NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The simultaneous attack on the General Strike by Messrs. Churchill, MacDonald, and Snowden has all the appearance of a concerted plan. Nevertheless a simpler explanation is possible. They one and all feel that the growth of the idea of industrial action is in some way a reflection upon themselves. "After all I've done for you" is the reproach on Mr. Churchill's lips. "After the day of his first triumph, when he declares his strike, is something in it; and when, further, they agree in denouncing socialist action they are doing is forging a weapon of enormous potency for the use of the Labour party in the House of Commons. It will remain for Labour politicians to use it or not at their discretion. Exactly as the capitalist class in Parliament has at its disposal an organised, trained, and obedient military army with which to emphasise the weight of its opinions, and at need to enforce them, so the new federation of unions is preparing to supply the Labour party with an equally well-organised, trained, and obedient industrial army for the same purposes. That the two forms of activity—industrial and political—are not, therefore, incompatible but, on the contrary, complementary, is obvious. No Labour politician of any insight and foresight should object to the massing of battalions behind him.

When three such diverse minds agree in denouncing any particular movement, we may suspect that there is something in it; and when, further, they agree in misrepresenting that movement, the suspicion becomes a certainty. A whole nebula of misunderstanding does, in fact, adorn their tale to point their moral. In the first place, the doctrine of the general strike has no relation in England with the Syndicalism of the Continent. Our trade unionists have no notion whatever of capturing their respective industries by a sudden coup and of running them henceforward by themselves. The association of French Syndicalism with the English movement in favour of federated strikes is, therefore, a malicious attempt to prejudice the latter. Secondly, the doctrine of the General Strike as presented and practised in England constitutes no "attack on political industrialism." Messrs. MacDonald and Snowden, like all precariously-placed autocrats, are naturally sensitive to the merest hint of a diversion from the sources of their power; but in this case, unless they create, there is no danger for them whatever. In thrusting on an innocent and inevitable expansion of the area of the strike the sinister character of an organised attack on political industrialism, they can, if they choose, create by magnifying the very enemy they profess to fear. But it will be their own Frankenstein. At present it is simply academic to pretend that all those trade union leaders who are now engaged in federating and unifying the thousand and one unions for the purpose of strength are secretly plotting the supersession of political action. What, in fact, they are doing is forging a weapon of enormous potency for the use of the Labour party in the House of Commons. It will remain for Labour politicians to use it or not at their discretion.

It may be that the formation of these legions under the banner of the General Strike appears at the outset to be directed against Parliamentary activity, for a criticism of Parliamentary efficiency it certainly is. Everybody knows that from the time of the formation of a Labour group of any dimensions in the House of Commons, trade unionism began to grow listless, particularly in the direction of strikes. Their militancy, they concluded, was safely delegated to their political representatives, who, being actually at the front and in the zone of power, would certainly make more strikes superfluous. We have seen how this expectation has been disappointed. Whether from their own weakness or from the lack of a sufficient force behind them, the Labour party not only failed to make strikes superfluous, but in the end they have made them more necessary than ever. If wages could not be raised before 1906 by industrial action alone, events of the last five years have shown that wages cannot be raised by political action alone. In this sense the new trade militancy is a criticism of political action, but it is a constructive criticism. It stands as an alternative arm to that of the Parliamentary party. With its revival, Labour becomes two-handed. The case for trade union action as a supplement to political action is not dissimilar from the case Mr. Snowden has recently been presenting for the existence of the Labour party as a supplement, and, at a desperate pinch, as a substitute, of the Liberal party. In view of the Government's present disposition to throw away the Labour party like an old glove, Mr. Snowden in the "Christian Commonwealth" urges the same defence of the Labour party as we are inclined to urge of industrial action. The Labour party, he says, "should keep up its
aggressiveness and militancy,” but not by any means with the idea of combating the Liberal party but for the purpose of securing the return of Liberals. The Liberals are to remember that they owe three successive terms of office to Labour votes, and that even if it cannot win seats by itself Labour can at any rate determine in industrial constituencies whether Liberals or Labour will return. The ground that it cannot possibly succeed is, in short, said on playing the part of pace-maker to the Liberal party, on Mr. Snowden’s own showing. It is as a pace-maker amongst other things to the Labour party that the movement of the General Strike is necessary.

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Incidentally we may remark that the real menace to the Labour party is its continued flunkie-like dependence upon the Liberal party. Even the Liberals, we gather, are nauseated by the officious concern of its members for Liberal welfare. Lord Morley remarked in his “Life of Gladstone” that more Cabinets are dissolved by the mutual boredom of its members than the public dreams of. Similarly, we would remark that not even political expediency can always restrain Liberals from expressing their normal opinion of the Labour party’s subservience. The Chief Whip made no bones during the Kilmarnock election of openly flouting the Labour party and practically defying them to quit his party’s service; and his lead has been followed out by another Mr. Lloyd George in support of Mr. Churchill. The former coolly proposes to run his brother against Mr. Keir Hardie at Merthyr, and the latter as coolly announced that the Liberal party would probably run a second candidate at Dundee and elsewhere. Finally the “Nation,” to heap up the measure of offence—like the syeophant it is—pleads with the Liberals to do everything to keep the independent Labour party alive, enumerating, with this intention, several plans of action. As, for instance, amusing Europe by sitting on its hind legs begging for peace, barking twice at the words “General Strike,” biting the legs of Cabinet duffers and removing legislative refuse. Quite a useful party, it appears, and cheap at a mock Social Reform Bill per annum.

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But the worst misunderstanding of all is one which we shall call the spiritual. It appears plainly in the published comments of all three speakers on the General Strike. Mr. Snowden deprecates the General Strike on the ground that it cannot possibly succeed. Mr. Macdonald expressed the general opinion by saying that “the offensive terms of hanging, imprisonment, and death at any moment, to secure better conditions for the successors of their class. We certainly prophesy no immediate victory for the campaign of the General Strike, nor will it be a campaign in which nobody will suffer more than political reverses. On the other hand, men who are prepared to stake their own lives on success must not be expected to be very considerate of the life of society. Society, after all, has not been very considerate of them. In one sense it is true that society is innocent of the injustice inflicted on wage-earners by landowners and capitalists; but in another sense society is alone to blame. By a sweep of its arm the system of pauper production could be abolished. If its abolition is left to the paupers themselves, nobody need wonder if negligent society is temporarily disestablished in the process. The last argument to be effective with men who are prepared to sacrifice their own lives to the happiness of their class, the descendants of the misleaders of the past, is no doubt an appeal to their patriotism. Mr. Churchill knows very well that the spirit of the British Army, for example, has not been nourished on prudential counsels. No once or twice in our history everything has had to be staked on a forlorh hope; and on such occasions, fortunately for us, it has been the valorous, not the discreet, opinion that has prevailed.

In the industrial campaign of English wage-earners for improved conditions, it may happen that whole trades will suffer defeat (as the Irish railwaymen have just suffered defeat); it may even be the case, so low have their fortunes sunk, that a whole trade must pass its life sword in hand and ready to risk starvation, imprisonment, and death at any moment, to secure better conditions for the successors of their class. As a matter of fact, the whole discussion has a prototype in a spiritual analogue once well enough known to the English people, and once at least potent, the story of Samson, blinded and set to turn the mills of the Philistines, and, when his strength was recovering, involving his masters in his own ruin. "And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house stood and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand and of the other with his left. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and said, As the pillars stand, so shall my heart be. And when he had ware up, of the one with his right hand and of the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords and upon all the people that were therein. And the house fell upon the Philistines that were therein, and all the people perished. And the wali was tragic. Of what purports to be the nation was in progress. Nothing is here for tears, said Milton.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wait.
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispulse or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quietwise in a death so noble.
Hating tragedy, even the highest, we certainly do not hope that our working classes will need to inflict on themselves "a death so noble, or on society an end so shameful. But if they are to win even the smallest real victory they and we must be prepared in the last resort for sacrifice.

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The permanent betterment of a class of thirteen million persons is worth the risk of existence, but on the political reputation of Mr. Lloyd George it is sheer folly of the Government to risk its position. Nevertheless, the voice of the Cabinet declared last week that they were prepared to do so. It is carrying Cabinet responsibility too far to sacrifice both the nation and a government to save the face of a single member; for there is no longer any possibility of disguising the unpopularity of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. It began by being unpopular with only a handful of publicists and economists; but it is ending in the glare of the unpopularity of everybody. Six months of its actual working, we venture to say, will convert this unpopularity into active hostility to the Government; and if not now then before a year has run, Mr. Lloyd George will have brought defeat on his party. That some inkling of this is present in the minds of millions is evident from Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee. He admitted that the Bill was "not good electioneering," he even went so far as to imply that the Bill was distinctly unpopular to judge by all the signs, but he asserted that the Government were not at all discouraged by the absence of any expression of opinion existing in the country.

Well, if the Government are prepared to defy the opinion of the country, there is not much hope of defeating the Bill in Parliament; for, with his usual gift of prophecy, Mr. Lloyd George has declared that if the House does not pass the Bill, be public opinion what it may, if only the Cabinet will insist upon it. This is to assume, of course, that the House of Commons is the expression of the opinion not of the country but of the Cabinet. But if this assumption there are already enough grounds.

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We have recorded in these pages the successive adhesions of various bodies of opinion to the opposition of the Insurance Bill. They include publicists of every shade of party, economists without distinction of school, the medical profession, the masses of the country, practically the whole body of the friendly societies, the hospitals, all the women, all the Socialist societies, and every independent political journal in the land. To these may be added the "Spectator," the "Times," and the "Daily Mail.

If the two latter have not yet declared openly against the Bill their criticisms at all are dictated by landowning or Imperial considerations, certainly not by national considerations. We strongly advise the Lords to try their new powers on a Bill which in no way threaten, to their own safety or the safety of anybody else. They cannot possibly damage a living soul, save Mr. Lloyd George himself, by delaying the Insurance Bill for two years. And in that time we can undertake that it will perish, never to approach their House again.

* * *

A second consideration that should weigh with the Lords is the necessity of re-establishing their popularity. With every step of the decline of the House of Commons into complete subjection to the Cabinet, the need for an independent House of Lords is increased. We are not at all disposed to regard the Parliament Bill as having shorn the Lords of any of their previous power. On the other hand, it has given them the opportunity in a rational age of exerting an influence all the greater for being independent of any other. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the Lords appear to have fated some of their old spirit entirely without cause. To this alone we must attribute the fact that, to judge from appearances, they are passive spectators of the progress of the Insurance Bill. Lord Rosebery alone, to our knowledge, has expressed a peer's opinion of the Bill, and it was by oblique reference. "Spoon-feeding" was his word for it. But if the Lords have the smallest desire, either individually or as a body, to re-acquire weight in the public mind, the Insurance Bill is ground
most favourable to them. A good leader would almost insist on the rejection of the Bill by the Lords from tactical considerations alone. Never again will an opportunity so timely and so perfect to the purpose be offered them of at once rehabilitating their prestige and saving the country an incalculable evil.

It might be supposed that if, nevertheless, the Lords fail themselves as we, the Insurance Bill is hung round our necks for good. But the example of France, as well as the evidence of certain news that has reached us, compels us to believe that even through the Bill become an Act of the Statute-book, it need not and probably will not become an Act of society. In France a similar Act was made a dead-letter by the simple refusal of the men to submit to it; and in England one important union of workmen has signified its intention of declining to accept the Bill. We are far from saying that these acts of passive resistance are wise; but if they are not wise to perform, it is still less wise to provoke them. If the Insurance Bill were supported by the weight of opinion we would be prepared to see numbers sacrificed to it without raising a protest; but in this instance numbers and weight are on the same side. No government in its heart can believe it is right to offer to men and women, human beings, four-pence a week. Consequently, this Government must feel itself lacking in moral authority. The reflection of this in the public mind will infallibly be to encourage resistance among the workmen to deductions from this small sum, and when the costly and irritating machinery of the Bill begins to work, the friction will be increased with every turn of the weekly screw. We have been generous in giving the Bill a year's life in action. It will die of its friction in less time than that, even if amendments, the Labour party, and the Lords have successively failed to kill it.

Mr. Churchill's second speech to his Dundee electors was important for its forecast of the recommendations of the Railway Commission. It seems clear now that this forecast might have been made with equal authority before even the Commission was appointed. The Commission was appointed, in fact, to fulfil the forecast, and this it would have done whatever the evidence offered before it. One item alone is new in Mr. Churchill's premature yet belated declaration; it is that not only will "recognition" be given to the men's officials but guarantees against striking from their officials, but the State will itself insist on a minimum wage being paid by the companies. Both the recognition and the permission to the companies to raise their rates are thus settled long and so long as the public pays, the companies naturally do not object to a minimum wage, and if the men's officials are foolish enough to sign away the rights of their men to strike suddenly, the companies will have no real objection to recognition. Mr. Churchill made a feeble repetition of his former declaration in favour of Railway Nationalisation, but he knows well enough that until the public strikes for minimum railway charges, nationalisation is impossible.

We have recorded the fact that the Irish railway strike has failed, but we must add that the Sinneness created in the men's minds by the conduct of the railway directors and of the Government remains. We do not complain of the injustice of Sir William Goulding's successful decision to refuse recognition and to insist on the strikers on his line; but the action is one of incomparable folly as well as meanness. The act will as certainly recoil upon the heads of the companies as those equally foolish acts of the English companies in evicting strikers from railway houses, in petting a law suit, or in bearing malice against individuals who have been loyal to their unions. The Government's conduct has been no less unwise in Ireland than in England, and was the subject of protest at the Railwaymen's Congress last week. Professing in the early days of the strike "to keep the ring" and nothing more, the Government allowed itself to be driven, nothing loth perhaps, into active alliance with the companies. Several trains were actually driven by soldiers of the Royal Engineers, though this fact was naturally enough not recorded as an example of British clemency. In the view of the possible appearance of a Labour daily paper— with small chances of success, we fear—the need for one, indeed, has been made obvious by the events of the Irish strike. Not only have true facts been distorted, but equally truth has been suppressed altogether. The "Times" in particular has been guilty of the worst trick of suppression in connection with one of the Irish strikes, that of the bakers in Dublin. With the intention of drawing public sympathy with the strikers from the fifteen shillings a week the "Times" Dublin correspondent remarked: "The hospitals are still short of bread, although since their alarming state has become known the well-to-do public has come to their support." Not a word, be it observed, of the fact which should have been well known to this correspondent, that the Irish bakers on strike offered to bake bread for the hospitals. Their offer was declined.

Both the Church and the Baptist Unions have been holding their annual congresses, and both, we are glad to say, have pronounced indifference rather than four-pence a week. In Ireland one important union of workmen has signified its intention of declining to accept the Bill. We are far from saying that these acts of passive resistance are wise; but if they are not wise to perform, it is still less wise to provoke them. If the Insurance Bill were supported by the weight of opinion we would be prepared to see numbers sacrificed to it without raising a protest; but in this instance numbers and weight are on the same side. No government in its heart can believe it is right to offer to men and women, human beings, four-pence a week. Consequently, this Government must feel itself lacking in moral authority. The reflection of this in the public mind will infallibly be to encourage resistance among the workmen to deductions from this small sum, and when the costly and irritating machinery of the Bill begins to work, the friction will be increased with every turn of the weekly screw. We have been generous in giving the Bill a year's life in action. It will die of its friction in less time than that, even if amendments, the Labour party, and the Lords have successively failed to kill it.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdã.

When I stated a few weeks ago that the first President of the Portuguese Republic might also be the last, I was not, as some of The New Age readers may have thought, expressing the opinion of a disgruntled Royalist, but rather the view of many well-informed diplomats. For proof I refer to the recent rising of the Monarchists in the northern districts of Portugal, where the Republic was not desired, where it was received with dissent, where it has never been really popular, where the people in general are heartily tired of the coercive methods of the new régime.

At the moment of writing the fate of the new Republic is simply hanging in the balance. The Royalist forces in the north number, according to the newspaper reports, some six thousand men; but the actual number is nearer thirty thousand. They are, however, badly armed, the task of smuggling arms through Spain having proved to be unexpectedly difficult. Captain Paiva Couceiro, again, is hardly an ideal leader, although there is no doubt that he is a clever tactician and will certainly utilise the forces at his disposal to the best advantage.

Practically every newspaper outside Portugal has found it impossible to get news by telegraph from the disaffected districts, or, indeed, from any part of Portugal. The censorship is rigorous and ruthless, and has been so for the last twelve months, ever since the Republic was proclaimed. Code messages are held up for hours while the authorities try to decipher them. Innocuous-looking commercial messages are subjected to the same treatment. And any messages containing statements unfavourable to the Portuguese Government are hacked to pieces and reach their destination in a disgracefully mutilated form. In addition to this, it is even difficult to obtain information by letter; for the censorship, which has always been applied to foreign telegrams, has been applied during the last three weeks or so to messages from town to town in Portugal and from village to village. The writer of a letter can describe only what is happening in his own immediate neighbourhood.

The Royalist plans were, in brief, these: On a given date, October 4 (the day before the first anniversary of the war), the capital of the new Republic of Oporto was to be attacked by sea. The Monarchists, it is true, had no first-class warships; but they had a sufficient number of craft to do a considerable amount of damage. At the same time Oporto was to be attacked by land, the town was to be Provisional Monarchist, and a provisional government proclaimed. The next move would have been to rally all the Monarchists in the north and to march on Lisbon, which would also have been attacked by land and sea.

This plan has, for the moment, failed. The Lisbon authorities heard of the plans for the sea attack, and the recent seizure of armed vessels in British waters is not without significance. The Sultan of Turkey, however, is not the only sovereign who has bought second-hand cruisers from Germany in the course of the last few months.

It must not be forgotten by the English reader that the present régime in Portugal is not in harmony with the wishes of the people, who, owing to the glaring manner in which the elections were gerrymandered, have not been able to express their views at the polls. If there is one item in particular which has disgusted the people, it is this: the attitude of the Positivist Government towards the Church. The Portuguese love their faith, though they have no liking for the priests who at present exercise spiritual authority over them. The new Government made the fatal mistake of attacking the Church itself, as well as attacking the representatives of the Church. Retribution will be slow, but certain. A dry, exotic creed like Positivism cannot be forced on people who are not adapted for it. The Monarchists are now reconsidering their position.

Some people, like Mr. Norman Angell, emphasise the power of finance. Others object to the power of financiers. A writer on foreign affairs in the "Eye-Witness" of September 28 ejaculates: "Upon Monday night there was not a newspaper office in London which knew what Italy was about in the threatened expedition to Tripoli. But does any sane man imagine that Luzzatti had not told his master, Rothschild, or that Cassel had no news?"

Well, I look upon myself as possessing at least an average amount of sanity, and I take the liberty of doubting this statement. The inference of the article referred to is that Cabinets are under the influence of financiers, which is not true in all cases. But in the present instance a mistake has been committed. It is true that the current books of reference state that Signor Luzzatti became Italian Premier in December, 1910. So far, so good. But they obviously could not state that he held office for only some three months, and that he was succeeded by Signor Giolitti in April last. Luzzatti went out of office because he was, on the whole, opposed to a war which the Italian people desired, and Giolitti took his place with the aim of waging this war. The so-called to Luzzatti's master, Rothschild, is therefore not based on a complete knowledge of the circumstances. Besides, successive Italian Governments have had their eye on Tripoli long before Sir Ernest Cassel became prominent in international finance. His interests, indeed, lie with Turkey, rather than with Italy.

In fact, it is not too much to say that the interests of Jews in general lie in Turkey at this moment. French Jewish financiers have advanced huge sums to the Porte. Jewish influence is predominant in the Committee of Union and Progress to an infinitely greater extent than in the Giolitti Cabinet. The Young Turk party at Salonic is practically "run" by Jews, but the only really prominent Jew in Italy is one Nathan, the Mayor of Rome; and he differs from the average Jew in that he is muddle-headed and not a bit clever.

Still, the Young Turk party is passing through a very critical stage in its history, and it will take all the energy of its Jewish leaders to hold it together. The Turks are profoundly dissatisfied with their new régime—as dissatisfied as the Portuguese are with theirs. The plan for the sea attack on Tripoli was a full-dress rehearsal of quite another military drama. Italy's disputes with Austria over the boundary-line and Italy Irredenta" have never been settled. The one country is ready to fly at the other's throat. When the almost inevitable break-up of the Ottoman Empire comes, Italy is preparing to seize Albania—the inhabitants of which detest with equal hatred the Turks and the Austrians—while Austria is making ready to rush down to Salonic. Russia is aiming at Constantinople. So it behoves Powers with interests in the Balkans to know before the impending struggle exactly how they stand in regard to rapid mobilisation, food supplies, and all the other odds and ends of a modern military and naval campaign.

As for the Tripolitan expedition, the whole thing, of course, is a farce. Turkey can do little, though if she insisted in sending Arabian reinforcements through Egypt we might be placed in a quandary.

While Germany and France have come to an agreement regarding the French Protectorate over Morocco, the negotiations regarding the "concession in the Congo have yet to begin. French feeling is entirely against giving too much away, and the French Cabinet is not strong. M. Messimy, the War Minister, and M. de Selves, the Foreign Minister, have been urging war. M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is inclined towards moderation, with a distinct tendency to come down on the war side of the fence. And Germany is in a worse position than ever so far as fighting is concerned.
Catholic v. Freemason in European Politics.

By Henri de Remusat.

Europe is passing through a period of remarkable political and economic unrest. The superficial observer will probably think that the leaders of the various agitations against the existing status quo in Spain, France, Italy, Austria, and Portugal are actuated by similar intentions. This is not quite so. A careful examination of the numerous outbreaks in different foreign countries will show that there are other agencies at work than those which have been engaged in the industrial conflicts in England and Ireland.

It has been well observed that the Roman Catholic temporal power generally becomes most active in converse ratio to the Roman Catholic spiritual influence. When the Roman Catholic religion is flourishing, there is a slackness in the political activities of the temporal arm of the Romish Church, which is the Society of Jesus. All religions at the present day are losing ground in face of the advance of materialism and rationalism. The progress of Roman Catholicism has been stayed by the teaching of rationalistic principles in education and in morals. In the best days of the Roman Catholic Church the Society of Jesus was frowned upon by the Popes as a secret organization. From its preliminaries for the initiation of the French Freemasons, the Grand Orient would not be permitted to preserve its power and its accompaniment of non-productive priests and nuns, who competed with the Spanish artist, were regarded with an ill-concealed hatred by many Spaniards. It is to cater for the needs of this class that Señor Ferrer opened his "Moderna Escuela." The teaching at this school was ethical rather than dogmatically religious. The word went forth from Rome against its continuance, but the Spanish Ministry declined to close it by Governmental order. The attack on the life of King Alfonso threw on the Grand Orient. Señor Ferrer was tried by a civil court and acquitted.

By a combination of Roman Catholics and militarists, the "Ley de Jurisdiccione" was rushed through the Cortes. By this iniquitous law any person suspected of carrying on any political agitation in Spain would be tried by court-martial. Such was the device that was resorted to so as to destroy the ethical ideals of the "Moderna Escuela." A case was trumped up against Ferrer, and he was executed. The execution was hurried on by the Spanish Roman Catholics. It is to be feared that the Freemasons of Spain were more to French soil. The Syndicalist movement is spreading even in Spain. Dogmatic theology and its accompaniment of non-productive priests and nuns, who competed with the Spanish artist, were regarded with an ill-concealed hatred by many Spaniards. It is to cater for the needs of this class that Señor Ferrer opened his "Moderna Escuela." The teaching at this school was ethical rather than dogmatically religious. The word went forth from Rome against its continuance, but the Spanish Ministry declined to close it by Governmental order. The attack on the life of King Alfonso threw on the Grand Orient. Señor Ferrer was tried by a civil court and acquitted. By a combination of Roman Catholics and militarists, the "Ley de Jurisdiccione" was rushed through the Cortes. By this iniquitous law any person suspected of carrying on any political agitation in Spain would be tried by court-martial. Such was the device that was resorted to so as to destroy the ethical ideals of the "Moderna Escuela." A case was trumped up against Ferrer, and he was executed. The execution was hurried on by the Spanish Roman Catholics. It is to be feared that the Freemasons of Spain were more
thing to gain from bringing the French Republican Government to a standstill is the Royalist. The riots in St. Quentin were concentrated against the Socialist Mayor and Councillors. The reactionary Councillors were left alone by the rioters. That has been the menacing symptom professed such devotion to the cause of the French Mayor and Councillors. The reactionary Councillors thing to gain from bringing the French Republican the Syndicalist propaganda. Another singular circum-

strikes or food riots are not blessed with any distribu-

tion of largesse on a big scale; poverty is usually their accompaniment.

The news from Vienna has been so obscure and so vague that one cannot judge whether the riots there are political or merely industrial. In Portugal the revolution was clearly manipulated by the Freemason and freethinking element against the Royalist and Catholicism.

It is important that England, the stronghold of Protestantism and toleration in thought, should understand what is happening in Europe. Undoubtedly much of the unrest in Europe, as in England, is industrial and economic, but it is not sufficient to account for the epidemic of revolution which is sweeping across Europe. In reality all across these conflicts can be detected the trail of the Black International. The Jesuits have always been the enemy of the people. The Red International, as the combination of revolutionary Socialism and Freemasonry has sometimes been described, is in motion against its old foe.

The South of England is being rapidly populated with expelled orders from Portugal and France. Some of these are engaged in conspiring against Republicanism. Englishmen should watch the multiplication of these Orders within the British Isles with an unceasing vigilance. England is the land of toleration in religious matters, but that is a doctrine which does not commend itself to the numerous Orders now settled in many parts of Southern England.

Since the above was sketched out, the Italian raid on Tripoli has begun. It is noteworthy that the Free-
masons have, broadly speaking, regretted this piece of piracy, while the Austrian "Vaterland," one of the most influential Catholic journals on the Continent, has strongly supported Italy. The Vatican is encouraging this Italian vandalism in the name of Christendom! The land economic for the combination of revolutionary Socialism and Freemasonry has sometimes been described, is in motion against its old foe.

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masons have, broadly speaking, regretted this piece of piracy, while the Austrian "Vaterland," one of the most influential Catholic journals on the Continent, has strongly supported Italy. The Vatican is encouraging this Italian vandalism in the name of Christendom! The land economic for the combination of revolutionary Socialism and Freemasonry has sometimes been described, is in motion against its old foe.

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The community, local or national, has nothing to do with his property or his denomination; both exist solely for his material and religious comfort. He has a sound legal title to both, and simply cannot conceive that any man is one who is inspired by the narrowest of individualistic creeds. He has made his own property and his own creed, and upon the latter he bestows the opulent pulpits of suburban plutocracy. In due time a grateful country makes him a baronet or a peer, and last of all he dies in the odour of plutocratic sanctity and provides a prize subject for a Welsh bard to make half a guinea out of.

And it is this shop-and-chapel type that has been in the ascendant in Wales during the last forty years, and the demand for the disendowment of our communal churches comes from it. And it is easy to understand why the shop-and-chapel man makes this demand. He is one who is inspired by the narrowest of individualistic creeds. He has made his own property and his own denomination, thinks he: they are his, his own, very own. The community, local or national, has nothing to do with his property or his denomination; both exist solely for his material and religious comfort. He has a sound legal title to both, and simply cannot conceive that any property can be held upon a higher tenure. And so when he finds around him a number of communal churches existing to serve every local parish throughout the country, when he finds that these hold their property upon the high ethical tenure of rendering spiritual service to the entire community, local and national, he simply can't understand it. And this incapacity rises not so much from intellectual incapacity as from ethical density. The idea that man should give the advantage in forms varying with the varying ages, give of their wealth to the parochial churches of the land to enable them to serve the entire community, is beyond his power of apprehension, for he is so entirely lacking in sympathy with the community in its spiritual aspect that in this matter he is ethically blind. And because he is ethically blind he demands that the parochial churches which exist for communal spiritual service shall be disendowed. Property, he argues, is the private use of the self-made man and the self-made denomination. This cry, therefore, for the disendowment of the Welsh parochial churches comes from that type of life which, to its incalculable loss, has obscured Wales during the last century and which reached its zenith forty years ago; it comes from an ethically inferior type of character. And it is kept alive entirely by this dense shop-and-chapel man and his protégés from the English suburbs, the opulent pulpits of English plutocracy and the facile talkateers who court the votes of the Welsh democracy that they may win liberal rewards in offices and titles. This is the ignoble origin of the demand for the disendowment of the parochial churches of Wales. It comes from a commercialised conception of religion.

But what of the effects of granting this low ethical demand of dissenting and plutocratic shop-and-chapelism? Well, it must be first observed that it was forty years ago when the shop-and-chapel man reached his zenith; he has now, in the industrial districts of South Wales, long passed it. Here a democracy is slowly, very slowly, awakening to self-consciousness. It is rubbing the cobwebs off its looking-glass and is looking for immediate environment. And already it has discovered that the shop-and-chapel man is a humbug. It perceives that he is ethically blind, unfit to be trusted with public service, and therefore it is kicking him out of the public bodies.

Only twenty years ago, whom the shop-and-chapel man would have set up upon the public boards, and whom he would he cast down; but to-day he is expelled as one unfit for public service. He is exposed as one morally unfit to represent the democracy. And he doesn't like it. So he greedily seeks for compensation for this loss in unrepresentative honours. He craves to be allowed at least to sit upon the Bench, and gets awfully savage with the Lord Chancellor for not putting him there in quantities. He is a spendthrift in the local communities of South Wales, but in the Constituencies he is making desperate efforts to retain his power by seeking to pervert them to his own ignoble ethical standard.

And if he succeeds—what then? Just this: that our land will be filled with a million churches of modern plutocracy, who hold their capital upon precisely the same legal tenure as that upon which any joint stock company holds its capital. At present there is this difference in the case of the parochial churches: they hold their property, whether received before 1662 or in last Sunday's collections, upon condition of service to the community. The community is always the objective of their mission, and always will be so, whatever the State now do. But at present the State also embodies this spiritual and ethical fact in the legal tenure by which the parochial churches hold their property; it secures, under conditions, the right of every parishioner to the spiritual services of the Church. But it is otherwise with the denominational churches, whose major prophets have now for twenty years ago, whom the shop-and-chapel man. And this will be a national disaster, since the democracy will urgently need in the future, in whatever manner it may propose to itself the better organisation and use of wealth, the same ethical standard even of joint stock companies, for while a company may justify its existence by ministering to the advantage of its employees and its shareholders, the church that exists for the benefit of its members is an immoral church. And if in the state of social immorality that the shop-and-chapel man is now reducing the denominational churches, as is evidenced by the fact that the ethical sense of the community is revolting against them and leaving them in ever-increasing poverty. The tug of war that the shop-and-chapel man has not yet explicited, the implicitly immoral position of the competitive denominational churches of modern plutocracy. And it is turning contemptuously away from them.

But this contempt cannot long remain silent; it must soon beget democratic action. For as the democracy has come to see that the typical shop-and-chapel man is unfit to render public service to the local communities, so it is coming to see that the competitive denominational churches, whose major prophets have now for years been the millionaires, whose lesser prophets are the would-be millionaires, and whose temples bear upon their fronts the confession of their mammonistic spirit (since amongst the innumerable tablets that deck these fronts you will find the names of criminals and felons—but never the name of an un-squires poor Christian), are the chief buttresses of our competitive capitalism. This will beget action. But just because shop-and-chapelism will have confused and obliterated the ethical nature of that tenure upon which the parochial churches hold their property, all religious property—and, indeed, all private property—will enter its day of judgment without any ethical justification. All alike will have sunk to the level of the shop-and-chapel man. And this will be a national disaster, since the democracy will urgently need in the future, in whatever manner it may propose to itself the better organisation and use of wealth, the same ethical energy for that purpose as that which has created the parochial churches. Without this it can but destroy. And lately we have had evidence of its capacity for doing so. And it may do so again on a larger scale.
much sooner than we imagine, for Welsh democracy doesn't care a dime for the shop-and-chapel man's droll idea that disendowment must be kept aback of 1662.

So by correlating this question to the broad current of our national life, we see that the demand for the disendowment of the Welsh parochial churches springs from the low ethical standard of shop-and-chapeldom, and that its effect will be to demoralise the churches and render the work of their clergy ineffective. Perhaps it will be that the coming democracy will have of necessity to destroy their power. And this work of destruction may be ruthless unless the parochial churches can in the meantime reach the mind and heart of our Welsh democracy by bearing more clear witness to its ideal of service to the entire community. They must show that the only true principle of disendowment, justified by history, is the disendowment of those religious bodies whose objective of service is their own members. And this suggests a policy—that of an alliance between Church and Labour in South Wales. Both should come out for business: to destroy shop-and-chapeldom—the Church for ethical reason and Labour for political.

The death of the effete shop-and-chapel, and the dawn of Nietzsche's own philosophy. Hitherto he was far from giving it a merely fanciful title to attract the attention of that large section of the public to his translation of the "Dawn of Day."]

Labour for the purpose of defeating shop-and-chapeldom—the Church for ethical reason and Labour for political. The taxpaying method was far from being a pure race that they have, on the contrary, done everything in their power to ruin even the commercialised churches of plutocratic dissent? Why not select certain industrial constituencies that are now represented by typical suburban protégés of the shop-and-chapel man, such as East Glamorgan, Mid-Glamorgan, Swansea district and Carmarthen boroughs, for co-operation with Labour for the purpose of defeating shop-and-chapeldom in those constituencies?—on condition, of course, that Labour declines to accept 1662 as the year after which all property becomes private, but is determined to scrutinise the title of all property alike and to judge all property by the highest ethical standard.

Nietzsche's "Dawn of Day."]

[Next week Mr. T. N. Foulis will publish six volumes of Nietzsche's works—("Early Greek Philosophy," "Human, All-too-Human," part ii., "The Case of Wagner and Other Essays," "A Dawn of Day," "The Twilight of the Idols," etc., and the autobiography, "Ecce Homo")—thus completing the English translation. The index volume will be issued shortly. By permission of the Editor, Dr. Oscar Levy, we reproduce below Mr. J. M. Kennedy's Introduction to his translation of the "Dawn of Day."

When Nietzsche read his book, "A Dawn of Day," he was far from giving it a merely fanciful title to attract the attention of that large section of the public which judges books by their titles rather than by their contents. The "Dawn of Day" represents, figuratively, the dawn of a new philosophy. Hitherto it had been considerably influenced in his outlook, if not in his actual thoughts, by Schopenhauer, Wagner, and perhaps also Comte. "Human, all-too-Human" belongs to a period of transition. After his rupture with Bayreuth, Nietzsche took the first step, began to stand on his own legs, and to regain his spiritual freedom; he is feeling his way to his own philosophy. "The Dawn of Day," written in 1881 under the invigorating influence of a Genoese spring, is the dawn of this new Nietzsche. With this book I open my campaign against morality," he himself said later in his autobiography, the "Ecce Homo."

Just as in the case of the books written in his prime—"The Useful Wisdom, or Zarathustra," "Beyond Good and Evil," and "The Genealogy of Morals"—Nietzsche cannot fail to be impressed in this work by Nietzsche's deep psychological insight, the insight that showed him to be a powerful judge of men and things unequalled in the nineteenth century. The portrait of Schopenhauer, for instance, was so true, and in these circumstances silence is certainly golden on the part of defenders of the faith, who are otherwise, as a rule, loquacious enough. Nor has the taunt in Aphorism 84* elicited an answer from the manifold attacks the "Dawn of Day" has, and the "free" (not to say dishonest) interpretation of the Bible by Christian scholars and theologians, which is still proceeding merrily, is now being turned to Nietzsche's own writings. For the philosopher's works are now being translated into English, and are being hailed in a most naive and daring fashion, and with an ability which has no doubt been acquired as the result of centuries of skillful interpretation of the Holy Writ.

Nietzsche's "Dawn of Day."
cracies that necessarily followed, were the spiritual forbears of the French Revolution and of the Socialist régime under which we are beginning to suffer nowa-
days. Thus this noble race was well on its way, to be undone to blot out the last vestiges of race in Europe, and it
even stands in the way of the creation of a new race.
With and such a record in history the Germans write
books, eulogising themselves as the salt of the earth, the
eople of peoples, the race of races, while in truth they
are nothing else than nouveaux-riches endeavour-
ing to draw up a decent pedigree for themselves. We
know that honesty is not a prerequisite of such pedi-
grees, and that patriotism may be considered as a good
excuse even for a wrong pedigree; but the pedigree-
monium that followed the publication of Mr. Chamber-
lain's book in Germany was really a very unwise pro-
ceeding in view of the false and misleading document
produced. What, it may be asked again, would
Nietzsche have said if he had heard his countrymen
screaming odes to their own glory as the "flower of
Europe"? He would assuredly have dismissed their
exalted pretensions with a good-natured smile; for his
study of history had shown him that even slaves must
have their saturnalia now and then. But as to his
philosophical answer there can be no doubt; for in
Aphorism 272 of "The Dawn of Day" there is a single
sentence which completely refutes the view of modern
racemongers like Chamberlain and his followers: "It is
probable," we read, "that there are no pure races, but
only races which have become purified, and even
these are extremely rare." There are even stronger
expressions on this subject in "The Genealogy of Morals,"
(Aphorism 20; see the "Genealogy of Morals," p. 226):
"What quagmires and mendacity must there be about
if it is possible, in the modern European hotch-potch,
study of history had shown him that even slaves must
produce. What, it may be asked, can be done to stop
this threatening degradation—by another, a super-Christian morality, and that he has
succeeded in this aim, if not where the masses and the
classes are concerned, at any rate in the case of that
small minority of thinkers to which he really wished to
appeal. And this minority is naturally grateful to the
philosopher for having supplied them with a morality
which enables them to be "good" without being fools—
an important combination which, unfortunately,
the Nazarene morality is seldom able to avoid. This
Nazarene morality has no doubt its own merits, and its
"good" and "evil" in many cases coincide with ours;
but they are of more interest to philologists than to
the propagandist. He believes that beautiful expres-
sion lends force to his ideas; so he hitches his wagon
to a star. Small respect to the star! But do you suppose
that the art so employed needs not to be paid for?
What do you mean?
Do you think that a propagandist can degrade art
or an artist degrade himself without involving his subject
in ruin? It is the nature of art that it is capable of
raising the question of 'race'! and again, in "The
Genealogy of Morals," p. 21: "A man like Nietzsche, who makes so little impression
upon mankind in general, is certainly not, as some
people have thought and openly said, a pedagogue, a
danger, so the guardians of the State need not be uneasy. There
is little danger of Nietzsche's revolutionising either the
masses or the classes; for, as Goethe used to say,
"Seulemuel celui qui ressemble le peuple, l'émeut." Nietzsche's voice has as yet hardly been lifted in this
country; and, until it is fully heard, both masses and
classes will calmly proceed on their way to the extremes
of democracy and anarchy, as they now appear to be
doing. Anarchy, though, may be too strong a word; for there is some doubt whether Europe and
America at all events, the people are not now too weak
even for anarchy. A revolt is a sign of strength in a
slave; but our modern slaves have no strength left.
In the meantime, however, it will have become clear
that Nietzsche disapproves the grotesque though widely cir-
culated supposition that all kinds of immorality would
be indulged in under the sway of the "Immoralistic"
philosopher:
I should not, of course, deny—unless I was a fool—
that many actions which are called immoral should be
avoided and resisted; and in the same way that many which
are called moral should be performed and encouraged; but
I hold that in both cases these actions should be performed
from motives other than those which have prevailed up
to the present time. We must learn anew in order that
at last, perhaps very late in the day, we may be able to
do something more: feel anew.
There are several linguistic points to which the
reader's attention might be drawn, but they are trifling
matters in comparison with the substance of the book,
and they are of more interest to philologists than to
psychologists. I have no doubt that once the book was
written; and such minds, somewhat rare in our
time, may read in it with much profit.
J. M. KENNEDY.

Unedited Opinions.

The Limitation of Art.

Reflecting on your remarks on the limitation of the subject matter of art, I conclude that you did not mean me to the literally your exclusion of certain subjects. You could not mean that?
I would certainly make the exclusion imperative for the
next quarter of a century—and perhaps for ever.
Briefly, I contend that art insists on a certain intensity,
altitude and purity of quality; and unless a subject is
taken to a star. But suppose, now, that you are met by the reformers'
argument that it is necessary for art to descend to any
level in order to raise it. I need not repeat the position;
but I should say that the subject matter of art,
be plebeian or aristocratic, is capable of yielding this it is to be rejected.
But suppose, now, that you are met by the reformers' argument that it is necessary for art to descend to any
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exist that should long ago have died of their ugliness if only artists had not put their magical hands on them! What attraction now lies in crimes because artists have dealt in them! For all the morbid, the weak and the fanciful may art be good or bad. But I was thinking of those sad cases in which writers under this demoniacal illusion positively preach the beauty of ugliness. Just because great artists of aforesaid have nodded and mixed the ugly with their art, these poor souls must needs make a doctrine of their error, and found a new gospel on an old blunder. Yet facts are facts still for the truth. If the ugly with the art, these poor souls must needs make a doctrine of their error, and found a new gospel on an old blunder. Yet facts are facts still for the truth.

That also, for human nature imitates art, whether the art be good or bad. But I was thinking of those sad cases in which writers under this demoniacal illusion positively preach the beauty of ugliness. Just because great artists of aforesaid have nodded and mixed the ugly with their art, these poor souls must needs make a doctrine of their error, and found a new gospel on an old blunder. Yet facts are facts still for the truth. If the ugly with the art, these poor souls must needs make a doctrine of their error, and found a new gospel on an old blunder. Yet facts are facts still for the truth.

Strength has been added to it. Similarly, the terrible, the horrible, the revolting are these still, though an artist bid us look at them and find them fascinating. The snake's glittering fascinating eye is not to give it beauty but to give it strength. Even while we are compelled to gaze we loathe.

Yes, but you know the theory on which this school relies. It is that life is also very terrible, much more terrible than most of us dare realise. We must find in art, therefore, a means of accustoming ourselves to face life. Therein, as Perseus in the mirror, we may behold the Gorgon, life, itself; but its image. Later on, perhaps, we shall be able to face the Gorgon without flinching.

Poetry, said Arnold, meaning Art in general, is a criticism of life. And criticism, in the sense of selecting one's preferences, is a stronger attitude to assumed towards life than mere reflection. As a matter of fact, we normally assume it. The most greedy-minded bipeds strutting more or less comically to one appointed place life, itself; but its image. Later on, perhaps, we shall be able to face the Gorgon without flinching.

It is a movement towards what our school would call death. But how mistaken to define as the purpose of art the very contrary of the purpose of the most spiritual! Yet such as declared it is for the purpose of bracing us for life obviously do this.

But you would not go to the other extreme and define the purpose of art as the preparation for death?

Indeed I would, due regard being paid to terms. And the noblest (my own Court of Appeal, after all) have always maintained it. A man who does not live in fear of death does not live in fear of life. But, in truth, death is no less in infinite in meaning than life itself. Paul's daily dying was a mode of activity, was it not? So, too, was his daily living. He would certainly have benumbed by himself maintaining that art can be appreciated fully only by those who are bored with life. Instead of the reflection, it may be the extension, the anticipation of death, death's sequel.

But that, of course, is to assume a sequel to death. And do you imply that the artists you have in mind deny this sequel? You write them down as materialists, consequently as no artists.

Well, agnostics, let us say.

That is nothing to be said, of course. But artists make a color of error when they accept the testimony of their reason and deny the asseveration of their soul. They cease, in fact, to be artists. Perhaps we have tracked down at last the quarry we have been pursuing.

Views and Reviews.

This is a work,* not of inspiration, but of manufacture, and the clank-clank of the machinery is loud in every line. One opens it anticipating an atmosphere of serene repose, and finds instead one of eternal pose which, struck in the first paragraph, is sustained, where possible, to the end. "We—I and Nature—are rehearsing our piece before the cinematograph. Do we not do it admirably?" That is the kind of thing I mean. Every one who has endured a back blocks party knows well the man who, dying to sing all the while and convinced that nobody else in the room has a note like himself, yet must needs be coaxed and persuaded to the utmost limit, perceiving which and the threatened recession, he immediately rises and then there is no stopping him. His repartee is always endless, since his one tune will infallibly accommodate the words of every song or chorus he has ever heard together with all "the portery he learnt at school." The parallel may not be minutely exactly, but, in like manner Mr. Banfield would have we believe he had been induced to write his book, which certainly does seem to be as rich in time-worn quotation as "Hamlet," though not quite so apt. Only after he had been "scolded," "bidden," and "assured that a familiar record will not be deemed egotistical" did the author take up his pen.

Well, now, he has given us the egotism, but where is the familiar record? Throughout the whole book I do not find one truly easy and intimate note. It is always the actor loving the limelight, never the homely narrator inspired by friendship and the fireglow. The truth would seem that Mr. Banfield's love for Nature is without tenderness, just as his love for mankind is without charity. He has humour, certainly, but not for him that genial kind which, equivalent to the giftie Burns prayed for, enables us to glimpse ourselves just as we are—common units of a race of queer, ludicrous little bipeds strutting more or less comically to one appointed end.

The true lover of Nature, like an affectionate child long separated from its mother, flings himself on her bosom with passionate abandon, but Mr. Banfield always stops to count the buttons on her blouse. "I do profess love for human nature," says the author. Well—yes. Also he professes a sense of fellowship with the animal, but how characteristic of the book it is that in the very same sentence we learn quite naively that "the superfine edges of his sentiments have been chipped with the repugnant craft of the butcher!" However flattering it doubt, if animals had the delights of a kinship blood-cemented in that literal way; and, since Mr. Banfield philosophises as a "plain man," he will perhaps excuse another plain man for marvelling at the need of the butcher's craft on a lavish tropic isle. The craving for butcher's meat is not usually pronounced in the tropics.

Mr. Banfield would seem ill-adapted to the simple life, and, indeed, though he uses the term, it is simply absurd when applied to a mode of existence which involves a grocer's bill of 6d. a week for two people. I was astounded, and I put it to you—anyone who has kept house where milk, butter, eggs, fish, meat, fruit and vegetables were free and abundant—does not such an expenditure in groceries strike you as outrageous? Another pioneer spirit and myself once managed a bush dairy farm. We had a small vegetable garden, but nothing like the advantages of the tropic isle, and our wages being in just proportion to our work, which was taxed to the full (52 cows), such a thing as stint never entered our heads; nevertheless our joint grocer's bill never reached 9s. a week, though, unlike Mr. Banfield's, it included flour. Yet in all seriousness Mr. Banfield

* "My Tropic Isle." By E. J. Banfield, author of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber." (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)
exclaims, "What superb economists we are!" Is it not too ridiculous? One can only infer that his palate got incurable infatuated during facer, and in the years of the past" to which he so feelingly aludes; and would-be simple-lifers must on no account lose their aspirations in the shadow of Mr. Banfield's perfectly monstrous bill.

And I did not say that the author's love lacked charity merely to fatten out a phrase. Listen: Once a steamer anchored in the bay, and a boat containing ladies and gentlemen put off. At great inconvenience to themselves they rowed out obsequiously to the different landing in order not to surprise Mr. Banfield without his fig-leaf. To me that seems a sweet and delicate courtesy, and on account of it I should have straightway loved and given my guests a double welcome. This is how it struck Mr. Banfield:

-so that the visit should not partake of an actual surprise they landed awkwardly at such a point as would herald the fact and afford a precious interim in which we were loved and given my guests a double welcome. This is the fact and afford a precious interim in which we were loved and given my guests a double welcome. This is

That is not only unamiable, it is silly. And as for his visitors "dubiously expressing amazement," I don't believe they did anything of the sort. It is easier to believe Mr. Banfield was mistaken. People on holiday are not like that. I have myself welcomed to a Chinkie's camp, a Maori whare, a digger's tent, a shepherd's hut, and how are you received? With compliments expressed in terms of functionary clothes they had hoped to drop "their ceremonial manna in the way of starved ladies and gentlemen put off. At great inconvenience of reverence—a uniform indicative of obligation—a worthy expression amazement at their informal reception and our neat tie and Panama hat, and stood even barefooted on the beach, conspicuous, revealed as a gentleman" even from the decks of the defiant steamer, the boatload would have been elated had I assumed robes and a "tactile manner in the way of starved ladies and gentlemen put off. 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The Raising of the Tent-pole.

"Now Athenæus, a wealthy man and a lover of the arts, perceiving that unless the tent pole were raised, the tent would continue to be an ignominious and rotting foils upon the ground, put his shoulder to it and after much labour set it up in its place; wherein the tent cloth resumed its proper shape, and the tent stood erect and a shelter to man once more."

Lord Corduroy had just concluded reading the passage we have just quoted from the "Symbolic Annals" of the great but obscure historian, Rufinus of Tessa, when a servant knocked and entered with the evening papers. The king of him, or of them, next his eye fell on a paragraph headed: "Reported Suicide of a Well-known Poet." The account was brief, for the details were not yet known. The paragraph, in fact, ran as follows:

It is reported from Stowey Ness that the body of Henry Marvel, the well-known writer and poet, has been found drowned in a pond near that village under circumstances pointing unmistakably to suicide. On inquiry of his friends, though he was honoured among beasts and gods. Orpheus was in danger of his life among birds have become quite extinct in the United Kingdom. Only yesterday one of his friends received a letter from him expressing his regret that Stowey Ness was no longer a place. Only posterity shows gratitude, and then it is too late.

"Very true," thought Lord Corduroy, his recollections running on an incident in his own early life when he would have erected mansions for his labourers, only they thought him mad. But even this paragraph would not by itself set a light to the first, unless a third had caught his eye at the foot of a column of snippets:

Within the last ten years no fewer than eleven British birds have become quite extinct in the United Kingdom. The nightingale and kingfisher, the most musical and the most beautiful birds respectively, threaten to fall as they did last year in every other place. Only yesterday one of his friends received a letter from him expressing his regret that Stowey Ness was no longer a place. Only yesterday one of his friends received a letter from him expressing his regret that Stowey Ness was no longer a place.

The paragraph from Rufinus was appointed to preside over the subject of discussion. They were met, it said, to consider the conditions under which each of them came to be written, and to devise a remedy. Speaking for itself, it said: "I have no particular cause of complaint. The tent-pole has not as yet, in our province, nor to have actually been raised from a previously prostrate condition, and to have raised in its elevation the tent of which it was the masterpiece. You, on the other hand, it said, addressing the House of Commons, record in each instance a tent-pole fallen. It is plain, it continued, that poets, charming persons and beautiful birds are, in a manner, the masterpieces of human society. I mean that their elevation carries with it the due arrangement of the tent-cloth, while their fall is followed by the collapse of the whole structure. It is therefore to be expected that while poets, charming writers and birds are treated with contumely, refused silence among beasts, and even hunted from one place to another, the society of which they are the spire will be level with the ground. My proposal is, therefore, that we agree to raise these prone creatures to their proper position, and leave them afterwards to act according to their nature. This speech was heard with satisfaction by the remaining conspirators, who indeed had no better opinion to offer or secondary device to prefer; so after spending some time in repeating, each in its own way, the views of conclusion Rufinus, the paragraph, the meeting passed a unanimous resolution to seek the earliest opportunity of attaching their conclusion to the executive brain of their host, Lord Corduroy.

Not long after this, Lord Corduroy was sitting one morning at breakfast reading his letters when his eye, that had already, as we have seen, fallen so often, fell again on an envelope addressed "To Lord Corduroy, or his Agent." My lord's first movement was to leave the letter for his agent to deal with, but immediately he was seized by a powerful impulse to open it. Like most English gentlemen, Lord Corduroy never resisted an impulse when it was powerful enough to overcome him; and in this instance, as our readers can guess, the four conspirators had taken pains to assemble in overwhelming strength. The letter which now lay open before him read thus:

"My Lord,—I am a literary man of quiet studious habits. During the last three years, since I left Italy (now, as you are doubtless aware, rendered uninhabitable by Americans) I have been endeavouring to find a house in some secluded beautiful part of England where I may pursue my studies without interruption from ugly sounds and ugly people. Hearing that you are the proprietor of various houses, I venture in my despair to appeal to you for assistance in my search. If you will be so good as to read my letter, and to reply to it both immediately and favourably, I shall be glad to give you, my lord, any evidence your judgment may require of my genius and sincerity; and I trust that you will favour me by an early reply.—Yours faithfully, HENRY RUFIN.

When Lord Corduroy had finished reading the letter a first time, he began it a second time, and then a third. "Well, by Jove," he said, as the whole phalanx of coincidences bore down upon his mind and left him otherwise inarticulate, "Why this doth look like business!" He once he was seized with the impulse to reply to the letter, and to reply to it both immediately and favourably. Where such a cottage as Rufinus Henry Marvel or whatever his name was might be Lord Corduroy did not at the moment know; but in the supposition that once he was seized with the impulse to reply to the letter, and to reply to it both immediately and favourably. Where such a cottage as Rufinus Henry Marvel or whatever his name was might be Lord Corduroy did not at the moment know; but in the supposition that he might serve as a retreat for this nightingale Ruiin. Anyhow, he would write with his own hands at once; or, better still, he would telegraph Rufinage to see his agent and to settle the terms with him to his own satisfaction.

No sooner said than done, the impulse being irresistible. The telegram was sent, Henry Rufin saw
Lord Corduroy's agents, and before a month was out the poet was installed in a cottage on the Hampshire estate. There he began and concluded that marvelous series of works which, as everybody (that is, people whose judgment counts) knows, rival Shakespeare's in beauty of language and Plato's in beauty of idea. How Lord Corduroy was drawn further and further into the scheme of literary art, how he came to devote himself and his estates to the service of artists, the means he devised to ensure the sincerity and succession of artists—all these things are recorded elsewhere. Suffice it that in this brief history we have seen the tent-pole raised.

FANTANGLE.

The Moral Judgment in Art.

The ancients made no mystery about the true direction of effort. If effort were not towards virtue, it were wrong, insane, and destined, according to its weight, to come to a feeble end or a recoil, catastrophic, yet still limited. In days when men professed a regard for virtue as simply as moderns profess a regard for health, when virtue was testified as the condition of spiritual health by men who deliberately practised it and openly strove for it, there attached to such as disregarded virtue an atmosphere inane, almost ludicrous. They were ignomniats, men who could not manage themselves right, and who added to common misfortune particular folly.

Throughout the ages the practical estimate of virtue was maintained, though with weakened power, as the occult doctrine of redemption by faith was seized central idea for man's life remained in the hearts and minds of the spiritual life. Before he died the French realists dated to a year. Arnold was the last teacher and critic who were even more incapable of an act of faith than a wolfish civilisation, better, as it is, than barbarism. Yet rarer though the simple expression of virtue became, the ideal of virtue as an atmosphere inane, almost ludicrous. They were ignoranters, men who could not manage themselves right, and who added to common misfortune particular folly.

The reaction began when the younger men, bored and bewildered at finding this quasi-universalism leading them nowhere, save to the void, asked the audacious questions: "Interesting to whom, and on what account?" "Cattle," said the Greeks, "are naturally interested in oats." But there was no food of any kind in the jumble of sex and saccharined hideousness offered by the apostles of Everything—nothing but stimulants and drugs, bound by their nature to weary and nauseate. The shameless rage for experience and "studying life of its kind was fostered by irresponsible writers resulting plainly in deterioration; the line of least resistance was taken in the search for experience, and small effort was needed to plunge into the vulgar sort, depicted luridly in a thousand execrable novels. At length the conservative part of the public began to cry out against the dissemination of unseemly works, some critics, feeling the current altering, took heart and endorsed the condemnation: and now, if we avoid an extreme reverse, it will be because young artists, aware of the direction of true effort, are preparing to lead the movement towards a more responsible and beautiful life, a movement which is the real current of the time, and which, if not rationally directed, may wash us all into the wastes of dogmatic Puritanism.

The hour is here for the re-assertion of the moral judgment in art. Persons who maintain that the seat of art is above morality are windbags. They will find no confirmation of their opinion in the lives of the great artists. They forget, or more likely never realised, that art is life to the artist. Decorative amateurs, persons of no real account in art, will always be discovered running between the slums of the world and the slums of Parnassus; and it is they who preach the Freedom that no artist would deign to embrace.

The test for artists of what is morally good is whether it results in the production of works of that quality which has proved to keep green through the ages, works related to the soul through inspiration. Life to the artist means the feeling of sublime relation. There is no danger that the artist may draw too strict a circle around his sympathies: that danger has never existed. It is only a danger for the public, reverent towards art, and at present confounded by the seizure of such words as virtue, purity, morality, to express merely aspects of sex. Chastity is merely one of the necessities of the artist. For him, as for the Puritan, it is the basis of virtue—but a basis differently founded, and incompatible with hypocrisy or neglect of the subtler principles. By his works the artist is known far more truly than any other human being. And what his moral judgment decides as to his daily life will be discoverable in his works.
Joachim Murat. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

While the biographical mania continues, one ought not to quarrel with a biography such as this; but we must note that it is somewhat superfluous. We have forgotten that Murat was an innkeeper's son and that he became the Bonapartist King of Naples; we have almost forgotten that he was shot so dependent on the rise and fall of that prodigy, that as became Napoleon's brother-in-law and a mere instrument of his policy. Like the Bonaparte family, he did otherwise pleasant impression marriage with Caroline Bonaparte eclipsed him: the Aramis of the Empire. We feel that the D'Artagnan of the Directory had become the throne of Spain for Joseph or smashing up the Austrians but there were no Hundred Days for Murat. The return from Elba inspired the return from Corsica; A
dissolution of the Five Hundred on that famous day of Brumaire, and enforced his declaration with the levelled bayonets of his grenadiers. But his abilities were best more than once drove him near to disaster. Yet he fired. The Duc de Blaye, may be referred to Mr. Williams' voluminous examination of the evidence for and against the subsequent marriage of the Duc de Berry, and of the arguments for and against the subsequent marriage of the Duchesse to Conte Lacechi-Pulli. We cannot deny Mr. Williams' industry or his accuracy; but we do deny the importance of his work. It is at last certain that the Duc de Berry was not married to Amy Brown, and that the Duchesse de Berry was married to Conte Lacechi-Pulli. For the rest of his information we are not grateful.

Home Life in Holland. By D. S. Meldrum. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a study that does not pretend to be exhaustive or authoritative, but has at least the merit of comprehensiveness. Mr. Meldrum writes not only of home life, but of conditions of labour, education, politics, and religion. Everything that is contained in the life of the nation, from the Constitution to Calvinism, from the functions of the burgomaster to the system of drainage, is described succinctly and amplified with some detail. That we do not feel concerning the Dutch is probably due to Mr. Meldrum's detachment. He writes as an intelligent observer, who has taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the records of the country; and his diffidence suggests a lack of sympathy which is not compensated by insight. We have only the external life of represented; and the spirit of the people is far from us. Israel Querido's 'Toil of Men' is a more intimate, and probably more true, study of the life of one section of the community; and it is destructive of much of Mr. Meldrum's tranquil optimism. The book is illustrated, and should be a good introduction to the study of Dutch characteristics.

Two to Nowhere. By A. St. John Adcock. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A fairy-tale, very long and very modern. One is glad to have been a baby when "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Three Bears" and "Goldilocks," with their lovely, simple language and ideas and clear form were the food of babies. Such a multitude of things as "Two to Nowhere" would have vexed to rage the nursery of our youth. There are dozens of people who are nobody in the end, and we can't remember where they came in before, and it is all tiresome. Poor modern child! with the "Blue Bird" instead of the "Eleven Black Swans," and with such a rigmarole as "Two to Nowhere," padded out with slick psychologisings and all about everything, so that it might as well be about nothing.

Delphine Carfrey. By Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen. 6s.)

A love tale. "The young man leaning into the boat, handed her a large peignoir. 'You might get cold,' he said gravely. 'But it will certainly get wet.' 'That does not matter.' He placed it gently and firmly on her shoulders." Mrs. Norman has made some discoveries. "Love produces cruelty, not infrequently cruelty from the lover to the beloved... Sentiment and sentimentality are very widely opposed." He draws her head to his shoulder and bends over her "to meet her lips with his" on the last page.

Dan Russell the Fox. By E. Somerville and M. Ross. (Methuen. 6s.)

After the quotation from Chaucer: —

Then Dan Russell the fox start up at once,
His colour was betwix yelwe and red;
And tipped was his tail, and with his eers With black, unlike the remant of his heres.
His snout was small, with glowing eyen twey: A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquete.

Nothing but this twopenny smartness: "It is better, when practicable, to begin at the beginning of the episode," What the devil is Chaucer doing in this October 12, 1911. THE NEW AGE 567
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white billows of mother-love... a long procession sweeping onward, weaving a destiny of love or sorrow for our souls at the bidding of the gods of joy and pain." The lady who can write thus about rain-clouds should not be able to find a publisher at any price. It is downright imbecility.

Wind on the Heath. By Essex Smith. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

One of the "Times" reviewers of fiction—there must be at least two, since one "we" seems to revel in authors which the other "we" can scarcely bring themselves to handle with gloves on—begins a notice: "In these days of tinned fiction, when almost every writer's tenth novel is as much like his second as the publisher chooses... ." We beg to borrow the expression "tinned fiction" for M. Vielé-Griffin. (Methuen. 6s.)

We beg to borrow the expression "tinned fiction" for Mr. Smith's novel. We hasten to add that there is here, as in most other novels, danger of ptomaine poisoning. Nasty episode in a cottage ends in marriage with the pure girl, the cottage fair having died after her honeymoon.

Thanks to Sanderson. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 6s.)

Still tinned fiction, but no fear of other discomfort than ordinary indigestion. A rather heavy London family are served up with very English condiments. The children grow up and marry, and there is a quarrel over some money; everything is made right around the cradle of the first grandchild.

Francis Vielé-Griffin.

By Richard Buxton.

When the fashion for vers libre set in in France, no two of the younger poets who then adopted it made quite the same thing of it. The vers libre of Henri de Régnier is as distinct from the vers libre of Gustave Kahn as the methods of "Paradise Lost" is distinct from that of "Dolores." To certain of these poets, too, it was no more than a fashion, to be made use of and afterwards dropped when its novelty was outworn, but to one of them in particular it was the only medium by which he could fully express himself. M. Vielé-Griffin has said that the introduction of vers libre was something more than a revolution in technique, it was a spiritual victory, and in his own case this statement is perfectly justified. The new method worked a far greater change in the spirit of his work than in that of the work of any other man, changing him from a verse-writer to a great poet, and from a gloomy pessimist to a glowing optimist.

M. Vielé-Griffin, said Remy de Gourmont, has introduced something new into the poetry of France. This is a bold pronouncement in days when the poet groans under the burden of the heritage of all the ages, but it says no more than the truth. Certainly no critic could have anticipated this new note from Vielé-Griffin's early volumes, "Cueil de l'Avril" and "Les Cygnes," the first of which he has decided to suppress. The verses therein are powerful, it is true, but forced and unnatural, and pervaded with that cheap melancholy into which the symboista so readily falls. If we take such a poem as "Rex" we can see readily how the heavy, oppressive atmosphere of it is unnatural to the poet.

Mer de sang et de fange et de haine; océan Qui roule, épars dans l'ombre, au gré fatal des flots, Les couples nés de l'ombre inépuisée.

Vers l'éternelle mort et vers l'autre néant.  

In spite of the fine power over language, in spite of the pictorial genius shown in other stanzas, it is not difficult to guess that here we have a voice singing in a key to which it is unsuited. The poet has created the old metric in peremptory fashion, it is true, but still the essentials of the traditional prosody remain and their restrictions have reacted upon his mind, darkening its outlook.

Vers libre came to him like an earthquake throwing open the prison doors. He claimed literary anarchism, a dangerous doctrine indeed, but one which he has not
abused. The removal of the restrictions on metre made him the poet he is, the greatest of the vers libristes, perhaps the greatest French poet of to-day.

Happiness is always more difficult to express in poetry than melancholy. Many of the symbolists have taken the primrose path—which in this case has nothing so joyous as a primrose upon it—and devoted themselves to the gloom of forests, the mystery of the twilight, the splendours of the sunset. Vielé-Griffin is pre-eminently the poet of the dawn, of the fresh country. In the fullest sense of the word he is an optimist, for he sees the best in everything. When he says that “the harvest of Death is fair and large,” we feel that it is because he has a love for fair and large things. “Joies” is the title of his first volume in the new style, and nothing could be more appropriate. These poems are full of a simplicity and of a happiness that are rare in any poetry, and more particularly in that of the Symbolist school.

Birds came to you to say
That I was watching behind the flowering tree,
For you turned your head away,
And laughed amid your curls, tossed loose and free,
And laughed the blush away.

There is a suggestion of fresh air and pure light in these lines that is refreshing after the heavy twilités of Régnier and Samain. Again we have sheer human gaiety and lightness of heart:

In sunlight or the light of the moon
With a woman’s voice and a dancing tune,
Mingle your dreams with a child’s song;
The wind sows grass the snow grazes,
Fair white petals the branches shed;
Let pass the brown and the golden head!
They dance; you only love one still,
And so embrace which one you will.

He has mingled his dreams with a child’s song often enough; nothing could be more beautiful than his delicately snatches of song which are an effect. As a composer writes a symphony round a snatch of folk-music, so here Vielé-Griffin writes a series of lovely pictures round

La violette double, double,
La violette doublée.

or

Où est la Marguerite, o gué, o gué, o gué,
Où est la Marguerite, o gué, ton chevalier?

“Les Cygnes,” his next volume, is, in great part, an aberration. Here he set himself the task of explaining mental states instead of noting them, and this essay in rhetoric, are unlike almost anything else in French poetry. His philosophy is something like that of Browning, perhaps a little more musical and a little less virile

The secret of Vielé-Griffin is in his burning love of nature, and in his optimism. The freshness of his landscapes, simple, calm, unaffected, utterly devoid of rhetoric, are unlike almost anything else in French poetry. His philosophy is something like that of Browning—and Browning, perhaps a little more musical and a little less masculine.

Then welcome each rebuff
That makes earth’s smoothness rough.

Even misfortunes are dear to him, because he loves life, and would know it in all its shapes. To be alive is his happiness, and reverses and disappointments have their place in a harmonious whole. One can feel this spirit breathed through a poem that should be melancholy, and yet is not, while losing nothing of its effect.

We two must part at last, fair hour,
Thou crowned with dreams and roses in flower,
Lost in the waves and the clouds that lower.

I waited as a lover for this,
My pure heart dreamed of the coming of thee,
From a naked shoulder, crust of charity
That shivered beneath my longing kiss.

Far, afar, when I lifted my gaze
Thou driedest the young hair in a golden haze,
Twas thou the new vintage gathering,
And I heard thy step in every beat of a wing.

Thouwert my hope and I thou art here with me,
Laughing and frail, naked and fair,
Girdled with joy and love and ready to die.

Between to-morrow and yesterday
There is no to-day,
And I have not, I swear
On my soul, known thee.

“La Clarité de Vie” is appropriately dedicated to the poet’s own country of Touraine. These poems are among the most magnificent that Vielé-Griffin has ever written. Whether we take the prologue “Etre-toi, la vie est lasse à ton côté,” the magic landscapes of “Chansons à l’Ombre,” or the human beings of “En Arcadie,” we find the same note, an intense preoccupation with all sides of life. His landscapes are not frigid descriptions of scenery, but scenes viewed by one soul only, and rendered together with the emotions they raised in that soul. Some of these lines reach a perfection that seems to contain all the essence of poetry.

Après qu’on fauche, avant qu’on fane
Il est une heure diaphane.

This vision of the new-mown hay still alive, though cut down, beneath the afternoon sun, is of a sheer beauty that makes one’s heart stop beating. I know of no poetry in all the literature of France which has this Celtic magic, of very little in any other literature. It is only to be compared with Keats’

White hawthorn and the pastoral elegiante... Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves.

“En Arcadie,” for all its classical setting, is completely modern whenever it is successful. Here we have sketches or studies, not of types, but of live and individual women and men, the woodcutter, the basket-maker, the goat-herd, who is silent because three notes on a flute tell more of life than all the words of Hesiod, and because he needs no words to tell his love. These are not the long-dead peasants of Arcadia, but the living inhabitants of Touraine.

The philosophy of Vielé-Griffin is most aptly expressed in his narrative poem “La Chevauchée d’Yeldis,” which remains his masterpiece. Yeldis is the wife—or the daughter, who knows?—of an old man living in a great seaport where the story opens. When he dies and Yeldis prepares to ride away, all the men who have visited her house and loved her, declare their intention of following her. There are Philarque and the man who tells the story, both rich merchants; Luc and Martial, the one grave, the other haughty; and Claude, who played his little viol for consolation. So they ride after her, not knowing whither, till Philarque and Luc, “bel homme et fa,” give up the quest and ride away, and Claude dies. Then Martial, “viril et franc,” seizes Yeldis without a word and gallops away with her. The survivor of the band is left beneath the chestnuts where they had halted, watching them disappear in the distance.

I have no shame of all this, this tale stirs no regret in me, I know that for following her faithfully
Beneath the chestnuts, I know what life is.

“Je sais la vie”; this is the end of his message. Rebuffs, losses, disappointments are no matter for sorrow, because they are part of life. A simple allegory, it appears, at first sight, if I made it definite, but one commonly sees possibilities of new meanings. I, for one, am not satisfied that the quest was ended by the “virile” behaviour of Martial, and I should like to know what happened to the pair when they disappeared together. As a narrative poem, by its sustained power and rich decoration it is worthy to stand by “The Eve of St. Agnes” and “Isabella,” but it is
something more than this. It is the summary in one poem of the predominant idea that runs through all Vielé-Griffin's work, and it is the most brilliant and most beautiful poem of all the Symbolist school.

"La Partenza" would seem to contradict in some measure what I have said of Vielé-Griffin's joyous attitude to life. It is a poem full of melancholy, relieved by touches of profound Stoicism, and this spirit does not accord with the tendency of the rest of his work. I am inclined to explain it as being the result of the "feeling of the forties," that sense of the approach of death which a man has when he enters upon middle age and which he soon outgrows. Whatever it may be, we must not grumble at a poem which contains such lines as the following:

"Passer par la grève
S'asseoir au banc de la porte;
Tu souris belle et je
Du seuil, à ta jeune escorte:
Ils marcheront à ta suite
Aux rayons de ton printemps
Qu'ont-ils à courir si vite?
Moi, jeus, as-tu vingt ans--
Ils auront tes sourires
Et ta jeunesse enchantée . . .
Qu'importe qu'en sauront-ils dire:
Moi seul, je t'aurai chantée.

To write merely of this lyrical work of M. Vielé-Griffin is to omit an important item in his claim to greatness. Besides his poetry, pure and simple, he has written dramatic poems of the highest value. His genius has always had a dramatic turn, even before his written dramatic poems of the highest value. His

describing the gardens and the daily life of Phocas and his slave, is fine in its suggestion of calm and prosperity. Then come the soldiers sent to arrest the formidable Bogaevsky, Korovine, Bilibine, we find the

**THE MOSCOW EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE.**

Berlin, September 28.

Why, it may be asked, do the artistic outpourings of Moscow betray such a tendency towards repletion? Why has it one of the finest schools of dancing? Why, together with St. Petersburg, is it producing a great school of theatre decorators? Its representative art gallery introduces us to the work of giants, and by

Letters from Abroad.

By Hunly Carter.

with certain reservations, there is one short play that by its finish and perfection and the nobility of its language deserves to rank as Vielé-Griffin's finest performance in this sphere. Giovanni, weary of Marghetta, has made the usual excuse, and is about to hurry away from her, when Pelagio suggests that she will not wait long for his return. Giovanni is incensed at this and defies Pelagio to make her faithless in three days. Pelagio falls, and Marghetta, having learnt of the plot, repulses Giovanni when he returns and is touched to love by her fidelity. One is inevitably reminded of Landor, but there is one essential difference between this and Landor's Italian scenes: the French poet is a dramatist, the English poet was not. There is not a word wasted anywhere in the play, the atmosphere is most marvellously created and the plot eloquently worked out. One speech will serve to show Vielé-Griffin's dramatic method:

First love is sweet,
But futile, fleeting, treacherous
—Like a false spring
Thou seest from thy window flowering
With a privy smile, maybe!
Keep, while you can, its memory,
Smile sadly a little, when you think of it.
But, now!
Breathe deeply in the scent of hay
In the golden lengthening day:
The Spring of the open rose is there
With chily lips
That laugh and dare,
With half-closed eyes that say
The blaze of its desire divine!
Oh! rise, Marghetta, take its hand in thine;
Take the kiss unamazedly,
There is Joy, preceded by his shadow,
There is Love,
There is thy Destiny! . . .

The best way of summing up Vielé-Griffin's position among the Symbolists is to say that he is the healthiest, the best balanced among them. He has no shrinking from life, and he does not confuse tragedy. He has a definite view to put forward and his view is broad enough to enclose humanity and nature in one whole. His natural magic of words places him among the great French poets, but his philosophy places him among the great European poets.

**Notes.**
equipped? The answer was brief. Beyond a complete and up-to-date electric room, it has very little special interest. It is spacious throughout and restful. It has a very large stage, larger indeed than that of His Majesty's Theatre, London, provided with a revolving section. In the evident desire, shown in the number and variety of electric appliances, to solve the problems of lighting by the application of the latest advances in electro technique, it passes from the conventional theatre to the laboratory. Perhaps here the problem of attaining the effect of direct sunlight or diffused light is nearest solution.

From the building I came inevitably to its directors and to the second question: how is the theatre mentally equipped? With a union of the artistic and practical, was the reply. Both the directors and the staff appear to be liberally endowed with taste and judgment. The decorators and electricians understand the laws of the stage and the demands of the scenic materials. Even the wig maker and costumier are artists, like Mr. E. J. Hope Clarkson, who is a tradesman, and Nathan, who is a retailer of shoddy.

Given a combination of the sort, and the impossible may be developed and achieved, it must be the meaning underlying the accomplished secretary's, Mr. Lykiardopoulos, words when he reminded London that it had for years been regarding Mr. Gordon Craig as a visionary, and it was now the privilege of the Moscow Art Theatre to announce he is a visionary no longer. Owing to the practical constitution of the theatre it had been able to take Mr. Craig firmly by the hand and to lead him (greatly protesting, no doubt) into the light. In short, the Moscow Theatre has found Mr. Craig and patiently and persistently transmitted his fancies to solid gold. Mr. Craig is to be congratulated. It is extremely doubtful whether he ever would have found himself.

It did not require a deep penetration to see that the company has also the artistic and practical character. It is bound together by a common sentiment, love of the theatre and drama. Indeed, to its members the theatre is a centre affording facilities for probing the most intimate secrets of the dramatic form of art. They live, work, and play in the theatre. How unlike the English actor, to whom the theatre only spells treasury, and who is forbidden the theatre except at special moments. As a rule, he is rigorously kept out of the auditorium while rehearsals are on, and is given a detached fragment of the play to study, which he must learn either at home when the missus is shopping and the kids a-bed, or during rehearsal balanced on one leg supporting him in the nearest shop-shot, or as a convivial beer in pewter. In Moscow the actors are artists who passionately love their form of art; in London they are mummers with the soul of a deboshed beetle.

It was while sampling the excellent lunch that the management gives its company during rehearsals that I arrived at the question of economics. How are the actors paid? What advantages do they derive from the cooperative system? It may be said they are paid adequate salaries. Even the "walks-on" receive a living wage. The Drury-Lane-eighteen-shilling-a-week-find-all-your-modern-wardrobe-extra-people are unknown. Furthermore, they are not paid for rehearsals and fed during rehearsals. There are no long periods of semi-starvation and walking home at daylight after fifteen hours' rehearsal, as in London, where professionals rehearse sometimes a week or two without payment of any sort. Show me the British navy who would work nine weeks for nothing.

The members of the Moscow Theatre company enjoy the further sharing in a profit-sharing system. They start as students, and having graduated, as it were, they are allotted a certain number of shares in the theatre, and so acquire a vested interest in it. In this way they are much nearer to an Actors' Union than were Mr. Shaw and Barker when they tried to reconstitute the actors' Association and succeeded in wrecking it.

That the general results of the Moscow theatre system are satisfactory is beyond question. The theatre is a paying concern, and the business, so successful is it, attracts large audiences and influences them. Its influence is not altogether in one direction. It proposes to build a new theatre at a cost of £100,000 as evidence of its versatility. Such a proposal coming from a private company, and one, moreover, pledged to art, would, in England, be sufficient to cause Philistines to fall dead of apoplexy.

London reveals a very different state of affairs. There a complete failure of all attempts to establish either an intellectual or well-known to the public theatre. We have as the Repertory Theatre at its last gasp. Driven from hole to corner, it is making a last stand in London's smallest theatre. Mr. Herbert Trench has retired from business. He is no doubt convinced that the market for artistic drama is in a bad way, as is solved to lay aside directorship till the market revives.

The breakdown of the Repertory Theatre—in spite of the huge benefactions of Mr. J. M. Barrie—and the retirement of Mr. Trench, have nothing more in them than the fact that the whole business has been grossly mismanaged. It has, in fact, been in the hands of showmen, whereas it should have been in those of practical artists. Whether the responsible persons intended it or not, there is no doubt that they have obtained a very considerable advertisement out of it. But unfortunately the effect of the showmanship and the advertising, instead of filling the theatre, has been to fill the columns of the "Financial News."

One of the sins of the frenzied supporters of the Repertory Theatre has been that of treating the public to figures when it ought to have been treated with neglect. It is not well known that the public regards art as a limited liability company. In this it has faithfully learnt the lesson Mr. Charles Frohman set. It worships the fetish of capital, and glouts over the details of running a theatre and those of huge expenditure. A 2,000-seat theatre, a 200-foot-projection, a 15,000-pound actress with decorative legs, is bound to go down the throats of its gaping members, while the announcement that an unknown patron of the drama has cheerfully given £10,000 to establish a repertory theatre will call forth the inevitable "Ha! here's something we understand at last."

But such silly methods of advertising do not advance matters even though trumpeted from Fleet Street by the "Daily Mail." They are as ineffectual as the whole series of struggles to capture the public have been. Indeed, if hustled productions, quick-change programmes, lack of intelligent organisation, absence of the spirit of co-operation and research, as well as of artistic production of plays, are neglect of truth and beauty, picture-palace realism, old-fashioned tricks of stagecraft, no real conception of the theatre, a mania for productions for plays or three performances at a time, itself an idiotic system of frightening and fattiging a long-suffering public—if these and other blunders have served my purpose at all it is surely that of emptying, not filling, the Repertory Theatre.

The blunders of the Shaw-Barker theatre have only been equalled by those of the Stage Society. One can well understand that Moscow and other centres of artistic reform are convulsed with laughter at the ingenious methods pursued by this bright body of producing badly translated foreign masterpieces with two or three scraggy rehearsals; of allotting parts requiring the most intimate knowledge and study to scratch com-
panies of professionals drawn from other theatres where many of these professionals are rehauling in other plays at the same time; of presenting such masterpieces at theatre regardless of the fact that a theatre, like a human being, has a personality, and it is therefore impossible to obtain a tragic atmosphere in a theatre richly endowed with the atmosphere of a circus; and of neglecting to select not only appropriate theatres, but to provide appropriate settings, and thereby burying the moods of these masterpieces with decrepit or frivolous stock-scenery. I do not wish it to be inferred that the Stage Society has not done good pioneer work of a sort, but I do maintain it deserves the repudiation of a failure, and that its production is foreign masterpieces are generally fakes of the worst description.

Some day, when the Moscow Theatre Company has been and gone, the truth will dawn upon misguided enthusiasts, who will then cease not only to defend paltering play societies, but to blame the public. Blaming the public in art matters is really the last resort of the artistically destitute. If the London public does not indulge in ecstasy or large enthusiasms, if its imagination is weak, if its mind is a stagnant pool requiring a powerful gush of water to clear it, why trouble about it, or its attitude towards art? It ought to be known by this time that when the British public comes in at the door art flies out of the window. Then the only reasonable thing to do is to invite the public with the devil and to study the advice: You leave the devil alone and the devil will leave you alone.

The inference is that the wrong people are being invited to patronise art, just as the attempt of artistic philanderers and muddled economists to establish an entirely new type of patron, and till this patron is formed will money ceased to patronise the theatre. Art does never rise to new and better ideas necessary to circulate it. By the time the public is invited to patronise art, just as the attempt of artistic philanderers and muddled economists to establish an entirely new type of patron will have ceased to exist, new and better ideas necessary to circulate art will have arrived. The answer is simple enough, viz.: by exercising the option it (the State) already has in terms of the pioneer work of a sort, but to blame the public. Blaming the public in art matters is really the last resort of the artistically destitute. If the London public does not indulge in ecstasy or large enthusiasms, if its imagination is weak, if its mind is a stagnant pool requiring a powerful gush of water to clear it, why trouble about it, or its attitude towards art? It ought to be known by this time that when the British public comes in at the door art flies out of the window. Then the only reasonable thing to do is to invite the public with the devil and to study the advice: You leave the devil alone and the devil will leave you alone.

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Hence, unless the Socialists first remove the legal restrictions which deprive the money market of elasticity, every establishment of State industry will automatically throttle private industry—not by fair competition—but by depriving it of credit and exchange medium, and the arrival of the Marxian barricad Socialism will be inevitable. On the other hand, if the Socialists commence by freeing credit, nationalisation of industry will be far easier. Every successive loosening of the legal bonds which now restrict the free growth of credit will enable the establishment of fresh industry—free industry—which must simultaneously reduce the price of goods and raise wages, as I have demonstrated in my letter of February 2. In my last letter I said that competition does not relieve us in to-day and reduce excessive profits where they exist. The oracle still remains dumb—doubtless because the inquiry would necessitate a study of credit, and—credit is such a dry subject!

Another word on the somewhat misleading assertion that State Socialism would reproduce production for profit by production for use. It has been admitted that employees under Socialism would equally work only for gain. All that State Socialism would do, then, is to replace production for use, as conceived by the individual, by production for use as conceived by the majority. It is quite incorrect to state that production is today carried on solely for profit. As a general rule men cannot to-day make profit except by supplying somebody's needs. Our company shareholders, directors, and financiers flourish simply because, in legally restricting the number of banks, we have compelled industry to apply to money-lenders for capital. Industry thus pays only the market price for an article which we have artificially rendered scarce.

HENRY MEULEN.

Sir,—Mr. Hugh Crisp in his letter respecting "production for profit" as related to "cost price," opens up an interesting question with regard to Socialist administration in the matter of finance.

It will not be denied that, under our present system, production for profit, i.e., "interest on capital for money-lenders," has wide and far-reaching effects. Maintenance of the unfruitful, care of the invalid, education of the young, etc., is represented through our taxes and also through our hospitals and other charitable institutions.

Under this system, however, we cannot produce at cost price, but under Socialism, where there will be no production for profit, Mr. Crisp assures us that after deducting "wages," including "wages of superintendence," and since the shareholders will be the whole nation, we shall "get everything at cost price."

As these wage-earning shareholders will have to provide for the non-wage-earning shareholders, such as the child, the invalid, and the unfruitful, it would be interesting to know in what that was formulated in order to get a sudden fall in "shares," due to non-preventable causes.

Will a further fraction be added to the "cost" of an article? Will or will a system of taxation be adopted, debited to wage-earning shareholders, be set up, in order that we may still "get everything at cost price."

FRANCES WHITING.

Sir,—Mr. Chamberlain had an effective device for dealing with introjected questions during his speeches. He would repeat the question very emphatically and then say: "I will deal with that in a moment." Usually, of course, he never did. By the end of his speech the audience had completely forgotten the question. More than once, however, some tenacious questioner would rise when the speech was over and remind Mr. Chamberlain of his promise. Then it was, and sometimes are, with his direct question, chambers was compelled to reply. The foregoing is really an allegory of my introduction of the recent "Children's Strike" into a discussion of mine which is either uninteresting or trivial unrest. I am well aware that public opinion, like Mr. Chamberlain, can properly attend only to one vast subject at a time; but it is reasonable to expect that when a statement is made before the recent Universal Races Congress in London, by Mr. Alfredalford Shalf of the women of South Africa, and my intimate knowledge of the situation out here enables me to endorse most heartily what was said by Mrs. Macfadyen.

The forces which have been at work to produce the present deplorable condition of affairs, under which white women in South Africa are liable to treatment at the hands of black men which would have been unthinkable when I came to this country in the middle seventies of last century, must be found in the general progress which has been the "progress" of the last five-and-thirty years. To understand how that was then inconceivable is now of common occurrence, you must know the inner social and economic history of that period and the astounding changes it has wrought in the relations between whites and blacks. I do not propose to give a résumé of the happenings of the past thirty-five years, that is not material for a letter, so I must confine myself to bald statements—statements which may be denied, but cannot be disproved.

The white man, striving to get rich quickly out of the wonderful mineral resources of this country, and exploiting for that purpose—in a manner utterly regardless of future consequences—the rough labour of the black, is primarily responsible for the trouble which has descended upon the country. In the last thirty-five years the women has helped to destroy in the Kaffir's mind that respect for the white woman which formerly was his protection and security. Today is seen almost entirely to those parts of the country where blacks and whites are forced by economic conditions to congregate thickly in the wide areas where man lives a more natural life, it is still practically unknown. In those more densely populated areas—as, for example, the Rand, with its 6,000 white and probably 300,000 blacks—there is always a considerable sub-stratum of aliens, low type humanity from some of the countries of Europe. These are the active depositories of the native for their own profit, by means of illicit liquor traffic, secret sale of lewd and obscene pictures, and the procurement of white women of the lowest Continental classes for the use of the native. Mr. Chamberlain, more than anyone else, is the focal point of all this.

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Johannesburg.

T. A. R. PURCHAS.

A DAY WITH THE EIGHTY CLUB IN DUBLIN.

Sir,—I send you the following report:

SUNDAY, 9 A.M.

Quite recovered from the effects of the rough crossing last night. Had quite a decent breakfast. Discovered hotel proprietor is a Roman Catholic and employs a Protestant housekeeper. They do not quarrel on religious subjects nor on political. Going out with Brown-Smith and Jones to interview the natives. Bringing my large pocket book and Swan fountain pen.
Saw the dreadful place in Phoenix Park where no grass will ever grow, i.e., where Burke and Cavendish were murdered. There we got a glimpse of the famous horse, but were not allowed to touch it.

Bray is a pretty place. Jones lost his field glasses.

3 P.M.

After supper, which was excellent, we went for a walk. O'Connell Street seems a favourite street for the military, as we think of driving to Bray. Thought Irish could only cook bacon and cabbage. Had a good dinner, better than we expected.

3.30 P.M. I am sleepy now and cannot write any more.

SIDHEOG NI ANNÂIN.

PRAGMATISM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. R. N. Warren, probably belongs to that class of people who have been disgusted with the cold reasoning of the modern world and its statistical and mechanical ideals, wish to make room for a little more freedom of instinct and intuition, and have therefore become "instincts" and "feelings," to the exclusion of reason and intellect. Why do the pragmatists, do they matter so much to you? Why do you doubt the importance of the feelings; why do you call them "bravo," who does the dirty job for you. Well, then pragmatists, do they matter so much to you? Why do you talk so much about them? Do you wish to draw our attention away from something? Might there not be a possibility that you wish to hide something, or make an attack upon something, this something being that much-dreaded and seductive intellect which the rudeness of a Luther once upon a time baptised "Reason, that whore"? Of course, no pragmatist will say right out that he wishes to exalt feelings and intuition in order to depreciate reason and intellect—that would not do in our age. That would not be pragmatic, because it would never work. It is much more pragmatic to stab truth and intellect in the back, or, better, to let them be stabbed by someone else, as was done in the time of the Renaissance, as it is done in the East even nowadays. There, if you hate anyone, you do not murder him yourself—not, if you are a Turk. We might have waited to strike until we got back. But the Irish were always famous for their pugnacity. I could even smoke. I am rather non-plussed, but said that The Irish were always famous for their pugnacity. I could even smoke. I am rather non-plussed, but said that The Irish were always famous for their pugnacity. I could even smoke. I am rather non-plussed, but said that The Irish were always famous for their pugnacity. I could even smoke. I am rather non-plussed, but said that

For instance, Pragmatism no doubt insists on intellect and reason. But in the same breath it makes an eloquent appeal to the people: how many of mankind who are no pragmatists (and pragmatists say) play a large part in every philosophy. That sounds well at first, but then we become suspicious. We say to ourselves that feeling may also be an important part in every philosophy, otherwise it becomes "unreal"; but then why do you insist so much upon it? No one ever doubted the importance of the feelings; why then, say the pragmatists, do they matter so much to you? Why do you talk so much about them? Do you wish to draw our attention away from something? Might there not be a possibility that you wish to hide something, or make an attack upon something, this something being that much-dreaded and seductive intellect which the rudeness of a Luther once upon a time baptised "Reason, that whore"? Of course, no pragmatist will say right out that he wishes to exalt feelings and intuition in order to depreciate reason and intellect—that would not do in our age. That would not be pragmatic, because it would never work. It is much more pragmatic to stab truth and intellect in the back, or, better, to let them be stabbed by someone else, as was done in the time of the Renaissance, as it is done in the East even nowadays. There, if you hate anyone, you do not murder him yourself—not, if you are a Turk. We might have waited to strike until we got back. But the Irish were always famous for their pugnacity. I could even smoke. I am rather non-plussed, but said that

3 P.M.

Discovered there seem to be more Catholics than Protestants in Dublin. People go to Mass on Sundays and say their prayers. Very like an English Sunday only not so much. Walked on O'Connell Street, that is the main street of the town, we hastened our footsteps, thinking perhaps Jack Johnson and his openings. But we were rather pressed for time and could not accept their kind invitation.

We saw the Catholics returning from their evening prayers and the Protestants from theirs. Although the different sects came into contact with each other they did not quarrel on account of it. They are always friendly after this fashion: But we were rather pressed for time and could not accept their kind invitation.

We related the story of it. He seemed rather non-plussed, but said that:—

PRAGMATISM.

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3 P.M.

After supper, which was excellent, we went for a walk. O'Connell Street seems a favourite street for the military, and consequently for the servant maids. Jones said we should be able to shake off all the fell-out slums. Thereupon we went down Marlborough Street, Great Britain Street, and Tyrone Street. In this latter street we saw the kindheartedness of the Irish, for several poor old women asked us to come inside and have a drop of something, while several men, knowing we were interested in the Improvement of Ireland, offered to show us the wonderfully cad is many good pragmatists like that, well-meaning and honest people, who do not see the drift of the pragmatic boat at all, a boat with three rudders and four sails.

We were rescued by hotel porter, who

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able truth to the death. It will stand for everything "established," and thus M. George Palante is quite right in saying that Pragmatism amongst other things stands for the old morality, that it preaches reason and logic: it was attributed by them to the devil verdict of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages. Reason, old morality, that it preaches social utility. I may add Christians in disguise; for they exalt feelings at the cost of course, cannot be attacked like that to-day: Pragmatism reason as "the devil," the new Church perfidiously hires forward.

Bergson's great following in this country. His following in I prefer the old Catholic Church to the modern Pragmatic Church. The old Church honestly and openly fought son himself is quite unintelligible to the general public, but this country is really the most dangerous following that could ever "befall" the fashionable philosopher. For Berg- the line anent the four things is-

"Viere fixation of Jesus Christ in one of his Venetian epigrams";

and the Cross
did not "applaud the crucifixion of Jesus Christ," but that nowhere throughout all his works can such applause be found. (1) From these premises no sound deduction that Goethe was a pagan can be made. His own words aver otherwise, as witness—

"LEBENSREGEL.
"Willst du dir ein hübsches Leben zimmern, Musts dich un's Vergnäge nicht bekümmerm; Das Wenigste muss dich verdriessen; Mögest du die Welt ohne Gegenwart. Besonders Keinen Menschen lassen Und die zukunft Gott überlassen." 9

There can be little doubt about the non-paganism of a man who among his Life's Rules bids us to hate no man and learn the future to Goethe.

Without meaning offence, it may be affirmed that Dr. Oscar Levy's mis-appraisement of things derives from the perservances of type. Take one instance (Acts 14:19). But there came Jews thither from Antioch and Iconium: and having persuaded the multitudes, they stoned Paul, and dragged him out of the city, supposing that he was dead. But as the disciples stood round about him, he rose up, and entered into the city."

Obviously, some of Oscar Levy's distinguished ancestors resided either at Antioch of Pisidia or Iconium. Nowadays, naturally, their illustrious descendant slings ink in place of stones at Paul, who represented and still represents the Christianity of the Christ, not of Ecclesiasticism. Wonderfully, however, Paul remains alive and standing strongly on his feet. Paradoxically, although the original Christians were all Jews modern Christians do not goid at Judaism. Dr. Oscar Levy might ruminate on this point whenever he can give himself sufficient unbiased thought to do so. * * *

LA RECHERCHE DU FRISSON.
Sir,—Let at least one of your readers thank Mr. Ernest Boyd for his article on the "Grand Guignol." It will save me at least the necessity of having to go to that home of melodrama; for can it not all be seen at home, and for the proletarian price of twopenny? Necessity drove me to spend any amount of music; for I was directed a poster of the play of Poplar on the same evening as Mr. Boyd's article appeared.

In one sketch at this said hall I saw no less than twelve attempts at murder, finished by wholesale slaughter of ten of the twelve characters in the alleged sketch. Another delightful sketch in the same hall gave us as a final thrill the pleasant sight of a man electrocuted in an electrified armchair. Cannot some up-to-date manager announce "Grand Guignol! thrill for and from twopenny"? He may probably be overwhelmed by a huge rush of our governing classes anxious for Parisian "thrills."* * *

A METAPHYSIC GROUP.
Sir,—It is proposed to form, during the coming winter, a cicle for the discussion of metaphysical and psychological problems. The proposal is to make the meetings informal rather than to limit them to the discussion of merely set problems, and to avoid as far as possible the use of set phrases.

The secretaries will be pleased to hear from gentlemen interested in these objects, with a view to arranging a pre-liminary meeting during the course of the present month.

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Chairman, pro tem.
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Authors' Club, Whitehall Court, S.W.
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