of Pierre Louys, uninformed by his burning moral interest in these matters. The other poems are also exercises, impeccable—and unreadable.

This premature exhaustion of the poetic faculty is a matter to be deplored, but at the same time to be faced and declared. In his novel "La Flambeé," Régnier has described the death of a man's youth. In the end the torch went out. To be blunt, his own torch is dead. For the first period, he was a brilliant, if derivative, poet; for the second, a great, original master; for the third, a lifeless writer of verses. He was never a philosopher, never a thinker, merely a fine poetic sensibility, but within his limits he was a great artist. Now, as a poet, it is finished with him. That is all, but it is a pity.

REVIEWS.

By A. M. Ludovici.

Nietzsche et les Theories Biologiques Contemporaines. By Claire Richter. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3 frs. 50 c.)

Not much more than a year ago, in a letter to the "Spectator," I went to some pains to show how mistaken the English notion concerning the real nature of a scientific discovery actually is. I pointed out how wilfully blind the English are to the poet in science, to the man of insight, to the creative artist who, like the Oriental pearl-fisher, with one fearless plunge, descends into the very heart of things, and with god-like divination returns to the surface with their secret in his mouth. A long and heart-rending tale could be written to show how intensely England has suffered and will yet suffer through turning the cold shoulder upon this man of insight—the poet in science. A long chapter of catastrophes, too, would be the record of England's worship of the other man—the man who manufactures pearls above the surface of the waters, and who impresses the man in the street far more by the quantity of material he collects and disposes of, in the manufacture of his false stones, than by the genuineness and beauty of their colour.

Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Darwin, Spencer, and a host of others—one day they will be only chapter-headings in a history of the world's disasters!

In Mme. Richter's book we have a reminder of how differently things stand on the Continent—at least, in France. While all England, and the greater part of Germany, scoff at Nietzsche's incursions into the realm of science, simply because he spoke with the divination and authority of a prophet and a poet, just as Heraclitus, Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe had done before him; here we have a work which, at any rate, values Nietzsche's biological views seriously. This is an earnest book, in which the author spares herself no pains in her attempt to arrive at the kernel of Nietzsche's biological doctrine.

If Mme. Richter had been more conversant with Nietzsche's philosophy, there can be no doubt that her performance would have done him more justice; but it is rather as a simple guide than as a valuer that she enters the group of Nietzsche-interpreters, and as such she cannot fail to be of great assistance to the Nietzsche student. Still there appears to be a large number of unaccountable contradictions in the book — some of which are due to Mme. Richter herself, and others which are the natural outcome of her having quoted from Nietzsche's complete works, which, as everyone knows, cover at least three periods of his thought: the period when he seemed to be under the sway of English thought; the period when, although still influenced by it, he was shaking himself free from all outside thought, whether English, German, or French; and the period in which he stood absolutely alone and fearless, his own master and his own disciple, the last period being the one which the earnest Nietzschean upholds as the ripest and most powerful one.

With regard to Nietzsche's biological views in general, however, although, as Mme. Richter very rightly points out, we may trace throughout their course a decided preference for Lamarck's rather than for Darwin's school, to him who can read between the lines the truth which really grows quite naturally out of the 236 pages constituting this work is that Nietzsche, though sometimes misled and confused by his extensive reading in biology, was from first to last an independent and original thinker on the subject of Organic Evolution; and one who, from the start, leant uncompromisingly towards an aristocratic, masterful and active interpretation of organic processes, as opposed to the democratic, slavish, and passive one taught by the British school of biologists.

An examination of the evidence collected by Mme. Richter will amply confirm my contention, and it will be seen that, whereas resemblances can be found here and there between Nietzsche's views on biology and those of other thinkers, the line of his thought was on the whole a perfectly original and independent one. For instance, during the early period when he was most deeply influenced by English thought—that is to say, while writing "Human—all-too-Human," he cast doubt upon the famous notion of the "struggle for existence" as the prime motor of life (Vol. II., German Edition, p. 212). And in later years, as we know, he re-stated this doubt with even more and more emphasis, going so far even as to suggest that Malthus and Darwin had been influenced in arriving at their theories by the struggling industrial and over-populated community in which they lived. In casting ridicule upon the Darwinian faith in the blind forces of nature, working automatically through the action of the natural selection of the fittest, he once more showed himself consistent with a doctrine which was his from the first, to wit: that our future and the future of the world lie in our own will and our own power, and that all laisser aller based upon the hope of better things which must necessarily arise through the unaided process of evolution, is not only idle, but absurd. His opposition to Lamarck on the question of evolutionary progress, and his agreement with Lamarck on the matter of active adaptation instead of passive adaptation, again show his independence; while his sympathy with many of the opinions of De Vries, Nägeli and Ralph are much more accidental than deliberate. Where De Vries, Nägeli and Ralph actually approach Nietzsche's clean-cut highway leading to an aristocratic and masterful interpretation of life, he naturally seems to walk shoulder to shoulder with them; but the moment they diverge he as quickly vanishes from their side.

Finally, it was in his insistence upon an inner power, concealed in the constitution of the animal and capable of mastering environment, that Nietzsche best revealed the tendency of his biological opinions. And it is because his insistence on this point is in harmony with the whole of his philosophy that I venture to submit that these opinions were arrived at independently and originally, however closely Lamarck and Ralph may appear to approach him on this particular point. Nietzsche laid the burden of development upon a power in the organism itself, upon "the highest functionaries in the animal in which the life-will appears as an active and formative principle" (Genealogy of Morals), and this view, which was merely hinted at by Darwin, lent a new and more noble colouring to the whole question.

As a single instance of the contradictions for which Mme. Richter herself is responsible in this book, take her complaint (p. 235) to the effect that Nietzsche in his advocacy of the Superman and in his deprecation of Lamarck's and the British school's belief in the necessary progress resulting from evolution, is guilty of

inconsistency. It is perfectly true that Nietzsche disbelieved in the progressive evolutionary theory, and Mme. Richter rightly lays stress on this side of his philosophy (p. 52); but surely it is not incompatible with his advocacy of the Superman; for, who on earth, I should like to know, has ever understood that Nietzsche regarded the Superman as a necessary, an inevitable, and a certain outcome of present man? On the contrary, almost all his works are darkened on many a page by the cloud of doubt and fear which according to him seems to hang over the advent of the Superman. The fact that he does not regard this advent as certain, as inevitable, is proved again and again by his repeated exhortations to his fellows to strive after a higher creature with all their power, and to concentrate all their thought, energy and will upon his coming. His constant attacks upon careless indifferences, his untiring criticism of idle optimism—these are not the words of a man who believes that the Superman will be an inevitable outcome of the evolutionary process! Where, then, is the contradiction, the inconsistency, in Nietzsche's "Uebermensch," and his hatred of the progressive development theory?

Mme. Richter also complains about the doubt which, towards the end of his conscious life, Nietzsche began to cast upon the doctrine of organic evolution in general. In her conclusion, she tries to exonerate him from this inconsistency by pointing, in the now time-honoured way, to his failing mental and bodily health. But, when we have followed Nietzsche all through his aristocratic campaign against the democratic theories of modern biologists, what need have we to appeal to the proximity of his final breakdown in order to account for the growing doubt which, towards the end, he felt on the subject of organic evolution? That this world was a world of perpetual change, of transiency and of Non-Being, was an accepted fact with Nietzsche from the very dawn of his career as a thinker; but what about this idea of the transmutation of species?—what about this notion that the same cell by a series of transformations produced the whole of the animal world? Was not this, also, a democratic and modern levelling-down of all creatures to the same rank, to the same ancestry?—was not this perhaps an exaggerated version of the Christian doctrine of one God and of universal equality before Him?

This final adumbration of a complete denial of the accepted views on organic evolution, by Nietzsche, is only the logical outcome of his original and independent attitude towards the whole question, and though he would certainly have halted with reverence before the theory of the possible development of higher individuals out of particular species, it is equally certain that, if he had been spared, he would have lived to repudiate entirely the notion of a common ancestor to man and beast.

Be all this as it may, as a reminder that Nietzsche's views on biology ought to be taken seriously, and as a compilation showing both skill and erudition, this book of Mme. Richter's is a remarkable production, and one which in England particularly ought to be gratefully received; for nowhere more than in the England of to-day is man so much in need of a poet's guidance and a poet's insight.

* * *

The Grain of Dust. By David Graham Phillips. (Appletons. 6s.)

If Fred Norman, the rising New York lawyer, found Dorothea Hallowell, the most insignificant of his typists, a difficult woman to handle, the fault was not his. Her extraordinary changes of appearance, varying from girlishness to womanhood within a few minutes, baffled him not half as much as her transformations bewilder us. Mr. Phillips is an interesting analyst of moods, but in "The Grain of Dust" he has failed to convince us that they are moods of one and the same woman. The changes are too quick to be accomplished in the time or for the causes assigned to them; and we candidly deny belief to the existence of the confederated phantasmagoria which is called Miss Hallowell.

Margaret Harding. By Perceval Gibbon. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Gibbon tells us things about the Kafir and the Afrikander which we never heard before, and probably shall never hear again. Kamis, a Kafir, son of a chief who was hanged, adopted by Government, trained as a doctor, returns to Africa with a great deal of money, cannot find a "roof" to sleep under because he is a Kafir, "squats" among raw natives "a little apart" as befits a gentleman idler, is befriended by a young consumptive lady, kisses her hand after telling his life-story, offers twenty pounds to a blackmailer, absent-mindedly makes it fifty, is always on the spot to avert domestic tragedies, is suspected by the police, comes to say good-bye to the young lady at dead of night, is there and then arrested for sedition, saves the lady's life by vicarious clinic, is smuggled out of arrest and rewarded by being given "a job of some sort, doctorin' niggers somewhere."

Except that Mr. Gibbon assures us that Kamis was a Kafir, we should have supposed he was a white man, or he might equally well have been a Chinaman, Frenchman, or South Sea Islander for anything adduced in his temperament to prove his nationality. There was never no such person, and that is our conclusion as to Kamis. Miss Margaret Harding, the consumptive lady, might just as easily have been quite healthy, except for the necessity of Kamis saving her life. The regulation literary stern, silent Boer who is here married to the stock vulgar, erring, but good-hearted theatrical lady, a villainous tramp who turns out to be an old actor friend, a remarkably inebriate doctor of a sanatorium and his wife, a dreamy clay-modelling youth who goes to London, and some troopers and invalids surround Margaret and provide the various scenes which exhibit her in robust spirits. The Boer tells a yarn about the defeat of Kamis's father (the long arm held him there)—the yarn sounds like smoking-room gossip after the "Ethiopian Saga"; and some bona-fide steamer stories, including the ancient "Scotchman" brand, are introduced. But the whole thing is leagues from Africa! One thing we would like to know: how the Government-reared son of a chief was let run loose in his father's country? That is not the usual thing! But if Kamis never existed. . . .

There was a Widow. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen. 6s.)

For a doctor's widow, left penniless and friendless, with three blessed children on her hands and an imperishable memorial of the late sainted Harry in her heart, Julia has much more luck than she deserves. She housekeeps for her husband's successor, who inconsiderately falls in love with her. Declining his advances and driving him to desperate journeys to and fro from India, she occupies one of the intervals in engaging herself to marry a wealthy cousin, who has a fit on the eve of his wedding, and only recovers sufficiently to make a will in Julia's favour, which she magnanimously but foolishly destroys. Left again penniless, she ends by marrying her husband's successor after all. The author does not appear to be aware of how worldly an interpretation could be put on Julia's adventures. The sentimentality with which the widow's relations with her suitors, her late husband and her children are clothed, concealed the facts of which only her disagreeable sister-in-law had any appreciation.

The Lonely Queen. By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen. 6s.)

To reconstruct the life and times of Queen Elizabeth is no bad motive for a novelist; but, despite his gallant collection of seventeenth-century tags, Mr. Bailey fails to give any body to his portraits. His Elizabeth is no more than the common stage person with which tenth-rate comedies and twentieth-rate school histories have made us painfully familiar. We are brought no nearer understanding either her personality or her policy. Nor is any freshness given to the historic characters gathered about her. The Hawkinses, the Dudleys, the Cecils of Mr. Bailey's novel are exactly what anybody with only his own acquired impressions would guess them to have been. Our author finds them buckram and he leaves them buckram.

The Practical Journalist.

A Vade-mecum for Aspirants.

By J. C. Squire.

No. V.—THE MODEL POLITICAL NOTES.

I UNDERSTAND that a whole series of changes in the Cabinet are imminent. At least three Ministers will in all probability give up their portfolios, and there will be an almost general reshuffle of the other posts. The official announcement may be expected at any moment. But the Government may think it more politic to postpone the changes until the beginning or even the end of next Session. It is certain that before long one of the law officers of the Crown will be promoted to a high judicial position, which of course will necessitate his retirement from the Parliamentary arena.

There is widespread dissatisfaction amongst Ministerialists with regard to the course taken by the Government with regard to the Dogs Diseases (Ireland) Bill. The measure passed through all its stages in the Commons quite early in the Session, but the Lords after giving it a second reading have hung it up as it appears indefinitely. The Radical "forwards" are making it uncomfortably clear that in their opinion the Government should send their lordships a clear intimation that the situation is such as to, unless something is done with the Bill immediately, eventuate in literally swamping the Upper House with new creations.

A Bill establishing a maximum working day for lighthouse keepers was introduced on Tuesday by Major Black, Unionist member for Mid-Rutland. The Bill, which has the support of members of all parties, will, if passed, come into operation on the first of January next year. Its backers include Lord Lundy, Lord William Rockingham, Colonel Mohun, Sir Zebedee Haythornethwaite, Sir Thomas Higgins, Mr. Arthur Pouch, Mr. Sam Winkle, Mr. J. Dummit, and Mr. Michael O'Rafferty.

It is expected that Mr. Norman Mavromichaelis, the victor of Bootham-on-Tees, will take the oath and his seat to-morrow. The Unionists will give him a great reception.

Captain Beverley-Lunn has obtained a return which throws a glaring light upon the proceedings of the last few years. It appears that since the present Government came into office the total number of new officials created has amounted to the colossal total of 5,837,927, with salaries amounting in the aggregate to £29,576,847,365 per annum. Nothing could show more clearly the insidious way in which the Government is attempting to saddle the country with an army of bureaucrats of whom it will be almost impossible to get rid once they have been called into existence. Captain Beverley-Lunn has put down a motion on the subject for an early date: "That this House expresses its strong disapproval of the legislative and administrative action of the present Government whereby the country is being saddled with a new and dangerous bureaucracy which is dangerous to the national welfare, ruinous to the taxpayer, and entirely out of consonance with all the best traditions of the national life."

Yesterday a meeting was held in Committee Room No. 99 of members interested in Paraguay. About twenty members of all parties were present, and it was decided that a deputation should wait upon the Prime Minister upon the subject. The matter may also be raised on the Foreign Office vote the week after next.

It is announced that the veteran Mr. Benjamin Martin, who has for so many years proved himself such an excellent chairman of committees, will not seek re-election at the next General Election. Had Mr. Martin come into the House six years earlier than he did he would have succeeded the late Sir Robert Miggleby as father of the House. It is felt that the occasion of Mr. Martin's retirement ought not to be allowed to pass by without some suitable commemoration, and a small committee has been formed with Mr. Herbert Rogers as secretary, to organise a subscription for a presentation.

No. VI.—THE MODEL ART CRITICISM.

At the Haliburton Galleries, Wendover Street, Messrs. Didler have just opened an important show of oil paintings by modern Montenegrin masters. Not since 1902, the year of the memorable exhibition at the Guildhall, have we had an opportunity of seeing in London so representative a collection of works, both of Cettinje and of the Dulcigno schools. Practically every man of note is represented by his most representative works, and the hundred odd pictures as a body will certainly convince the sceptic—if there have been any such—of the genuineness and magnitude of the Trans-Adriatic Renaissance.

Naturally one turns first to the work of M. Vlilpo Scouacho, happily still alive though no longer active, the man who above all others must be regarded as the leader and in some respects the creator of the Neo-Montenegrin movement. No less than eighteen pictures from this branch hang here—with one or two exceptions all painted in his prime. Undoubtedly the clou is "Pol Opsik, Antivari" (No. 13). Storm lours over the little port, a forlorn handful of white houses huddled between the vastness of the sea and the vastness of the mountains. Trees and waters, rocks and walls, shudder with prescience of the coming tempest; never has an inconceivable lavishness of idea been so united with an incredible economy of means. A landscape almost equally great is "On the Skutari Road" (No. 87). The soft rays of the sunken sun gild the top of a solitary hill where foot of man has never trodden. The picture in its combined ruggedness and tenderness seems to typify the strangely blended Montenegrin character, but one doubts the advisability of the dab of Chinese white in the middle foreground. It is a picture to return to again and again. There is an undefinable charm in all the sea pictures, in none more than in "L'Aube Consolatrice" (No. 49). Long even ripples sparkling in the full blaze of the noonday sun evenly flowing into a little beach where a grey corse lies motionless amid the wet weeds. In essence it is religious—though not in the slightest degree didactic, for didacticism in art is the abomination of desolation—in its revelation of the littleness of man and the immensity of the eternal verities. Of the other examples, "In a Sock-Suspender Factory, Monastir," is perhaps the most striking, both from the point of view of the historian of artistic development, and from that of the purely æsthetic connoisseur. The blaze of yellows and pinks and greens, the treatment of light and shade almost staggers and blinds one in its audacity; but yet how true it all is, how free from the slightest taint of triviality and commonplace! Scouacho's niche in the temple of the immortals is assured.

Scouacho's chief lieutenant, Porko Biska, died perhaps before he had reached the full maturity of his powers, but the memorable qualities in his rich, splendid, almost obstreperous art are unmistakeable. Such paintings as that of a wood in autumn (76), and that of the opening of the Montenegrin Parliament (54) roar with the wild yet intellectual orchestration of a Strauss; the force of paint could no further go. A kindred spirit is abundantly evident in the work of his confrère and brother-in-law, Stunto Jokoso, who, as somebody once humorously said, sees red everywhere. More classical is the spirit of Fonio Lubar, a master of flowing and graceful line and colour. A man of whom little has previously been heard in this country is Tono Likkowich, whose symphonic landscapes, notably Nos. 22 and 49, wear a smile as mysterious and as reticent as that of Monna Lisa herself. Distinctly worthy of attention, too, is the work of Joski Protose, who is strongly under the influence of modern German realism, but brings to his work much that is distinctly his own. Of his genre pictures, "A Dead Louse" (37) for sheer ruthlessness and virility of treatment could scarcely be excelled.

In another room Messrs. Didler are exhibiting a number of water colours of the Swedish Tyrol by Mr. J. Macdonald Barron. They are well worth a visit.

THE GRAVEYARD IN THE SONG.

(Translated from the Bohemian of Jaroslav Vrchlicky by P. Selver.)

NIGHTINGALE, on whom in nights of splendour Hafiz was intent,
Where sing'st thou now?
Rose, o'er whom full often Dante, plunged in meditation, bent,
Where bloom'st thou now?
Star of sweetness, unto whose dream-leaden brightness from his cell
Tasso's woeful plaint was lifted and his thronging sighs were sent,
Where gleam'st thou now?
Heart, that out of flames wast woven, out of roses and of wine,
Heart of Sappho, whence by Eros lyric melodies were blent,
Where beat'st thou now?
Happy billow, that didst ripple tenderly round Hero's feet,
When Leander, faint from swimming, by the stormy waves was rent,
Where flow'st thou now?
Cast into the song your gaze, for there a mighty graveyard lies,
'Neath whose surface all the bodies of the gods by man are pent,
There weeps he now!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUTION AND THE PREVENTION OF PROFITEERING.

Sir,—The scheme for the prevention of destitution fails by your test of a radical reform, namely, that it should necessitate a reduction of profits. The test is a good test, and no one of those who accepted Mr. Shaw's statement of it in the first Fabian essay over twenty years ago will look for a better. But it is not always practicable to apply it. The Minority Report has been advocated as an instrument towards the attainment of national efficiency, but never, as far as I am aware, as a means whereby profits might be reduced. The reasons for that advocacy were stated by Mr. Webb in an article entitled "Economic Aspects of Poor Law Reform," which appeared in the "English Review" in October, 1909; I have just re-read them in the light of your criticisms and have no doubt that they hold the field. Mr. Webb's statement on the economic side involves some difference from your view of a wages fund, but that is not material to the point at issue.

Does the campaign for the prevention of destitution necessarily conflict with your direct movement for the prevention of profiteering? If not, why queer our pitch? Look at it this way. You have agreed that public opinion is not ripe for the only kind of constructive legislation you care anything about. You, therefore, fall back on the series of strikes (as you say) leading to anarchy; or, say, the general strike as limited to the attainment of a specific object. But the success of the general strike, if and when it happens, brings you plumb up against the fact that the labour market to-day is glutted in most branches with an excess of inefficient and more or less unemployable labour. This is an immediately practical difficulty in every industrial centre. What is the alternative to the Minority way of dealing with that? Besides, you are faced with the need for the elimination of some of the unfit (feeble-minded) before you can set to work on the effective organisation of labour.

The general reason, then, for the advocacy of the prevention of destitution scheme, in spite of its falling short of the anti-profiteering test, is that "if we seek the economic well-being of the nation we shall necessarily be promoting the physical and moral well-being of each individual," within certain limits; and in promoting the physical and moral well-being of individuals we shall be enabling them the better to equip themselves for the democratisation of industry under a no-profits system.

The point you raise with regard to charity is an interesting one. In fact, it is dealt with in Mr. Webb's article in the "English Review." But there is nothing in the Minority report inconsistent with the raising of a charitable fund to provide houses of call for wayfarers, and also free board, baths, changes of clothes, pens and paper, and other necessaries and comforts in order to give those "strange creatures" who decline to work under contemporary industrial conditions the opportunity of proving whether or not they are right in their view of life. The public interest would be safeguarded if the wayfarers (and others, possibly possessors incipiently of genius) were enabled to keep themselves in a state of decency, though not imperatively either of sound health or constant sobriety. The womenfolk and children of the "strange creatures" should, of course, be properly cared for and provided with proper food, clothing, shelter, and medical attendance. The beggar in the East may not be encumbered in this way. The English variety as a rule is rarely without such encumbrances.

A STUDENT OF THE MINORITY REPORT.

* * *

PRODUCTION FOR PROFIT.

Sir,—Will you permit me to point out that the condemnation of "production for profit" comes more fitly from the pen of a Communist than from a severely economic Socialist of the type of the writer of the "Notes of the Week." Remember that, even under the present system, mis-called one of "free" competition, the majority of producers must labour to supply public demand, as well as for private profit. Socialism simply replaces the system of rewarding merit according to individual opinion of the value of the service performed, by one in which the reward is decided by majority vote.

Now, the Socialist who imagines that the mere recording of a majority vote in favour of municipal enterprise will change men's motives for labour, and induce them henceforward to labour simply for the good of their fellows, is properly speaking a communist, and should condemn with considerably more indignation than is evinced in Mr. Bax's vacillating arguments the attempts of THE NEW AGE to set up a system wherein the reward shall be according to merit; such a system would be an insult and a hindrance to a nation wherein the sole motive for labour was the good of the whole community. The Socialist proper, being aware that his proposed system will merely change human institutions, not human hearts, is also aware that if he removes the stimulus of private profit from labour the majority of mankind will only work because they must—because the State compels them; in other words, production for profit is replaced by production under coercion. Is production under coercion then a so much nobler state than profit-seeking with a certain amount of freedom of choice?

Moreover, why should the Socialist condemn production for profit? I can imagine a justifiable growl if a man is making too much profit out of me; but, here again evidently, the kink of the bank reformer distorts my reasoning faculty, since, for the life of me, I cannot refrain from the query as to why, if we have freedom of competition, excessive profit in any one branch of production is not immediately met by an influx of competition to share the high profit. I spend a considerable portion of my leisure in putting this question to the Socialists whom I meet, but alas, the Oracles are dumb!

HENRY MEULEN.

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THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—I know of no reason why the small employer should be any better treated than the big employer. The evils which are hurrying this country towards a terrible social revolution are as much, if not more, the creation of the small employer as the large employer.

Your correspondent, Mr. Waldron, tries to resurrect the old delusion that the employer is a philanthropist who is good enough to employ others. The employer uses his employés to make profits out of them. If the effect of the proposed Act were to compel small employers to discharge their men, that would also mean that such employers would lose the profits upon such employés' labour. The gradual result would be the elimination of the person who exploits the labour of others, as each employer would be dependent upon his own efforts for his profits. I am afraid this would not happen in reality. I wish it would, because, strange though it may seem to Mr. Waldron, the consequence would be to diminish unemployment to the vanishing point.

The employing class is the only one interested in maintaining a reserve of unemployment, because by that reserve the wages of the employed are kept down to just about maintenance level; and, in many cases, below it.

Assuming the employing class ceased to employ their workmen, the way would be open for a national or trade union organisation of industry for the benefit of the whole community—not for the mere economic advantage of the employers.

Insanitary dwellings and conditions may be a legacy from the past. That is no reason why they should endanger the health of society in the present day. Fines are of little value, because the employer prefers to be fined rather than cure the evil at which the cash penalty is directed. Im-

prisonment, or the risk thereof, might bring employers to their senses, where fines leave them indifferent.

All I need say to Mr. Wilson is that if the jury were of opinion that the girl could not live upon 12s. a week he would be convicted. No one knows better than Mr. Wilson that this talk of inefficiency is pure nonsense. The inefficient worker is kept on to lower the wages of the efficient employé. The employer has found the inefficient worker most valuable in two aspects: (1) to reduce the rate of pay to the efficient worker, who otherwise would be able to demand nearly the whole product of her labour; (2) to give him a greater percentage of profit on the score of her inefficiency, which is called in aid to excuse her low wages. That is the scandal of most piece-work. This country has been run far too long in the interests of the employing class, and it is time tardy justice overtook them and their crimes.

There is another clause which should be added to the Bill. Where any employé receives in or upon his or her employment injuries resulting in his or her death, his or her employer shall be placed upon his or her trial for manslaughter. The onus shall be upon the prisoner to prove to the satisfaction of the jury that he or she took all reasonable precautions for the protection while at work of the deceased. Should the prisoner fail to discharge this onus, a court or a judge shall direct the jury to convict such prisoner. Upon such conviction a court or a judge shall impose a sentence of not less than twelve months' hard labour, and not exceeding fifteen years' penal servitude.

I venture to believe that the passage of such a Bill would have some immediate benefits. It is merely extending the Statutes for the protection of animals to human beings.

C. H. NORMAN.

P.S.—I must notice Mr. Kennedy's absurd letter. Mr. Kennedy must know that the majority of railway directors are Tories, and have no ideas remotely approaching Radicalism of any variety. I failed to observe what Conservatives attempted to combat the tendency of the railway directors not "to treat their employés as human beings." Perhaps Mr. Kennedy would give me some names. I gathered from Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his friends that their only regret was that there had not been a massacre.

Surely THE NEW AGE readers might be spared this tomfoolery. Everyone knows that the possessing and governing classes, whether Tory, Tory-Democrat, Liberal or Radical, with a few individual exceptions, only regard the workers as profit-making machines. It is time Mr. Kennedy took a course in elementary politics and economics.—C. H. N.

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THE PURE SCIENCE OF HUMAN NATURE.

Sir,—After reading Mr. J. M. Kennedy's letter on State-owned workmen, one might be excused for thinking that there could not be such thing as a pure science of human nature.

Progress is towards neither freedom nor a servile status. Progress is towards a diversified civilisation; and there is not, either in the policies and practices of the Fabian Society or in the writing of S. and B. Webb on Industrial Democracy or the Prevention of Destitution anything inconsistent with that view. I can quote fully to prove that, if need be.

There are several ways in which wages can be increased to the limits of progressive efficiency. Is a worker in the chain trade who is now in receipt of a compulsory minimum wage a "State-owned workman"? Is the worker engaged on a Government contract (central or local) "State-owned" if he is receiving "fair wages"? Besides, there is the proposal of Carol D. Wright, U.S. statistician, that the wages system should be abolished, and that the total production should be pooled. If that method were adopted wages might be made the first charge on the value of the total production, and payment for ability, works organisation, sales organisation, general direction might come second, subject to the necessary conditions of economy. The error in destitution might be adjusted in that way on the initiative of the State and under its control—would the workmen then be "State-owned"?

[Why, even Mr. Lloyd George has accepted Mr. J. H. Hobson's statement of the principle of the first charge.]

The campaign of criticism upon which Mr. Kennedy is engaged against the Fabian Society and S. and B. Webb resolves itself into a mere campaign of assertion, and it will remain so until he states (1) his proposition or propositions, and (2) what is the detail on which he relies to prove his case. Mr. Kennedy's arguments without detail are simply expressions of individual opinion.

P. J. REID.

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SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

Sir,—Mr. Belfort Bax holds that Socialism must develop into Communism because such evolution would follow the line of least resistance. I ask: In its movement towards what good or from what evil? What evils would exist under Socialism that would force the people to avoid them by plunging into Communism as the easiest way of escape? If Socialism meant merely the nominal nationalisation of the means of production (as at first I thought Mr. Bax had perhaps in mind), that is, State ownership with State indebtedness to holders of State stocks and bonds, to whom interest or unearned income would be payable, I could understand a cry for real Socialism, that is, for such "communisation" of the product as meant the entire division of that unearned income among the people as remuneration for work or as invalidity allowances. But that is evidently not the evil. Or I could understand a Communist arguing that communisation of the product as he regards it, that is, free everything, should be put on the programme before or instead of the communisation of the means of production, on the ground that this would be following the line of least resistance, the latter necessarily resulting from the realisation of the former. With free education, free meals for children, and other free institutions realised or proposed for immediate introduction, the argument would have force in thus favouring direct transition from Capitalism to Communism, and it really seems more logical than Mr. Bax's theory of social evolution with its intermediate stage of Socialism.

But the only thing Mr. Bax seems to wish to avoid under Socialism is the system of reckoning the value of the social services of individuals and the value of commodities and services, which in my opinion is necessary to ensure justice and individual liberty. He objects to it on the ground that it would be clumsy and elaborate, and not worth the trouble. I take special note that he now pooh-poohs the evils of arbitrary taxation, of which he previously denied or doubted (as I think I am justified in saying) even the existence under Communism. He also regards lightly the possibility of individuals getting more than their share. Of course, if all commodities and services were going to be served out like workhouse rations, and everybody were effectively regimented and dragooned, there might be a sort of equality, but there would be no liberty. And on the other hand, if everybody's desires were gratified at the public expense, there would be no justice, and Communism would encourage parasitism.

The securing of liberty and justice is worth all the necessary trouble. And this trouble is greatly exaggerated by Mr. Bax. A money system is necessary not merely for securing liberty and justice, but for preventing waste in both production and consumption. For economic reasons "elaborate reckonings" will have to be made in a "properly organised system of production," which, by the way, Mr. Bax quite mistakenly supposes I sneer at. Without figures and statistics it would be impossible to calculate demand and keep supply commensurate with it, to know which methods or machinery of production were the most economical, or to ascertain which were the most suitable places for the production of any commodity, regard being had to the supply of raw material and the distance from consumers. Every person acquainted with the arrangements for production, transport, and distribution of any industrial system, knows how important it is to have accurate figures regarding every process. Elaborate reckonings will be absolutely necessary for effective production, and the further calculation of each worker's share in social production will be at an insignificant cost of labour in comparison. Again, as regards consumption, the only way to prevent waste, wilful or unwitting, is to place a value on every commodity and service (which must be done in any case in the process of production), and make it known and charge it to the consumer. People must be made aware of the comparative cost of commodities and services, and must have guidance in their choice by having themselves to bear all the expense of gratifying their tastes, as otherwise there would be such a premium on extravagance as would impose an intolerable burden on society.

For the rest, I object to Mr. Bax or the majority deciding for me what products are "reasonable." If I am willing to pay for certain products and others are willing to produce them, and if I and others like-minded are willing to provide the proper national industrial department with the necessary capital, if new capital is wanted, I insist on getting the product whether others consider it reasonable or not. At the same time, I strongly object to have any person who puts a high value on his time for personal purposes, forced to submit to a certain amount of social working time to supply my "exceptional fancy demands." That would be slavery. The fancy demands would not balance one another. Those who practise "plain living and high thinking" would not make them. Many, on the other hand, have an illimitable desire for expensive pleasures if they can get them gratified at the expense of others. And the more moral, to avoid imposing too great a burden on their fellow-citizens, would curb legitimate desires which they would not hesitate to gratify if they were sure of bearing the expense themselves.

J. HALDANE SMITH.

FABIAN SOCIALISM.

Sir,—During the recent bye-election at Bethnal Green, the Rev. S. D. Headlam took the chair for Mr. Masterman at one of his meetings, and in the course of his speech said (as reported in the "Daily News") that "every vote given against Mr. Masterman was a vote given against the first principles of Socialism." This statement seemed to me so extraordinary that I thought Mr. Headlam must have been misreported. I therefore wrote to him, calling his attention to the report, and asked him whether or not it was accurate, and, if it was, to state what it meant. Mr. Headlam, as your readers are aware, was until this year a member of the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society. His reply, which he permits me to publish, calls for no comment from me:—

> "Quite correct. I should say the same in most cases where voting for the Socialist might let in the Tory: as I believe that the Liberals, especially by means of the taxation of land values, are doing more towards Socialism than the Tories will do."

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

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THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—May I be allowed to contribute my quota to the correspondence on "The Black Peril in South Africa"? It seems to me in their zeal to prove their own pet theories, some of your correspondents are swallowing a camel in straining after a gnat. This Black Peril question is not a mere race question, as several of them appear to think. It is far more than that: it is a sex question, and, as such, a world question. The whole trend of civilisation is reaching up to a new plane. The Universal Races Congress proved conclusively, if proof were needed, that colour-bars no longer exist, or if they do exist, they are only retained in more humane fashion. Every man nowadays is recognised as having a right to his own individuality, to his own soul, whether in matters religious, social or political. Thus in South Africa, for example, it is only a question of a short time as to when the franchise will be extended to the native population. In Cape Town this is already the case, and the other States will inevitably follow suit soon. And this is where the short-sightedness of some critics comes in. The black man knows that his enfranchisement is but a question of time, but he hears very little word of the enfranchisement of the white woman. What is the natural result? He believes that the white woman is inferior to the white man. The white woman occupies in his mind the same subject and degraded position that his own black woman does towards him. They are the white man's goods and chattels, and for the present the black man has no great love or respect for the white man. Perhaps he even has in his primitive and unreasoning mind the example set by the way in which the white man takes and despoils his black women. He may even remember the terrible lessons of the concentration and other camps of the Boer War! And the natural result is that now and again his furious passions break forth. But we ask "à qui la faute?" Not on the black man, but on the white man lies the blame, for he set the hideous example. But he adds to it the further enormity of expecting to go scot-free himself for a parallel crime, whilst exacting a fierce penalty from the black. Where is his sense of justice?

The remedy is plain, and indeed shrieks to the skies. Before South Africa takes the black native into the franchise she is bound to enfranchise her white women. Mr. Smuts, Olive Schreiner, and other great South African minds already perceive it, and perceive it clearly. The Women's Enfranchisement League is straining every nerve to make this fact plain. It is the white population's only chance of peace and salvation. The way lies clear! Will South Africa give the same wise lead to the Mother Country as has already been given by Australia and New Zealand? The statesmanlike way to end the Black Peril is to give votes to white women.

EMILY WILDING DAVISON.

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POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES.

Sir,—Very frequently I notice something which serves to confirm my belief that the English Government bestow punishments in order to encourage others. In THE NEW AGE of August 31 I saw the letter from Mr. Frederic Hillersdon, but I think a paragraph in the "Daily Mail" of Tuesday, September 5, places the former in the shade. The substance of the paragraph, headed "Professor Fined," in brief was this:—"Father Joseph Dobson, S.J., Professor of Chemistry, while preparing certain chemicals for a firework display at St. Beunos College, had his left hand blown off owing to the explosion of chemicals consisting of an admixture of phosphorus with chlorate of potassium.

"The Professor was summoned at St. Asaph Police Court for having manufactured prohibited fireworks, the prosecution having been directed from the Home Office."

The Home Office, probably finding that the unfortunate gentleman had had his hand blown off and consequently had to pay doctor's bills, thought that here was a chance of administering a little mild correction; (possibly it found that it had of late been a little relaxing) so it directed against the Professor as a warning not to blow his hand off again.

What a marvellous and useful institution this Home Office is—and in such competent hands, too!

Perhaps you may care to print this for the benefit of your readers whose notice it has escaped.

UN DES AUTRES.

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MASEFIELD'S "NAN."

Sir,—"Your Reviewer's" disingenuous reply to my letter scarcely needs an answer, for, except in one particular, it is merely a réchauffée of his former frequently repeated statement that "Nan" is not a good play. If he, and persons like him, have to make so many words per week on artistic subjects, and like to take the line that no modern work is of the slightest value, I am sure they will do nobody any harm, and nobody will mind in the slightest. Art is not so simple a matter as they think, and artists (like Mr. Masefield) will defy their theories and standard and limitations to the end of time. Even Shakespeare will calmly endure their qualified approval. "Your Reviewer" is an academician.

But when, for the purpose of getting in his sneer at me, "Your Reviewer" misrepresents my words and laughs at them, he is indulging in a very old journalistic trick against which I protest, especially since it appears in a review which, in the same issue, publishes an article parodying journalese. I implied that the idea that "genius, working naturally along the line of least resistance," might conceivably more readily rise to sublimity when treating a sublime subject than one not sublime was a possible though feeble backing of the "restorationist's" theory. I did not think much of the idea; but feeling that the "restorationists" were nice well-meaning people with an occasional grain of truth in them, I tried to help them by showing how much (very little) sense they had. The idea laughed at by "Your Reviewer" was not my own at all, but a deduction from his own theory. I am glad "Your Reviewer" sees how silly it is. I have succeeded better than I intended.

LEONARD INKSTER.

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Sir,—At the risk of turning this discussion on to a "Notes and Queries" groove, I should like to amplify Mr. Randall's analysis by pointing out that as the first bath in London was used by an "eccentric" who lived somewhere in Clapham in or about 1830, it is extremely unlikely that anyone in 1810 bathed several children in the West Country.

J. CHAPPELL.

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THE CRISIS IN LITERATURE.

Sir,—The writer of "The Crisis in Literature" has spoken well and bravely. But he does not give quite a fair impression of the "Times" article; first, because Mr. Masefield is praised therein enthusiastically for his "Multitude and Solitude," and secondly, because the only books on which the condemnation of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Forster is based are "The Card" and "Howard's End" respectively.

The "Times" critic does not trouble to elaborate his objections to these books. It is easy to say they are "empty and superficial"—but it is not criticism.

"The Card" is surely a book that makes for "the refreshment of the mind." Wit and gaiety are qualities as welcome in the artist as imagination and insight; we need them all for our various moods. "The Rape of the Lock" is no less a classic than "Lycidas."

As for "Howard's End," the "Times" critic may find it uninteresting; to me it has been refreshing, illuminating and inspiring, and increasingly so on second reading.

It is not enough for those who desire a nobler type of fiction to cast a few contemptuous adjectives over the work of so-called "circulationist" writers; they must illustrate their thesis by careful analysis of some typical book of these novelists, and show where the line is to be drawn in the matter of introducing pathology, sex problems, etc.

Surely Hardy's novels are full of sex-problems? A late re-reading, e.g., of "The Return of the Native" made me wonder whether a little more self-knowledge might not have saved the hero from a life-long tragedy. W. S.

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BOOK REVIEWING A LA MODE.

Sir,—From the "Athenæum" of September 2 I venture to take a few paragraphs on the above subject, which deserve to be handed on. The journal above-mentioned is itself quoting from the American "Nation." "It all began," says the writer in the "Nation"—

"with the publisher who ventured to express his opinion, on the paper wrappers of the book, that the author's style carried a suggestion of Thackeray or Stevenson or Tolstoy, as the case might be. The deluge was upon us immediately. To-day it is the rule in publishers' notices that when a story is loose-jointed, sprightly, and at times ungrammatical, it marks its author as a worthy successor of Thackeray. When a story is replete with battle, murder, sudden death, and antique adjectives, it has the charm of Stevenson. When a story deals with 'real' people, that is, with financiers, politicians, hypocrites, misers, dreamers, lovers, and scoundrels, its author is immediately an American Balzac."

This kind of thing is bewildering, it is added, to many men of an older generation; but it awakens other sentiments too, not of wonder, but of sharp disgust:—

"These wild encomiums plastered on every shoddy novel not only tell lies about the present, they besmirch the honoured past. While they are appraising Robinson's first novel in terms of Thackeray or Balzac, they are, of course, appraising Thackeray and Balzac in terms of Robinson. A vast body of consumers of fiction that do not know their Maupassant or their Tolstoy will henceforth cherish the belief that Maupassant is very much like Jones, and that Tolstoy is very much like Brown."

This country is no whit behind the United States in this sort of puffery, nor are there wanting reviewers over here who are ready to "play the assiduous parrot" to the publisher.

We have from time to time referred to some of these extravagant laudations in advance. Our wonder is that they continue to any degree to be "good business," for it must be dangerous to take in a public which buys a book and finds itself grossly disappointed.

The "Athenæum" concludes with a confirmation of an opinion I read some time back in your own pages about "impertinent introductions to classics": "The general effect of their commendations is to deceive the public and play a critical part to which these introducers are not entitled."

M. N.

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"NIETZSCHE AND ART."

Sir,—I have read with much interest the letters of Messrs. Ludovici and Kennedy; and in justice to the latter gentleman I must at once say that if it had not been for the aptness of the old tag about "abusing the plaintiff's attorney" I should certainly not have used the term "abuse" for his playful belittling of me and my argument, which was courteous and good humoured.

I agree with Mr. Ludovici that our standpoints are so far apart as to preclude profitable discussion in your columns. I reiterate all I have said about "Nietzsche and Art," as nothing has been said to invalidate my criticisms. To speak of religion as "art" is to fill the term to bursting so that its true and distinctive meanings escape and we are landed in confusion. Mr. Ludovici constantly speaks of the artist as interpreting and valuing; these are the functions of the critic and the philosopher.

The function of the artist is to re-present and to create. He regards nature as a work of art, and its Author (however conceived) as the Great Artist, and he imitates His works and His creative activity. Artists reproduce aspects of nature in another medium, and sing to express emotion and poetically vivified thought, thus covering the field of art. This emotional, imitative and creative activity results from two phases of mental prompting, one lower and the other higher than those employed by the philosopher—feeling and instinct—and the higher intuitions, which are prophetic instincts, thoughts yet to be. They are the activities of the sub- and the supra-conscious self; and they differ widely from the conscious and self-conscious intellectual and reasoning faculties which are the working equipment of the scientist, the philosopher, and the theologian. The products of these different sides of our nature must be kept fairly distinct for purposes of discussion; to jumble them together is, as I have said, to make confusion worse confounded. In following his instincts and intuitions the artist has builded more wisely than he knew; in giving free play to his need for expression with an emotional accompaniment, and in following art for art's sake, beauty for beauty's sake he has unconsciously served higher utilities—has educated through delight, and enlarged us all by providing us with vicarious experience, which is a vital need. For this vicarious experience to be of value it must be sincere, it must be true, and must not be any of those forms of lying favoured by Nietzsche. To be educative it must rest on a foundation of realism, which is the scientific basis of all fine art, and an essential means of expression without which we should be unintelligible to our fellows. Then, again, Nature prompts the artist to express her higher ideals; to supplement her own works, and prophesy of things which yet may be. Thus realism and idealism are necessary and complementary movements in the life of art. Then classicism and romanticism are the conservative and the innovating forces in art, and are vital necessities; and the romanticism of to-day will probably be classical to-morrow. So when a man attacks any one of these phases of art to exalt another he displays lack of balance, and proves himself too small to deal with so large a subject; he belittles art and himself. This Mr. Ludovici would see at once if he would drop his Nietzschean spectacles and look with his unperverted eyes.

As for what I call Nietzsche's "splenetic splutterings" against Wagner, in spite of Mr. Ludovici's too charitable interpretation, they seem to me quite vixenish, and are only Supermanish in Mr. Shaw's sense! The composition of "Parsifal" is the rock of offence, apparently. Christianity seems to act like a red rag on a bull with Nietzsche, and vitiates his criticism. This attacking of Christianity, which is really more progressive than its opponents, smacks of much of the blindest activities of last century; it is too old-fashioned and out of date. The higher task for this century is to discern its significance, its place in the world plan, and the task it had to perform. Criticism of Christianity has done much useful work, and much remains to be done. But this is a much lower task than that high constructive and re-constructive work which is the supreme need of to-day. Agitators are releasing elemental forces which they cannot control; and anyone with the prophetic eye can see that for the immediate future any religion is better than none. And as Christianity is rising and broadening, and casting off its barbarisms it is progressing as fast as humanity can stand, and much faster than its stagnating opponents. It assimilates the results of science after a preliminary protest, and will grow until it becomes the ground of the much-needed synthesis of science, philosophy, and religion, which is my ideal as an Omnist. So Nietzsche's constant girding at Christianity puts him more on the level of the housebreaker than on that of the architect or the builder, with whom my sympathies go. So I feel all through that Nietzsche is on too low a plane to treat so glorious a subject as art; he drags me back rather than helps me forward. His one alluring doctrine is that of the Superman. But even in this he does not help me, because in my articles on "Our Unrealised Divine Sonship," "Contemporary Review," July, 1909, I conclusively prove on scientific and evidential grounds that we have already the Superman latent within us; having a vast extension of faculty, free access to limitless knowledge, and hinting at the manifest destiny these things imply. These powers under abnormal, or super-normal, conditions reveal unmistakably their existence, and under the quasi-normal conditions of genius and inspiration are of enormous benefit to mankind. This extension of consciousness and of faculty represents the next stage of evolution; and in this direction we must look for the real Superman. So beyond his suggestive criticism, and his aristocratic reaction there seems little good to be got from Nietzsche; and as Mr. Ludovici now follows him as he followed Wagner at first, so I fully expect he will outgrow his idolatry as did Nietzsche.

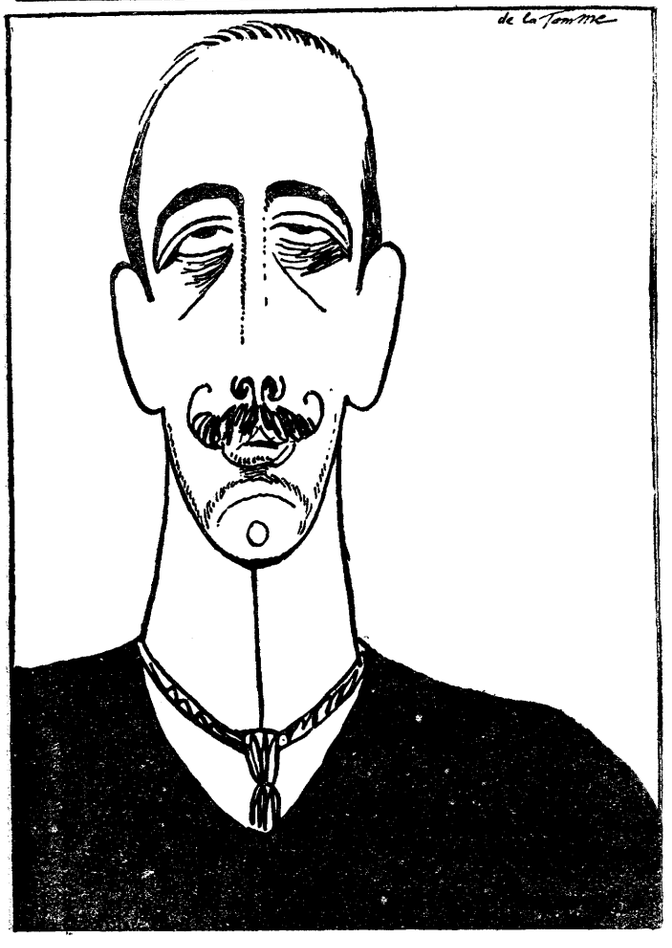
E. WAKE COOK.

* * *

Sir,—I feel inclined to say of the Nietzscheans what Napoleon is reported to have said of the English: Confound these people, they never know when they are beaten. Their persistency in the face of repeated defeats will not, however, even in a stupid country like England, ultimately bring them victory, since the correct ideas will refuse to be worn down by mere resistance.

Let me repeat then what I have already stated unchallenged many times in your columns: that Nietzsche is nothing but a lyrical Bismarck, and Nietzscheanism is only a German name for romantic eugenics. The thing is so plain that I am amazed that so clear a thinker as Mr. Wake Cook should miss it or waste his time in discussing what Nietzsche meant by art. Nietzsche meant by good art art that conduced to an increase of a healthy population; and by bad art art that discouraged procreation. In this respect I contend that not only was he a good German in the Kaiser's sense of the word (the Kaiser should sculpt a statue of him in common gratitude), but he embodied as well as intensified the tendency of the Germany of our day. Everybody knows that Germany alone among the civilised nations is adding to its population at an indecent rate (nearly a million a year). A procreative effort of this kind needs some justification when all the rest of Europe, and in particular the most intelligent parts, are learning to dispense with numbers in favour of quality. Nietzsche supplies Germany with that justification. He marshals the most elaborate sophistries and the most resounding theories to excuse and to glorify the philoprogenitiveness of the German, thus lulling to sleep their suspicions and giving them a good conscience for their reaction. To this same end he interprets art and everything else. Never was such a missionary, and one of whom civilised people should stand more in fear.

R. M.



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