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 blare; 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 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, 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 share-holders’ 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.

Exactly in proportion as strikes become more general they will become less violent in character. This, we may say, is a truism among the workers 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 strike, 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.”

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.

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 willfully blind of observers can doubt that it is rapidly
becoming more intense, more deliberate and more determined. The delegate who happily paraplegizes the tag—Let him who needs be warned 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 exclusive industrial agitation, the plan is now to be adopted of pursuing both methods simultaneously. It does 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.

**The General Strike**

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 made as well as needed, no effort 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 industrialists 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 compelled to accept the scheme is Protection. In effect, they pains they take to prop up a system that is dead are 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 is to 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.

**It will not conduce to the stability of the settlement**

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 sacerdotal in this exact sum of 47 million pounds annually extracted by some 100,000 shareholders from the toil 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 IOO,000 shareholders (who could be compelled 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.

**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 this profit by municipalisation or co-operation. This last device, strangely enough, the simplest, the most effective, and the most permanent, is usually the very last to be resorted to. An increase in the cost of living is met by the public, for example, of meat or milk in England, for instance, 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.
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 proposer, 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! * * *

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 non 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 all failed to contribute a 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, is the problem of how to raise wages in this country effectively, 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 interroation, 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 a draw in every respect, with the exception of the condition, which is admirably combined with the I'll-stay-down-no-damned-nonsense manner of the admirable Foreign Secretary, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. The hand of this gentleman, impertinent in every one of many'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 the German answer is a draw in every respect, and the condition attached, which is admirably combined with the I'll-stay-down-no-damned-nonsense manner of the admirable Foreign Secretary, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. The hand of this gentleman, impertinent in every one of many'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 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, by tearing up the Agreement of 1909, might prevent France from ever again reopening 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 advantages, 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—Anschluss may be a word in the vicinity—broadly speaking, would be the effect of one part of Germany's demands. To take another point, however.

Now, a glance at any map of Africa will show that France 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, Tanganda, 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, as more than they imagine, our statesmen will be confronted with a problem; 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, by tearing up the Agreement of 1909, might prevent France from ever again reopening 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 advantages, 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—Anschluss may be a word in the vicinity—broadly speaking, would be the effect of one part of Germany's demands.
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. So, 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 on the winning side. I may add to the information I have already given. 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 Triple; 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 several 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. 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 put forward in its programme in the last hundred years of English history. . . ."

"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. . . ."

"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. 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 little of them. As we are assured, must be based on some form of Imperial preference, would appear to have met with poorluck when its supporters endeavoured to translate its somewhat vague generalities into practical effect. It is for many political reasons 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 Australian Bond 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 of "their" generalisations, and that often they will be belligerent 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 dealings between the Colonies 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 any arrangement. One is sick of hearing that the Unionist Party has no constructive policy and that this is the reason of its impotence. For, if Germany had given her consent, Italy would have felt more at home in the Triple; and Germany would have lost nothing.

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 definitely expressed opinion 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 have self-governing 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 mother-country and the Colonies, but also from the point of view of the economic relations of the colonies among themselves. No Imperialist economist has ever yet put forward a proposal to show that this difficulty could be surmounted. 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 Conservatives 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 what I have 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." 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 the system of 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 Imperial 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 conniving 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; for 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 so much has been based. The crusades and dozen 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, because based on 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 "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 the theories they advance. We may see the contrary 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 much more clearly during the discussions 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, because based on the philosophy of Conservatism, but simply because Conservatives have muddled and confused their own philosophy with that of their most extreme opponents.

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 they are not merely visitors like myself, but the inhabitants. And the people who找 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.

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

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 in every way, to the best of my ability, to help those who ask for help. 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 charge that village life is dull?

The complaint of villagers, curiously enough, is that there is nobody to look after them. I do in every way, to the best of my ability, to help those who ask for help. 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.
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 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 inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want in every village a sort of civic parson—one who felt the same obligation to civilisation that the parson in every village a sort of civic parson—one who felt the citizens. Why should it not be pooled? We want the material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want the material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want the material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want the material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want the material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want the material is there. After all, everything that can be known about a village is known by one or other of the inhabitants. Why should it not be known? We want
Sigh not, ye Muses! Though the age is over
Where shepherds kept your gates through Summer's day,
While buttercups to sorrel red gave way,
And tardy crimsoned the triumphant clover,—
Still one true theme anew discover.

But sigh thou, Aphrodite! from thy gaudy altar
Now wilt thou hang. Thy melancholy priests
Can no more lure the poet to thy feasts,
Nor bribe him gild with verse thy ribald psalter.

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 fulfill.

Men, that take hold of mind, that seek out skill,
Whence the sly elf and pix whose eerie yell
Fretted to swoon
Safety of the dire or happy end of sun and tide?

* * * *

Thy voice proclaimed thee, and my soul stood still—
As stands to silence some deep Indian dell
Where friends in festival
Come, and of a well-known hand takes hold.

Not as the alien pilgrim, vain though bold,
Establish oracle in Wisdom's hall,
But as the tribesman who, from hunt or fray,
Leaves home, and of a well-known hand takes hold:

Thus I, familiar, range for thy delight
To eyes initiate yield; from foreign sight
Utterly vanish, fade like mirage frail,
Leaving the rude besieger desert-bound.

Thou dost charge me, and my solitary hours requite
With gifts benignant from thy mystic well;
Nor bard nor prophet more than this hath sung.

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 fulfill.

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Letters from Abroad.

By Hunly 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 a faulconer, 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, studied the disturbing effects of 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, 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 impractical goal of More-into-views. More-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 the question. "How can I 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 Shakespearian 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. The idea was this: 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.

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.

Thus from eliminating the unessentials at the sides the inventor arrives at the top opening of the stage, and in deleying the fiction that he solely leaves to the light and yet 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, or 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 is very simple and economical, and by merely moving a lever here or there the stage manager will have the necessary effects 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. Any one 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 employed to distribute from above? How can I give the new setting life? What system of lighting shall I employ?"

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 piccaninnies and dogs trailing in the rear. Each little river of West Queens-land has its tribe, with a language slightly different from the rest, and though the need for white man's food and canvas tents 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. They pretend it is for Shakespeare. But the only thing of which we may be certain is that it will be a Shauspielhaus.

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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 hard long breaths; but not many of them had those usages which give life continuity and a glimpse of permanence. They had collected in groups and whispered rather fearfully, as if something quite new to their experience was before them.

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, 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 intoxicated from a credulous shanty-holder 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 still at last. It was necessary to use a certain amount of 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 feel from the dogs and many guavas on the tall grass, making 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, even at the cost of a few broken heads. It was altogether impossible to distinguish the individual faces of the corroborees or squatted by day at the entrances of their masters' gunyahs. Altogether impossible to distinguish the individual faces of the corroborees or squatted by day at the entrances of their masters' gunyahs.

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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. Soorn 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,
And often from his lips a bithsone 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
Traced in a milkman's hand, and, 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. Trockenstauft, 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. Firank, of Blanks, 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. 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 to his tingling ears a passage found. He therefore suggests the present reading 'Was Wordsworth a Freemason?' Vol. II, p. 889.

[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 being marked by faint and blurred writing. The MS. is in rather poor condition. In 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 and milkmaids 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 of all 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. Gumpory, in his "Cumbrian 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 (Prof. Hans Dampf).
lay (Prof. Meltau-Moderer).

For a full discussion see the "Kansas Philological Intelligence," Vol. LI, p. 299. Prof. Schabernack, 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. 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 to form the order of the line. If the lines are entirely different, no accompanying cries being employed. The Editor has reproduced the original text as far as possible, adding such notes as seemed necessary for the elucidation of doubtful points.

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 destruction of the missing vowel its last resting-place, and where, as has already been observed, the present MS. was discovered. This theory is combated by Prof. Schabernack, however, in his brilliant little pamphlet, "Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Fürworts in der englischen Dichtung am Anfang der Romantik," urges that the pronunciation 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 Communist?" 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 adoptions of a careless interpolator. In this case we must assume the existence of some person, hitherto unknown, who was possessed of undoubted poetical capabilities.

September 14, 1911.
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Recent Music.

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. He does 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 to produce Châtelet Theatre and take his own orchestra with him.

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. He does 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 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.

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, we should 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 "Praeludium" of Järnefelt. It is, I think, three years since Finlandia was produced here for the first time and we hailed Sibelius as a musician. The "Praeludium" 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 "Praeludium" is not distincively 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 pervoration 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
I roamed for your sake;
Have I roamed for your sake;
Over hills and through dales
I sailed with sails
Have I roamed for your sake.

My own Rosaleen!
Red lightning lightened through my blood
Have I roamed for your sake

All yesterday I sailed with sails
But 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:

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Over hills and through dales
I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
And on the lake
Why I sailed with sails

Over hills and through dales
I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
And on the lake
Why I sailed with sails

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.

If our group has obtained the reputation for harshness 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 mousy 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 coffee-evening, we bowed our head to an experiment of fate.

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 water-lilies and waterlilies into swans were perfectly 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 too 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 realized that I was absolutely 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 had 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 sung 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 that link can be a better than 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 water-lilies and swans. After all, it might be better that your princess trails clouds of an alien glory into the world of water-lilies and swans. After all, it might be better 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, she 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 noble and invincible human figure. 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 mending. But the infant was Freestone's "girl," and here we 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 a mouse turned cat in the room, but there was a traitor soon we were talking of other things. Naturally, more sensitive mind than his own.

ordeal with all his colours flying. Under the communicated emotion aroused in the girl by our reception 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 seen enough of the potentialities of Freestone's nature and flew abroad. It vanished again so soon as the girl's tears were completely dried; but I for one had and been obtained from various authorities and had been printed and circulated before the Congress. The 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 civilization is a panacea.

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 civilization is a panacea.

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 abstract proposition it is a tautology, but it is not so 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 signal process had they been thus converted? 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 anything to become a cultivated Oriental. 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. Very few 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 resemblance according to the other. All groups of peoples are as different from one another as are all the men in one nation.

This seems 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 what the use we will make of certain words. For me, Race is, at bottom, a question of heredity 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 the science which makes 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 complicated 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. We may make 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 Régnier.

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 was 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 experience. His 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 et vers 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 Symbolists, 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 unforgettable
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 fleurs,
En allant vers la Ville où le pâvé des places
Vibre au soir rose et bleu d'un silence de danseurs liés,
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 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."

A word is necessary at this point upon Régnier's musical experiment. In his classical twilight, his wood-gods, his nymphs, satyrs, funeral urns, Pegasus, and the framework is almost entirely a wrong one. Gradually, in the finer poems, a certain completeness of meaning and expression breaks through; gradually, very gradually, a definite direction of comprehensibility without abandoning the symbolist method. The framework is almost entirely so forth, but he who would describe the poems as classical, nymphs, satyrs, funeral urns, Pegasus, and vers libre has no more to be taken literally than the other images found in this volume, notably "Les Medailles d'Argile" and "La Cité des Eaux" which appeared in 1895, and the whole volume two years later. In this we see Régnier's completed and perfected genius. The alexandrin familiar which is not exact in its number of syllables, and does not observe the alternance of rhyme.

"Arthuse," which forms the first part of "Les jeux Rustiques et Divins," was published in 1892, and the whole volume two years later. In this we see Régnier's completed and perfected genius. The alexandrin familiar 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, the classical, but the alexandrins familiar which is not exact in its number of syllables, and does not observe the alternance of rhyme.

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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 Berkeleyan claims of "Sept Estampes Amoureuses" raise no thrill in the reader. It is an exercise in the manner of Pierre Louys, uninformed by anburning 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. 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 Nietzsche's scientific discovery are. 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 godlike 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.

Benjamin Stuart Mill, Darwin, Spencer, and a host of others—one day they shall 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 written 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.

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Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Darwin, Spencer, and a host of others—one day they shall be only chapter-headings in a history of the world's disasters!
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. 31). By and by 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, and as galvanising, goaded them to strive for 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 untrammelled 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 career as a thinker; but what about this idea of the Superman? Even the logical outcome of his original and independent views on organic evolution, by Nietzsche, is 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 abdication 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 living development of the individual, and of his isolated species, 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 received; for nowhere more than in the England of to-day is man so much in need of a poet's guidance and 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 untrammelled 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 career as a thinker; but what about this idea of the Superman? Even the logical outcome of his original and independent views on organic evolution, by Nietzsche, is 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?

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

If Fred Normand, the rising New York lawyer, found Dorothy Hallowell, the most insignificant of his many mistresses, 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 bewildered his 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 scenic 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 boma-fide steamer stories, including the ancient "squa" 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 H. C. Bailey. (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 makes a will in Julia's favour, which she magnanimously 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 a blackmailer, absent-minded, 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 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 Cabinet. 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 were 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 justify rapid action. The present Government is dealing with salaries amounting in the aggregate to £29,576,847,365 and 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 liveliness of idea been so united with an incomprehensible esprit de corps. In short, the country is being saddled with a new and almost equally great "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 is as beautiful as that of Monna Lisa herself. Distinctly worthy of a second reading have hung such legislation as the Grocers' (Ireland) Bill. The measure passed through all its stages in the Commons quite early in the Session, but the Lords have made it quite clear that they would not allow it 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 exhibition of oil paintings by modern Montenegrin masters. 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—of the genuineness and magnitude of the Trans-Adriatic Renaissance.

Naturally one turns first to the work of M. Vilipo 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 Opiskl, Antivari" (No. 15). 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 liveliness of idea been so united with an incomprehensible esprit de corps. In short, the country is being saddled with a new and almost equally great "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 is as beautiful as that of Monna Lisa herself. Distinctly worthy of a second reading have hung such legislation as the Grocers' (Ireland) Bill. The measure passed through all its stages in the Commons quite early in the Session, but the Lords have made it quite clear that they would not allow it 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.

September 14, 1911.
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 melodies were bent,
Where beat'st thou now?
Happy billow, that didst ripple tenderly round Hero's feet,
Heart, that out of flames wast woven, out of roses and of wine,
Heart of Sappho, whence by Eros lyric melodies were benth,
Where flow'st thou now?
Cast into the song your gaze, for there a mighty grave-yard 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 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 "Economic Review" in October, 1909; I have just re-read them in the light of your criticism 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? 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 criticism 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.

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. Look at it this way. Where have you, and I have agreed that public opinion is not ripe for the only kind of constructive legislation you care anything about. You, therefore, fail 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 unemployed labour. 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. If I have under coercion therefore a new system of "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 kin 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 replaced by an equal share of high profits? I spend a considerable portion of my leisure in putting this question to the Socialists whom I meet, but alas, the Otaries are dumb.

HENRY MEULEN.

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 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 "Economic Review" in October, 1909; I have just re-read them in the light of your criticism 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.

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HENRY MEULEN.
prisonment, or the risk thereof, might bring employers to employ their senses, where fines leave them indifferent. All I need say to Mr. Wilson is that if the jury were of opinion that Socialism would not likely go on, a week he would be convicted. No one knows better than Mr. Wilson that this talk of inefficiency is pure nonsense. The inefficiency which will lower the cost to lowest standards. The employer has found the inefficient worker most valuable in two aspects: (1) to reduce the rate of pay to the lowest possible level, and (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 in tardy justice overtook them and their crimes.

There are those who shall be placed upon his or her trial for 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 employer to prove the satisfaction of the jury that he or she took all reasonable precautions for the protection while at work of the deceased. Should the employer fail to discharge the evidence, 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. It is merely extending the Statutes for the protection of animals to human beings. It is time Mr. Kennedy took a course in elementary politics and economics.--C. H. N.

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 Conservativeness attempted to combat the tendency of the railway directors towards the realisation of the former. I can quote fully to prove that, if the possessing and governing class regarded lightly the possibility of individuals getting more than their share. Of course, if all commodities and services were going to be served like workhouse rations, an effect of the proposition would be a reaction of some sort. 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 employer to prove the satisfaction of the jury that he or she took all reasonable precautions for the protection while at work of the deceased. Should the employer fail to discharge the evidence, 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. It is merely extending the Statutes for the protection of animals to human beings. It is time Mr. Kennedy took a course in elementary politics and economics.--C. H. N.

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 a 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 that of Mr. 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 obtains a commissionary 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 three managers might be spared this tom-foolery. Everyone knows that the possessing and governing classes, whether Tory, Tory-Democrat, Liberal or Radical, with a few only regarding the worker's efforts as profit-making machines. It is time Mr. Kennedy took a course in elementary politics and economics.—C. H. N.

SIR,—Mr. Belfort Bax holds that Socialism must develop in capitalism 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? Or are Socialists afraid of the means of production (as at first I thought Mr. Bax had in mind), that is, State ownership with State fidelity to the effect that 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 medical care for the sick and old, free employment for children, and the like, such institutions realised or proposed for immediate introduction, the argument would have force in thus favouring direct transition from Capitalism to Communism. I venture to believe that the passage of such a Bill would spare this turmoil.

I take special note that he now pooh-poohs the 'evils of 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 like workhouse rations, an effect of the proposition would be a reaction of some sort. 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 employer to prove the satisfaction of the jury that he or she took all reasonable precautions for the protection while at work of the deceased. Should the employer fail to discharge the evidence, 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. It is merely extending the Statutes for the protection of animals to human beings. It is time Mr. Kennedy took a course in elementary politics and economics.—C. H. N.

[Why, even Mr. Lloyd George has accepted Mr. J. H. Hobson's conception 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 rests on the campaign of assertion, and it will remain so until he states 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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The Home Office, probably finding that the unfortunate gentleman had had his hand blown off and consequently had to pay his doctor's bills, thought it a good plan 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.

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

UN DES AUTRES.


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 the "restorationistic" theory is not supported by the evidence 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. I did not think much of the idea; but feeling that the "restorationists" were nice well-meaning people with an occasional grain of truth, 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 INKERST.

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 Chipham in or about 1766, it is extremely unlikely that anyone in 1810 bathed several children in the West Country.

J. CHAPPELL.

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 for his enthusiastic and productive attitude, secondly, because the only books on which the condemnation of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Forster is based are "The Card" and "Howard's End.

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 they are in the philosopher, and 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 criticise a few contemptible examples of 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?

BOOK REVIEWS AT A GLANCE.

Sir,—From the "Athenaeum," of September 11 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 such, the deluge was upon them. To-day it is the rule in publishers' notices that when a story is loose-jointed, sprightly, and at times unimportant, it is the author's success 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, men, boys, heroes, misfits, dreamers, lovers, and scoundrels, its author is immediately an American Balzac.

This kind of thing is passable, it is added, to many men of an older generation; but it awakens other sentiments too, no wonder, but of sharp disgust—

"The Playing Nymph" is, I suppose, a shabby 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 and Balzac, the 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 as the eternally profitable and 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 thing. What writers ever dared here to 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 may be doubted if it can add to the interest of a book which buys a book and finds itself grossly disappointed. The "Athenaeum" concludes with a confirmation of an opinion I read some time back in your own pages about "imperitiveness": "The general effect of a story's recommendations is to commend the public and play a critical part to which these introducers are not entitled."

M. N.

"Nietzsche and Art."

Sir,—I have read with much interest the letters of Messrs. Ludovici and Kennedy; and I am in justice to Mr. Ludovici 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 not have expected the "Athenaeum" to take his role 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. Religion vitiates his criticism. This attacking of Christianity, which is really more constructive than creative, is a part of the most splendid and the most blinding activities of the 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 barbaric as well 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 art, science, 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 as a robber or a protector 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 "Our Unagnor, "Our Superman." "Co. 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By Emil Davies

which is a storehouse of facts regarding British, Foreign, and Colonial Railways, and sets forth the pros and cons of State ownership, besides explaining fully the financial and social aspects of the question.

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