NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Friendly Societies having failed the country last week in its opposition to the Insurance Bill, the turn of the House of Commons has now come and gone. With even less resistance than the bodies of interests grouped in Friendly Societies, the House of Commons has bowed to the decision of the caucuses represented by Mr. Lloyd George. Only the shadow of antagonism was displayed in any part of the House. This is the more incomprehensible to readers who take their politicians a little seriously, since it is a matter of common knowledge that probably a majority of the House in private disapproves of the Bill. Nevertheless, in the divisions when the sheep-bell has rung these critics flock to the lobbies to lie. It is clear, in fact, that another of our hypothetical lines of defence has disgracefully surrendered. There remains only the House of Lords, a very forlorn hope, between the imposition of the Bill on an unwilling people and the stern alternative to reason with them; it is useless to petition them. Soused, as Burke says, in the deepest pits of corruption and dishonest principles, its probable effects in creating riots among the wage-earners, its certain effect in lowering the standard of living, and all the other worst features of Tweedledum, Tweedledee and Tweedledoo. That so many electors, even at such a place as Keighley, voted for the Insurance Bill, as they appear to have done, is, however, a hard morsel to swallow. Allowing for the fact that not one of the electioneering speakers told the truth about the Bill, it is, nevertheless, discouraging that so few of the electors had realised its provisions for themselves. Keighley electors are notoriously illiterate, but they have the reputation of being shrewd. To have got the hang of the Insurance Bill as it will be easily balanced by a petty concession from Mr. Lloyd George. And these, be it remembered, are the semi-independents of the party. Mr. Keir Hardie, who has denounced the Bill with the best of us, displays even less spirit. His vote is for Mr. Lloyd George every time. * * *

This wavering and equivocating attitude of the Labour party has naturally had its effect on the electorate that generally votes for them. At Kilmarnock, as we saw a fortnight ago, the Labour candidate was opposed to the Insurance Bill root and branch. Whether, if he had been returned, he would have voted against it is another matter, depending less upon his conscience than upon the whims of his party. At Keighley last week, however, the Labour candidate, though the chairman of the professorly Socialist section of the Labour party, did not want to defeat the Bill. Like Mr. Keir Hardie and the other fence-perchers, he desired no more than to amend it. As both the Unionist and the Liberal candidates were of the same opinion, the distinction between them and Mr. Anderson was scarcely worth the poll to discover. The public, at least, outside the constituency had no interest in the decision of a few thousand persons between the respective merits of Tweedledum, Tweedledee and Tweedledoo. That so many electors, even at such a place as Keighley, voted for the Insurance Bill, as they appear to have done, is, however, a hard morsel to swallow. Allowing for the fact that not one of the electioneering speakers told the truth about the Bill, it is, nevertheless, discouraging that so few of the electors had realised its provisions for themselves. Keighley electors are notoriously illiterate, but they have the reputation of being shrewd. How comes it then that not even their pothouse seems to have got the hang of the Insurance Bill as it will certainly affect the majority of the local electors? We touch here upon one of the worst features of modern life—the accessibility of the working classes to wholesale bribery. Mr. Austen Chamberlain did not exaggerate one whit when he accused Mr. Lloyd George of appealing to "the basest greed of mankind." But he could have put an anti-climax on his indictment by adding that the appeal has every chance of success. One by one the leaders of the men's unions have smelt the treacle in Mr. Lloyd George's trap and sipped its sweets; and one by one they are leading their followers headlong into it. The Labour party has, of course, been flattered in the past, as they always are; but they are now being followed by such men as Mr. Appleton and the members of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades...
Union Congress. Eager, as a body, for boodle as the average working man is for tips, the workmen's unions are apt to permit a limited increase of fourpence of their members for Mr. Lloyd George's thimbled ninere.

The fact that this ninere is illusory, while the fourpence and more is sold, weighs no more with them than the substance of the bone in its mouth weighed with the dog that saw an enlarged reflection of it in the water. Fourpence in the hand is better than ninere in the bush only to those who see clearly that the fourpence is there and the ninere is not there. The credulous dodgy复活-jotheads who run our wage-slavery politics, have, however, no such vision; and without that vision their members will perish.

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Doubtless the unions have done their little best to examine the problem before them. Mr. Lloyd George's scheme does not see that in fact their unions, since, in the first place, he has declared that nothing is further from his mind than such a purpose; and, in the second place, Mr. Levine, the great actuary, has calculated that the unions will be some thousands of pounds stronger under the Bill than now. Where, the officials may ask, where is the danger to trade unions from Mr. Lloyd George's Bill? Our strike funds are not touched, our right to strike is unaffected, we can federate to become approved societies, our benefits will be increased. As a matter of fact, they will get both by the simple process of waiting for the working men who have been bribed by the Insurance Bill to discharge their obligation by presenting their masters with additional promises of service in return for their bribes. They may even profess, as Mr. Buxton did, that they desire neither a limitation of picking nor an embargo on strikes. As a matter of fact, they will get both by the simple process of waiting for the working men who have been bribed by the Insurance Bill to discharge their obligation by presenting their masters with additional promises of service in return for their bribes.

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As surely as the Insurance Bill in its present form is passed, so surely will compulsory arbitration, the illegality of strikes, and the abolition of effective picketing be established, if not in words or by Act of Parliament, at least by general consent of the men and the public. And in that day the trade unions will be Government organisations.

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The surprising thing is that the more sincere leaders of the Labour movement do not see that in fact their unions gain is greatest where it appears to be least, and least where it appears to be greatest. An attempted general strike, for example, may ostensibly fail and fail miserably. Nevertheless, it is by such failures that success actually comes. On the other hand, the policy of the parliamentary Labour Party may appear to be successful in obtaining this and that reform. Nevertheless, the wages of the working classes go down rather more rapidly than doles to their class increase. The latter is effective picketing be established, if not in words or by Act of Parliament, at least by general consent of the men and the public. And in that day the trade unions will be Government organisations.

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We are glad to see that our own recent trip trials of a general strike, feeble as they were and stopped as they were by Mr. MacDonald and his friends when they were on the point of success, have even in that condition begun to produce consequences that not all Mr. Lloyd George's legislation can produce. Of course, the consequences are not direct in the sense that the authorship of the Bill is attributed to them, but as a cause of labour unrest. On the contrary, unnecessary trouble is taken to deny that these consequences have any relation with their real cause. The directors of the Great Western Railway have decided to raise the minimum wages paid on their line to a pound a week; but it gives a spirit and a sense of security. Mr. Shaw must needs exercise his ingenuity in finding an excuse for the Labour Party in voting for it. "The Labour members," he says, "must vote for the Bill but on the understanding that they are not to be held responsible for the consequences."

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Unfortunately, however, our own professed Socialist artist and philosopher has little better to say than Mr. MacDonald did, "Writing to the Times" on Tuesday of last week, Mr. Bernard Shaw had no difficulty in demonstrating that the Insurance Bill was a "silly" Bill. His own society, the Fabian Society, in the Manifesto we print elsewhere, has demonstrated this even more effectively. The Fabians, in their pamphlet, the Fabian "strike have been seen in Sweden. In Sweden, as Mr. MacDonald triumphantly reminded us, the best organised and most generalised of ever known in the same week; and was defeated by a combination of the Government and the public. Exit, concludes Mr. MacDonald, the General Strike as an instrument of progress. Wait a bit, however. Two years later the Socialist representation in the Swedish Parliament is raised from 35 to 64 in a Chamber of 230 members. Further than that, the results of the "defeated" strike have been seen in every branch of Swedish wage-paid industry. Wages did not, it is true, immediately rise in the trades that went on strike; but they have risen since both in those trades and amongst trades in general. That is the kind of success which is worth working for. It is not instantaneous, it does not increase wages by a shilling a week all at once; but it gives a spirit and a sense of importance to wage-earners which absolutely ensure for them a higher standard of living. Mr. Branting, however, the leader of the Swedish Labour movement, a man of imagination, a poet and a philosopher. The leader of the English Labour Party is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who has probably never read a poem in his life, has no use for imagination, and regards whose is it as the last work in Shakespeare.
the recommendations of the recent Commission. A priori, there is no reason for supposing that they did not. Leaders who could retreat from the field of battle and thus escape the assassin's bullets might well be induced to swing in advance the remaining fruits that might accrue from arbitration. Acting on the supposition that they had lost everything when, if they had only known it, they had actually won every- thing, it appears to be the fact that his pledge was never given in so many words. It was understood, no doubt, by both sides more or less, but never specifically formulated. Consequently, its repudia-
tion is no great matter. It should not stand in the way of a re-opening of the whole 'settlement.'

On Tuesday Mr. Cooper, Unionist member for Walsall, addressed to Mr. Asquith a question which we have every ground for believing will be debated before very long in Parliament. What proposals, if any, Mr. Cooper asked, had the Government for raising wages? That Mr. Asquith had no time for reply and no notion of what he would say if he had, goes without saying; but sooner or later a reply of some kind must be forth-
coming; and the occasion should be made illuminating. We have seen that in fact the Government has not only no proposals for raising wages, but its whole policy consists of alternately substituting doles for wages and repressing the attempts of wage-earners to raise wages themselves. While Mr. Lloyd George is engaged in choking the labour dog with butter, his colleagues are devising collars and muzzles in the event of the dog refusing to be brought to heel by the former means. The latest Minister to try his hand at this particular manoeuvre is Mr. John Burns, whose new proposal contrasts strangely with his declarations that he would be no party to the attempt to break the proud spirit of the poor. However, this is involved in the establishment of a new centralised Poor Law Board for London under the auspices of the societies publicly associated with it. "The new scheme will, it is hoped, involve the compulsory removal of all homeless persons to the casual wards." If that is to be the case, it should. If that is not the case, quietly, powers will be given to the police to arrest them and charge them before a magistrate with visible charge, and Viscount Haldane among others would definitely goad them. It was thought and said that Lord Morley prepared to drive them into a casual ward, where they might be imprisoned in a casual ward if not in a prison. When Mr. MacDonald is prepared to learn some trade in a penal colony; but he is quite prepared to drive them into a casual ward, where they will learn nothing.

The insuluation of the Cabinet from public opinion was clearly shown in the complete surprise that awaited the whole of the country on Tuesday when word had spread the last few months that changes were in progress in the constitution of the Cabinet. It was thought and said that Lord Morley and Viscount Haldane among others would definitely retire from office. Mr. Churchill was to replace Mr. Birrell at the Irish Office during the Home Rule Cam-
paign. Possibly Mr. Massingham's darling object would be fulfilled and Sir Edward Grey would leave the Foreign Office. Finally Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would be given a seat in the Cabinet in return for his distin-
guished services to Mr. Asquith's party. Not one of these guesses of our omniscient Press has proved to be correct; and our bemused journalists are left now to put the best face they can on the rout of their intelligence. This, however, is all the more difficult since not one of them has a notion why the changes that have been made have been made. The promotion of Mr. J. M. Robert-
son, we surmise, naturally followed on the knightings of Mr. Byles. Most Radicals are for sale if the purchase money is suitably disposed of. Churchill and McKenna have changed places in the Cabinet alone knows. Is it, we wonder, that Mr. Churchill desires to get into favourable limelight again; or that a lawyer is needed at the Home Office to carry through the campaign against the trade unions? We will give it up. Lord Lucas, alone of all the new officers, has begun his regime in a striking fashion. As the new Under-Secretary for Agriculture he has contributed £5,000 and guaranteed another £4,500 towards the establishment of co-operative bacon factories for the farmers of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. At a single stroke he has, in fact, done more than all the County Councils have had wit or public spirit enough to do.

A private stimulus in the direction of co-operation is exactly what is needed in the country districts. But a private stimulus of a peculiarly vulgar character has been given to the village of Bawdsley, Suffolk, by, pre-
sumably, a disciple of the Bishop of London for an inducement to poor people to breed beyond their means (we advise our readers to consult the dictionary for the origin of the word proletariat). Sir Cuthbert Quilter has offered to stand godfather and to present £5 to every fifth son born on hisWorkmene or estate. The effect of this can only be, if there is any effect at all, to add a new burden to the poor, towards which a five-pound note will be merely a cynical relief. A collateral effect of these attempts to revive a decaying industry will undoubtedly be to put a pre-
mium upon early marriages and even upon ecclesiastical immorality. The Bishop of London had recently to complain to a meeting in Fulham Palace that he had discovered three cases of girls under fourteen who had become mothers. "It was a shocking statement," he added, "to make, and worse than uncalled for in the necessity for preventive work beginning much earlier than had been the custom hitherto." The Bishop should bear that in mind when next he feels impelled to beget children vicariously.

By a common inspiration all the journals published last week eulogistic notices of the Prince of Wales' incompletion of his farcical naval training, the Royal jelly being issued forthwith and we do not complain that the heir to the throne should be treated differently from the rest of mankind. But for this, we should certainly be in danger of coming under the government of a king with merely ordinary intelligence. On the other hand, it is unwise and unphantastic to pretend that the treatment meted out to the Prince afloat is identical with the common lot of relatively plebeian middles. The "Daily News," however, chose to declare that "his (the Prince's) rank has not excused him a single duty, however arduous or humble, and his training has been impartial and thorough." The special correspondent of the "Daily Mirror," writing, not last week, but two months ago, while the truth was still permissible, told a very different story. "It is no secret," he "The Daily Mirror" said on September 3, "that, although the Prince is working very hard . . . he is not treated in all respects like the other midshipmen. He spends a good deal of his time afloat, as well as ashore, in close companionship with the captain. . . the Prince will be given a fortnight's shore leave in order that he may enjoy some shooting with the King at Balmoral. . . . The Prince has not yet taken the middle watch, from midnight to 4 a.m., and generally turns in at 10 p.m. . . . He sleeps in one of the captain's three cabins, which are fitted with his own beds, and rests in a hammock like the other midship-
men. . . . It is understood that his practical naval education must terminate not later than early in February." All this, of course, may be wrong. We do not know; but it sounds rather more probable than the account given in the "Daily News."

On Saturday, October 14, at Whitefield's Tabernacle, the "contributory principle" received its death-blow at the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. This almost sacrilegious act was received with wild demonstrations of delight by a great audience of faithful Liberals who had assembled there to show their approval of the now famous "principle" of the Bill, and had never dreamed to hope that the chief amongst those principles was to be sacrificed before their very eyes.

The actual announcement made by the Chancellor was that persons in receipt of wages of less than 1s. 6d. a day were to be excluded from the Insurance Scheme without contributing anything at all, and the sole reason he gave for this "concession" was that "those only earning 9s. a week can ill spare even that penny." It does not seem to have occurred to him that having once admitted that the principle of universal contribution is not sacrosanct, there is no stopping place for him until all whose incomes are less than a living wage are excused from payment. Those who are struggling to rear families on 12s. or 15s. or even 20s. a week would afford the threepences and fourpences which Mr. Lloyd George is reasoning to deduct from their wages at the cost of a part of their children's food. In discarding the contributory principle, the Chancellor has thrown away the last shred of argument by which such extortion might be defended.

This change of front by the Government at the eleventh hour encourages us to hope that it may be worth while to make a final appeal to the working classes, organised or unorganised, to realise the perils of the road along which Mr. Lloyd George is so eloquently beckoning them to follow him to Paradise.

Why is the Fabian Society opposed to the Bill?

First and foremost, because it imposes upon the wage-earners what is in effect a poll tax (i.e., a tax levied irrespective of ability to pay). The total sum to be raised under the Bill is about twenty-five million pounds sterling. Towards this amount, under the head of Sickness Insurance, every working man who is earning not less than 2s. 6d. a day is to contribute 4d. a week, and every woman 3d. a week, which the employer is empowered to deduct from his or her wages before he pays them. The employer himself is in the first instance also to contribute 3d. a week, and the State something like 1s. 4d. In addition to this, every working man in certain trades is to contribute 2½d. a week for the prevention against unemployment, whilst the employers pay 2½d. also and the State 1½d.

To take a concrete case, a builder's labourer earning 18s. a week will find 6½d. deducted from his wages every Saturday, which is equivalent to an Income Tax of over 7d. in the pound. Imagine if you can the wild outcry that would arise from the middle and upper classes if any Chancellor of the Exchequer dared at one blow to make an addition of 7d. to the tax upon their incomes. Yet Mr. Lloyd George not only appears to expect working men to submit to this deduction without complaint, but is surprised and hurt because they are not rapturously grateful.

Altogether it is officially estimated that in the first year the working classes will have to contribute some-what in the nature of a tax of over 4½ per cent. on their wages, a sum which by several millions if we are to allow (1) for the very real possibility in many trades of the employer lowering wages or increasing prices, and so making the workmen pay a substantial proportion of his contributions as well as (2) for the threepence which hundreds of thousands of workers at present customarily receive from their employers during sickness; and (3) for the loss of medical and other assistance at present provided gratuitously by the Municipal and Poor Law authorities. On the other hand, the State contribution must of course be made for the amount by which the more prosperous wage-earners who are already insured in Friendly Societies will be enabled to reduce their voluntary contributions.

This spirited attempt "to feed the dog on his own tail" is surely the climax of Liberal "social reform." Misplaced ingenuity can scarcely go further; unless, indeed, someone is prepared to suggest that the whole sum of the wages of the working classes should be taken from them and, after suitable deductions for "administration," be spent by the State in providing them with as many of the necessaries of life as it will run to. Some such arrangement would be the logical outcome of the principles on which this Bill is founded. In view of the recent much-discussed "Labour Unrest," it should surely be unnecessary to remind the public that the centre already insufficient economic to-day is the problem of how to raise wages all round. We have not yet perhaps a complete solution in terms of practical politics, but it is certainly a condition precedent of any solution that the wages at present paid should be preserved inviolate.

To put the case in a nutshell, if Mr. Lloyd George is not prepared to increase the supertax, then he may as well give up at once all his great schemes of "social reform," for it is the most elementary of economic truths that you cannot mitigate the evils of poverty at the expense of the poor.

If, as this Bill proposes, you deduct 4d. a week from wages which are at present below the minimum necessary to maintain a family in mere physical efficiency, you are in effect imposing a tax of 7d. in the pound on the very industries which are struggling to rear families on wages which are at present below the minimum necessary for the prevention of sickness which affects the working classes, and especially of cases families will be deprived of necessary food. This change of front by the Government at the eleventh hour encourages us to hope that it may be the logical outcome of the principles on which this Bill is founded. In view of the recent much-discussed "Labour Unrest," it should surely be unnecessary to remind the public that the centre already insufficient economic to-day is the problem of how to raise wages all round. We have not yet perhaps a complete solution in terms of practical politics, but it is certainly a condition precedent of any solution that the wages at present paid should be preserved inviolate.

All these objections to a contributory system apply, of course, with redoubled force to the Voluntary scheme of Unemployment Insurance. Deficiency of employment is due to deep-rooted economic causes entirely beyond individual control, and it is impossible to justify any proposal founded upon enforced contributions from the persons immediately concerned.

But, bad as are the Bill's proposals for raising this £25,000,000, its proposals for spending it are still worse. It is now common knowledge that most of the sickness which affects the working classes, and especially the poorest of them, is due to causes such as overcrowding, insufficient nourishment, and lack of medical care and suitable food in childhood, which could be altogether prevented by energetic national action. This large sum of money would go a very long way toward meeting the cost of such action. Under the provisions of the Bill, however, it is all to be dissipated in providing medical treatment and a weekly pittance after the disease has occurred. In its sub-title the Bill is described as a measure for the "prevention of sickness," but the payment of a pittance of 10s. a week, received by earning women and children is alone enough to deprive it of any claim to be taken seriously as a preventive scheme. Moreover, it is obvious on the face of it that sickness insurance can no more prevent sickness than famine. Inevitably, a deduction of 4d. weekly from the wages of all those who are already insured in Friendly Societies will be enabled to reduce their voluntary contributions.
easily verify for himself—is that the scale of "minimum" benefits to be provided, although given throughout, is only equivalent to what any well-managed friendly society can now offer to any young man or woman for 4d.

But the climax of the Bill's many futilities is the fact that there is to be no State guarantee that even these "minimum" benefits will be paid. The amount which the State will provide for the contributors being automatically divided into grades, the highest grade containing the most healthy and well-to-do, and the lowest the casual underpaid worker and the chronic invalid. The benefits paid in the upper grades will be very select—will probably in the long run exceed the Chancellor's "minimum," but passing down the scale to the lower and more needy, the benefits will become less and less until the lowest and probably the far largest grade of all is reached, namely, the "deposit contributors." This unfortunate class of persons, unable through constitutional weakness or prolonged unemployment to gain admission to any friendly society, will have to pay their 4d. a week like everyone else, but in return for it they will get no insurance at all. Their contributions, like everyone else, will be credited to them individually exactly as if it were a savings bank deposit. From this deposit a certain proportion will be deducted annually for medical insurance. It is simply compulsory saving. Worse still, if a "deposit contributor" dies leaving among his descendents the sum standing to his credit is temporarily ex¬empted, his wife will have to go without her maternity benefits. It is only in the last year or two that the weekly contributions will involve, it is hard to find words to describe the iniquity of such a proposal. The great mass of those who can afford to pay contributions at all have already provided for themselves in the existing friendly societies or trade unions. For them it is plain that the Bill, though in some respects advantageous, is quite unnecessary.

On the other hand, to those who do need some help in times of sickness, the Bill offers little or nothing, or even less than nothing. It would be difficult to devise a scheme more faithfully in accord with the scriptural saying, "To him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath," a parable which, after all, whatever its advantage, is not to be taken in its literal meaning as a safe guide to the solution of modern sociological problems.

The insurance of the individual in sickness, unemployment, and motherhood by the community is necessary as a precaution against the extreme poverty of these deposit contributors" and the forced sacrifices that the weekly contributions will involve, it is hard to find words to describe the iniquity of such a proposal. The great mass of those who can afford to pay contributions at all have already provided for themselves in the existing friendly societies or trade unions. For them it is plain that the Bill, though in some respects advantageous, is quite unnecessary.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

CHAOTIC is too mild a word to describe Turkish affairs at the present time. I have received important news from Salonika, which is the real capital of the country. The preponderance of Jews there is as noticeable as ever, and the combination, rare enough in Turkey, of mosques and business houses makes the city an interesting one for the student of international intrigue. Interwoven with the political intrigues, however, is a question which not even the wisest man in Turkey will venture to answer at the present moment. It will be sufficient to say in the meantime that Abdul Hamid and all his satellites were never more detested than the members of the Committee of Union and Progress are at the present moment. From the very beginning of their régime they have marched with unperturbed stupidity from blunder to blunder, and now they have landed the Ottoman Empire in a hopeless mess.

In saying this, I do not intend to contradict what I have already said in former articles about the good points of the Young Turks. I have had occasion to praise them, but on the whole I have had occasion to blush for them, and to是对 them. And the blame must in justice far outweigh the praise. From indications which had already reached diplomatic circles it was clear some months ago that Turkey was breaking up: the only question was how long it would take to shatter the Empire into fragments. This question cannot be answered just yet. All the indications point to another revolution in a few weeks' time, a revolution which will in all probability be followed by anarchy. But Turkey is a Mohammedan country, and in a Mohammedan country one never knows. The spirit of calm fatalism has a way of producing the one great man needful at times when the crisis seems blackest. It is at least noteworthy that, while nearly every statesman and politician worth mentioning in Turkey is talking a great deal and giving long interviews to Pressmen, Mahmoud Shelket Pasha, the War Minister, is alone silent and reserved. He has been blamed for not having heeded certain urgent warnings and sent reinforcements to Tripoli before Italy took her final step: but criticism of this sort has but slight effect upon him. The only question he has caused to be asked is, viz., that the Italians would find it a fairly easy matter to land at Benghazli, but that their landing at Benghazli would be a more difficult task.

The fact is—and it is gradually becoming known, despite the frantic efforts of the Censor—that the Italian losses in connection with their landing at Benghazli were more than twenty times as numerous as had been given out. The authorities admitted twenty-two killed: the actual number was not lower than 450; and the number of wounded was in proportion.

A statement made by Said Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, practically set Turkey up for auction the other day. It was declared in unmistakable terms that Turkey wanted to enter into an alliance, and that her army was at the disposal of the highest bidder. Needless to say, negotiations had been going on behind the scenes before this; but this statement in the Chamber, it was thought, would hurry on those Powers who were supposed to be making up their minds. As a matter of fact, the Powers were merely sitting tight. For Turkey, at the price of her support, naturally wanted somebody to guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and this is just what no Power in Europe is at present disposed to do.

The Young Turks made the mistake of relying too much upon Germany. They borrowed money from France, and their thanks for the assistance received took the form of what "Dizzy" would have called gibes and flouts and sneers—and this even in their semi-official organs, such as the "Tanin." Great Britain, after some difficult negotiations, was instrumental in obtaining for Turkey financial compensation for the loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria. Yet Great Britain was ill repaid in the matter of the Bagdad Railway. For the Young Turks were not relying upon Great Britain and France to come to their assistance in time of trouble; they were relying upon their own army, which the authorities at Wilhelmstrasse never dreamt of sending to their assistance; and upon German finance, which, as they discovered too late, was nonexistent.

These facts are already known to the best-educated classes in Turkey; and to the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, with whom the commerce of the Empire would be in a bad way. There is in consequence a feeling of dissatisfaction with the Young Turk Committee, to express the matter in mild terms. There is also a very natural desire to see some other form of government take the place of this Committee. The Turk will tolerate one grand autocrat—he tolerated Abdul for thirty-three years—but he will not tolerate a handful of men who work in secret. One tyrant is all right; but ten tyrants are all wrong.

Intriguing is the natural result. One party wishes to dethrone the present Sultan, replacing him by the present heir-presumptive, Prince Yusuf-Izzeddin. Others would prefer this young man's brother, Prince Abdul-Medjid. The former is a devoted admirer of the Kaiser, and his influence makes no doubt of the fact that he is to run the Turkish Empire on German, or rather Prussian lines. Abdul-Medjid, on the other hand, would prefer Turkey to be on the side of the Triple Entente. There is yet a third party, a party that would like to bring back Abdul Hamid and trust to his intriguing and cunning to lift Turkey out of the mire.

At present everything points to the victory of the Germanophile party. All the Young Turks admire Germany's forceful methods, even though she has let Turkey down over the Tripoli affair. The army is pro-German, partly because the officers have almost all been trained in Germany, partly because the German officers who came to Turkey to train the men got on very well with them. All the adherents of Abdul Hamid are pro-German, chiefly as the result of their experiences of the former Court.

I can safely say that the Triple Entente Powers do not greatly care for an alliance with either Italy or Turkey. England, for example, is much too weak on land to guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and France has no particular wish to do so. Russia, for her part, is anxious to strengthen her position in Constantinople and the ancient city which Constantinople once more in the hands of those who belong to the Orthodox Greek Church. Again, Austria and Germany are obviously in a much better position to attack Turkey than any of the Triple Entente Powers, and to the observer it would seem to be Turkey's fate to side with the Triple Alliance.

Italy, on the other hand, is of no particular importance. In time of war, for example, it is calculated that a single army corps would be adequate to protect the French border from any hostile action. It is not likely to be a match for our Mediterranean squadron. It must not be overlooked, however, that joint action on the part of Russia and Italy, assuming that Italy came into the Triple Entente, would prevent Austria from helping Germany in the event of a conflict.

I mention these hypotheses because they are being seriously considered at this moment in various Cabinets. What they will amount to is a matter of pure conjecture; for no definite decision regarding them has yet been reached in any quarter. If the Turkish populace can be kept sufficiently abreast of affairs for a few weeks, however, it will be possible to ascertain something further regarding them. It should not be forgotten that the Yemen expects some measure of self-government, and that this is a factor in the situation which may easily react upon Egypt, Macedonia, and Albania.
What keeps the Masses from the Church and Chapel?

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

At the different religious parliaments which the autumn always brings with it, there has of course been raised the inevitable question how to reconcile the doctrines of Revelation with the facts of science. There is a still more pertinent and practical problem always ignored by the managers of these theological conferences, but which admits of being stated in these terms: how, in their daily life, conduct, and conversation, can religious professors harmonise their faith with the smaller moralities of ordinary secular existence. Not, of course, that popular religion can ever give a positive tenet of faith to the rationalist, or a letter of the Seralogic, as regards divine or human duties. On all serious matters those who manage and those who attend divine worship of whatever kind present a scrupulously decent exterior. The age of the passions has perhaps been outlived; or if not, habit and the constraining pressure of public opinion gradually make it no very difficult matter to avoid the scandals which wait upon illicit indulgence. Openly profane persons, declared violaters of all the proprieties, habitual creators of scandals, notorious evil livers of every sort, are as rare among church or chapel people as profligacy, profusion, or un-considered extravagance, is in a well-ordered household. It is not in its relation to the grosser violations of the ethical law (for these, as is now said, seldom occur) that the saints in conference might have considered the expediency of making religion identical with morality. Glaring violations of those Commandments, involving outrage or danger to the social system, bring their own punishment in exciting a horror and reprobation that in effect annihilate or deter offenders. Here, as elsewhere, the need of reconciling the doings of the professedly devout with the moral order in its finer members, delicate manifestations of those from the way which the unco' guid have of compounding for sins they are inclined to by damning those for which they have no mind. If the offences now mentioned against the lesser laws of social ethics could be really "on the strictest q.t.," no particular harm might be done, except, indeed, to the offender. The everyday menace of ill-natured and unfoundedossip, the uncharitable innuendo about one's neighbour, if confined within the family circle or the intimacies of private friendship, are indeed contemptible and unchristianlike enough rather than disastrous to the continuity of social intercourse. But as daily experience shows, there can be no trammelling up, after this fashion, of the consequences. The bird of the air, mentioned in Ecclesiastes, shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. The licence allowed themselves by not only decorous but devout persons in discussing their neighbours, while it destroys the peace of households, spreads bitterness throughout the community. Every syllable uttered at the professional man's table, be he a professional healer of bodies or souls, becomes, within an hour or two afterwards, known to the whole parish or district. In this matter there are no more habitual offenders than the families of excellent clergymen, who, throwing their whole soul into their ministrations and preaching the most delightful sermons on the Pauline panegyric of charity, are surprised and despondent at no visible effect following among their flock.

The Scotch Jew of American extraction is proverbially a hard man to do business with. He is, however, run down in the enthusiasm of the divines of every ecclesiastical school, who really mean well and oftentimes do well to their parishioners, but who cannot resist the temptation to best their own brethren, their curates, or the small farmers to whom they let their glebe at a bargain. Yet all this the clerical bargainers are very likely conducting the affairs of their parish at a loss, and absolutely deny themselves comforts and even necessarily to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry. Alas! the wise man's "bird of the air," which carries and spreads broadcast not only any curse of the rich but any casual utterance, any report of grasping keenness in petty secular transactions, such as fasten on the parson a charge that is an abomination to his cloth, and so to that extent menacing their usefulness. To pass from these narrower experiences to a wider area, what are the impressions gathered by the average layman, on whatever social level, of religion as an operating force in what is known to the Local Government Board as a populous district? Here, in the majority of cases, is an active competition between those who respectively lead the different denominations or the mutually antagonistic sections of the Establishment itself in the place. One set of clerical managers remain loyal, in doctrine and practical conduct, to the dominant theological, if not necessarily in the ascendant during the first half of the Victorian age, but now with such progressive rapidity on the wane as to be nearly obsolete. Opposed to these are the bustling satellites of the Anglo-Catholicism that never calls the religious settlement under the Tudors anything else but the "deformation," that has introduced the mass, made the confessional compulsory, that draws immense congregations, chiefly consisting of idle and inane rich, to a floridly decorated shrine which is to all intents and purposes a Sunday music hall. In one respect, at least, there is only one soul of the provincial Christendom resemble each other—the keenness of their eye to the main chance. The advent to the neighbourhood of a new and wealthy family or individual rouses the mendicant activities of both sides to exercise an enduring energy; it is essential that the strangers come and go to a favourite spa, inland or marine, unnoticed by the gentleman responsible for the cure of souls. But the opulent visitor no sooner sets foot in the place than he is assailed by two armies of importunities kept close to their work by their titular chiefs. In addition to this, the neighbourhood abounds in evangelical or ritualistic amateurs who conduct missions or form brotherhoods and sisterhoods on their own account. Thus day and night the atmosphere of some among the fairest spots on their earth echoes the cry of the daughters of the horse leech, "Give, give!" All this may up to a certain point be inevitable, and money for working expenses is a need of every enterprise, spiritual as well as material. But the glaringly sensational practices now described explain the growing popular sympathy towards the intellectual man's contemptuous pity for the crass illiterate, for the indiscriminately irrational rejection of all supernatural faiths. The concept invariably accompanying ignorance and the conventional agnosticism that Tennyson did much to encourage by dignifying it with the title "honest doubt, containing more of accompanying ignorance and the conventional agnosticism that Tennyson did much to encourage by dignifying it with the title "honest doubt, containing more of
Rural Notes.

Owing to the slackness and bad business methods, not to say worse, of the Board of Agriculture and county councils, the “democratic” land reforms have mostly failed. Only enough has been done here and there to serve as a model for much wider developments. The administration of both the Board and many county councils is tainted with the pettifogging and chicanery that has marred legal and business dealings with small occupiers of land since the Reformation. So much so that in a few cases it amounts to corruption and the denial of justice. The local education authorities credit with its rural supporters. This has not gone unnoticed by Sir Edward Strachey, who has issued an excellent programme, which, unfortunately, comes rather too late to rouse popular enthusiasm. Deeds, not words, will revive confidence. He advocates land purchase by the councils on a large scale to provide small holdings as required and, where they are unsuitable, larger farms as well. Co-operative helps, without which an extended small holdings policy will often fail, are to be encouraged, and more vague views of the local credit societies. Lumberers’ cottages are to be built in large numbers on the Irish plan. So far as it goes, it is very much the same policy that has been advocated in these columns. It would be better if wages could be raised to meet financially profitable rents, rather than that rent control or expropriation schemes should meet low wages. With the type of local body too often met with it would be unwise to restrict the field of co-operative public utility building societies. And it is only half a policy that does raise the low wages of the farm hand south of the Tren. Mr. George Roberts, M.P., endorses Sir Edward’s programme with the addition of Wages Boards and a minimum wage of £1 a week for agricultural labourers. To complete it it requires that the county technical education and works, having certain rights and duties to instruct and supervise the new statutory small holders and land-holding or allotment societies, especially where the Agricultural Labourers’ Mission has not covered the ground. It must be remembered that the Agricultural Organisation Society has not yet covered the ground. Afforestation, unfortunately, has been left out; for sound establishment of a minimum wage without friction.

The Commission is merely an advisory body with power to allot funds to approved schemes, and not an executive authority. Consequently with a bad executive department for its guidance, new laws such as the Board of Agriculture, we are bound in these cases, where no other body capable of producing sound schemes exists, as happens with forestry outside Ireland, to have inadequate schemes or no schemes at all.

I have been asked to criticise the Development Commissioners’ Report. It must be remembered that the Commission is merely an advisory body with power to allot funds to approved schemes, and not an executive authority. Consequently with a bad executive department for its guidance, new laws such as the Board of Agriculture, we are bound in these cases, where no other body capable of producing sound schemes exists, as happens with forestry outside Ireland, to have inadequate schemes or no schemes at all.
of the Council, have not been passed. It was a thoroughly bad scheme, for the small areas forbade an adequate staff, and many councils are apathetic or hostile. Opportunity is now given to the Agricultural Organisation Society to produce a better one, based on the division of the country into sections of grouped counties, each with a committee composed of delegates from the societies and interests affected and responsible to a central authority. As the work has a propagandist as well as a business side, it cannot safely be left to merchant adventurers of local body which represents many powerful hostile interests, though a county council could, if it chose, draw on the society for expert advice and constructive work. On the whole, though not so much has been said about the "general principles" applicable to these educational, research, and co-operation schemes as about those applicable to forestry in Ireland and elsewhere, the Commissioners seem to have done some rather useful work.

* * *

Otherwise in forestry the Commissioners cut pitiable figures. An Irish scheme to spend £110,000 on "certain waste lands suggested as suitable for immediate afforestation" has been cut down to £25,000. Even here they have had to "justify this departure from their general policy." Perhaps the Irish are not so easily taken in by their pompous nonsense about "policy and general principles." Stripped of all verbiage their policy amounts to this: that nothing can be done until additional forestry education has been properly organised. This is not true. There are nine million acres and more on which to select areas "found after inquiry to be suitable for afforestation." It would not take a long inquiry to find ample land to start work on quite a large scale. For instance, there are the water-collecting grounds of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham running into hundreds of thousands of acres, and at the work has already been done. There are plenty of skilled nurserymen and skilled planters in the country. There are many retired Indian and Colonial officers with experience in the preparation and execution of large schemes. The men who will have to learn the tending of these young woods on modern lines can do so at existing centres and as the work proceeds. Trees take longer to educate than young men. There is no reason at all why afforestation should not begin at once on an adequate scale, except that land has not yet been surveyed and put in order. The reasons for delay are purely political. Territorial magnates do not intend to give up control of large areas of land to the Government. They will be the sole employers of all the young foresters to be educated. They will not get working men who have been trained expensively for them by the State and in controlling experts' opinion by making them absolutely dependent on them for a living. The list of witnesses examined proves this charge up to the hilt. With the exception of Mr. A. C. Forbes for Ireland (always an exception), there is not a single trained forester amongst them and no unbiased expert. Needless to say that the Board of Agriculture produced a miserable scheme for England to cost £9,000 a year. This was in March last, and although the details were promised long ago they have not been published yet; they can be nothing but a fraud to be proud of.

AVALON.

The Gospel of the Body and Face. By Dr. G. T. Wrench. The Greeks in the pre-Socratic days believed that the strong and beautiful character was the expression and accompaniment of the strong and beautiful face and body. This is the gospel of the body, that words and ideas and expressions are inseparably united to faces and bodies and minds; that a man gives. If he has symmetry of face and form he can give symmetry. If he has power as well, he can give symmetry and power to the world. He can be a ruler, a constructor, and perhaps a great ruler. If he has pride of carriage, he can give that which shall make others proud. All such genuine gifts as a man can give he must first possess in his own body and face.

If it is no new creed, the old is not yet obsolete, but it is almost obscured in these days. It is the creed of the eye that is able to judge the character from the face, and is not deceived by the tongue that too often simulates the qualities the body lacks. I am forced in expounding it to that which is dubbed bad taste. But I ask, who created it bad taste? It was not bad taste in the best Greek period. Who, then, have created it bad taste but those who feared to be judged by it? Socrates, one thinks, would account it bad taste. Socrates belonged to the degenerate age of Greece, and, therefore, his was a leader and mouth-cut, summed up in his body and face the Zeitgeist. The spirit of the times was ugly and ungainly, and therefore it found its embodiment in the ungainly and ugly Socrates. Consequently the teaching of Socrates tended to make the world lose shape. Ugliness is ever critical and envious of beauty. Hence the age of which Socrates was the mouthpiece was one in which nobler natures retired from public life, in which the social fabric lost shape in the hands of mob democracy and philosophy took the place of criticism took the place of the artistic creation of the previous and nobler period.

In fact, according to the gospel of the body, it may be said that destructive reformers are always ugly, constructive reformers beautiful. It is no accident that the two greatest destructive reformers of our era, Charles and Luther, were amongst the ugliest of men; nor is it an accident that Alexander was like a Greek god, that Caesar pleased so well physically that he was called the "father of all men and the husband of all women, that Mohammed surrounded people with his beauty and won doubting Medina by his glancing and virile dignity, that Goethe seemed like a Greek god to those who saw him, that Nietzsche's face makes one gasp at its creative austerity.

Who can doubt that Mr. Balfour embodies in his body and face the waning of aristocracy, of noble thought and cultured manner? Manners and morals are both social, but manners are positive: they please and increase fellowship, whereas morals are negative, they correct and limit. An artistic, beautiful, yea-saying age is distinguished by its manners; a negative, lower-class age by its morals. The leader of the Opposition represents the decaying remnant of more cultured dominance. His grace of movement in Parliament is unapproached by those of any other member I have seen and heard. It is just what one expects of a man who has chosen his face has the symmetry and beauty of a well-shaped body. Aristocracy and sinewy vigour appear. If a man is unstrung.

The two most notable opponents of his are striking contrasts to him. I saw one walking in the park during one of the last session, a meddlesome busybody, whose name I cannot remember, walking in the park during last session, a meddlesome busybody, whose name I cannot remember, walking in the park during last session, a meddlesome busybody, whose name I cannot remember, walking in the park during last session, a meddlesome busybody, whose name I cannot remember. His grace of movement in Parliament is unapproached by those of any other member I have seen and heard. It is just what one expects of a man who has chosen his face has the symmetry and beauty of a well-shaped body. Aristocracy and sinewy vigour appear. If a man is unstrung.

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There are in the world a great many weak men to the few strong. In patriarchal and real aristocratic societies, the few strong look after the weak in all things. They and custom dictate what the weak shall do in the world, as well as men of their class, as well as men of their lives. They look after them and give them safety in return for obedience and service. But in the present democracy freedom of choice is given to each man, a freedom only limited by law and by the constant danger of failing or becoming one of the negated competitors of the day. Consequently the weak have a chance to choose their own careers, their wives, their homes. Their response to these demands of life is that of the weak. They are irritable instead of serene, they are
self-conscious instead of spontaneous, and they desire to be free of all bonds and responsibilities. Their response to life is that of the impotent in its mastery, and their prophet is the prophet of impotence, Mr. Bernard Shaw. The ideal of the body and face proves them its embodiment. He is their headpiece and mouthpiece. The long face, lengthened by the unkempt beard, shows as its chief expression that of fretful irregularity and nervous self-consciousness, and fed by excelling cleverness, naturally attains to a dominant leadership amongst the many people in these days whose weakness makes them irritable and whose lack of adaptation makes them self-conscious. Were they in their rightful place, namely in the wilderness of life, there would be little demand for Mr. Shaw.

I do not write this in bitterness, but as a diagnostic of what may be learnt from the faces and bodies of the leaders or notable men amongst a people. Mr. Shaw voices the desire of the vast number of free, weak people, who want every responsibility destroyed. They fear the responsibility of marriage, for example, and lay demands of sex. They run away from them. They would have everything intellectual or spiritual, not bodily. They show the body as Christianity teaches the many people in these days whose weakness makes it impossible, and whose lack of adaptation makes them self-conscious. Were they in their rightful place, namely amongst the wilderness of life, there would be little demand for Mr. Shaw.

He, the superintendent of Shaw's play, is terribly frightened of sex. It brings with it so many obligations. This garrulous, brainy superman is chased over Europe by the dreadful woman who wants to marry him. He runs away, and a creed of peaceful anarchy? He is ignored, and more especially when the pagan joyousness of his youth turned with manhood to destructive and constructive power and will. For he was virile and creative, not famed, as was Shaw's hero, for running away from woman, but crying out:

O, as I hold you in my arms and feel
Your bosom beat, I think that everything
Might share together the ecstasy of love.

He was a master mind, a ye-sayer to life and a lover of the quality and beauty that strict and prolonged discipline alone can produce. He was a man such as now is almost unknown, a man to whom life meant the living and dominance of noble, creative and generous qualities.

I am by nature tolerant and mild,
Gracious, affectionate, noble—like a king.

Only as such could he live, for such only was he. And when he found the atmosphere poisoned for all high and noble natures, he turned in anger, for he found:

Within me weighs and works
The terrible commission to undo
The world that is

The terrible commission to undo
The world that is and be despotic for the world's behoof.

He is unread, and a world, believing in soul and brain as apart altogether from the body, is willing to believe that good can come from acid irritability, or shapeless geniality. But one such as John Davidson would be only recognised in a world that believed in the gospel of the face and body, such an age as the best age of the Greeks or the Tuscan Renaissance. An age that does not believe in it will ignore him, and will, in consequence, find that symmetry, order, beauty and power, the gifts alone of living bodies possessing such qualities, are wholly lost unto it.
Art and Drama.
By Huntly Carter.

Out of a union of the Classic and Modern the new Romantic Drama will be born. The new form will be a development on heroic and artistic lines of the modern psychological highly individualised drama. It will avoid both the present drama of the drags and the prevailing and banal method of slowly overcoming the unconscious with sentimental colour. The intelligent pioneers of the artistic movement in the theatre appear to be aware of the need of a new form of drama. They complain they cannot get appropriate plays. Their grievance has broken them into two camps—those that apparently have no idea of breeding a new race of dramatists and those that have an idea of the sort.

"Rialon," the wordless play at the Coliseum, nicely illustrates the method of the first group. "Rialon" is the modern lust of perversion, ugliness tricked out in the rags and bones of the purveyor of dramatic garb: the facile street-walker and her apache accomplice and their victim, the romantic nobleman, possessed of a spirit of chivalry and a resolve to defend it. Such naivety is the naive compound.

Apprentice artistically had but little use for this ignoble stuff; for the treatment they have given it is flimsy. Perhaps they were irritated because the play begins with an epilogue. They saw it was clearly impossible to expand a strange animal that was running about with its tail in its mouth. Consequently they decided to suggest how it might, under normal conditions, be given expansion and then leave it. So each scene looks as though someone has taken a colour seed and planted it in the bed of darkness, and all through one waits for the buds and blossom that never come. Here, in the first scene, is the seed of the con-spiracies which the restlessness of the cadmium curtains on the screen representing the exterior of the cabaret, and the activity of the reddish-yellow light of the lamp over the greenish road tent, the whole thing steadied and held together by that tall blue lamp rearing itself calmly centered. It is the same with the wedding scene—there is the seed of something in the row of yellow altar lights and the dim figures crumpled in deathly darkness.

In "Sumurûn," which illustrates the method of the second group, that of presenting primitive passions in a simplified, but high-coloured atmosphere, the seeds are beginning to shoot. But this is not enough. The flowers should be there expanding throughout the whole of the scenes. As it is, the play gives us but brief moments of colour glory, a flash of rockets, a Catherine wheel or two, coloured crackers, the odds and ends of a very brilliant pyrotechnic display jumping ineffectively within confined spaces. All this is emphasised in the full version at the Savoy Theatre.

The dearth of modern plays suitable for treatment by artists is not alone the cause of the production of fantasies like "Sumurûn." Another cause is the fact that the modern search for a means of making the audience a part of the action of the drama. This search is one of the principal objects of Professor Reinhardt and his distinguished groups of collaborators, the seriousness of whose aims has called forth a fortnightly sheet devoted to the explanation and propagation of their ideas. Thus, in number two of the "Blatter des Deutschen Theaters," edited by Felix Hollandet and Arthur Kahane, and published by Eric Reiss, Berlin, there is an article by Professor Kahane entitled "Glossen zum Theater der Fünftausend," in which the idea of intimacy is dealt with. The pursuit of it has carried Professor Reinhardt back to the Greeks, and we find him in their vast circus striving to bring the audience into theiminal scenes of the drama nearer the public. Of course, in this he is merely demonstrating the present tendency of the Church to enter the Theatre, and the use in the latter place by cultured men of the magic element of intimacy in an endeavour to carry out what the French have called the purifying influence of the circus drama. This means that the old form of Shakespearean representation is no longer desirable. Shakespeare, like the older dramatists, was concerned with building up a mosaic amid which the soul or spirit of the drama was indistinguishable. The new dramatist will be concerned with the psychological line, the unifying thread upon which he will concentrate and so rescue human conditions and transform as by magic more or less indefinite life-forms into clearly defined, unified and illuminating ones.

The right use of Shakespeare is to be found at His Majesty's Theatre in the production of "Macbeth." Artistically considered, it is a great advance on previous productions. The treatment is rightly simple and severe. We are made to feel the presence of those big elemental forces sweeping through space which Shakespeare loved; while more than one scene testifies to a keen appreciation of its essential mood. The sleep-walking scene is admirable in its simplicity. The long sweep of the stairs is a fitting accompaniment to the dramatic garb: the facile street-walker and her apache accomplice and their victim, the romantic nobleman, possessed of a spirit of chivalry and a resolve to defend it. Such naivety is the naive compound.

The misuse of Shakespeare may be seen at the New Theatre, where "Romeo and Juliet" has been butchered out of this bode-podge of setting, singing, and acting were the impression of Mr. Louis Calvert's fat mercurial Mercutio, played under disadvantages, and an infernal headache.
THREE POEMS.

By Francis Burrows.

PUPPETRY.

COME, come, and see the puppets play
Who in the flowers make holiday,
For they have marched beyond the town,
Out through the yellow, green and brown,
Out over fields and roads and streams,
While all-bemused their master dreams.

At noon upon the tavern bench
He sat to chatter with the wench,
And plumb the measure of his glass
As that his daily custom was;
But, overcome by summer-heat,
Though play was balled, and shed well-filled,
He slept unshaken on his seat.

The puppets thus not finding him
Returned to hour true and trim.
(Their master ne'er before forgetful),
Grew quickly peevish, hot and fretful.

Heads wagged, hands twitched, and eyelids blinked,
Knees groaned, feet shuffled, shoulders clinked,
Until the boldest of them durst
Attempt the door. When out they burst
With angular and stubborn pace,
Through city-gates and far away
To where they now make holiday,
A mile from where their master snores,
A lusty band of scores and scores.

Who then is he so brave who leads
His glittering host on dappled steeds,
The bravest of them, all his own,
'To where they now make holiday,
Greeting imperial proffer her
Nay, he has been all these and more,
Who then is he so brave who leads
Their friends once buried with them as the needs
Of the after-life, there to hunt and to slay with
And from his rushes springing swat with fright,
And many more. And many a grunt and growl
And many a sniff and sob and snore,
And often one awakes, and blinks, half speaks,
And yawns and licks and blows upon his cheeks.

Seeking for the noonday moon
Now all forget the chance of war,
And terror left him.

But woke on the same bench of deal.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

There is a cave beneath the throne of grace
In solernnest meeting the cattle are lowing,
Heroes, only not immortal,
And from his rushes springing swat with fright,
Now dawn refills her censer of gold,
And often one awakes, and blinks, half speaks,
And many more. And many a grunt and growl
And many a sniff and sob and snore,
And yawns and licks and blows upon his cheeks.

Pure spirits laugh, and with a kindly eye
The father views their rough-haired majesty.

You manifest to us too clear
Our thoughts as varied as the hours.
You who of mankind are the flowers,
And leaves the earth cold as she walks on the hills,
And chants as she spills the savour untold;
And from his rushes springing swat with fright,
And many more. And many a grunt and growl
And many a sniff and sob and snore,
And yawns and licks and blows upon his cheeks.

DAWN.

Now dawn refills her censer of gold,
And leaves the earth cold as she walks on the hills,
And chants as she spills the savour untold;
And from his rushes springing swat with fright,
And many more. And many a grunt and growl
And many a sniff and sob and snore,
And yawns and licks and blows upon his cheeks.

The cocks are all crowing, the wet fleeces are bleating,
Dawn's blossoms afloat far out at sea catches,
Now dawn refills her censer of gold,
And leaves the earth cold as she walks on the hills,
And chants as she spills the savour untold;
And from his rushes springing swat with fright,
And many more. And many a grunt and growl
And many a sniff and sob and snore,
And yawns and licks and blows upon his cheeks.

The sails in which he sails upon the ocean
Now dawn refills her censer of gold,
And leaves the earth cold as she walks on the hills,
"Well done is your work, ye stars and thou star, Kind helpers ye are of my hands in the dark, Ye foes of the murk, my friends from afar!"

Thus he sees the light when the shadows defeat And in ruin retreated; and a few stars calm At the bounds of their realm as sentinels seated. So the heaven is brightened, so the darkness fails, And the mariner's sails are kindled and whitened, And with a heart lightened the glory he hails. "The sun's sea is sped on the flood of the sky, And the heavens high drip yellow and red With the foam that is spread as his keel rolls by." Then he stands awhile gazing (his heart well pleased) At what man, bird, and beast are in unison praising, The half-displayed blazing sun's edge in the east.

Present-Day Criticism.

What drives Herr Trechmann to so boresomely split. . . .

Sainte-Beuve in his essay on Rivarol quotes a passage that raised enmity, "'wasps' stings," against Rivarol to the end of his days: "A man has the spirit of criticism only when he is sufficiently well endowed not only the faculty of distinguishing the beauties and defects of the productions he criticises, but a soul that is impassioned for the former and angered by the latter, a soul that is charmed by the beautiful, carried away by the sublime, and that, in general, agrees with mediocrity, brands it with its disdain or crushes it with its indifference. . . . It is time," Rivarol counselled further, "for many a journal to change its principle: they should observe in their praise the same sobriety that nature observes in the production of great talents, and cease to be traps for false excellence.

The condition of English literature to-day is precisely similar to the condition in France in Rivarol's day. It is the time of mediocrities and minor writers, multiplied, in our case, as the wasps of last summer when no rain fell to swell them as did the French had, an academy of rightful influence to keep the swarm at least out of the inner court, nor have we had recently the best substitute for that true academy which we may not hope to possess, namely, a group of active and incorruptible critics, Nil desperandum! Everyone just now is "longing" for Lord Rosebery's "honey and Mitchell Library. The spark there generated may not set the British Museum in conflagration, but it should do better than that. It should alight some fires of criticism. The dictum of a man of taste will be recognised by men of taste everywhere; and since we have not yet "rattled back to barbarism," there are still, even in England, men of taste, though silent hitherto, and indifferent. Their silence of indifference is now broken, and well broken; indifference is not so efficacious to correct our native mediocrity as defects of bad taste in a nation of half-educated persons; and the need for correcting our national bad taste becomes clear at once when artists, directly or indirectly, declare themselves unable to create amid the prevalent atmosphere of mediocrity. Mediocrity is not a product to treat with indifference, but to destroy wherever possible; everywhere and entirely is not possible! It can only, like other benevolent despots, leave much to itself; it will choke the harvest. It is most dangerous when it resembles the real: in literature, when it adopts the form and manner of great works; we have long endured the plague of this; our literature is near dead of it. . . . Sainte-Beuve, in the so-called beautiful poetry which is nothing but form and sound, lest it be taken for true poetry and usurp its place, lest it disguise and destroy in people's minds the divine reality."

Few, if any, great artists and critics that ever lived have expressed their hatred of mediocrity more vividly. From Pindar to Dryden the deft sicken has been handed down; and it is time now to wield it again, for we are sunk amidst such a formidable growth of mediocrities writers as the world has certainly never before wit-nessed. In mere number they are practically countless; and artists are yet as rare as when they could reckon the heads of their enemies. All to be done is to smite the worst of these, the most influential of mediocrities and their laudatory reviewers.

From Lord Rosebery to Mr. James Douglas may seem too far altogether for mortal communion. It is all the way from Tasteful Tastes to Mr. Douglas' judgment, in consequence, on irresponsibility. Yet in a flight of his spirit, that Spirit which he is tireless in calling from its vasty shallows, Mr. Douglas recently found himself on the same platform as the noble critic. True, the critic had left the platform when anyone's disposal; but the place was yet warm, and presumably Mr. Douglas glowed. At any rate, he, too, announced that we have a superfluity of books. He, too! As if not to leave Mr. Gosse either without a parrot, he positively advised us all to burn our books! He "wholly and heartily agrees with Mr. Gosse. Literature is being smothered by the hideous and horrible deadweight of books that are not books." Here we would ask: "How does Mr. Douglas know that?" He proceeds: "No book is too bad to be printed and published, and the worst books are those that are only books that are not books. And if we have nothing to ask. To ask how Mr. Douglas knows that the books the public wants are the worst books would be to shatter our confirmed opinion of his sincerity. Long ago we decided that humanity could not endure, even in itself, such a load of humbug as Mr. Douglas would have us believe if he were not so sincere. Invariably as the worst books were published, stamped with "so-called beauty, semblances of the real, nothing but form and sound," this man acclaimed each one as a new masterpiece. He has publicly applauded more mediocrites than any single reviewer in England, probably in the world. That these bad books were what the public wanted could not have been his inducement to praise them: no mortal man could so long have borne the strain of servility.

No! he did not know they were bad, he really thought they were good, rich, fresh, thrilling, soaring, exultant masterpieces. They bit into his brain, they cut to his bone, they kept him up all night and had his hairs on end and his soul enthralled until the very last page. Therefore he needs to be told now that his praise of books is bound to be bad in influence. Long ago we decided that humanity could not endure, even in itself, such a load of humbug as Mr. Douglas would have us believe if he were not so sincere. Invariably as the worst books were published, stamped with "so-called beauty, semblances of the real, nothing but form and sound," this man acclaimed each one as a new masterpiece. He has publicly applauded more mediocrities than any single reviewer in England, probably in the world. That these bad books were what the public wanted could not have been his inducement to praise them: no mortal man could so long have borne the strain of servility. An impudent circular has come our way, sent—why on earth to the "Evening News" by the managing editor of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd. A page from the "Evening News" is enclosed as a specimen of the way they undertake "to sell books rather than to criticise them." We are invited to display the page in our office window and so encourage them "to continue educating the public to buy books rather than borrow them." In effect we are to combine with the A.N. to trap the innocent into buying books uncritised! What an idea! They say they will be glad of our views upon this "new departure." Well, here they are: We consider it entirely disgraceful. The page of the "Evening News" begins with an exhortation to the "young fellow" not to be bullied out of reading what he likes, and, naturally, after so jolly a piece of advice, the huckster (Mr. Arthur Machen) may safely mention "The New Age," by the manager of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd. A page from the "Evening News" will even good money buying old rubbish like "Don Quixote" when he can choose "what he likes" from the flanking publishers' advertisements: Nat Gould's Sixpenny Novels, published by Mr. John Long; "A Jilt's Journal," by Rita, published by the same; "Adventures of a Devil Honeymoon," by Lady X. Messrs. Long, Stanley Paul, Chatto and Windus, Andrew Melrose, Gay and Hancock, and William Rider are the main pillars of this mind-offending mart.
The Mating of Gwendolen.

Mrs. Vere Jenkyns and her daughter Gwendolen were sitting in the Park.

It was a favourite form of recreation with these ladies during the season, one involving no discomfort, no expense, yet imparting a pleasant feeling of being in touch with Society.

"We have been sitting in the Park." It always sounds well and has an agreeable flavour of smartness.

So they were sitting in the dusty folds of fashion, in very large hats and very small shoes and a great amount of cheap lace, the mother a faded edition of the daughter, gazing intently at the ceaseless procession of carriages, or rather at the women in them.

Occasionally, the utterer of a resigned shrug of her shoulders.

"Not so bad, that.

"What a divine hat!"

"Simply duckie!"

But for the most part they indulged in scornful criticism of the dowdy and ill-dressed.

"Good heavens, Gwendolen! That hat!"

"And that face!"

"And the awful man! Could you picture yourself with him, Gwen?"

Not so bad, that.

"Not for the sake of the turn-out, mother, and I'd stand a good deal for the sake of that!"

Thus Gwendolen cultivated cheap cynicism.

"Don't forget Jimmy could afford something quite as good as that," Mrs. Vere Jenkyns said quickly.

But Gwendolen replied:

"Do look at that fat woman in purple! How can she?"

"I think, darling, you and I would look quite as well as most of these," Mrs. Vere Jenkyns sighed.

"Oh! why is it so unjust in this world? People like that and we here? I often wonder why all these things are permitted. And how we should appreciate it! You, darling, were made, just made for riches. And ought to have them. Why, oh! why is it so unjust in this world?"

Mrs. Vere Jenkyns, as she always did when demanding solutions to problems of this nature, cast pale blue men as to why Providence did not make it bigger.

"Resigned shrug of her shoulders."

Then a tense whisper from Gwendolen:

"Mother, there's William Waller!"

Swell-bound, hypnotised, they gazed at the popular actor, who spoke to some friends, crossed the Row, disappeared up a side path in the most natural manner conceivable.

Gwendolen's face flushed pink, her heart beat quite quickly beneath her lace blouse, for, as she herself admitted, she was very smitten on William Waller. In fact, both ladies (as might be seen by a dainty badge dangling from their bracelets) were members of the W.W.W., the Worshippers of William Waller being a society numbering twelve chosen, enthusiastic female worshippers, chiefly from the suburbs.

For a time they were wrapt in the glory of this vision.

"He looks at you, Gwen. I distinctly saw him notice you. . . But I did!" Mrs. Vere Jenkyns assured her daughter.

"What's the good, mother? We shall never know him," said Gwendolen, the corners of her mouth drooping again.

"Come, darling, it's getting late, and you know Jimmy's coming in this evening. We must go home in our motor," said the mother, playfully alluding to the West Kensington 'bus.

They rose, throwing away the chair tickets with nonchalance, and walked away in a dignified saunter.

Home was a tiny flat in Kensington which Mrs. Vere Jenkyns had been led to Quarry Bay, thereby creating dire confusion in the minds of errand-boys and unaccustomed visitors.

The drawing-room showed a prevailingly pink note, a bewildering litter of cushions, flimsy draperies, with basket-chairs as islands of refuge. The inevitable draped piano formed a convenient shelf for cheap knicknacks and photos. Photos, indeed, were everywhere, framed, unframed; photos of the ladies themselves (Mrs. V. J. in hopeless melancholy, Gwendolen amiable, yet arch), of friends, of actors. Above all a signed photo of the Worshipped One, presented by a self-effacing member of the W.W.W.

In the evening a deeper glow of rose pink was diffused by a tall lamp with an enormous pink shade. And in the midst of all the rosiness, in the most comfortable basket chair, sat Jimmy.

Jimmy was a plump little man, not yet fat, but distinctly in the prime of life, on the Stock Exchange, and his was the kind of face which imperatively demands a beard. There was nothing objectionable about Jimmy, he was rather amiable, rather voluble, rather fond of calling herself "ladylike." The thing was this: he wasn't a man (a rather spiteful member of the W. circle had said this). More like a lapdog—and a mongrel at that.

"But useful to have round," Gwendolen admitted, when they went to the theatre, or paid for taxis, or bought chocolate and flowers.

Jimmy sipped whisky and soda and gave Mrs. Vere Jenkyns (who sat in another basket chair with her feet up) some tips from the Stock Exchange about her little fluctuations, whilst Gwendolen tinkled on the undraped portion of the piano and sang "Grey Eyes," "Pale hands pink tipped," "Nevertheless . . ."

She was wondering why real men, really interesting men, who take the centre of the stage and make love in a masterful way, why such men never came into West Kensington. So few girls in Gwendolen's set knew any men at all. Some were quite eiusious even of Jimmy—Jimmy, who was at all events useful if nothing else. If Jimmy's usefulness could be incarnated in a more dashing personal appearance! Oh, well! She gave her resignation! But the impossible, for at twenty-seven Gwendolen had found out that many desirable things are impossible.

It was a pity, she saw it clearly, Jimmy could never be anything but one of the minor parts, as it were, one of those round around and seldom have a line, if, indeed, they do not provide (unintentional) comic relief.

Jimmy, sipping whisky and soda, was feeling very much at home.

These women were the sort one liked to have about one, easily managed, with a pleasingly feminine atmosphere of frills and fripperies. Nothing strong-minded or of the suffragette. Gwendolen made an effect of prettiness (being in reality a thin and sharp-featured blonde) by fair hair waved and "treated" to its utmost capacity, to accent of picturesque fluffiness, rustling draperies, jingling ornaments. Jimmy liked fluffy, jingling, rustling women.

The pink glow, the sugary love songs, the feminine atmosphere—Jimmy felt like a gracious and powerful sultan. Yes, the little girl would suit him down to the ground.

Gwendolen, looking across from the piano, saw him talking confidentially to her mother in a low voice. They were looking benevolently, indulgently at her, the sort of look one casts on a shy child who keeps aloof, but befriends it (some aghast) till. Gwendolen knew quite well what the look meant. Then Jimmy broke off, suddenly remembering a cheque which must be sent off that evening. In a very easy business-like way he coolly filled in a cheque in three figures; he gave a wonderful sense of power and command to see how carelessly he did it, just as if a cheque in three figures was nothing!
Gwendolen was impressed as her fingers strayed lightly over the “Waltz Dream.” It must be very pleasant to have lots of money (this was the eternal refrain of mother and daughter), to be somebody, not to have to toil and sweat, to hire a house, and one could get to know lots of “interesting” people. . . . Jimmy really knew quite a lot of actors and singers, for instance. . . . Gwendolen longed to know “artistic” and “interesting” people.

Later they were all three in a mellow atmosphere, vaguely smoky, vaguely animated by the sugary love ditties, by little sips of whisky and soda. After all, Jimmy was a man. He sat smoking at his ease (smoking is certainly a masculine attribute, and Jimmy was fond of smoking). Gwendolen finished her playing and closed the piano.

Mrs. Vere Jenkyns was admiring something which Jimmy was showing her. “Exquisite! I never saw anything lovelier. And the setting! And what a perfectly wonderful stone! Come, Gwend, come and look.”

It was a diamond ring, a lady's ring. The two women added jewel and glove. Mrs. Vere Jenkyns was arch, simpering, discreet, all in one.

“Will it fit? I don’t know. You’d better find out,” she said encouragingly. “She’ll be a lucky woman who gets that! Eh, Gwend? Try it on, dear, just to see. No—the other finger—that finger, goosey.”

And Gwendolen lit on the third finger of her left hand and looked lovingly at it, whilst her mother and Jimmy smiled.

“It looks fine now,” said Jimmy, significantly, taking the hand in a soft yet confident pressure. And Gwendolen let it stay.

With a certain pleasure she realised that she was engaged to be married.

“Mouche.”

Bergson Lecturing.

Or course, I know that the crisis I am about to describe depends on the things that preceded it. It wouldn't have been so serious if it were not for that. But everything seemed to lead up to it. My mind was too much prepared. I had been told, in the first place, that the lectures would be for advanced students only. Then when I applied for a ticket I received a note asking for full particulars of my qualifications. This increased my impression of the “advanced” character of what I was going to hear. The approaches to the lectures seemed to be as well guarded as those to a harem. I thought I was in for something very esoteric indeed. I expected to find at the entrance to the hall a guard of the university eunuchs, and that my approach would be the signal for the officer's command, “Present test papers!” I meditated getting in the night before through a window and hiding under the platform.

Well, here I am, I have got in; I won't say how I got in, but I am in—that's the main fact. I look round and find that my speculations about the harem have at least this basis of fact—that nine people out of ten present here are women, most of them with their heads lifted up in the kind of "Eager Heart" attitude, which resembles nothing so much as the attitude of my kitten when gently waking up from sleep; it throws back its head and draws in, with an appearance of contemplation, a new smell from the higher air. The terrifying thought came into my head: If these are the elect, these the picked ones, what were the rejected like?

When I had finished these charitable reflections, and while engaged in the operation of leisurely survey, all unconscious of any danger, I was suddenly struck down by a most profound fit of depression. I went through a crisis which, from its suddenness and unpleasantness, I can only compare to the descriptions given by James of the preliminary state to the phenomena of religious conversion in the "Varieties of Religious Experience." I suddenly experienced a most remarkable fit of the profoundest and blackest scepticism—a scepticism that cut right down to the root of every belief that I had hitherto fancied I held as certain and fixed.

I proceed to describe it in detail. My description may be rather incoherent as the experience is too recent for it to be legitimately described as "emotion remembered in tranquillity." I begin as James would do with my state of mind before the crisis.

Being a Tory by disposition, I have a horror of change and a desire for a fixed and solid system of beliefs. Unfortunately, materialism—the only belief in the region of philosophy which seems to have any kind of fixity—is one that is repugnant to me. All the systems which profess to meet materialism seem to be vague and flimsy. This is a position I could not be satisfied with. I was left then in a position of indefiniteness that I could not permanently support. I must find salvation in fixity of some kind. I finally found what I wanted in Bergson. The beliefs I got there seemed to be such a change that I could set my belief in fixity round them. I then determined to "settle." Every other belief crystallised round this.

I became a disciple in the full sense of the word. So much did he strike me, right in the centre of the mind, that I find it difficult to express my own individual ideas except through an atmosphere which has been formed in me by constant thinking over his phraseology and the set of conceptions in which his thought habitually works. His phraseology formed, indeed, the edifice of my fixed beliefs, so to speak, and I expected every catastrophe of argument, I should not have been plunged into any very profound scepticism. My belief in the reality of solidity would not have been disturbed, because my solid belief would only have been removed by an equal solidity in the way of force. But this did not occur. What did occur was something infinitely more disturbing. The whole edifice of my fixed beliefs, so laboriously constructed, was overturned by a trifling fact. I had been sitting in this hall and felt the almost physical sensation produced by the presence all round me of several hundred people filled with exactly the same kind of attitude towards Bergson as my own, than I experienced a complete reversal of feeling. I was immediately repulsed by what before had attracted me. I was filled by a sentiment of most profound disgust and depression. My mind began at once, almost unconsciously, to feel that what these people thought about Bergson was entirely wrong. More than that I felt there was no further belief that Bergson himself was wrong. The whole structure of beliefs so carefully constructed fell down like a house of cards. Something inside me determined, quite independently of my volition, that it would set about and prove that in Bergson was not the "truth," but a bubble soon to be burst. What these people agreed on could not be right. It is not in the nature of truth to be grasped so easily or so enthusiastically. This was most profoundly depressing, not
so much because it destroyed a particular set of fixed beliefs, but because it destroyed, so it seemed to me, the possibility of any "fixed" belief. It was the mere accidental fact that several hundred people share your belief destroys it automatically, then obviously the phrase "fixed belief" can never have the meaning we generally attribute to it. This feeling had cut down then the feeling of repugnance to the mob, and one could never be sure of any belief. It leads to the most persistent, thorough-going scepticism. All "solidity" in a belief seems not a real quality of that belief, but an accidental quality which gets attached to it by outside circumstances. It would be a temporary quality attaching to belief at the time of one's first discovery of it, and which would pass with time and the spreading of the idea. Solidity would then be an illusion of a similar kind to that pursued by Don Juan. As a wise man once remarked, "I can never hope to attain in the future any "solidity" of belief. It is necessarily only a temporary illusion attaching to the moment of arrival. Now this would be an intolerable opinion. It is too thorough-going a scepticism for mental equilibrium."

There is another obvious and simple reason for one's change of mind—that I was formerly in the position of a man who had a patent, and this patent had now run out. There was no longer any mild kind of distinction in knowing of someone of whom the rest were ignorant. This, of course, is one of the most deep-rooted sentiments of the mind, and no one can escape from it as far as I can see. Voltaire was too anxious to talk about Shakespeare as long as he was the only man in France who had heard of him; but when some other poor creature came back from London and began to rhapsodise, the whole situation changed; Shakespeare was then "the monster," etc.

But even when the effect of these two motives is debited, there is still something left over which must be accounted for. What is the reason of this extraordinary distaste we feel for sharing even our most cherished beliefs with a crowd? It seems as if we had a kind of physical repugnance to such polyandry—a kind of instinctive repugnance. This is not at all the kind of thing that ought to take place. We ought to be pleased at the spread of truth. As Mr. Chesterton somewhere says—and it shows how depressed I am when I discend to quotation from that particular source—"A real religion is that in which any two solitary people might suddenly say the same thing at the same moment."

My feelings at the present moment point decidedly in another direction. It seems as if our feelings were as valuable as they distinguish one from the people we dislike. The motive behind all writing and all invention of ideas would seem merely to be that of drawing a complicated line which shall definitely mark one off from the type of men one stands. The separation seems to be the important thing; the ideas are only means to that end. They serve as an elaborate kind of fence. The classic example of this kind of thing is, of course, the Thirty-nine Articles. I can never read that misunderstood work of genius without a thrill of admiration. I feel in it the genius of the race. It is the expression of a type of mind which, in my present mood, I thoroughly understand. The truth of this view seems confirmed by the fact that where you have no enemy, there you have no precision of definition, for there you have no need of a fence. If one pursues the thing one is interested in, the increase is not merely a fundamental law of thought, and not as a mere fallibility of human nature. One might assert that, as a matter of metaphysical truth, the feeling of repugnance was prior and more fundamental than any mere theory.

However, this is a most regrettable situation. I am being under a pressure not to bring this up. I am far more thorough than any of those from which I had fled in the first instance. Something must be done to avoid this kind of thing. Can I draw from it any lesson for future guidance? I think I can. The first thing is to recognise I have been exposed to this awful situation by the fact that 400 people have been allowed to come together to listen to a philosopher.

This is the source of all the evil. In doing this a fundamental law of human nature has been overlooked. The type of mind represented by my childish repugnance at this moment is not new. It has always existed, and it has always been provided for. The ancients knew what they were about. They never allowed these kinds of emotions to come to the surface. They prevented it by a most simple device, which will be necessary for us to return to if we are to extricate ourselves from this most dangerous form of scepticism. They knew how foolhardy it was to violate the Cosmos's feelings of delicacy. Violate that delicacy by bringing 400 people to see her undressed, and she is sure to revenge herself by sowing seeds of blighting scepticism. We must, then, re-establish the old distinction between the public and the esoteric doctrine. The difficulty of getting into this hall should have been comparable to the difficulty of getting into a harem, not only in appearance, but in reality.

By the time I had finished these fulsome reflections, various voluminous scarlet figures filed on to the platform, followed by a shrinking black speck which turned out to be Bergson. A person called Collins, the Vice-chancellor of the University I afterwards learned, then got up in defence of Bergson. His speech was a remarkable performance.

The attitude behind it appeared to be this: "It is rather silly of so many of us to be prepared to listen seriously to a lecture about the 'great unwashed,'" etc. "We're so anxious. Every vehicle that passes us, so Collins had to return after a prolonged pause until finally he made the plunge with "Franchise." There was no necessity for him, as a matter of fact, to mention the word more than once; but it seemed to exercise a fatal fascination over him. As, when a fellow, one is tempted to recite by heart a影响, that of a modesty which is constantly in the production of a type of mind which, in my present mood, I thoroughly understand. The truth of this view seems confirmed by the fact that where you have no enemy, there you have no precision of definition, for there you have no need of a fence. If one pursues the thing one is interested in, the increase is not merely a fundamental law of thought, and not as a mere fallibility of human nature. One might assert that, as a matter of metaphysical truth, the feeling of repugnance was prior and more fundamental than any mere theory.

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Stuart Merrill.

By Richard Buxton.

The external and adventitious circumstances that unite the more important of the French symbolists are at first sight considerably more striking than the internal bonds. Three of them, Moréas, a Greek, and Vié-Frégis and Stuart Merrill, Americans, were not French at all, a sufficiently startling fact which has had the effect of associating the two last-named, at least, in a way which their productions do not justify. Again, they have mostly gone through the same phases of development, namely, an imitation of Verlaine and Mallarmé, a period of vers libre and empiric beauty, and a return to fixity of form either Parnassian or classical.

The use of French by Moréas is explicable since it is the language of educated Levantines, and since it must be a disheartening business to compose sonnets in the and of his latest volumes. "Les Fastes" shows this Ville. This ingenious poet, in his famous peculiarly French, he unites many qualities distinctive of English poetry.

While, in his first verses, he shows very strongly the influence of the Verlaine of "Fêtes Galantes," he has also much of the hard splendour of the Parnassians. But in one important point he differs from the teaching of the official theorist of that school, Théodore de Banville. This ingenious poet, in his famous "Petit Traité de la Versification Française," asserted that the most important word in each verse was the rhyme and that all else must be neglected in the endeavour to make it rich and sounding. Stuart Merrill issued no manifesto on this subject, but in the early poems are a brilliant illustration of the fallacy of this thesis, and show to a marvellous extent the internal refinements of which French verse is capable. Swinburne, with his inordinate love of alliterative, of brilliant painting, which is peculiarly French, he unites many qualities distinctive of English poetry.

In the case of Merrill, as in the case of Régnier, we have to accept a certain poetic machinery, a stage-setting, one might say, through the medium of which the poet expresses his ideas and visions. Stuart Merrill is obsessed by the pomp and the tragedy of royalty. Kings, queens, princes and princesses walk in costumes of barbaric splendour through the pages of his earlier and of his latest volumes. "Les Fastes" shows this method used in order to get the greatest possible amount of decoration in the Parnassian style, but in "Petit Poèmes d'Automne," the hard objectivity is gone, and the kings and queens appear as vague figures in vaguer visions, symbols and type of the spiritual experiences of the poet. In this way, as the concrete projections of an abstract mood, must we interpret such a poem as the following:

AME DE L'AUTOMNE, VI.

I am that old, forgotten king
Whose city sleeps beneath the sea,
Whose iron bells ring sullenly
That once proclaimed too oft the spring.

I think I know full many a queen,
Dead, ah, so many years and longer,
My soul! and withered, faded flowers
Seem to rain down from nights serene.

My ships with treasure in the hold
Have foundered all, I know not where,
And now, a madman in despair,
Beneath the waves I seek my gold.

Why wish that ancient fame to be,
Beneath the black flags in the breeze,
When all the servile savages
Yelled to the stars my victory?

Now shines upon my quiet eyes
The moon, and with my white sword drawn
I wait until that morrow dawn
That writes my fame across the skies.

But still the hope of conquering
Makes swell my heart with all its rages:
Have I, the victor of the ages,
Heard in the storm a trumpeting?

Or did the bells ring sullenly
That once too oft proclaimed the spring?
I am that old, forgotten king
Whose city sleeps beneath the sea.

An elaborate expenditure of effort for the purpose of rendering a mood, but who shall say that it is not rendered? And who will undertake to reduce it to exact terms?

With "Les Quatre Saisons" Merrill enters upon a new period of the greatest importance. Vers libre, being simply the negation of rule, gave the greatest freedom for individuality to its exponents, so that the methods of the greater vers libristes are perfectly distinct. One of the chief difficulties was found to be the enlacing of the rhyme when it was not dictated by any form of stanza. Stuart Merrill has solved this problem by retaining the stanza form while the number of syllables in each line varies, for the most part, between eleven and fourteen. He has even written vers libre sonnets.

These poems are of an extraordinary freshness and simplicity. The lurid kings of previous volumes are merely introduced as a contrast to the contented villagers of whom the poet now sings. The rain, the bees, the creaking pulley of the well, these are now his music. Children playing singing games, the burial of a young girl, the angels that surround the house at nightfall, such are his scenes, and it is difficult to appraise with moderation the unsophisticated beauty of them. The angels come two by two through the orchard, and some remain to guard the door with their shining swords, while others, the watchers of the beds, "make souls blossom like lilies."

Beside this freshness and simplicity, there is a new note, not loudly sounded, but perfectly perceptible, which has an interest in social questions. True, the problem of poverty is treated in a vague way which would provoke the scorn of the authors of the Minority Report, but what would you have? Socialist poetry is not easy to write, and few there are who can reduce the eternal vision to statistics. "A une Prostituée" deals somewhat hysterically with one social problem, and "Les Poings à la Poste" commits the author to nothing more than a great love for the poor and out-
cast. It is, at all events, better than the rant of "Une Voix dans la Foule," of which I shall speak presently, but it appears weak, half-hearted, artificial beside such a poem as "Enterrement," which is characteristic of the book and from which I quote a few stanzas:

Come, bearing in your hands a primrose-plaited wreath, O girls who weep your sister that died e'er rose the sun. The bells in the valley ring a life that is done, And the morning is shining upon the spades of death.

. . . It is the feast of death, and one would say a Sabbath day, So many bells sound sweet in the bottom of the valley. The youths are hid away in walk and close and alley; You alone at the foot of the white tomb must pray.

. . . Say she is well dead, as you pray with joined hands, When you have emptied out your baskets on her tomb; Your eyes are live spring beneath your hair's falling gloom, Your voices are birds in your bosoms' clasped bands.

Since it has been publicly stated that the alteration in tone plainly perceptible in M. Merrill's last volume is due to a great sorrow, and since he has described this sorrow fully himself, I am committing no impropriety if I hazard an opinion on its effect on the poet's character. He is one of those admirably fitted to describe life from a distance, but when it comes too close he is overwhelmed. He can sing with rare beauty of the loves of the village girls, but when he himself is jilted the effect upon his poetic faculty is almost that of paralysis. Sorrow, melancholy, curses, self-contempt all flow off his pen with an artificiality and a want of conviction that irresistibly remind the reader of the magazine-poet. His mental pose is so conventional and theatrical.

It would be so easy to die, To die when wavers the day, And the breeze moves noiselessly In the chamber of blue and gray.

He is at his best when describing the vague disquiet that preceded the actual jilting. Here in the section entitled "Suite des Romances" he attains at times a delicate beauty comparable to that of Heine, whom, quite obviously, he has in mind:

**Suite des Romances. VI.**

To pluck your beauty I fear, When I hear the glad hours ring Over the roofs to us here. "Tis summer after the spring.

What youth loses and gives away, Heart's flame, and the body's rose, Shall I take, spiting death, while I may? "Tis autumn when summer goes.

The sun bleeds over the sea, The rose in the garden dies, Now love rests languidly. After autumn winter is.

The rest of the volume may be concisely summed up; a revival of the dim figures of kings passing across the stage in an atmosphere of blood and death, a number of poems showing a new tendency, namely, towards the manner of Samain; and some arid, unconvincing rhetoric directed against the social system. Of these various elements, the poems in the manner of Samain are quite decidedly the best and show the most promise for the future. The first lines of "Ame de Vierge" may be quoted as an example:

Your soul is an orchard in April in the light of the moon. I think I can see blue lines of angels passing there, With strange eyes, and furtive fingers, and a secret air, Who scatter all around them the flowers, white in the moon.

We must resign ourselves, I suppose, to doing without a repetition of the beauty of "Les Quatre Saisons"; in that case, it would certainly be preferable for M. Merrill to develop his genius in the style of Samain, rather than to continue in forced and untouched grief, or street-corner rhetoric reduced to alexandrines.

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**THE BENEFACCTOR.**

Good day, good people! From my rostrum I'll address you one and all On the ills that often fall On the people. I've no rostrum Full of mystery. Ponder on my well-known history. I am giving things away Absolutely free to-day. Come and try them, Come and buy them. Toothache, earache, unemployment, All those ills that mar enjoyment; Spend a groat upon a packet, Other people stand the racket; Other people pay the piper, You can call the tune. Come, the time will get no riper. Would you like the moon? Crematoria, sanatoria. In the days of Queen Victoria Never was there such a boon. Hi! hi! hi! Come and buy! Are you really in your senses? Hurry up with your fourpences! Every fourer is a scorer. Could you get a bargain finer? Every fourer gets a niner. Every man has got a motter, he Doesn't want a blooming lottery; What he wants is certs, You can lay your shirts. Come, the game is just beginning; All can take a hand at winning. Backing horses on the courses Is a played-out game. I don't want to take your money, You can have the milk and honey— All I want is fame!

**Charles White.**

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**THE PATRIOT.**

[Men turned from their visions of a modernised China to contemplate the mummeries of the doings in the Forbidden City, or the carefully-guarded privileges of the Royal Astronomers, the Imperial Clan Court, and the like. "Daily Mail."]

Thank goodness we are not as these Poor, unintelligent Chinese! The freeborn Briton would disown A foreign family on the throne. His way to Progress, first and last, Is free from lumber of the past. His greatest city never knows The chaos of barbaric shows, And Backstairs Grooms and Golden Rods Departed with his tribal gods. The nation's good ne'er falls a martyr To someone's hunger for the Garter, No trampled pledges form the path Towards the Thistle or the Bath; Nor are his politics the sport Of any suave, archaic Court. All own the right in his dominions To propagate the right opinions. And never, never is the sabre The cure for disaffected Labour!

Thus may we, brother Pharisees, Thank goodness we are not as these Oppressed, barbarian Chinese.

**T. Mark.**
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RAILWAY NATIONALISATION AND SHAREHOLDERS' PROFITS.

Sir,—I can assure Mr. O. Holt Caldicott that the economies to be effected by State ownership of our railways would not arise from displacement of labour. As the Fabian Society manifestos on the railway situation shows, the difference between the rate of dividend paid on the State-owned by the companies would amount to ten millions a year, whilst the economies resulting from the abolition of duplicated railway services would at the very least mean a saving of another ten millions per annum.

Any labour displaced would be utilised to reduce hours. As to the ability of the State to issue Government stock for the purpose, it must not be overlooked that a small amount of railway stock (much of which is held by trustees) would necessarily be cancelled. If holders did not accept the Government stock in exchange, would they do with their money? A thousand millions free for investment would send all Government stock up so much that a Government stock better than Consols—for in addition to the national guarantee it is quite possible (if you please) the passing of the Act.—Mr. Caldicott a coup as appearing as a commercial representative! Well, it is not used not in his imagination run riot. There are already several State commercial representatives of other countries in Happy England. As an example, Mr. A. Defrance, Commercial Representative of the Belgian State Railways, 47, Cannon Street, London, E.C., reason to believe that the figures: "The truth is that during the last few years, in the first nine months of the balance-sheets during the year as business been doing uncommonly well, and getting a very handsome return on his money." As the "Economist" said, commenting on these "figures: "The truth is that during the last few years, in spite of strikes and wars, the British investor has been doing uncommonly well, and getting a very handsome return on his money."

There is hardly a statement in Mr. Caldicott's letter which does not appear to me so completely false (and not sufficiently to the working classes, who are the vast body of the community and the real producers of wealth, and the policy of the Labour Party that I cannot forbear making this comment. Personally, I am astonished that the terms of settlement, do not have the replies must be able to go on with. I shall be pleased to deal more fully with yields on shareholdings, not forgetting the debentures, if Mr. Caldicott so desires.

* * *

EMIL DAVIES.

THE RAILWAY REPORT.

Sir,—In a recent correspondence between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and myself on the policy of the Labour Party, I said: "Since I wrote you first the settlement of the railway strike has been announced. This is such a remarkable character of the interests of the working classes, who are the basest body of the community and the real producers of wealth, and the policy of the Labour Party that I cannot forbear making this comment. Personally, I am astonished that the terms of settlement, do not have the replies must be able to go on with. I shall be pleased to deal more fully with yields on shareholdings, not forgetting the debentures, if Mr. Caldicott so desires."

* * *

W. H. MORGAN.

S. VERDAD AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—My view of a proper record of foreign affairs—not foreign policy—would include references to important internal occurrences. All the matters I referred to in my letter were of importance under both these heads.

It is wholly untrue to state that S. Verdad was the only person to publish details of the Franco-English agreement. They were printed years ago in numerous English papers, and referred to in the House of Commons. Beyond making vague references to Italy's claims in Tripoli no anticipation of this coup appeared in THE NEW AGE. It is absurd to suggest that the progress of Socialism in Japan or any other country does not materially affect foreign policy interests.

I never stated that public affairs were graver in 1911 than in 1900, or 1854, or 1815, or 1878. Public affairs are graver in 1911 than in 1900, or 1854, or 1815, or 1878. Public affairs are graver in 1911 than in 1900, or 1854, or 1815, or 1878. Public affairs are graver in 1911 than in 1900, or 1854, or 1815, or 1878.

As to S. Verdad's own view of foreign politics, he is entitled to act upon it; but, even then, he has neglected to set forth what he regards as the general principles of foreign policy of the chief nations. The repetition of Bourse rumours is not a scientific demonstration of foreign policy, though S. Verdad may think so.

My point is that S. Verdad presents a theory of foreign policy which has no foundation in historical fact, and is wholly contrary to the economic teaching of Socialism, which THE NEW AGE is supposed to stand for.

* STANHOPE OF CHESTER. * * *

Sir,—Anyone who carefully reads S. Verdad from week to week should have discovered long ago that "Foreign Affairs" are not wholly concerned with questions of diplomacy and the international relations of the Powers. Why, then, to quote from "The New Machiavelli," a little tired of "the everlasting upheavals and mudseas of foreign politics"—whether they be Labour leaders or anybody else.

* * *

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

Sir,—It was not to be expected that the Railway Commission would strike at the real cause of the trouble, namely, the directors themselves. The public, the railway-men and the shareholders have a common enemy in the railway directors.

It would be interesting to all concerned to know how a railway director becomes a director, and why he should remain one until his dying day. The way in which these people flout the public is notorious. In every other business is it and the best boy to oblige customers, but railway directors apparently think otherwise. We still have the same old trouble all over the country, of trains not meeting one another at junctions; and to any wholly concerned with questions of diplomacy and the international relations of the Powers. Why, then,
should Stanhope of Chester continue to appear "to con-
fuse foreign politics and diplomatic questions with foreign
social movements"? Is it not possible for him to do
so?—or not, as he chooses to do so.
If he does feel that readers of THE AGE ought to be in-
terested in "mere grievances" and "foreign social
and labour movements," as separate from their for-
matical questions, and if S. Verdad in his perversity is
determined to keep us in the dark concerning these matters,
and will only deal with them "if and when they do begin to in-
fuence foreign politics," what does not Standhope of Chester
hasten to lighten our darkness if he can? Is not more this to
be desired than the downfall of S. Verdad? Are not impor-
tant articles on the "political side" of the movement of as
much importance as any other statements abroad
and their inevitable "grievances" as valuable as and more
useful than unimportant, unsubstantiated criticisms of that
philosopher in "Foreign Affairs"? I think they are. I am
sure they are. Will not Standhope of Chester begin to think
so, too?

H. F. STEPHENS.

GOVERNMENT MORE OR LESS.

Sir,—An assumption in favour of the limitation of
Governmental action in general is implied in the arguments
of "Ex-Fabian," whose article on the Minority Report
appeared last week. There is doubtless in sight one of those
periodical conflicts of forces which may lead sooner or later
to a fresh (though again temporary) readjustment of opinion
about the position of the "political side" of the movement.
"Ex-Fabian"'s intention is to criticise the Minority Report because, as he
thinks, it oversteps the proper limits of Governmental
action, will he give a definite statement of the argument?
It will perhaps be quite, if he agrees to re-
struct the statement of his assumption to a particular point
of view. This should be done in order that precise direc-
tion may be given to discussion in detail, and the effects of
the argument estimated in regard to such detail as is pro-
posed in the Minority Report to see whether these effects
will have a bearing on any kind of legislation or against it.
"Ex-Fabian" says he has no bias against Freedom. I am aware that a wave of brutality
is spreading over Europe, and am always delighted when it breaks upon the shore and thins itself out in spume. In
spite of other words, when it finds expression, when it becomes articu-
late in its own art, its own politics, or even its own philosophy.
Is there any sign to be discerned of
the "political side" of the movement was to have but two mem-
bers allotted to it. By "political side" we are to under-
stand "Labour Party." Is it suggested that the board could
have been really representative of the Labour-Socialist
movement if it had but two members? Of other places, the Labour Party were allotted two and the Trade
Unions two.

In discussing the question of priority as between the two
newspaper schemes Mr. Seed says that in the summer the
"Daily Herald" was offered "body and soul" to the Labour
Party. Is he aware that there are persons who are so
purists as the "Herald" people appear to be should
have offered the paper in such an alarmingly un-
conditional way to an organisation for which some, at least,
of them who have read Mr. Seed's hypothesis are to pass, surely it is evident that the Labour Party was
quite right in refusing to take over the "Daily Herald." I
make no reflections on the "Daily Herald" as it existed
during the strike in the printing trade. I must plead guilty
to having bought it every day and thoroughly admired the way
in which its staff waged war against the masters, its staff
and style of huge and sinister veiled figures in the background. If I
was to put it at its lowest I should surely have had the
intelligence to write under a bogus name. This one (as
the Manx cat said of his tail) is a poor thing, but mine own.

If any of your readers will take the trouble
to ascertain the name and history of the person who wrote
the article in which M. de Remeuillac has reposed his
simple trust, they will agree that Louis XVIII. would be
in a fresh (though again temporary) readjustment of opinion
in the new dispensation. The Labour Party was perfectly
justified in getting slowly. It was also perfectly justified in
trying to get a respectable portion of its capital guaranteed
by the "Daily Herald" as it existed, and also his offer to send me a financial analysis of the"Herald" scheme. I may also, more in mirth than in
anger, repudiate the suggestion that I am the mouthpiece
of huge and sinister veiled figures in the background. If I
were to do this I should have the intelligence to write under a bogus name. This one (as
the Manx cat said of his tail) is a poor thing, but mine own.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

THE NEW AGE.

November 2, 1911.
not by the nature of the case be forthcoming, but I think it will be a fairly clear case. I, de Remeuillac, may produce the name of any Jesuit at present working in Europe under any but his true colours—i.e., avowedly as one. Freemasons, on the other hand, keep their masonry quiet enough. For instance, I do not believe that even in one man in ten who excelled himself over Ferrer, knew at the moment that that worthy was a high Masonic official.

M. de Remeuillac says that the queer rumours about the Archduke Ferdinand being a Jesuit are only suspicions, but adds that "these popular suspicions generally turn out to be well-founded in the light of historical investigation." Quite so. E.g., Titus Oates. The rules and regulations of the Jesuits, we are informed, are "only nominally open" for everyone to see. Here, I suppose, is one of the many instances of the misapprehension of our dear old friends, the "Monita Secreta," proved a forgery every six months, but endowed, I: would seem, with an unconquerable vitality which enables them to survive every exposure, and which is possibly not unconnected with their usefulness to controversy-}
racical Problems") comments on the fact "that so little feeling comparatively is shown when the white man is the aggressor and the victim has a colored skin" (p. 354), and she very properly advertizes in the fact, which is true of other parts as well, that the South African has gradually allow his native 'boys' to attend on them in their bedrooms, when they themselves are either in bed or very slightly clothed, and that the treatment is not that of grown men, with fully developed passions, living at a distance from their wives. The more extended employment by ladies of native women in domestic work is only too evident on the part of gentlewomen. Mrs. Macfadyen advocates the use of the lash and banishment: "Public opinion," she said, "permits the deliberate debauchery of the native for gain. Drink which makes man and woman of a whole tribe or a whole village drunk, should not be tried in camera. Equal justice ought to be meted out to criminals of both races. I am glad to hear my demand is not for vengeance on the offenders; they are themselves liberate wickedness and widespread cruelty distinguishes sanctified womanhood." Some recent instances seem to show that it is the white man who needs to be restrained by the strong arm of the law. A humorous fellow missionary in West Africa used to call the cane "the embodiment of the best of man." To chastise with it is not to hate but to love and promote the best interests of child or pupil. Thus, for our own purposes, we bring the native out of the darkness in which the black man has usually been kept, and we shall render the white women more secure from this terror. I fail to see anything of hysterics in these sentences, or anything incompatible with due respect for the races, black and white, that are in such close contact in South Africa.

Mrs. Hastings herself begins to "shrink" when she says: "It is very bad for the white man in South Africa to shrink from the lash if the only thing they dread is physical pain. A humorous fellow missionary in West Africa used to call the cane "the embodiment of the best of man." To chastise with it is not to hate but to love and promote the best interests of child or pupil. Thus, for our own purposes, we bring the native out of the darkness in which the black man has usually been kept, and we shall render the white women more secure from this terror. I fail to see anything of hysterics in these sentences, or anything incompatible with due respect for the races, black and white, that are in such close contact in South Africa.

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