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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IF the resignation of Mr. Balfour were necessarily to be regarded as final it would mark the end of English political conservatism. As it is, and so long as there is any doubt whether Mr. Balfour will resume the leadership of his party, the fate of Conservatism is scarcely to be predicted. Two sections are now warring for predominance: the section of the Chamberlainite tradition—Radical with a veneer of Tory Imperialism; and the section associated with the name of Mr. Walter Long—Old English Tory with a veneer of Social Reform. The adoption of Mr. Bonar Law as a compromise between these two diverging sections is a desperate expedient. If Mr. Balfour can no longer straddle the gulf that daily widens between them, it is certain that Mr. Bonar Law cannot do it. In a very little while, Mr. Law will be a Longite or a Chamberlainite. We have, therefore, to face the prospect of a definite split in the Unionist ranks, and that before very long. The cement that united the Liberal Unionists with the Conservatives will certainly cease to have any binding power so soon as Home Rule is an accomplished fact. Already, indeed, while Home Rule is still in the air, the union, as we see, is dissolving almost exactly down its original line of formation. Once let it be realised—and that may be months before the Bill is passed—that Home Rule is inevitable, and the two unequally-yoked partners of the historic marriage will divorce each other to their mutual relief. The fate of the Liberal Unionist section of the alliance can be deduced from its nature. Without a single real principle of union, its cohesion will vanish when the common negation that bound it disappears. Several of its members will find opportunities and excuses for returning to the Liberal fold. One distinguished member has already gone over, and others are on the point of following. A few will throw in their lot with the Conservative party pursang. But the Conservatives, when all is over, will not make a large party. Unless the unexpected occurs, they will in ten years from now be the smallest party numerically in the House of Commons.

We do not profess to look forward to the fulfilment of our forecast with any satisfaction. A strange fate has, however, befallen the attempts of the Labour party to destroy the Liberal party—a fate as strange as befel Luther, who re-established the Church by attacking it. Undoubtedly the early Labour leaders imagined themselves as the successors of the Liberal, not of the Tory, party. The Liberals were their particular enemy, and it was to the abolition of the Liberal party that they confidently looked forward, with the massing of Socialists versus Tories as the final formation. But it has all happened exactly otherwise. The Liberals have grown by attacks, while the Conservatives have languished under neglect. And not only have the Liberals themselves been strengthened by being made the object of attack, but their very attackers have become Liberals in the process. We are nearly all Liberals to-day, and the only Conservatives are a handful of Tories, now proved incapable of retaining Mr. Balfour as their leader, and a few Socialists like ourselves. All the rest have joined in the wild goose chase after “social reform,” “progress,” “democracy,” or some equally chimerical fowl. Not for years, perhaps not for many years, will the nation realise that its expedition is in quest of the moon. Meanwhile there is nothing to do but to continue talking sense—though few will listen to it—and to wait patiently for the recovery of national sanity. For it is as clear as noon-day that the Liberal expedition is a moon-hunt and nothing less. If the glamour of the Thessalian witches were not over our public men and electorate, they would see clearly enough that the drift of the applauded legislation of the Liberal-Labour-Chamberlainite section is precisely up in the air. Not a single class of the community will actually be better off as a result of all the measures now being pursued by the whole herd. The poor in ten years’ time will certainly be no less poor, though the rich may be pestered and irritated almost beyond endurance. What was it Macaulay said of Puritans and bear-baiting? The social reform of most Liberals is inspired, not by love of the poor, but by hatred of the aristocracy. Consequently both rich and poor will suffer.

* * *

In speaking of Liberals, our caution must be remembered that most of the politicians of all parties are Liberal to-day. It is clearly the case with the Labour party, whose members, save one, have a unanimous resolution to play pilot-fish to the official Liberal shark. Another direction of travel altogether or genuine independence is inconceivable to them. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would be hard pressed to define a line of division between himself and, say, Mr. Lloyd George. Given a legal, instead of a scholastic, training, Mr. MacDonald might even be conceived as occupying Mr. Lloyd George’s

place at this moment. And Mr. Lloyd George, as the leader of the English Labour party of to-day, would strike nobody as out of his element. But the Liberalism of the nominal Conservatives is equally beyond dispute. Saving for Mr. Balfour and his immediate friends, the entire mass of the Conservative members has no notion why it sits in opposition rather than on the Government side of the House. Outside the sphere of gilt and gingerbread politics—the House of Lords, Imperialism, Colonial Preference, and other meaningless mouthfuls—no difference of principle divides the majority of the “Conservatives” from the majority of Liberals. They even have the political indecency to admit it by the most obtrusive implication. Writing of the present session, during which (as we rather fancy our readers are aware) the Insurance Bill is being passed, the “Morning Post,” the organ of the Chamberlainites, calmly states that “with the best will in the world, the Opposition will find little to oppose in the Government’s autumn programme.” Nothing for Conservatives to oppose, remark, in a measure, soaked in Liberalism, reeking, nay, stinking, with Liberalism. And worse even than this, that late champion of aristocracy and present aspirant to the leadership of the “Conservative” peers, Lord Curzon, announced at Birmingham on Thursday last that “Unionists must more closely identify themselves with social reform, housing, sanitation, Poor-law reform” and—what, in heaven’s name, do our readers think—“with insurance!” If that is not a palpable attempt to outbid Mr. Lloyd George in Liberalism, we have no words to describe it. Obviously, Lord Curzon, the “Morning Post” and the rest of the kettle of fish called Conservative, are really in the position of the Labour party, namely, a little more Liberal than Liberals, a little more Liberal than the country can stomach at the moment.

* * *

In complete opposition to the charity-mongering tendency of Labour, “Conservative” and Liberal social reform, present and prospective, we put it as one of the possible effects—and perhaps causes—of a return to national sanity that an entirely *different* conception of Social Reform should become prevalent. How soon it may be that the beggars now on horseback will ride to the devil we do not know. Mr. Balfour, we believe, optimistically calculates that two years will see the rout of the present Liberal party. He anticipates, we surmise, that by the time the present Insurance Bill, Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and a new Franchise Bill are passed, England will have had enough of “Social Reform” for a season. Then will be the time for a genuinely Conservative leader to resume the reins which during this shower of legislation may be held by anybody, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Walter Long—anybody whose skin does not matter. But in all this, we fear, Mr. Balfour is reckoning, as usual, without his party. He may see clearly enough that a period of wise and salutary neglect of Social Reform may be the next best thing to an economic revolution, but there will not be enough intelligence in his party to support him. They have already begun to outbid Mr. Lloyd George. By the time Mr. Lloyd George is ready to give up office (and nothing can move him without his own consent), the Smiths and the Curzons and the Whatstheirnames and the Whodoyoucallits amongst the Conservatives will have soused themselves up to the neck in promises to continue and extend the Lloyd George tradition. Nothing will be able to prevent them from plunging headlong over the Gadarene steep. They will have Social Reform—Mr. Lloyd George’s notion of Social Reform—on the brain; it will be their obsession, their *idée fixe*. Amurath an Amurath will succeed. And Mr. Balfour will find himself as far from the active section of his party as he is to-day.

* * *

Even, therefore, on the supposition that the Liberals are defeated at the next General Election, there is no guarantee that “Liberal” legislation will not continue

under its nominally “Conservative” successor. As things are drifting, in fact, there is every prospect that a “Conservative” Government will differ only in appearance from the present Liberal Government. The means to ensure that an alternative Government shall be also a different Government lie not in the mere defeat of the Liberals at the polls, but in the rout of the Liberal conception of Social Reform. We may safely say that it does not matter two pins at the present moment whether Liberals or Conservatives or even the Labour party are in power. Lord Curzon or Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have all precisely the same notion of social legislation. They all agree that the way to abolish poverty is to cover it up by State doles extorted by taxes or other devices from rich and poor in variable proportions. Mr. Bonar Law would raise the money (at least, he thinks he would) by a tariff on imports. Mr. Lloyd George would raise the money (at least, he thought he would) by a tax on land. Mr. MacDonald—the Lord knows how he would attempt to raise money. But the employment and destination of the money thus hypothetically or actually raised would in each case be the same. We should have it squandered by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. MacDonald exactly as it is to-day being squandered by Mr. Lloyd George in free education, free old-age pensions, free or assisted insurance—free or assisted everything, in fact, of the poor. And all this, we say, is inevitable, be the name of the Government what it may, unless Mr. Balfour or somebody else can get into the nation’s head a different conception of the means of Social Reform than that prevailing now.

* * *

Whatever may be thought of the chances of doing this, the alternative is clear. In about two years’ time, if not before, the present Government will be dissolved and a new Government will be elected. The question is, What is that new Government to be? If it is to be officially Liberal—the present Government returned—the mandate to Lloyd Georgism will be unmistakable. But the mandate to Lloyd Georgism will be equally unmistakable if it should happen that the Unionists come in on Mr. Lloyd George’s programme of Social Reform. There may be—there probably will be—a considerable national irritation with Mr. Lloyd George himself; but the same irritation will not articulately extend to his programme if, in the interval between now and then, the Unionists have themselves adopted it. Now, strange as it may seem, the Lloyd George programme of Social Reform is not really popular. Admitted that it has all the appearance of being popular. Admitted that, on this account, the Unionists have every temptation to adopt it for their own. But the fact remains that the Lloyd George programme is only popular in the sense that it is thought to be just better than nothing. A real alternative to it, and one more in the English line of tradition, would undoubtedly sweep it off the field. That Lloyd Georgism is not popular is evident to anyone who mixes in a wide range of society. Clearly enough, it is not popular amongst the rich and well-to-do. That was only to be expected. But in our own experience, borne out by a thousand indications, it is equally, if not even more, unpopular amongst the working-classes and the poor. Why is it, then, that in spite of nine out of ten people privately detesting Lloyd Georgism, Lloyd Georgism should, nevertheless, be booming to-day both in its native party and in the Unionist party? The answer is that all classes have realised the existence of the horrible disease of poverty, and, so far, only one doctor—namely, Mr. Lloyd George—has professed to be able to cure it. He cannot cure it. He is actually making the disease worse. But, to give him his due, he is trying his hardest, like a quack operating on a friend. The measure, indeed, of the national desire to remedy poverty is precisely its submission to Mr. Lloyd George. If the country is willing to permit Mr. Lloyd George to tap and finger and cut and burn and bleed the national body, and not only so, but to be grateful to him for the operation, how profound must be its sense of disease and how ardent its desire for a remedy! On the other hand, we cannot fail to remark on the

unfortunate ignorance of economic science displayed by our statesmen when, as actually is the case, to Mr. Lloyd George's quack treatment no party offers a hopeful alternative. The failure of Mr. Balfour to enunciate a political remedy for poverty has been his real weakness. But as for the rest of his party, their only suggestion, it appears, is to continue the Lloyd George treatment as before.

* * *

It is a disaster to the working classes of this country that their political enfranchisement has so far been allowed to do them no great service. The enfranchisement of the middle classes was, as we know, almost immediately followed by their ascent to power. Their leaders ruthlessly pushed the interests of their clients to the front, and in a very few years entrenched themselves in all the sunny spots of the political and economic world. England at this moment is the paradise of the middle classes. But the working classes have been too long under the tradition of servility, and their leaders are still sycophants of the wealthier classes at heart. Only this can possibly explain the miserable pace at which the Labour Party is moving forward. They are literally begging their way to their destination. If it were otherwise, we do not see why the Labour Party should not succeed the present Liberal Government. With a Conservative Party broken to pieces, and a discredited Liberal Government retiring from office, what is there to prevent the Labour Party from being entrusted by the nation with the task of forming a government? What, indeed, save the obvious facts that the Labour Party lack distinctive ideas, are sectarian in their outlook, and have scarcely the courage of mice. Each of these propositions is, as we say, obvious. With the exception of Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Snowden (occasionally) the Labour members have nothing distinctive to add to Mr. Lloyd George's legislation. Their sectarianism is demonstrated by their almost complete lack of interest in affairs outside the range of the average Nonconformist chapel. As for their timidity, we should like to know if worse moral and political cowardice was ever displayed than by the Labour leaders at present in command of the striking capacities of the railwaymen and miners.

* * *

As everybody knows now, the railwaymen last August held not only their shareholders but the government of this country in the hollow of their hands. One or two days more and the miners and engineers would have been out with them, and the working classes could have dictated terms to the capitalists. What happened? Why, their leaders suddenly funk'd the situation, ratted on their men, and accepted the terms of defeat. We do not say that this was not the "moral" course to pursue. It was undoubtedly the course that any "good" man (in the worst sense of the word) would advise under the circumstances. And Mr. Henderson is a "good" man. So is Mr. MacDonald. But it is plain from the after effects that the course was not the wise course from the standpoint of the men themselves. Society, it is true, was "saved" for the time being—saved, that is, from the best thing that could have happened to it—but in the meanwhile the interests of the workers were again sacrificed. From one point of view we are quite indifferent concerning the fate of the workers. It is ridiculous to waste pity on an army that professes to be out for higher wages and, at the moment of victory, bolts from the field, leaving all its baggage behind as well as its killed and wounded. The railway companies, at any rate, it is possible to respect for their courageous ruthlessness. Did they refuse to accept a victory absolutely given to them? Not at all. They welcomed it, pretended to have won it, and instantly proceeded to dispose of the wounded by degrading them. It was no business of theirs to consider the feelings of the men who had bolted from the field. On the contrary, their instant concern was to gather the spoils. But the men's leaders cannot be acquitted of the charge of rank cowardice, all the more disgraceful

because their only danger was that of too complete a success.

* * *

We are certain we are voicing the opinion of the public in general when we declare that by this cowardice the Labour party did its reputation infinite mischief. It is not English to be smitten with conscience or sentiment at the moment of victory. Nelson, the national hero, cannot be conceived presenting the French with Trafalgar even while he lay dying. The railwaymen and workmen generally of this country assure us very manfully that they intend to raze capitalism to the ground. Very well, if they entertain that desire, let them attempt to satisfy it by all means in their power. It may prove to be incapable of satisfaction, or it may prove to be bitter to the taste. It may, as Dean Inge has recently said, ruin society to have wages raised and hours of labour reduced. The responsibility of this, however, does not rest on the workmen, but on the governing classes. If society, as it exists, cannot stand the strain of higher wages, then either the workmen must docilely accept society's word for it and starve in patience, or they must put the statement to the test, even at the risk of overturning society. There is no half-way measure possible in war. The governing classes of England will not, under any circumstances whatever, voluntarily dispossess themselves of their present position of affluence. It would be absurdly and fanatically Christian of them to do so. They would need to be all Tolstoyans, that is, more Tolstoyan than Tolstoy. They will, on the other hand, stick to their position as long as they can, and only a superior power will eject them. The question for workmen is whether they have the hardihood and the courage to conquer a position for themselves. Not by weakness of any kind, moral or immoral, will they do it. And they certainly will not do it by accepting the leadership of arrant cowards, who make them the laughing stock of the governing classes of Europe. The devices adopted by their officials to delay the next strike and to ensure the fullest interval for arrangements to be made by the railway directors to defeat it, are perhaps the most pitifully weak and treacherous that any working-class party has ever seen. If the men had any sense of what was happening, their present leaders would be dismissed at a moment's notice. If they have no such sense, all we can say is that they deserve to be defeated until they acquire it.

* * *

The Government's announcement—made, if you please, to Mr. Henderson—that they will introduce a Manhood Suffrage Bill next session and probably couple with it a Redistribution Bill, has again left the Women Suffragists out-manœuvred. It is plain that this was the main intention of Mr. Asquith, for nobody can pretend that any other reason exists for the new Bill than to defeat the Conciliation Bill. Logically, no doubt, the present franchise is full of anomalies and defects, which manhood suffrage would remove; but these imperfections have been endured for nearly a century, and a few more years of them would scarcely oppress us. Actually, in fact, there is no real demand for the measure save from those who desire to defeat Women's Suffrage. That they will probably succeed in doing this, or, at least, in delaying it for some years, is a speculation on which the Cabinet is confidently relying. A more interesting reflection, however, may be made on the absence of any public excitement on account of the new proposal. Twenty, even ten, years ago, the millennium would have appeared to be dawning on the eyes of democrats, who measured progress by the extension of the franchise. To-day there is not the least flutter of excitement at the prospect of completing another of the six points of the famous Charter. The reason is clear. We have learned at last that the polling booth is no more potent to produce representative men than any other piece of superstitious machinery. The machines are under the control of the strap on the driving wheel. Whoever controls that controls everything. There is not the smallest doubt any longer that

the increase of the numbers of the electorate positively enlarges the power of the governing mechanics. A mere handful of electors—a committee for example—is often unmanageable, but a mass is a mob that can be dragooned. Our governing classes here have certainly the trick of handling mobs of electors, and exactly at the moment when some of the mob (the Labour electorate in particular) show signs of voting with intelligence, they are to be swamped again and drowned in the deluge of new and ignorant voters. There is a nemesis, however, even in this; for the candidates of the future must descend to the lowest level of the new electorate. But to do this they must themselves be of a low type. Thus the character of the Government descends with the character of its creatures. It is enfeebled by its new means of temporary power.

* * *

We call attention once more to the fact that the Insurance Bill is being passed with the active co-operation of the Unionists. There is really no disguising this from the most ignorant of Tory voters. At the White City on Tuesday Mr. Bonar Law allowed himself the pleasure of attacking the Bill and prophesying that it would add to the poverty that exists; but it will be observed that in the House of Commons both he and his party are almost as desirous of passing the measure as Mr. Lloyd George himself. That the most outrageous violations of existing law are involved in almost every step of the Bill's progress appears to be no objection to these professed friends of the Constitution. On the contrary, their most extreme demand is no more than to put a term to the absolutism of an irresponsible set of Insurance Commissioners. The proposition emanating from Mr. Lloyd George was the mild one of dispensing the Insurance Commissioners from the control of Parliament for an indefinite period. During this state of dictatorial power they were to be permitted to make such re-arrangements of the terms of the Insurance Bill as they pleased without reference to Parliament, public opinion, or, in fact, anybody but themselves and Mr. Lloyd George. Doubtless some such absolute discretion will prove to be necessary, for it is very certain that, as it stands, the Bill is simply unworkable. Unless Parliament sits daily to amend it from the moment of its operation, any moment might see it destroyed by its practical defects. To conceal its shocking weaknesses, therefore, from the public at large, it may be necessary to endow the Insurance Commissioners with Parliamentary powers to remedy, if they can, in secret the defects that are certain to be revealed. But while, from Mr. Lloyd George's point of view, this course may be desirable, from the public point of view it is deplorable. If the Bill were really popular, we should not mind the Insurance Commissioners possessing the largest powers; but for a Bill so thoroughly distasteful to the English people as the Insurance Bill, the less power the Commissioners possess the better for the country. The Unionists, however, were not of this honest opinion. They did, indeed, protest against the indefiniteness of the period of absolutism granted to the commissioners, but their remedy was to fix the liberal term of eighteen months, during which, as a matter of fact, all the mischief will be done.

* * *

But the audacious proposal of Mr. Lloyd George was followed by another equally anarchic in its implication. It is very well known that with few exceptions our county and borough councils are corrupt as well as incompetent. Nobody with any experience of municipal life doubts for a moment that the majority of councillors seek office for the plums that grow on the trees. The remedy for this, as Mr. Jowett and Mr. Lansbury pointed out to Mr. Lloyd George, who made the charge, is not to set another watch-dog, elected or nominated, over the Councils, but to raise the tone of public opinion. This latter may be a difficult operation, and it is certainly likely to be slow; but, as every experience of espionage proves, the system of checks upon checks

adds to the opportunities as well as the inducements of corruption. If the County Councils cannot be trusted, the elected, nominated, and delegated members of the new Insurance Committees, being drawn from the same source, will prove to be similarly contaminated. A community cannot rise above its own level. The first step in the endeavour to raise the level of municipal life is, we should say, the raising of the level of Parliamentary life. After all, the great custodian of the interests of the nation is supposed to be the House of Commons. No minor public body can be expected to be more honourable than its own creator. When, as local councillors know very well, their Parliamentary censors are in the position of Satan reproving sin, the temptation to sin amounts to an invitation. If Mr. Lloyd George really wants to know why local government in this country is corrupt, he should ask himself why his own Government, all politics, and his own department are corrupt. In Parliament everything is rewarded, save desert. Is it the coincidence of merit and Welsh blood that determines the allocation of pecuniary positions to so many Welsh members? Did the Liberal Whip recently visit Mr. Carnegie to look at his beautiful eyes? Are titles and honours and offices sold for party advantage? . . . But why ask what everybody knows. . . . In the matter of Parliamentary checks upon local authorities, quis custodiet custodes?

A ROUNDEL FOR REVEILLISTS.

(Written whilst the succession was still undecided.)

"BALFOUR Must Go!" With larynx like a gong
Wild Maxse hurled the slogan at the foe,
And Rowland waved his Boadicean prong,
"Balfour Must Go!"

And all the callow Dervishes of Joe,
And all the Strenuously Succumbing throng,
Echoed in warbles scarcely sweet and low.

One session of interminable Long
Or wooden Austen—then the wails of woe,—
Alas! that was a very silly song:
"Balfour Must Go!"

ALFRED P. BEGG.

A FABIAN FABLE.

A WHITE MAN called upon a Brown Man, and said: "Dear sir, I am informed that certain of my baser brothers are preparing to enslave you, to seize your house for their profit, and to despoil you of your riches. Beware! I say, beware! Let me protect you!"

The Brown Man, thankfully accepting the White Man's offer, received him and his servants into the house, and he was just going downstairs to lock the doors and loophole the walls against the White Man's brothers, when, to his surprise, he was stripped naked and cast into a dark cellar and set to labour. "I say," he said, when the White Man came to visit him, "this wasn't in the contract!" "Hang it all!" answered the White Man. "Here am I, looking after you and your robes (which I am wearing myself to keep them safe) and your house, so that none of my brothers can molest you, and yet you grudge me the very slightest return. Ungrateful savage!" The Brown Man apologised humbly, and toiled with a light heart until, one day finding a shuttered window in the cellar, he pushed it open with his hand and looked out. He saw the White Man, leaning on the front gate, selling some merchants the furniture out of the best bedroom. "I say!" he cried, "this wasn't in the contract." "Don't you be a rude nigger!" shouted the White Man; and, picking up a big stick, he hammered the Brown Man's knuckles until he shut the window. And now, whenever the Brown Man opens the window to ventilate his grievances, the White Man hammers his knuckles until he shuts it again.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

As cables in code are not now permitted to be sent from Constantinople, these words are being hurriedly conveyed to the frontier for transmission. One cannot blame the Turkish Government for taking whatever precautions it deems necessary for its self-preservation; but this one in particular will show that the situation here is not particularly calm.

The interest at the moment of wiring, however, is in Berlin. We have just had the speech delivered by the Chancellor on the 9th. The speech is important; but its reception in the Reichstag was more important still. I have never read of any occasion on which a German Chancellor was received with such jeering and lack of reverence. Especially noteworthy were the outbursts of indignation when England was mentioned, outbursts in which practically the entire House participated. And, above all, we have the attitude of the Crown Prince, who honoured the Reichstag with his presence on this occasion. The Crown Prince, according to the newspaper reports as well as private messages which have reached me from Berlin, openly manifested his entire disapproval of the whole Moroccan settlement, and especially showed his dissatisfaction with England.

This necessitates a word or two of comment. The Crown Prince is on very bad terms with his father, the Kaiser, but he is, on the whole, popular throughout Germany. The Kaiser admires England immensely; the Crown Prince hates England: partly because of his natural antipathy to us, partly because his father likes us. When the Crown Prince succeeds the Kaiser we shall have an even more intense anti-British propaganda, a propaganda inspired by the highest in the land.

As it is, the dangerous temper of the Reichstag is an index to the dangerous temper of the German people at the present time. As I mentioned last week might be the case, a Cabinet Minister has resigned, Dr. von Lindequist, the Colonial Secretary. He refused absolutely to defend the Moroccan settlement in the Reichstag, and as a consequence he is to-day one of the most popular men in Germany.

In the course of the debate all international courtesy was forgotten. Members openly expressed their doubts of a statement made by Sir Edward Grey with reference to Sir Fairfax Cartwright, our Ambassador at Vienna, in connection with the alleged interview with Sir Fairfax published in the "Neue Freie Presse." I regret to say that this journal, which, from a literary standpoint, is one of the best conducted on the Continent, cannot often be relied upon when foreign affairs are in question, and the Cartwright case was no exception.

If certain Radical members of Parliament are anxious, really anxious, to come to better terms with Germany, they would be well advised to take no further steps towards an unattainable rapprochement just now. Any such meddling will do more harm than good. The feeling of indignation in Germany against this country is so strong that I refrain from commenting upon it in case I should be accused of gross exaggeration.

In the meantime, one thing is fairly certain: Germany will not formally recognise the Italian annexation of Tripoli, and neither will Austria—not, at all events, until Italy makes some more definite movement. It would obviously be ridiculous to recognise the "annexation" of a country of which the Italians have secured so far only a footing on the coast; and even this is partly held with the aid of their warships. On the other hand, both Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, after a considerable amount of wobbling, appear to think in the meantime that it might be advisable to negotiate with Italy with a view to bringing her in to the "entente" group of Powers; and this is why no comments on the reported atrocities at Tripoli have appeared in the French newspapers, or at all events only mild comments. You can't say nasty

things of a possible ally, especially if that hypothetical ally is in a position, acting in conjunction with Russia, to keep Austria out of the next big European war.

Let us leave Turkey for China. Up to the time of writing both the Imperialists and the Republicans have had the good sense not to interfere with foreigners; for that would have meant intervention and the probable quelling of the rebellion by somewhat drastic methods. Nevertheless, Japan is steadily getting her troops ready, and the immediate outlook in the Far East is not promising. Persia need not necessarily absorb the whole of Russia's energy, and joint action with Japan on her part might bring the disruption of the Chinese Empire within measurable distance. On the other hand, if Japan interfered in China, the United States might try to interfere with Japan.

Speaking of Russia reminds me of her demand for an apology from Persia in connection with the alleged seizure of the property of some Russian subjects. With British troops in the south and the Russians making ready to seize a couple of provinces in the north, the partition of Persia is only a matter of time.

In connection with the Chinese affair, by the way, it may be mentioned incidentally that Dr. Sun Yat Sen is not the prime mover in the present outburst. This honour falls to Yuan Shi Kai, to whom the Premiership has formally been offered. Yuan Shi Kai has long been notorious for knowing exactly on what side of the fence to come down; and he appears to have decided that it is possible to save the Manchu dynasty with the aid of a government on the Western model and Parliamentary representation. If we assume that the Southern Provinces can be smoothed down, this task can be carried out. The Northern Provinces are in revolt against maladministration rather than against Manchuism. The task will, nevertheless, prove a difficult one, even for Yuan Shi Kai, who has in his time exhibited considerable Oriental talent as a statesman.

Portugal is once more beginning the old game of the ins and outs. Things are going on as before, with the exception of the fact that there is a President instead of a King. The latest Royalist incursion is planned for January, by which time "certain arrangements" (delightful and vague phrase!) will have been completed. In the meantime, I continue to have solemn assurances from some people on the spot that the country could not be quieter, and from others that the outlook was never more threatening. The fact is, there is a good deal of economic discontent, as there is in most other European countries at the present time, and this must not be confused with Royalism. Nevertheless, it cannot be contradicted that the Republic is still on its trial, and if the Royalists have really prepared their plans well this time they have a good sporting chance of setting their nominee on the throne. This does not necessarily mean that their nominee will be King Manoel.

Lord Kitchener is already putting various Egyptian officials through their paces; and, though there is no necessary connection between the two things, it is quite likely that the British garrison will be considerably strengthened with the abolition of the Capitulations, which is coming off shortly. In view of the impending downfall of the Turkish Empire, which is taken for granted in many diplomatic quarters, it is recognised that it is more than ever necessary for this country to make sure of being able to hold the Suez Canal.

After Mr. Balfour?

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

HORACE WALPOLE has celebrated that brilliant eighteenth century term of Chatham's ascendancy, during which the diarist found it necessary to ask his servant what fresh triumphs since yesterday; while at a later day, France being still in the revolutionary crucible, we have all heard about the cynical philoso-

pher who amused himself the last thing at night with speculating under what fresh form of national government he would awake. Events, whose series may be even now at its commencement rather than its close, have of late forcibly reminded us that they are living in an age quite as kaleidoscopic and as remarkable for its quick and unexpected changes as any earlier epoch that might naturally be expected to furnish a precedent for one's own. At the rate at which for some time we have been travelling, Austria's notification to the world of having annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina to her Empire, startling as for the moment it seemed, has long since become ancient history, entirely eclipsed since then, both in significance and novelty, now by the news of Italy's burglarious entry into Tripoli, or at another time by the beginning of China's transformation into a republic. As regards suddenness and moment, this sequence of surprises appropriately culminates, at least for the moment, in the sensation caused by the announcement that Mr. Balfour has ceased to lead the Opposition. And this just at the moment when the abdicating statesman's friends and foes alike were looking forward to the political functions of the coming Colston's at Bristol, or, as the latest possible date, to the gathering, a few days afterwards, of the Conservative Associations at Leeds. One of these events everybody felt certain would allay the discontent of his followers with the Conservative chief after a fashion quite as effectual and perhaps almost as amusing as the way in which the general sense of the company assembled on a well-known convivial occasion composed—in Bob Sawyer's lodgings, Lant Street, Borough—the feud between Mr. Gunter and Mr. Noddy. Such, indeed, within living memory had been the end of so many Conservative risings against the captains appointed by the Carlton Club to organise the various lines of defence for the Altar and the Throne. Forty years almost have passed since, successively at Manchester and Glasgow, Disraeli, in two famous speeches referring to passing dissatisfaction with his management, declared that the leader of the Opposition, as much as the Prime Minister, was the choice, not of Pall Mall or Whitehall, but of the country. Since then Mr. Balfour has taken a subordinate part in harring Disraeli's successor, Sir Stafford Northcote, out of existence, and has watched on the other side several performances of the same sort. For with Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Morley all sent to the rightabout within a few months of each other before Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's term came, the Liberals used up as many leaders, and quite as quickly, as their opponents.

At the same time, the recent practice on what is now the Ministerial side became, many years ago, an established Conservative tradition. In the seventeenth century the game began with the most able and accomplished man whom the Tories then had—Lord Clarendon, the historian. His predecessor in position and in genius under the first Charles had been betrayed to his enemies and the block. Clarendon was not, indeed, handed over to the headsman's tender mercies, but was none the less victimised by his sovereign and his own followers. Within fifty years of Clarendon's dispatch the first man of original genius who led the House of Commons in his age, Bolingbroke, shared Clarendon's fate, and found an asylum, not in the grave, but in retirement. The next man of anything like Bolingbroke's calibre, George Canning, stood it longer than was expected, but received his death-blow in 1827. Five years, however, before then, Canning's rival, as well as in every respect his opposite, Castlereagh, looked for support from the men for whose good he had spent himself in the Commons. Finding none to stand by him under the foul attack upon his honour he cut his throat. Coming down to the Victorian age, but

for his horse's false step on Constitution Hill (June 29, 1850), Sir Robert Peel might, in the course of nature, have lived to receive Gladstone and Disraeli into the same Cabinet. But though he never physically succumbed to them, the attacks of the men he had so often led to victory had begun in 1846 to make his existence a burden.

Mr. Balfour's place, therefore, in political history will be by no means exceptional or unique. So far he has only shared the fate common, as has now been shown, at all times to the chief pillars of his party. That which really distinguishes his case from others is the precise nature of the tactics adopted to make his position intolerable. In Parliament, indeed, a minority has occasionally shown itself restive under his management. There has, however, been no wholesale secession from his command. His rivals of the Halsbury Club and others have indignantly repudiated the charge of disloyalty; the utmost they have ever wanted to do has been, by the application of pressure, to strengthen his hands. Even superficial readers of English history know the point in the Georgian age at which the only resistance to Walpole's long predominance was organised by the Press. Those were the days in which Pulteney, through the writers he employed upon the "Craftsman," contributed far more to the coming Tory revival than he ever did as a debater at St. Stephen's. There is, of course, only a general analogy between the newspaper assaults contrived by the Tory leaders upon Walpole and the spirit of the journalistic criticism that has preceded the disappearance of the great Lord Salisbury's nephew from his familiar seat on the bench confronting the Ministers. Not Mr. Balfour's motives but his methods have been often perhaps sharply criticised, but never indiscriminately condemned by some among the organs of his party. It is a weekly journalist's business to be something of a freelance; but against the "Observer's" censures may be set the sustained loyalty of the "Telegraph" and the "Standard," and the not unsympathetic monitions of the "Morning Post."

The question now to be asked, and in some degree tolerably sure to be settled, during the present week at the Leeds meeting of Conservative Associations is, After Mr. Balfour, who and what? The two considerations will proceed towards a settlement *pari passu*. The members of the Opposition now assembling at the great Yorkshire centre will take definite steps to secure entire freedom to local considerations in the choice of candidates for the next General Election. It was that freedom of initiative that gave Disraeli in 1874 the first working majority Conservatism had ever mustered at Westminster since the days of Peel. Six years earlier election control was dominated by local magnates, with Conservative discomfiture as a result. But in 1874 aristocratic patronage had disappeared. The constituencies nominated their own men and returned them. Arrangements in the same direction are already in progress. As they advance towards completion, the personal agency under which they are conducted will have consideration. In other words, the new Conservative leader will be the product of the special needs of time and place. Though Mr. Balfour is gone, there remains, it must be remembered, Mr. Balfour's colleague, Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Walter Long is Lord Lansdowne's neighbour in their common county, Wiltshire. He has qualifications not surpassed in his own Chamber for his succession to the vacancy now existing in the House of Commons.

About one important detail there is no doubt. Neither the representatives of national Conservatism assembled this week at Leeds, nor Mr. Walter Long, or anyone to whom the mantle of Mr. Balfour's authority descends, will encourage the cancelling of any legislation already achieved. For such a step political history affords no precedent, notwithstanding any continuance of idle talk to the contrary. In the new Conservative programme it is, therefore, absolutely certain that no place will be found for an impossibility so patent as the repeal by one political party of any measure passed by the other.

The Fraud of the Conciliation Council.

By H. Russell Smart.

THE newly-formed Conciliation Council which has just held its first meeting has received that universal approval that is usually given to well-meaning incompetency. Its object is to prevent or shorten industrial troubles such as those which have recently disturbed the serenity of the comfortable classes. So far as its membership gives evidence, it would appear that the Government wishes to hold an even balance between the hostile armies of capital and labour. There is, however, an old proverb about good intentions, and, unfortunately, no amount of honest dealing can make inefficient machinery work successfully.

The scheme is that of Sir Charles Macara and is based on the success of conciliation in the cotton, coal and other industries employing skilled and well-organised labour. But the existing voluntary machinery is quite adequate to deal with all matters of dispute that arise between these contending parties. So long as the masters are willing to meet the official representatives of the men it is certain that every means will be exhausted before resorting to a declaration of war. Both sides understand the questions with which they have to deal, and both know the relative strength and weakness of the other's position, conditions which must always be the chief consideration in negotiations between the contestants, for, after all, it is might and not right that settles these matters.

But the recent strikes and those that are threatening have little to do with adjustments of wages and hours based upon the rate of profits, but are questions of principle on which the contestants hold opposite and irreconcilable views, questions which can only be solved by a fight to a finish and the triumph of one over the other.

Perhaps some of the hopefulness with which the Council is regarded is due to the fact that its chairman is Sir George Askwith, whose intervention in recent labour wars has been so markedly successful.

This gentleman possesses diplomatic ability of high order. Where conciliation is possible Sir George Askwith will achieve it, but even he is incapable of accomplishing miracles or calming the waters of the latest form of industrial storms with words. Sir George Askwith's success has been due to the fact that he has only intervened at the end of the struggle when both sides have been bled white. Conciliation then provides a golden bridge across which a beaten but not conquered army may retreat with some of the honours of war. Without in the least wanting to depreciate his ability, it must be admitted that it was rather the threat of a national strike of the transport workers than his diplomacy that caused the Liverpool Tram Committee to reinstate the men and so end the war.

Intervention of this character may shorten, but cannot prevent disputes, and peacemaking by diplomacy is rather more likely to be hindered than helped by the addition of a board composed of men of such opposite convictions as the Conciliation Council contains.

The Council, instead of meeting the contesting parties on the spot and bringing personal influence and tact to bear, must proceed by more formal and judicial methods, which are necessarily slow. The members of the Council are tolerably certain to be divided in the same degree that the classes from which they are

drawn are divided, and so far from aiding Sir George Askwith they are more likely to frustrate his efforts.

But the Conciliation Council is not only foredoomed to failure because of its constitution and necessarily slow methods of working, but because of its lack of principle. Never before has a judicial body been left so hopelessly adrift. It is like a boat without a rudder. It has no Act of Parliament to interpret nor even a definite instruction from the Government. It is expected to give its awards according to its sense of justice and fairness—delightfully pious aspirations to which everyone gives reverence. Unfortunately they are expressions open to infinity of interpretation.

Is it just and fair, for example, that a workman should be forced to join a trade union against his will? Is it just and fair that a body of trade unionists should strike against an employer with whom they have no direct dispute because he is bringing goods from a firm who employ non-union workmen? These are the questions that at the present time are agitating the working classes and are likely to be the cause of most of the labour wars of the near future.

Two recent strikes are sufficient to illustrate these new ideas on which the Council will be expected to give a decision. On a large building now being constructed in Manchester some bricklayers refused to handle metal goods supplied by a distant firm who refused to employ trade unionists. The contractors threatened the men directly concerned with dismissal, a procedure which instantly brought about the cessation of the entire work. The dispute was only settled by the employers yielding the point and returning the goods. The other instance occurred in Liverpool, where a non-unionist was taken on in a factory employing over a thousand workpeople of various trades. The whole body struck and refused to resume work until the offender was dismissed. The Irish railway strike also arose from just such a cause.

Now the justice and fairness of these two actions are certain to be judged according to the bias of the individual members of the Council. In fact, they are beyond the scope of any judicial body. They are the beginnings of a new principle in industrial organisation. Sectionalism is disappearing, and a solidarity, of which the seamen's, docker's, and railway men's strikes are the first evidences, is taking its place.

These are questions that must be fought out on the industrial battlefield. Conciliation can bring no hope of peace until one or the other view finds that general acceptance which is the result of a fait accompli.

The Conciliation Board, though fair in its constitution, contains a danger of frustrating the aims of the new Labour movement. So evident is this, that it is a matter of surprise that positions on it should have been accepted by the trade union officials. We have just seen the Railway Commission has been used to bamboozle the railway men when victory was in sight and caused them to yield up the fruits of a gallant struggle for a shadow. This is the underlying intention of the Conciliation Council. The new strike weapon depends for its effectiveness upon the suddenness with which it is used. Conciliation inevitably brings delay, involves preparation on the part of the masters, hesitancy on the part of the men, and, therefore, though its constitution is impartial, its formation is distinctly an employers' move.

It may be that in this there is a more subtle intention than appears on the surface. There is a growing tendency to penalise the striker. It only requires compulsory powers to be given to the Council to convert it into an instrument for depriving workmen of a weapon which, with all its dangers and sufferings, is yet the most effective defence Labour possesses in its armoury.

In fact, the Council is either a hopelessly ineffective body, or it is a subtle method of frustrating the new industrial movement.

In either case it is a fraud.

Triumphant Republicanism.

By V. de Braganca Cunha.

"THE most disquieting fact in the present state of the world is the frequent triumph of acknowledged wrong." These words were written by a bold English thinker, and recent events in Portugal fit their meaning.

The Powers have recognised the Portuguese Republic, and the Republicans have hailed with joy the unexpected attitude of the Powers towards them. But a recognition could not decide the question whether in Portugal democracy would assume its true or spurious form. National destiny can only be decided by the genuine force and manhood of the nation.

That the Republican hoax so beautifully engineered was a success few persons will deny. But it has cost its authors dear. Their satisfaction was short-lived. They are now in a worse plight than ever.

Whether the desire to defend themselves against the "conspirators" is second in urgency to the duty of fighting each other—as unanimously declared by the Republican Press—is for the many factions struggling for dominion over each other to decide. The firebrands of the "Uniao Democratica," led by Senhor Affonso Costa, the ex-Minister of Justice, may despise as much as they like the "Independentes" led by Senhor Machado dos Santos, the "hero" of Rotunda. They may continue to be not on speaking terms with the famous "Bloco," led by the ex-ministers, Senhores Camacho and Almeida. That is no concern of ours. But great national interests being also at stake, we are naturally concerned; and the greater interests of the nation cannot be sacrificed to the lesser interests of factions.

No sooner was the Republic recognised by the Powers than events of unexampled gravity occurred in Portugal. Senhor Almeida, the ex-Minister of the Interior and the editor of the "Republica," whose private character, we confess, is entitled to much respect, was brutally attacked by an infuriated mob, and had to take refuge in a shop until squadrons of cavalry had to be sent for to maintain order in Lisbon. We shall not be harsh. It was the Republican first great grief: their best experience of the vanity of boasting. A year ago, to judge by the exuberant utterances of Republican orators, it was the people of Lisbon who made the Revolution; but when for their own purposes they pandered to the vanity of the masses, little could they have suspected that the mob by which, they said, they had pulled down the throne would, a year after, be equally ready to pull themselves to pieces. Senhor Brito Camacho, the editor of "A Lucta," in a speech in Parliament condemned the outrage to which his colleague was subjected, and after laying great stress on the fact that the occurrence "was not a disconnected episode but a natural outcome of a vile campaign of political hatred," thought the passions and prejudices of "the people who are in that intellectual state of development, when they readily listen to appeals to their worst instincts" ought not to be encouraged! These were words spoken by a Republican leader who rose superior to party and took a dispassionate view of a grave situation. And the best correctors of history are those who have been engaged in making it.

But while Senhor Camacho suddenly assumed the attitude of a philosopher patronising the masses from a distance, the Republican Congress passed a motion in honour of the murderers of King Carlos. "The Congress sorrowfully salutes the memory of the great Portuguese, Buiça and Costa," were the words of the motion, which was passed unanimously.

We will not quarrel with the monomaniacs who saw

in a ghastly crime that stained the history of Portugal the realisation of a long, sanguinary dream. Some years hence, when the history of the Republic is written by an expert in lunacy, the motion of the Republican Congress will, perhaps, raise the question: if it is usual to tie raving lunatics, why does the political world let loose nations suffering from morbid impulses?

To us, however, the action of the Republican Congress is significant. In order to arrive at a correct estimate of its gravity it is necessary to call attention to a few facts which cannot be reasoned away, and, however the champions of the Republic may explain them, go to prove that the Portuguese Republicans looked upon the recognition of the Republic by the Powers as a bit of plunder more than as a trust. And the whole infamy shall be revealed to the British public.

It is a fact that since the day of King Carlos' assassination until the period we are speaking of, the Republican leaders have tried to clear themselves of the disgrace of profiting by a crime which, they knew, had turned the better elements of all countries against the murderers of the King and their accomplices. And no person was more strong in his assertions and louder in his assurances than the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Bernardino Machado, who now presided at the session of the Republican Congress. When the tragedy of February 1, 1908, discredited Portugal in the eyes of the civilised world, this fastidiously polished Republican leader declared that he believed in "republicanism by evolution." Again, when the Portuguese Revolution had the effect of sending him to power, and he set out with the most astonishing prudery to reconcile the nations in Europe to the change of régime in Portugal, he discharged all the bile of indignation on the foreign Press for accusing him of being present in his official capacity at the opening ceremony of the so-called Museum of the Revolution—an exhibition of the regicides' arms and of the explosive bombs used by the Revolutionaries. Anxious to clear the Republic from the guilt of murder and to erect a respectable government, he declared to the writer who gave the account of the interview in the "Nineteenth Century Review" of last July, that the Portuguese Republicans and their intentions had been grossly abused by the foreign Press. "It was a purely private exhibition organised for a worthy charity," said Senhor Machado to his interviewer. Such were the sophistries and diplomatic lies of the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose object evidently was not to give royalty a character of martyrdom and to the Republic that of lust of blood. But once the Powers recognised the Republic it was thought of supreme moment to baptise it with blood. Thus with that moral cowardice so eminently characteristic of the Republican mind, the Republicans waited for a year to do homage to those who set in movement the Revolution by which the Republic lives! We have some regard for the man who professes openly the doctrine that political assassination is a legitimate weapon in the armoury of nations, and has the courage to face all the consequences, but we view with contempt casuists who as Positivists execrate political murders and attempt in their political capacity to establish the maxims of political crimes.

Be that as it may—

... The time has been
That, when the brains were out the man would die
And then an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is. —"Macbeth," Act. III.

What future, then, does await Portugal? is a question which arises at present. The soiled linen of the Republic has been washed in public, and the bulk of the nation has cried "Shame!" The people have seen nothing of Republican patriotism. The parasites, to borrow a phrase from the Republican paper, "O Popular," "endanger" the life of the Republic more than "the legions of Conceiro," the Royalist leader. Ministries living on hand-to-mouth expedients are having such a short duration that no Minister can ever

die in harness. The veteran Republican leader, Senhor Eduardo d'Abren, who was for a considerable time a silent Republican, has boldly denounced the scandal of title-deeds in connection with the last loan, and declared the outlook for Portugal in the near future to be gloomy. This has convinced the body of men which refuses to be bound to the chariot wheel of any faction, that a revolution made by men whose character and opinions have been formed under the bad monarchical governments and who owe to them their training, will only lead to havoc and bloodshed.

"Civil war is inevitable" were our words to the representative of the "Daily Graphic" who drew our attention to the first telegrams that reached this country in the early days of last month. But since that interview appeared it has become but too notorious that some Republicans have declared that, haunted with the foreboding of a destruction of Portuguese nationality, they are ready to vindicate the country's honour in a movement that will overthrow all political tyrannies. We, therefore, repeat our conviction that civil war is inevitable, but the battle ground will have to be carefully selected.

Delenda.

By John Nicholas.

A HOPEFUL symptom among the novels of the day—some of which the respectable libraries have obliged me to read—is a distinct if not quite a growing tendency to attack the Family. The Family, it may be well to explain, is an institution for the isolation of youth which makes it possible to stifle enterprise, love and adventure in the eager bud.

There is an age when the spirit of youth is strong, when the heart swells at a word and the eyes glow, when all the generous impulses of life seek to come out into the sun, and cry aloud for revolution. Love, I suppose, who makes the world go round, is at the bottom of all revolutions.

"It is an age
With fancy at the full, and reason
Still in the bud."

Such urgent spirits as these Plato would have educated, led out, that is, into the sun, where fancy might grow strong and warm among the flowers and all beautiful things; trained by the influence of fair sights and melodies that blow on them like the freshness of the wind from a healthy sky, bending their unconscious childhood to instinctive likeness and love and harmony with the principle of beauty.

And when the love of beauty had been stimulated, and yet modulated to temperance (which is the power to distinguish between true beauty and any image to which the uncritical senses might too easily respond), the Soul was led from the Garden where she had lingered in wonder, waited on by invisible servants of glowing treasures—you will remember the Garden I mean: she was then to climb the arduous ascent of reason, spurning from terrace to terrace of the mountain the pedants who scramble into their own eyes the adamant dust of the sheer cliff; and from the top to look down on the cities populous in the golden plain, to mark and learn and correct their organised and ungrateful activities.

Plato's ideal education was part of a deliberate attack on the Family, which, as he was the first to realise, is an activity directly opposed to that of the State. When the education required by a State should lead the eager fancy into the sun, the Family (like Polonius) invites us to walk out of the air—into our grave.

Plato's attack failed so completely that now it does not shock anybody; the conspiracy against youth is still overwhelming. In five years at a public school and four at a university I learned to smoke expensive Turkish cigarettes, and tasted other charming amusements which were formally forbidden until they became habitual. But the triumphant part of Oxford in the conspiracy is to teach a boy to read philosophy without realising that it has any meaning. "Academic" has come to mean "meaningless," because the modern

university has traversed the Athenian boast of Pericles, φιλοσοφούμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας: our undergraduates, or rather our systematised graduates, may claim a contrary proficiency, and study philosophy without the manliness which would apply abstract thought to their actual environment. They may read Rousseau with impunity, remaining blind to the State; and approve theories about the corporate universe without endangering their individualism.

Such institutions, by the careful insulation of ideas, reproduce artificially one of the ordinary signs of mental senility. So Reason has no chance against the organised puritanism of common-sense; while the Family, strong in the knowledge of centuries of stagnant ugliness, has little difficulty in stifling Fancy and Love. Youth, with his nascent faculties aspiring to beauty, looks heavenward from the jealous thicket into which he fell from heaven: but the thorns soon spring up and choke him.

All anachronisms in the sphere of thought are poisonous, because they are dead. The Family is a stinking anachronism defended by such stupid, and therefore popular, conventions as that of maternal love, although as a matter of fact maternal cruelty and selfishness are at least equally well established.

It is still allowed to teach, and usually defended and encouraged in teaching, the morality originally developed by a small and spiteful Jewish theocracy.

As the unit of intercourse and of government, the Family yielded in due course to the clan and to the State. And now that the State morality under which, to a large extent, we live (which encourages us, for instance, to kill Germans or Boers, but seldom Englishmen), is yielding, not, of course, in practice, but at least in theory, to a world morality and some vague imagination of the federation of man; now, indeed, the ideal of social morality held up so proudly by the Family has been superseded again and again: it is three places removed from the truth; and yet is strong and horrid in our midst.

This progressive expansion of the sphere of social morality is a permanent law of moral evolution which has never yet been formulated, though it is the only sure guide to the history of moral philosophy. It is a sort of parallaetic law of an observant deity. For it is curious that our morality has expanded as our conception of God has receded; as if the sphere within which moral, or limited, action is expected were the space which fell under God's eye. Limitations, remember, began in a garden, with reference to some fruit tree or other, because He walked there in the cool of the day. In those days, indeed, He was among us, and, not having yet acquired even ubiquity, visited one family at a time. He would wrestle with a younger son, or take pot luck at a patriarch's table: He was near us and with us, and accordingly out in the open sunlight beyond our grey-beard's tents or the confines of the clan's village we did whatever we liked. Soon, of course, He retired, though not farther than the top of a mountain in the desert, accessible with a competent guide; and when He might take thence a prospect of the promised land of a larger humanity, a wider code was immediately promulgated, and the usual puritans defending a narrower convention were mercilessly suppressed: swallowed up, I believe, by the earth, only, as it unhappily appears, pour encourageur les autres. Even in those days, by the way, after His first secession, He was present on one occasion in a burning bush: and it would be interesting to know if this temporary descent was accompanied by any reversion to an older and narrower convention, or puritanical revival. But on the whole, in spite of these occasional and continually rarer reappearances, this recessive tendency has steadily continued, and He has dwindled through the centuries, ever more remote in a perspective of theological predication. To-day, while we dream of a law of action centred in our own hearts, and therefore universal, we lift our hands to the empty sky; for with the kindling at last of a world-embracing morality the whole universe is becoming, like the bush in Canaan, too small and too hot to hold Him.

The Medical Revolution.*

A CURSORY reading of this book might lead an unwary reader to suppose that the revolution is neither imminent nor necessary. Dr. MacIlwaine makes so many admissions that at first sight his book has only the merits and demerits of a thesis, and has no apparent bearing on practice. If, as he says, "the profession, outside the narrow circle of 'pure physicians,' now ignores Virchow's pathology, as a basis of practice, quite as completely as our fathers ignored the Humoral pathology," the practical value of an attack on Virchow's pathology is not immediately apparent. But if we remember that a fallacious pathology is the scientific basis of medicine, that by its very terms it makes necessary the modern hospital and a system of specialism that works in a closed circle of symptoms, that the coming practitioner is trained in the hospital to be anything but the complete physician—one of two things is plain. If his training is right, it can only produce another specialist; if it is wrong, he finds himself, as a practitioner, compelled to deal empirically with cases of which he has no very clear knowledge. Voltaire said that the physician poured drugs of which he knew little into a body of which he knew less; the modern practitioner, who has received a "scientific" training in the hospital, is compelled to a similar helplessness.

We know that the principle of causation is philosophically invalid; but its practical value cannot be gainsaid, and it is the fundamental law of science. It is obvious that neither curative nor preventive medicine can be successfully practised unless the causes of disease are known; and without a clear conception of what constitutes a disease the causes can never be scientifically demonstrated. Virchow's pathology is summarised in his phrase: "Every chronic disease is rooted in an organ." The substitution of morbid anatomy for pathology forbids the physician to look beyond the morbid change of structure for the cause of the disease; so that when certain lesions in the spinal cord are demonstrated, after death, we are supposed to know the cause of locomotor ataxy. That the same group of symptoms may arise from the action of different toxic agents, that it may also arise in cases of intrinsic causation, matters nothing. When the clinical symptoms are correlated with the lesions in the spinal cord we have a "complete pathological entity." A case of the disease has been demonstrated.

It is clear to the layman, at least, that what is common is not characteristic; and what is not characteristic is not causal. All characteristics are not causal; but all causes are characteristic. But the pathologist, Virchow himself, thought otherwise. A certain group of symptoms, of which dropsy was a principal, was discovered by Bright to be always associated with cirrhosis of the kidneys. "Virchow declared that Bright had succeeded in tracing 'the disease' to the organ in which it was rooted, and that, therefore, the demands of medical science were satisfied: 'Bright's disease' became 'a disease of the kidneys.'" That cirrhosis of the kidneys occurs in cases of lead-poisoning, scarlatina, influenza, alcoholic poisoning, gout, proves to the logical mind that Bright's disease is the cause of these other diseases—which is absurd, for they have determinate causes of their own. What is quite certain is that cirrhosis of the kidneys is not the cause of Bright's disease, but is itself only a symptom. The condemnation of Virchow's pathology lies in the fact that it does not lead the physician to look beyond the morbid change of structure for the cause of this group of symptoms.

It is here that Dr. MacIlwaine makes clear his difference. The medical revolution will take effect first in nomenclature: the change of name will precede a change of state. He insists that the word "disease" is "a definite mental conception drawn from the observation of a series of symptom-groups of deter-

minate and similar causation: it stands for definitely correlated cause and effect." For example, when a physician says that a patient is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, he has named a true disease, he has made a complete diagnosis. The cause is definitely known to be microbic, and curative and preventive medicine can be applied successfully to the destruction of the microbe. But when a physician says that a man is suffering from bronchitis, which may be an accompaniment of tuberculosis, typhoid fever, measles, and so on—he has not made a complete diagnosis, he has not named a true disease. The causes are not determinate or similar; yet, according to Virchow's pathology, the disease has been traced to its seat in an organ, and the cause is therefore known.

That the matter is not trivial a moment's thought will convince anyone. A man is not a collection of organs, but an individual; he has a constitution, but Virchow's pathology ignores it. For if every chronic disease is rooted in an organ, then treatment must be directed to the organ. Thus, asthma was treated, only a few years ago, by cauterising the inside of the nose; and a distinguished specialist said that he looked forward to the time "when every practitioner would treat every case of asthma with the cautery." Yet one patient may have a first attack at the age of two, caused by a constitutional defect; another may have a first attack at the age of seventy-two, when the kidneys are cirrhotic and the end is near. Between these two extremes lie cases of intrinsic and extrinsic causation, some so complex as to defy diagnosis; but cautery is the cure for all. We may smile at the absurdity of the reasoning, but the consequences in practice may be serious enough; and the specialist thrives on his minute knowledge, not of the constitution, but of the organ.

With a clarity of thought not unlike Machiavelli's, Dr. MacIlwaine divides diseases into those of intrinsic and extrinsic causation. The latter sub-divides into three: diseases caused by parasitism, poisoning, and traumatism. But of the five classes of disease that may be intrinsically caused, only one—incomplete development—is recognised officially by the Royal College of Physicians. The other four are ignored; and, instead of a frank recognition of the existence of a constitution morbidly affected by an environment and habits, we have a long list of "local" diseases, in the treatment of which men specialise to the exclusion of everything else. That neither curative nor preventive medicine can progress to the treatment of causes instead of symptoms until the conception of a "disease" is clear, needs no argument. Virchow's pathology has resulted in a lamentable confusion of thought; it has given rise to a host of spurious diseases, and has made possible the growth of a body of specialists—such as dermatologists, rhinologists, and neurologists—who look no further than the organ for the cause of disease. The return to Nature and the Hippocratic tradition means the restoration of the physician and the recognition of the existence of the patient; and it will, at least, make clear the ignorance of causation which is now cloaked by the indiscriminate use of the word "disease." Such is the medical revolution heralded by Dr. MacIlwaine; and it offers a prospect of hope to those who wish to see a healthy world.

It is a fault in a reformer to want to do too much. He must have the "tact to let external forces work" for him if he is to be successful. He must know what to change, he must apply his reforming energy to that particular; and let the rest accommodate itself to the alteration. For it is certain that a practical people is prejudiced against proleptic reconstruction. It does not believe in a scheme, it obeys an impulse: and a reformer who frightens it with an elaborate plan fails to communicate the impulse. If Dr. MacIlwaine can secure the official adoption of his definition of disease, if he can obtain the certification of death in accordance with it, things will move of themselves. But Dr. MacIlwaine's contribution to medical science may be forgotten in the outcry that will be raised against his theoretical reconstruction of the hospital system. We will not, even for the benefit of our health, tolerate the

* "The Medical Revolution." By Sydney W. MacIlwaine. (P. S. King and Co.)

idea of a medical inquisition of our domestic life. We would damn the doctor from the door, as we have damned the priest. Our bodies might perish, as our souls have declined; but we should at least be free from the tyranny of inspection, and an Englishman's home would still be his castle.

Those who have any knowledge of the history of medicine, who remember how, in the last century, the curative power of hypnotism was denied, and antiseptic surgery was denounced as "a Scotch fad," will not be surprised to hear that Dr. MacIlwaine's proposals have been ignored by the medical profession for twenty years. That he now appeals to the profession through the laity, that he is compelled to obtain professional consideration of his proposals by attracting public attention to them, is my only justification for writing this article. My purpose is simply that of publication; for in the interest of clear thinking, no less than in that of public health, his book must be preserved from ostracism.

THREE POEMS.

By Rupert Brooke,

MUMMIA.

As those of old drank mummia
To fire their limbs of lead,
Making dead kings from Africa
Stand pandar to their bed;

Drunk on the dead, and medicined
With spiced imperial dust,
In a short night they reeled to find
Ten centuries of lust.

So I, from paint, stone, tale, and rhyme,
Stuffed love's infinity,
And sucked all lovers of all time
To rarify ecstasy.

Helen's the hair shuts out from me
Verona's livid skies;
Gipsy the lips I press; and see
Two Antonys in your eyes.

The unheard invisible lovely dead
Lie with us in this place,
And ghostly hands above my head
Close face to straining face;

Their blood is wine along our limbs;
Their whispering voices wreath
Savage forgotten drowsy hymns
Under the names we breathe;

Woven from their tomb, and one with it,
The night wherein we press;
Their thousand pitchy pyres have lit
Your flaming nakedness.

For the uttermost years have cried and clung
To kiss your mouth to mine;
And hair long dust was caught, was flung;
Hand shaken to hand divine;

And Life has fired, and Death not shaded,
All Time's uncounted bliss;
And the height o' the world has flamed and
faded,

Love, that our love be this.

THE FISH.

In a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides.
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where wavering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,

And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.
There slipping wave and shore are one,
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);
Shaken translucency illumines
The hyaline of drifting glooms;
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green,
The myriad hues that lie between
Darkness and darkness! . . .

And all's one,

Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,
The world he rests in, world he knows,
Perpetual curving. Only,—grows
An eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
The dark fire leaps along his blood;
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will;
His woven world drops back; and he,
Sans providence, sans memory,
Unconscious and directly driven,
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,
Of lights in the clear night, of cries
That drift along the wave and rise
Thin to the glittering stars above,
You know the hands, the eyes of love!
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,
The infinite distance, and the singing
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around
The horizon, and the heights above—
You know the sigh, the song of love!

But there the night is close, and there
Darkness is cold and strange and bare;
And the secret deeps are whisperless;
And rhythm is all deliciousness;
And joy is in the throbbing tide,
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
In felt bewildering harmonies
Of trembling touch; and music is
The exquisite knocking of the blood.
Space is no more, under the mud;
His bliss is older than the sun.
Silent and straight the waters run.
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

He wakes, who never thought to wake again,
Who held the end was Death. He opens eyes
Slowly, to one long livid oozing plain
Closed down by the strange eyeless heavens. He lies;
And waits; and once in timeless sick surmise
Through the dead air heaves up an unknown hand,
Like a dry branch. No life is in that land,
Himself not lives, but is a thing that cries;
An unmeaning point upon the mud; a speck
Of moveless horror; an Immortal One
Cleansed of the world, sentient and dead; a fly
Fast-stuck in grey sweat on a corpse's neck. . . .
I thought when love for you died, I should die.
It's dead. Alone, most strangely, I live on.

Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

WHEN Ibsen broke with the old form of drama that had been degraded to a mere makeshift for walking gentlemen, and built the new drama out of symbolic materials, he not only revealed to moderns the possibility of casting a play in one piece, but the practicability of a new conception of intimacy. The great work thus begun by Ibsen was destined to bear evil fruit in this country. It brought to light a certain race of intimacy builders, and there has been for some years in this country a so-called "new" breed of dramatists splashing a "new" faith abroad, sworn to a "new" manner of thinking, aiming to evolve something entirely "new" of their own, whose fevered mind appears to have conceived a "new" creed (of a sort) admitting of a "new" conception of intimacy (also of a sort).

* * *

The bricks of their intimate theatre were of straw. There was to be no art for art's sake. Art must be didactic; it must have an ethical and political purpose. There was to be a novel technique whose purpose would seem to be to accentuate the great excess of "what I means." The play that was to magnetise the audience was to be "anything that could be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency." (For instance, a black-pudding, if it smelt savoury.) The "boundaries of the drama were to be extended to fit it for every sort of expression." (Save, of course, the only expression—the dramatic.) The action (of which the audience were supposed to be a part) was to be unconventional, made up of incoherent, disjointed conversations, a new sort of volubility rambling along what time the golden action of imagination stood still, amazed at the array of high-thinking qualities of the talk-action, wondering whether, after all, it was not closely related to the parrot tribe—that thinks too little because it talks too much. Furthermore, the audience was to be carried out of itself by sociologies, biologies, psychologies, and chop-logics presented by minds fully equipped with mental dyspepsia.

* * *

Clearly such materials of intimacy had but one origin—that of the propaganda of social and political reform. The "new" creed was, in fact, ingeniously manufactured on Fabian lines by one of the Fabian old gang, who later induced one of the Fabian new gang to assist him to carry it out. The special tap of intimacy was laid down on Fabian lines for the delectation of an audience that does not object to remain in its seat till its brain has been beaten to a pulp by endless chatter and cast-iron argument. And the new drama was accordingly Fabianism; its end the greatest scrappiness of the greatest number.

* * *

As the inevitable result of this incentive to empty broken syphons, fences and flower-pots in a space that should be reserved for the swiftly-pacing perfume of enlightenment, came The Viewsy Inheritance. The stage was endowed with a drama that totally disregarded everything connected with drama save the cackle; and neglected the physique of the theatre save as a catchpenny for intellectual midges. Thus deprived of its birthright the theatre lost self-respect and degenerated in turn into a school, forum, platform, hothed, nursery, for the use of didactic professors, pedagogues, propagandists, idiot instructors, moonshees and dry-nurses—all, in fact, who mistake a waste of words for a wealth of words. Indeed, the "new" intimate theatre stood to prove that if Ibsen found the drama a stalking horse for walking gentlemen, those that came after him have made it a bear-garden for talking gentlemen.

"The Honeymoon" is a fair sample of what the word-drama has come to in the hands of novelists, pressmen, publishers' assistants, peers and benevolent cabmen. As soon as I entered the Royalty Theatre the scattered remnants of this strange hybrid hailed upon me. I turned to my catalogue for an explanation, and there I read:

The bits of scenery supplied by H. O. and Co.

The bits of furniture supplied by Tottenham Court Road.

The bits of dresses supplied by Modiste and Co.

The bits of hats supplied by the Head-Joy Co.

The bits of bronzes supplied by the Electro-plated Association.

The bits of music supplied by the persons in the sawpit.

The bits of professional gramophones supplied by various managements.

The bits of business supplied by the producer.

The bits of policemen supplied by the L.C.C.

The unremembered bits of conversation supplied by Mr. Arnold Bennett.

* * *

I was clearly in for a great and good performance of tit-bits of which only the dialogue mattered. And this did not matter very much. I knew by instinct it would consist of the usual stuff—Society gossip on current events, and from the beginning I looked for the old familiar Views made up with sticks of two-and-a-half and Clarkson's woolly wigs. So it did not surprise me when the Views got to work in the first act on the general question: Is marriage more important than aviation? I felt it coming. And perhaps I anticipated the naiveté of the exposition of the plotless plot. It was likely there would be two Views on their honeymoon, and the Male View would maintain that half the sloppy period should be devoted to the patriotic business of conquering the blue dome and fleecy clouds, otherwise space; while the Female View would contend that it would be more to the purpose to spend the said period on the usual bank whereon the wild thyme grows and blows what time they could get as much of the conquest of the blue and fleecy as might be expected under the circumstances. It was inevitable, too, that as a clue to what she meant she would call in the aid of sundry bits of business which would suggest it was time She and He repaired to the said thymy bank. As for the end of the long confab, during which there was bound to be another View or two to go off the track (like the Swiss-milk waiter on the subject of international competition), it could of course only be something irregular. This is precisely the case, for the Views take the occasion to remind us they are not legally married. It is unnecessary; we can see it with half an eye.

* * *

It is an excuse for the introduction of further drawing-room Views in two unnecessary acts. These Views approach the limit. There is the exhausted View on woman as a work of art (personified by the unmarried wife). There is the View (by a ponderous vegetative novelist) on the novelist in the making. There is the particularly short View (by the false curate) on the joy of imposture. There is the View (by the unmarried Benedict) of how to be an unmitigated bore. And there is the View (by the tea-party bishop) of how to be unnecessary though in the "piece."

* * *

To all of these Views one may say, in the words of the author, "May I beg you to tell me exactly what you mean without being too witty," and, we might add, so wordy. How the dialogue discovered so many meaningless Views no one seemed to know. Perhaps the secret is as incommunicable as those of heaven; or possibly it is because the conversation belongs to the order of fossil plant botanically known as beunet-y-tales. In which case it does not matter. To put it plainly, "The Honeymoon" gives us a mode not a mood. It is sound and nonsense.

Nine for Four.

By Beatrice Hastings.

ACT I.

SCENE: An Office in the Treasury.

[Enter Mr. Welsh Collie and a Deputation of Ten. Mr. Collie wears a large dog-collar round his waist. The rest carry sheared sheepskins on their shoulders, but exhibit great independence in a neat little military Forehead Lock.]

THE TEN: Our instructions are to demand a rise in grass all round.

COLLIE: Pretty sheep! noble sheep! pious sheep! free sheep! British sheep!

NINE: Baa! baa! Dear dog! kind dog! Welsh dog! You're aware we love you dearly.

THE TENTH: But our comrades sent us merely To demand, De-mand more grass!

THE NINE: Things have come to such a pass That though we let our backs be sheared each season without bleating,

We can't compel the fleecers to return us grass for eating.

O noble dog! we fear unless you pass a resolution To give us proper pay the herd will rise in revolution.

COLL.: Well, friends, you know my way's—Conciliation.

But I can bark when needful at your masters.

No slack, Balfourian, barkless canine, I!

I bark—and bite; I bit them with the Budget.

Did not I now? and bled them in your interests?

THE TENTH: You bled us too.

COLL.: Surely an honest sheep would pay his share! [Cheers.]

Thanks, gentles. Now what can I do to help you?

You see there is no unowned grass. I can't steal grass,

Or you should feed yourselves quite green, by Taffy! [Laughter.]

Yet I am not without a scheme, praise God!

THE NINE: Praise God!

THE TENTH: If it's a scheme to give more grass.

COLL.: Why, ingrate, all my schemes are grass-giving —(to somebody).

THE NINE: Ingrate!

COLL.: There, he meant nothing. Do not quarrel.

Let me unfold my scheme; it's very simple.

It will give you everything grass could give—

Health, strength, and, best of boons, security.

[Prolonged cheers.]

Three years I've spent in hermit solitude,

Imploring Providence to whet my brains;

Nor once have wine or dined or golfed or shot,

But every moment spent in studious prayer

To solve what all men found insoluble—

How to make peace and plenitude prevail.

THE TENTH: That's simple: give us all more grass. [Silence.]

COLL.: The gentleman is right, and I am going to do it. [Excitement.]

It makes no difference how you get the grass.

To get it is the thing, or get what grass implies—

Health, happiness, and certainty for all.

Whereas you now go begging when you're sick,

You should be safe insured to draw some grass,

Or its equivalent—grass is but what grass gives.

Well, now, as I was meditating underneath the stars And wishing I could melt them all for you to silver bars,

I was startled (joke intended) by the title of a Bill That will positively remedy your each and every ill.

To cut the story short—I mean to rob the fleecers' till. [Cheers.]

They shall every one contribute towards a great Insurance fund

Three blades weekly—oh! I know they'll raise the deuce, be fairly stunned!

I myself (*l'état, c'est moi!*) will add two more, and you shall merely

Put aside four little blades: that's nine for four quite clearly.

THE TENTH: But we haven't got enough to manage now on—that's the trouble!

COLL.: But if I give you nine for four, my friend, that's more than double!

He hasn't thought it over yet, he's dizzy still with shock.

THE TENTH: Fleecers who offer nine for four intend to flay the flock.

You fellows don't observe the levy of the Forehead Lock.

COLL. [*snivelling*]: Friends, you have trusted me often, Yet never have been betrayed. Think of the famous Budget, Of the great reforms I made. I taxed the rich man's land,

THE TENTH: The poor man's baccy and beer!

COLL.: I gave each day to the worn-out worker Eightpence-halfpenny clear.

THE TENTH: Fourpence a day for rent, A penny each breakfast and tea; Twopence for dinner, the rest to be spent On pleasure, absolutelee.

Medicine, clothes, and coals, and candles, and soap he gave away free! [Laughter.]

COLL. [*aside*]: I am beset by poets and the Intellectuals!

My wife's quite right: if I can't play their game my rule's a sneeze.

I'll try that tag she taught me out of Aristophanes. [Aloud.]

Worthy veterans of the workers—you that, either right or wrong,

With my eightpenny provision I've maintained and cherished long—

Come to my aid! I'm here waylaid: misunderstood, and near betrayed.

THE TENTH: Out, away with him! The slave! The pompous, empty, fawning knave!

Does he think with idle speeches to delude and cheat us all?

As he does the doting elders that attend his weekly call.

COLL. [*aside*]: Curse this popular education—Balfour really makes me sick!

[Aloud.]

For gross, ungrateful, spite-your-facing sheep, you're quite the pick.

Well, gentlemen, I'm wasting time, I fear;

I see that nine for four's not wanted here.

I'll leave you to the fleecers, since I must.

THE NINE: No, don't do that. In you we humbly trust. This upstart to the door we'll quickly thrust.

He's an idle versifier, never worked at bench or fire, And he's always urging everyone to think of "something higher."

Be like him, in fact, a poet, and a starving one—we know it.

No, sir; give us nine for four, and we'll never heed him more.

Yet there's this—we'd like your solemn oath by Briton not to dock

Our sign of independence, our symbolic Forehead Lock.

COLL.: Never dreamed of such commission!

Besides, how could I dock

Without express permission

Any man's symbolic lock?

THE NINE: No; how without permission could he dock our Forehead Lock?

Hurrah! Hurray! Turn out that lazy singer

And give three cheers for the boodle-bringer.

THE TENTH: Boodle-bringer? Boodle-snatcher! Greedy sheep.

THE NINE: We'll teach you soon a civil tongue to keep.

COLL. : Oh, be gentle with him, friends.
Do not kill him, do not hurt him;
Evil feelings now pervert him,
But he's sure to make amends.

THE NINE : Suppose we put him gently off to sleep?

COLL. : That would be nice to put him off to sleep.
But not just now, or here. Let him run loose;
He's sure to run his head into a noose.

THE TENTH : And you—run on! You're on your
destined chain.
The Fates unwind, but sometimes wind again.
[*They hustle him out.*]

COLL. : So now to get to business I'll be able.
You'll find my gift upon your Christmas table.
[*Frantic cheers.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. : Outside the Treasury. TIME : A Year Later.
[Enter Tom and Dick.]

TOM : Hi ! what did you find on your Christmas table?

DICK : Nothink.

TOM : Same here.

DICK : I've paid my four blades regular every week.
Never been out of work, or sick, or lazy;
Not ever missed one payment. Something's wrong.

TOM : Same here. I wonder where you see about it?

DICK : Oh, I know that. There—at the Checker's.

TOM : Where?

DICK : There, of course. That big house there. The
"Mirror"

Often has pictures of the Chancellor
Walking beside his kiddie to the Checker's,
Off to keep an eye on the book-keepers.

TOM : Well, let's go and ask. We got a right to.

DICK : Haw ! I' never been in them places.

TOM : Me neither; but I'm going now, sure's I'm alive.

DICK : Alright; I'll come as far's the door.
[Enter Harry.]

HARRY : 'Ullo !

TOM : 'Ullo yourself !

HARRY : Got your 'surance?

TOM : No.

HARRY : Me neither. Where d'yer get it?

TOM : Ah, ask me !

HARRY : I've paid in alright.

TOM : D'yer think we ain't?

HARRY : No offence, mate. I'm feeling queer about it.

DICK : Well, look here. If he'll come, I'll come—come
right in.

Tom says he's goin' to the Checker's to get the
'surance.

[Enter Hodge. He wears a sheepskin.]

HARRY : I'm on. Why not? It's ours.

TOM : Come on, then.
[Enter a Policeman.]

DICK : Wait a minute.

HODGE : Number Eleven. Goy ! what a big heause.
A think a'll wait awhile and git me breath.
[Sits down on the kerb.]

POLICE CONSTABLE : Hello, my man. Are you faint?

HODGE : No, mister, not exackly; but a've coom a long
weay.

P.C. : Well, you mustn't sit here. Go into the park.

HODGE [*rising*] : Very good, sir. P'raps, sir, you can
tell me.

Where do you get the 'surance? Mine h'ant come.

P.C. : Have you been ill?

HODGE : Me ! A never ailed in my life.

P.C. : Out of work?

HODGE : Eaut o' wurrk ! No, thank God !

P.C. : Well, what do you want?

HODGE : A've paid !

P.C. : Look here, move on ! You mustn't stop here.

HODGE : But a must. A want to see Mr. Welsh Collie.

P.C. : Got an appointment? Card, or anything?

HODGE : Yes; an' all the stamps on regler. Coorse I
brart that.

P.C. : Golly ! My innocent feller, sling yer 'ook !

HODGE : I wunt. My missus says to me : "You goo
up and see"—
And a'm seein'. Can't I ring the bell?

P.C. : Oh, if you like. He, he, he ! Kkkkk !
[Hodge rings. P.C. stands on the kerb, back to
the door, making convulsive grimaces.]

FOOTMAN [*blandly*] : Have you an appointment? Card,
sir? I'll take it in.

HODGE : Well, I'd prefer to show it myself, sir.

FOOTMAN : Who do you want to see?

HODGE : Mr. Welsh Collie, the Chancellor of the
Checkers.

FOOTMAN : Not at home, sir.

HODGE : A'll wait. A'll coom back in a hour.

FOOTMAN : Gone into the country, sir.

HODGE : Wheer? Sussex, maybe?

FOOTMAN : Wait a minute, please.
[He shuts the door. P.C. looks round and jerks
his chin seriously.]

P.C. : Keep yer pecker up ! Never say die !

HODGE : Thank you, sir.
[The door opens. Tom, Dick, and Harry sidle up.]

FOOTMAN [*to Hodge*] : Come in, please.
[Inclines his head enquiringly towards the rest.]

TOM : Er-er-er-want to see the Chancellor of the
Checkers.

FOOTMAN : Have you an appointment?

TOM [*blustering*] : We have. You ask 'im—

FOOTMAN : Come in, please. Take a seat.
[The door is shut behind them all.]

P.C. : This here's been brewing. We knew it. More
extra duty ! [Walks off.]

SCENE II. : An Office in the Treasury.
[Secretary seated at a table. Enter Hodge, Tom, Dick,
and Harry.]

SECRETARY : Well, gentlemen? [*Dead silence.*]

HARRY [*nudging Tom*] : Go on !

TOM : Er—about the 'surance, sir. It hasn't come.

SEC. : This is not the place to find out anything.

TOM : Well, I reckon I've paid in thirty-five weeks.
Thirty-five fours at nine each is—er—you do it,
please, sir.

SEC. : My good fellow, what are you talking about?

TOM : Talking about? I've paid, I have. I want
what was promised.

SEC. : But have you been ill or unemployed? If not,
there's nothing due.

TOM : But I've paid reg'ler.

SEC. : Surely you understand what insurance means.
You get nothing back until you are ill or unem-
ployed.

HODGE : Beg pardon, sir, but that 'ere ain't likely to
happen to me.

SEC. : I hope not, I'm sure. I wish I could say the
same. Well, I need not detain you any longer.
Everything quite clear?

TOM : It's clear we've paid and ain't got what was
promised.

HARRY : Surely, mister, there's some mistake?

SEC. : The mistake is yours, and it does you no credit.
You must know what insurance means. Have you
never belonged to a friendly society?

TOM : No; couldn't afford it. I'm a labourer, I am.
Fifteen bob a week and no chance of a rise.
I've scraped up four by eating less'n I liked.
And I believed that about the nine back.
Why don't he give what he promised? the Chan-
cellor.

SEC. : If you fall ill or out of employment you'll get the
nine.

TOM : Got to give up workin'. That's a rum 'un.
But I can do that to-morrow mornin'.

SEC. : You understand the conditions. You must have
satisfactory reasons for leaving your employment,
stated by your employer on the discharge sheet.

TOM [*heavily*] : We're done, mates.

SEC. : Hardly. You've grossly misunderstood the Bill.
Get some of your more intelligent friends to explain
it. [He rings a bell. The door opens instantly.
Three large footmen appear in the passage.] You
mustn't come here about these matters : understand
that. [*Rising.*] Go and talk it over with your
friends. Good-morning. [He goes through a

door behind him. They turn to go out with eyes on the ground.]

FOOTMAN: Allow me, sirs. You've dropped your forehead-locks.

HODGE: A got mine, thank ye. A begin to see summat. A'll eat my fill the coomin' year;
An' my missus and my children'll eat their fill;
An' Mr. Welsh Collie'll come whistlin' to me;
An' a'll vote what way I think next 'lection.
An' what a think is this—

FOOTMAN: If you please, gentlemen.

HODGE: What a think is the Government's a thief.
The Government's a lying thief!
The Government's— Take yer 'ands off me!

You let me alone.

A'm sayin' the Government's a thief!

And Mr. Welsh Collie is a liar.

Let me alone, by gum, or a'll show ye!

[Whistles and confused shouts.]

FOOTMAN: Out with him. [They hustle him out.]

ACT III.

SCENE: An Office in the Treasury. The Right Hon. Welsh Collie seated at a table. TIME: Two years later.

MR. COLLIE: A delicate business demanding diplomatic tact.

Six Insurance Commissioners determined to resign!
Just the morsel I know how to swallow.

I'll gobbet 'em and hand 'em back to themselves
Transmogrified into pious Christians,
Praising Providence for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I'll moddle 'em, coddle 'em, razzle 'em and dazzle 'em.
I'll oil 'em, spoil 'em, coil 'em and foil 'em,
I'll riddle 'em and diddle 'em, rate 'em and placate 'em;

And if that doesn't make 'em mine I'll simply threaten to resign!

My threats of resignation never failed to seat me tighter;

As all the mud thrown at me never failed to wash me whiter.

The people simply can't believe I'm not a seraphim.
If I swear they swear I'm praying,
If I sneeze they hear a hymn.

Oh! thanks for nonconformity and nonconformist virtue.

Let 'em think you're out for boodle and the good'll ne'er desert you.

But I'm emphatically *not* out for boodle!
Boodle come or boodle go—I remain in office.

What do I want? I really scarcely know.

Why know? It's enough that I'm wound up to go!
[Enter Little Mary.]

MARY: Daddy! my new baa-sheep won't baa no more.

COLLIE: Won't it, then? Just you wait until I wind it up again.

MARY: Wind it now, daddy.

COLLIE: Got to wind up Six Big Fat Sheep as you never saw.

MARY: Let me see you wind 'em, daddy.

COLLIE: Mind you smile, then, when they baa nicely.
Here they come. [Seats her on a chair.]

[Enter Six Insurance Commissioners.]

COLLIE: Good morning, gentlemen.

1ST C.: Good morning, sir.

COLLIE: I have read your communication with in' se regret.

Gentlemen, if I cannot control the country with your help,

How on earth shall I control it, deprived verily of my right hand?

I cannot. Flatly, I cannot.

1ST C.: But, sir, we are confronted by a malingering England;

And not merely that, but by a mutinous England.

Half the villages are in jail, and the rest live by poaching

And the sale of wooden legs.

COLLIE: I'm bringing in a Bill to make the sale of legs illegal.

2ND C.: But it isn't only legs; it's arms and every sort of limb, believe me!

COLLIE: Ha, ha, ha, ha! That's witty. You really must not leave me.

I can't hear of resignation; though, of course, if you insist

I'll have to muddle through with men from my inferior list.

Now help me save the country.

1ST C.: The country, sir, is lost.

COLLIE: I've saved it many a time and oft ere now.

1ST C.: But at what cost!

COLLIE: No cost to *us*, my friend. We simply must work hand in hand.

The moment we dissolve there'll be the devil "on the land."

1ST C.: Well, what do you propose?

COLLIE: I'll take your opinion;
I've several schemes in hand for maintaining dominion.

T'would waste your time to bore you with 'em now.
But just hold on and help. I've got the schemes in tow.

1ST C.: Sir, my son directs a coal-mine, closed for lack of labour.

2ND C.: Sir, my son owns works where men draw double-pay—their favour!

3RD C.: Sir, my son must sell his coverts to a speculating neighbour.

COLLIE: I want—aha!—six sons of trusty men, for sinecures.

I needn't beat about the bushes. Take them: they are yours.

1ST C.: Thank you!

2ND C.: Thank you!

3RD AND 4TH Cs.: Thank you!

5TH AND 6TH Cs.: Thank you!

COLLIE: That's the spirit. Now I thought—er—

You might go so far—

Just to please my little daughter—

As to gently murmur Baa!

ALL: Baa! Baa!

MARY: They don't do it properly, daddy.

COLLIE: Oh, they will next time. Thank you, gentlemen. A most historical morning! [Exeunt the Six.]

Now run away, Mary. No more sheep coming.
Big black dogs.

Biters. Bow-wow-wow!

[She runs off. Enter a manufacturer of wooden legs.]

MAN: All congratulations, sir! The Bill is simply splendid;

Not a man among the masses but has some limb to be mended.

I've forty factories going now, and forty more in building.

You're England's glory, sir: you're sterling gold that needs no gilding.

The heights you're rising to would make a steepie dizzy.

COLLIE: That's happy! I must save it up. So long! I'm awfully busy.

[Enter an Inspector from Scotland Yard.]

INSPECTOR: Regret to inform you, sir, of a riot in W. Man. Mob of malingersers, selling legs for firewood, came in conflict with the police. Police charged. Beaten back. Mob now in possession of Westminster Bridge.

COLLIE: Is that all? Thanks. I'll arrange something.

[Exit Inspector. Collie rings up on the telephone.]

COLLIE: Hello! Is that you, Pug? Oh! well, I say, the mob's got Westminster Bridge. Can't you create a diversion? Get 'em in a good humour? What? Been standing on your head half the morning? What about sitting up for sugar? Done that yesterday? Could you go down a mine? Done that? Go down in a submarine! That, too? Up in an aeroplane? What? Well, yes,

McKenna's made it a bit stale. Here, I've got it: have yourself photographed bathing. Good Lord! not done that, too? Have your wife photographed bathing. What? I can't believe you: you're joking. Was she really? Well, what's left? Oh, I've got it. Send for the baby, and walk down Whitehall with it. Think what? Oh, think it's ripping! Right. I say, don't forget to-night—at nine sharp. Ta-ta, dear fellow.

[Enter a Second Inspector.]

INSPECTOR: Regret to inform you, sir, of a riot in Kendal.

COLLIE: Kendal?

INSP.: Near Carlisle, sir. Party of workers suddenly struck work, sang "Taffy was a Welshman" and "Rule Britannia," and went off to the mountains.

COLLIE: Well?

INSP.: Nothing, sir; but they said they were going to find a poet.

COLLIE: That might be alarming, Simpkins, if there was a poet there.

INSP.: There is said to be, sir: one who escaped before the Sedition Bill.

COLLIE: Thank you, Simpkins. Just go and ring up Scotland Yard and enquire about the Bridge riot.

[Exit Inspector. Collie takes telephone.]

COLLIE: Hello! Is that the War Office? Mobilise the troops. There's a poet up in Cumberland. Yes,—yes,—yes—at once!

[Re-enter Simpkins.]

SIMPKINS: All quiet, sir. Mr. John Pug gave his baby the bottle on the Terrace. Mob's dissolved in laughter.

COLLIE: Another respite. I mean, alright Simpkins. Good-morning.

[Exit Simpkins.]

COLLIE [writing]: Bill to prohibit the singing of "Rule Britannia." No—not yet. Bill to prohibit the singing of "Taffy was a Welshman."

CURTAIN.

Steps to Parnassus.

Thoroughness in Plagiarising.

By Jack Collings Squire.

DOUBTLESS the fault arises rather from lack of vigorous training and sound precept; but no intelligent reader of the bulk of our contemporary poets can have failed to observe that their plagiarisms, though frequent, are not quite whole-hearted. Occasionally the weakness of the flesh asserts itself, and the poet will put in a line which has been somewhat altered, or even (for such is the hardihood of some) a line which expresses in his own language a thought which is to a markedly perceptible extent his own. Naturally these flaws do not escape the notice of our ever-vigilant critics. Their ears are well attuned to echoes, and they have scant mercy for a sound which has in it nothing of reflection or ricochet. Many young poets, well-intentioned enough, must have been caused piteous heart-burning by the severe reprimands dealt out to them merely because they have from time to time forgotten their "sources." We know that their treatment has been unjust. We know that they have been dealt with hardly when they have conscientiously done their best. They have striven might and main never to let roses and lilies out of their sight; never to forget the silence that is among the lonely hills; and always to remember that elms are immemorial and most other things immeasurable, infinite, immortal, deathless, eternal or everlasting. But they have failed; and they have failed because they have paid no respect to the old motto, "Be thorough!" The masters of old time were greater than we; we can only get near to them by imitating them; and surely the most perfect form of imitation is literal transcription. There is no need to copy out whole poems as they stand. The corpus of English poetry is very large. With time and concentration any number of lines

can be found to fit each other metrically and with respect to rhyme. To quote once more from our rich national treasury of proverbial wisdom, "An ounce of example is worth a pound of argument." Perhaps—such at least is the devout hope of the present writer—the following little lines, hastily strung together in the spare moments of a busy life, may be of help to many who need but a little judicious counsel to set their feet on the high-road which leads to Success and Fame:

A VISION OF TRUTH.

As it fell upon a day

I made another garden, yea,

I got me flowers to strew the way

Like to the summer's rain;

And the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough

"Poor moralist, and what art thou?"

But blessings on thy frosty pow,

And she shall rise again!"

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,

A highly-respectable Chancellor,

A military casque he wore

Half-hidden from the eye;

The robin-redbreast and the wren,

The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen,

Heckety-peckety my black hen.

He took her with a sigh.

The fight is o'er, the battle won,

And furious Frank and fiery Hun,

Stole a pig and away he run

And drew my snickersnee,

A gulf divides the best and worst,

"Ho! bring us wine to quench our thirst!"

We were the first who ever burst

Under the greenwood tree.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep

(She is a shepherdess of sheep),

Bid me to weep and I will weep,

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Then up and spake Sir Patrick Spens

Who bought a fiddle for eighteen-pence

And reverently departed thence,

His wife could eat no lean.

If an epilogue be desired, the following may perhaps serve as a useful model:—

'Twas roses, roses all the way

Nor any drop to drink;

Or, again:—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

Whose goodness faileth never,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever.

Some readers may—indeed, very likely will—contend that in one or two places the thread of the narrative in the above lines is a little tangled, or even that many of the lines have no obvious connection with one another.

But that really does not matter. Speaking as one who would not willingly mislead a fly, I tell my brother-poets, with the most whole-hearted concern for their welfare, that obscurity and apparent discontinuity of parts will be all to their advantage. For if the critics cannot understand your argument or detect the junction of your images they will call you a symbolist. And that will be so nice for you.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

I HAVE often wondered during the last eight years whether it is humanly possible to administer the Patron's Fund in a less intelligent way than it has been administered. On Friday week I came to the conclusion that it is not. The administrators of the Fund gave a concert at the Queen's Hall, and the London Symphony Orchestra, one of the first orchestras in Europe, was engaged for the occasion. In 1903 a very wealthy manufacturer, sentimentally interested in music, was persuaded or cajoled into leaving £20,000, and in 1906 another £7,000, to the Royal College of Music, "for the encouragement of young British composers and executive artists." Needless to say, the encouragement has been directed principally towards the pupils

of the Royal College and its maiden aunt, the Royal Academy.

* * *

In the pages of Friday evening's programme were printed two lists of names, one of the performers (i.e., "executive artists") who had taken part in the previous sixteen concerts, and one of composers whose works had been performed at those concerts. The list of performers looks very well, but the point is, that probably ninety per cent. of them require no encouragement at all, and would be better without it. From my own personal knowledge I should say that most of them are quite well able to pay their rent, and save money, by their own independent exertions and were already doing so at the time they were patronised. But the prestige of the Royal College must be maintained.

* * *

The list of composers looks rather less well. Considerably more than half required no encouragement—they are always writing and finding publishers. The remainder are better left alone; oblivion will certainly look carefully after their imaginative achievements. . . . Amongst the more prominent of the young men who have been patronised are Ernest Austin, Hubert Bath, Arnold Bax, W. H. Bell, York Bowen, Frank Bridge, A. von Ahn Carse, Eric Coates, Benjamin Dale, Thomas Dunhill, James Friskin, and Balfour Gardiner. Mr. Austin is, I understand, a brother of the baritone, Frederic Austin; he has had songs and other things produced at various select concerts during the last few years. Just the other day the new publishing firm of Stainer and Bell, Ltd.—no Stainer and no Bell, I am told; but a well-known professor and a famous baritone—has issued a "Communion Service" of his. This is the sort of stuff a man needs no encouragement to write; it is fashionable and vulgar, and, in my opinion, slightly irreverent. Mr. Hubert Bath has given himself over to the sale of "royalty" ballads. Mr. Arnold Bax is a member of a very well-to-do family, and he ought to do without the Patron's Fund; he should himself persuade the public that his music is worth paying to hear, or let the public have it for nothing. Mr. W. H. Bell is a professor at the Royal Academy and has directed the pageant music at St. Albans and the Festival of the Empire; he also should stand on his own feet. Mr. York Bowen is another professor at the Academy; his compositions are brilliant, but ordinary. Mr. Frank Bridge is, with Mr. James Friskin, one of the darlings of the Royal College. In Mr. Bridge's compositions usually there is esprit without intelligence; in Mr. Friskin's usually there is intelligence without esprit. Mr. Coates, like Mr. Bath, sells "royalty" ballads. Mr. Benjamin Dale writes for the unfortunate combination of organ and orchestra, in my opinion a reprehensible occupation. Mr. Dunhill is a professor at the Royal College; he has written good, well-planned pieces in accordance with the virtuous traditions of composition at that institution, and has been granted by the Fund a sum of money for the public performance of that kind of music. I have heard much of it, and I can only say that it is intolerable. . . . Amongst the sixty-one there are probably not three whom one would feel any high artistic justification in encouraging. There are certainly two of whom great things may well be expected. These are A. von Ahn Carse and Balfour Gardiner. Mr. von Ahn Carse (I must presume he is English) has written an extremely good symphony produced by the Fund, and Mr. Gardiner is the composer of "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," mentioned just lately by my predecessor in *THE NEW AGE*, which is one of the best little orchestral pieces written by an Englishman within the last five years.

* * *

By the terms of the bequest, the administration of the Fund is in academic hands, and one may, of course, only expect academic administration. Here is one phrase from the printed programme:—

It being the wish both of the Council of the Royal College of Music and of the founder that the influence of the fund

should be far-reaching, and in a sense national, a clause was inserted in the deed of gift to the effect that the benefit of the fund, though primarily for past and present pupils of the Royal College of Music, could be extended to any other British subjects, whether educated at any of the musical schools or privately.

This has all the appearance of benevolence. "In a sense national" is a phrase capable of any interpretation; so is "the influence of the Fund should be far-reaching." Candidates are not warned that Sir Charles Stanford, an important member of the Board of the Royal College, has declared himself against an untempered scale, and that their compositions must not be of a style later than 1882. . . . If the concert on that Friday evening to which I have referred may be taken as an example of the Fund's work, surely Mr. Palmer's money would have been better spent in rescue work in the London County Courts. As it is, his Fund is merely a laughing-stock amongst serious musicians. I refrain from mentioning any new composition played at that concert, except Mr. Carse's symphony, for everything else was bad or mediocre. And who in the world wants to hear a student, or anybody for that matter, play Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G minor? That piece of music always reminds me of a half-witted old lady with a tract in her hand.

* * *

The Classical Concert Society proceeds gaily on its career. At its most recent concert Pablo Casals played the 'cello. That, of course, was an immense feather in its cap, for Casals could draw music even out of a Stanford concerto. But the previous concert was a terrible lesson. There is no denying the fact that Miss Fanny Davies can play the piano; I have heard her at a party play Schumann delightfully, and I have heard her in public play some Mozart thing in a way that was irresistible. But her performance of some old Italian "masters" at this concert was a powerful argument in favour of making a holocaust of their fusty manuscripts. When I was a student we mentioned the name of Frescobaldi with awe; Caldara, Pergolesi, Gaffi, and so on were all sacrosanct. Miss Davies put the finishing touch to her unconscious argument against those fellows by playing, a few minutes later in the same afternoon, pieces by Martucci and Sgambati. These two are moderns; they are not famous, but they wrote like musicians, not like schoolmasters. . . . At the same concert a performance was given of a clarinet and piano sonata of Brahms. This struck me at the time as a conclusive argument in favour of suppressing the Classical Concert Society. I yield to no man in my admiration of the best work of Johannes Brahms; but this sonata is a *bête noir*. Its very ugliness seemed to be accentuated by the raucous clarinet playing of Mr. Gomez.

* * *

Another familiar figure at the Society's concerts is Mr. Donald Francis Tovey. In conjunction with Señor Casals he played, on Wednesday, a sonata by Julius Röntgen for piano and 'cello. The sonata was a fair example of good professors' music, always immaculate and very seldom inspired—better, however, than most things of its kind. Probably if any other 'cellist than Casals had been playing it would have made no impression. He alone seemed, on Wednesday, to play it with any sense of freedom, the pianist trotting along like a good old 'bus horse, and no pranks. . . . Mr. Tovey's playing of the "Waldstein" sonata is surely unique. I have too much respect for metronomes to compare it to one of those eloquent instruments; but I wonder what Beethoven would have thought of it?

* * *

A plebiscite programme should be an interesting thing always. Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus, whose audiences are largely composed of ladies' schools, is a pianist of delicate sensibility. On Thursday, last week, he played a programme drawn up by a plebiscite of his admirers. It contained Rachmaninoff's fine "Prelude"—the only thing I know of the Russian's that is worth listening to and even it is now badly hackneyed—the "Moonlight" and "Appassionata," sonatas of

Beethoven, the "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" of Mendelssohn, the "Papillons" of Schumann, three Chopin and three Liszt pieces. I don't know whether the ladies' schools have had anything to do with his development, but there was a time, some four or five years ago, when it was a pleasure to hear Mr. Backhaus play a valse of Chopin. Now his artistic boundary would seem to be Mendelssohn; his Beethoven is better left undiscussed.

* * *

The recent productions of Sir Frederic Cowen's "masterpiece" (advertised as such) entitled "The Veil," and a first symphony by Dr. Walford Davies, have left English music in the same state it was in the week before last.

REVIEWS.

The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

The other case, the one which will sell the book, is of Hester, the Rev. Richard's ward. She provides the sexual scandal. Some time or other somebody's reproductive system took the wrong turning; and while we sit about with Mrs. Ward's characters in their drawing-rooms, we are kept speculating—which's? Hester is the illegitimate child of a pair of these ladies and gentlemen; and the reader is skilfully led to think ill of first one and then another perfectly respectable name, for all the world as though some village beldame were relieving her suspicious mind in public. The nasty little mystery is kept up for two-thirds of the book, and dust-heap is shot on dust-heap by episodes of Hester's own naughtinesses. Adopted at birth by a relative, and living within call of "aunt"—in reality her unknown mother—Hester is beautiful beyond everyone of her circle, talented and wild. All this, which might interest us about a person in whom it meant anything, is brought to a natural end—flirtation with a roué, runaway match, disillusionment, discovery of her sinister birth, and death after way lost in a snowstorm, tender farewell to mother, and the last sacrament.

The case of the Rev. Richard, apart from the pink lights of bourgeois seduction, is presented in a series of sermons, ecclesiastical conversations, and Sunday school fables. He is a modernist cleric of that force of character which, single-handed, subdues riotous mining villages. He is to revolutionise the Church. He has aroused England. But Hester, his ward, has turned out badly! He decides to drop the movement. Who is he to guide a nation? Mary, however (and especially Catherine), is not going to see a grand firework fizzle out like that. Men must fight or women will die of dulness. Mary is to be Mrs. Meynell, and Catherine Mr. Meynell's mother-in-law. They sweetle him round, using that womanly tact without which no mere man would ever achieve anything; and the swivelling shepherd, restored to self-conceit, takes up his militant crook once more. Few feminist writers can equal the impertinence of our quiet, intriguing, lady-like expounder of what every woman knows—and is content with!

Trilogies are evidently to be the thing. Catherine Elsmere is the widow of the ineffable Robert. Mary, no doubt, will have a little Robert. But why stop at trilogies? In the quest for new forms, surely one or other of our circulationists will hit on the idea of a quaternary. And then—a whole cosmos of Marys and Hildas and Wendys. We can never tire of them.

Father Maternus. By A. Haussuth. (Dent. 6s.)

The publisher reviews this novel for us on the cover. "In its pages the characters of Michelangelo and Luther pass lightly across, and the author will be found to have demonstrated a fine reserve of strength in not obtruding this adventitious interest." We have only to differ. If either Michelangelo or Luther had really "passed across," who would have glanced at Father Maternus and his converted Jewish maiden? The disguised characters alleged to be these celebrated persons would never have been suspected. Maternus

is a German monk bent on saving the world, and in, at least, his author's opinion, is qualified for the task. In one chapter he lectures Messer Santi (Angelo) on morals and models!

Bubble Fortune. By Gilbert Sheldon. (Dent. 6s.)

"A buccaneer tale of the time of the South Sea Bubble." Not badly written, but we are tired of rascals and girls in men's clothes.

The Disputed Marriage. By Lilian Street. (Dent. 6s.)

A tale of modern society, all in letters—307 pages of letters between people one would never drop more than a post-card to. If, after reading twenty pages, you open haphazardly at any one further on, you have not an inkling which of the characters is writing! The directions on the cover say that "the witty by-play is sufficient of itself to lend interest to the book, even apart from the deeper interest of the plot." Evidently we did not get deep enough.

Broken Arcs. By Darrell Figgis. (Dent. 6s.)

This time, "The plot itself, apart from . . . should maintain a very deep interest."

Mr. Figgis' clichés very nearly rival that author of the other week, who wrote a whole book in them. They are made even more noticeable by perfectly desperate attempts at original phraseology: such tediums as "strait opinions and swift, unerring judgments . . . complete finality . . . mature convictions . . . loomed largely . . . chiefest luminary . . . first flush," etc., contrast with conceits like "she flowed with continuity of curve, decorative of apt proportion"; and "Does the preternatural sixth sense . . . come with the bearing of child? Have they fatal lodgments in them?" We have never observed any, we reply to this indelicate question; but we might easily have overlooked them. When Mr. Figgis is not nibbling bits off some eighty-ton quotation, he is busy psychologising the human soul in long, dull, and ignorant dissertations. He has picked up somewhere a hint that the words "female" and "woman" imply, as he would doubtless say, "a distinction"; and he discourses! "The plot itself" concerns Rose, a pious farmer's unmarried daughter, who meets a young gentleman and later finds herself about, etc., etc. She is driven from home, and the Bradleys—childless and beneficent strangers, take her in. Years go by. Little Jimmy gets a big boy, serious beyond his age, and Rose falls in love with Harry Denzil. Of course, they might marry and be done with; but Harry knows Jimmy's father—naturally—and all comes out. Harry goes to Richard to avenge Rose's dishonour, taking a cane for the purpose. This chapter is illiterate, unconsciously Tappertitian. The language is painfully funny. "Stand up and defend yourself and save me from the indignity of attacking a defenceless man, the same as our judicature does!" Admirable sentiment ridiculously slain! "He applied the castigation . . . the victim took his penalty like a man." Rose's motherhood thus avenged, the marriage is now possible. There seems nothing too vapid and squalid for people to write down when they are set on making a novel. One feels, after reading "Broken Arcs" and its interminable ilk, grown old and dull, like that Bacchus listening to the over-burthened Athenian bundle-carriers.

A Sweeping. By the Author of "Letters to My Son." (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Benson tribe have inflicted enough scribbling on the world to merit the honour of satirical parody, but "A Sweeping" is too mild to be effective and too fluent to be severe. Parody is a form of art and requires to be handled with extreme care. Satire is even more delicate in its demands. The author of "A Sweeping," however, appears to think that anything that comes into her head is good enough to make a parody and satire. She rattles on after this fashion: "Elbows is like nothing else in the world. He is a rainbow; a rainbow whose mother was a chameleon and whose father was a German band. And that accounts for so limited a part of him, that one's curiosity drives one to speculate

as to the nature of his earlier antecedents. If on the maternal side his grandfather was not a Hogshead, who married into the Yeast family . . ." That is the garrulousness of a well-oiled typewriter. There is no form in it, no purpose, and consequently no effect from it. Satire should be made to kill.

The Doll. By Violet Hunt. (Paul. 6s.)

What the doll has to do with this story we do not know, but certainly the atmosphere of the book is no place for a doll. Miss Agate, the child of a divorcée, leaves her guardians on her twenty-first birthday and joins her mother. She finds her a celebrated novelist and suffragist, but still so unsatisfied that she is on the eve of being divorced by her second husband, Co No. 1. Her twenty-one-year-old daughter, however, saves the situation by proposing to the potential Co No. 2 and marrying him. After reading this story we are compelled to exclaim, What an imagination! We thank our stars that even in nightmare so *sale* a plot would not occur to us.

The Lotus Lantern. By Mary Finlay Taylor. (Paul. 6s.)

The sexual infatuation of a military attaché of the British Embassy at Tokyo with a native geisha-girl would not in real life be expected to end in marriage; and we do not see why it should in a book. No other tie than sex conceivably exists between a British bouncer whose conversation, when it is not slang, is rant, and an imaginary Japanese girl who talks like a dull baby. Save for the outlandish words and one or two outlandish characters, the story might have been set anywhere. Of Japan we learn nothing, and of Japanese women we learn what we hope is not true. Lafcadio Hearn's letters should warn novelists off these mixed marriages.

The Revenues of the Wicked. By Walter Raymond. (Dent. 6s.)

No good, we are sure, will come of marrying the village girl Thomasine Scutt to young Squire Philip. Isaac Cledworth might not have been the pick of the village boys, but he understood his kind better than Philip ever would. But why trouble about them? They scarcely live through an hour's reading. We have already forgotten them.

Love in Manitoba. By E. A. Wharton Gill. (Swift. 6s.)

The author, we are told, has opened a "fresh field of fiction." But there is no cause for alarm. The more the field of fiction changes the more it is the same. The Swedish colony in Manitoba has, apparently, no character of its own, for the usual love-making, interrupted by the usual difficulties, culminates in the usual wedding. "Fiction" has come to be associated exclusively with the preliminaries of matrimony. The setting is unimportant.

A Question of Latitude. By L. B. Luffman. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Miss Mainwaring left the luxury of Severn Court, England, to live with her uncle in Armadale, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia. The change is distressing to a girl who has been brought up on Bond Street models, but love comes, of course, to her assistance. She marries the drover, Heron, only to discover afterwards that he is the nephew of Sir Roger Heron, of Vere Hall, Cheshire, England; so the change of latitude again becomes imperceptible.

The Ealing Miracle. By Horace W. C. Newte. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

When a miracle occurs twice it resumes the state of coincidence. The sudden exchange of personalities between Mrs. Teversham-Dingle, the suburban lady, and Miss (or Mrs.) Swallow, recalls the case of Bultitude, father and son, in Anstey's "Vice Versa." In the latter there was plenty of humour, as well as verisimilitude, to keep the illusion going; but Mr. Newte has no humour and only a somewhat acid observation. No character emerges clearly from the canvas.

Earth. By Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Earth is, of course, symbolic, and stands, as our readers instantly guess, for sex and procreation and the family life generally. Diana is at first disposed to the angelic life, but after one or two encounters with men she concludes that she "cannot stand aside, sexless, in Mother Nature's scheme." The first serious proposal, however, shocks her. "Ripple" (Major Rill) behaves oafishly. A couple of hundred long-drawn pages intervene between this incident and her conversion to the complete gospel by Oto Evrisen, the painter. He complains of this age that in it "sex is out of date, we're all so moral now, where we aren't degenerate." And having started on a bad old man's hobby-horse he naturally cantered into a eulogy of maternity. "Without Maternity, where would you find the Madonna, Mother of Christ? . . . Give earth, Diana, give earth." "Ripple" returns, and the concluding words of the story are these: "Kiss me, Tony!" Her voice thrilled him. So Diana 'gave earth.' Sloppy earth is mud.

The Widow Woman. 4th Edition. By Charles Lee. **Dorinda's Birthday.** By Charles Lee. (Dent. 3s. 6d. each.)

A touch of W. W. Jacobs' and Frank Stockton's humour redeems the novels of Mr. Lee from utter condemnation, but we cannot accept them either as transcripts of life or as works of art. "The Widow Woman" appears in its fourth edition and with illustrations by Mr. C. E. Brock. "Dorinda's Birthday" is described as a Cornish idyll. Poking uproarious fun, or even quiet fun, at fishing yokels is no occupation for a man who can at least write. But the Scottish Kailyard School, we suppose, was bound to find soil in English counties.

Motley and Tinsel. By John K. Prothero. (Swift. 6s.)

Miss Prothero has made a skilful and witty use of the absurd action for libel brought successfully against her story while it was running serially. In place of the names formerly adopted she has obtained permission to use the names of well-known writers, such as Mr. Belloc, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. Barry Pain, etc., etc. The interest thereby given to the story is a little bizarre, and necessitates a new orientation of the readers' conception of these celebrities. But it must be admitted that, without this interest, the story would be rather flat. Miss Prothero apparently knows stage-life intimately, but she has chosen to envelop it in an atmosphere of melodrama and sentimentality which properly belongs to the front rather than to the back of the stage.

The Blue Bird. (Methuen. 21s. net.)

Looking through the twenty-five illustrations in colour by Mr. Caley Robinson, which accompany this admirably-produced "fullest version" of "The Blue Bird," we feel sorry for the two juvenile stars. Either through accident or design their life on the whole has been monotonous. Like John Stuart Mill, who swallowed Latin and Greek with his teething powders, they have been fostered on dead classics till all the joy of life and spontaneity have gone out of them. The cast of their minds, as pictured by Mr. Robinson, is accordingly static, severe, cold, unemotional and disjointed. They themselves have the appearance of a pair of well-bred little prigs who could not by any manner of means splutter boo to a sheep. They have strange visions. One is a blue ship with a sea-sick moon hoisted at the yard-arm, approaching a Greek portico. The classical "Dance of the Hours" takes place while they themselves stand shivering on the bed afar off. They see "Water" symbolised in the form of an academic head of Mary Magdalene. They see, too, the "Land of Memory" with the eyes of two unhappy young persons whom imagination has deserted long ago. Their colourless minds get to work in the foreground, covering it with spring cabbages much too young and healthy to harmonise with the two old dodderers on the bench. They are more at home in "The Graveyard," which, accordingly, is more simple and dignified. But the "Spirit of the Trees" is too much for them. The

trees are fantastical; the spirits are not except in the wrong direction. No, we cannot accept Mr. Robinson's children and their classical vision. We shall have to send for the Moscow child-dancers and ask them to produce their emotional colours, their wonderful imagination, spontaneity and movement which seem to us to be the instruments wherewith to teach human manners.

A Tour Through Old Provence. By A. S. Forrest. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This book presents the author in two parts—as a chronicler of small beer and an illustrator of mixed pickles. Mr. Forrest sees his subject from conflicting points of view. He has conceived the notion of wandering through Provence pen in one hand and pencil in the other. But what pen saw it forgot to communicate to pencil. As a result, we have pen going it in the following fashion: "The silent, flowing river, with unruffled surface, breaks into sound as it rushes past these remaining piers." (The relics referred to are those of Pont St. Benezel, Avignon.) "The gurgling swish of the hurrying waters and the sparkling little ripples, etc." Facing this is pencil calmly announcing that it has no use for the water, the proprietor of the gurgling swish, but it prefers a liquid without histrionic talents, with some scraps of a bridge, boats, trees, by way of a relish. Elsewhere we discover the text defending the inheritance of Raymond of Toulouse against the meaningless impertinence of a modern "Countryman" standing in the margin. Further on, the ancient Château of Tarascon is forced to go on exclaiming that "its moat is now dry," with a half-page picture of a well-stocked public "bar" consoling it with the pathetic words, "Sing on, my boy! We don't care." It is clearly impossible to read a book built on these lines. The friction is too great, even supposing its matter called for serious attention. But it does not. It is a Provence from the point of view of a relic hunter. The author has been to Orange and he writes of Roman ruins. He has never heard of its living association with the present renaissance of open-air æsthetics. The half-tones announce that Old Provence is sick with London Fog.

Sugar-Beet. By "Home Counties." (Field Office. 6s.)

"Sugar beet has been the subject of such amazing fictions, that it was certainly well worth while that someone should . . . lay bare once and for all the substratum of fact—a respectable substratum as will be seen—upon which they have been reared." The way in which Mr. Robertson Scott has achieved his purpose makes a welcome break with English custom in dealing with such questions. "We have gone on for years uttering generalities of approval or disapproval of sugar-beet growing . . . or pottering with experiments. There must have been not far short of five thousand of them—doing everything, in fact, instead of studying the subject at first hand on the Continent, where there are sugar-beet growers . . . with generations of practical experience and profit-making behind them, and a sugar-beet literature and journalism of surprising extent and thoroughness." For sugar-beet read afforestation, land reclamation, with anything else in rural economy, where we are half a century behind Western Europe, and the statement applies equally well.

The upshot of the whole matter is, that if farmers get the price that a well-managed factory can presumably afford to pay, they will do as well as in Holland, provided they grow the beet with the same intelligence and skill as the Dutchmen. This is rather a large order, for no factory yet exists. So far as we can gather from the figures put before us, it takes £150,000 to £100,000 to equip one, while the profits would range between four and seven per cent; not a great deal for a new and speculative enterprise. As an investment for the public there is not much in it.

The real gains to our agriculture from sugar-beet are indirect. The necessary deep ploughing and careful manuring, with the corresponding high farming, should increase the yield (and the profits) during the crop

rotation, and thus make arable land more valuable. Much labour, too, is required that will help to repopulate the countryside. But these collateral advantages cannot be reaped in the shape of cash returns by outside investors. Nor is it mainly the concern of the farmer, unless our system of land tenure is altered, to find capital for new methods of husbandry. It is, therefore, up to the landlord and his friends to provide the money for the factory and cottages. If a venture on a suitable commercial scale succeeds, the public can be attracted on a basis of philanthropy at five per cent. State aid should be limited to scientific advice and, more doubtfully in the author's view, to a remission of the excise duty for five years.

It should be borne in mind that sugar, unlike milk, butter, fruit and vegetables, is easily stored and transported. The area for cane sugar, of which the production is rapidly increasing, is capable of wide extension, while that for beet has nearly reached its limit. It is a question, therefore, whether in any given locality a group of landlords would not do better to sink their money in modern dairying or fruit farming; while from a national point of view afforestation and the extension of co-operative methods are far more urgent. In any case, sugar-beet is only likely to succeed in a few areas in Eastern and Southern England, and is not a matter of much public interest until a successful factory experience has been gained.

The Complete Billiard Player. By Charles Roberts. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

This is teaching billiards by book. The bulky, technical manual is prepared to take "the reader who knows nothing about the game and lead him on without a break till he can make breaks of considerable dimensions." We infer that the reader must have an instinct for this sort of thing, since without it all the text books in the world will not make him a George Gray. Given the instinct, a little of Mr. Roberts' wide experience, as set forth in text, diagrams, photos, facts and figures, should enable the novice to carry on the Robertsonian tradition and delight strenuous sportsmen with the vision of two big men pushing three little balls about with long sticks, as Thackeray might have said. The volume needs an index.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RAILWAY NATIONALISATION.

Sir,—Mr. Emil Davies' suggestion in his letter of the 2nd instant is that to facilitate nationalisation of the railways, the debenture-holders and shareholders shall find the purchase money by loans to the State. Some of them would probably do so, but whether they were paid in cash or Government securities the purchase must be made on the basis of Consols at 78.

The security of the railway profits would be illusory, as the railways in the hands of the State would soon become merely an administrative branch of the Government carried on for the convenience of the country, and just paying working expenses.

The State would require to add about 1,400 millions to the National Debt—if it could find tenders to that amount, which I venture to think is more than doubtful with our finances under the present management.

As regards profits of production, I have carefully perused the London share list, and find few companies paying more than 5 per cent. during last year, and most of them paying less.

I am afraid that I misled Mr. Davies by using the polite term "commercial representative." I was trying to picture to myself a British State employee in the useful rôle of commercial traveller calling upon foreign storekeepers to solicit orders.

The request in my first letter, dictated by a sincere desire to see some practical suggestion, was for the well-defined outline of a scheme for raising wages without adding to selling prices, thereby increasing the cost of living to the home consumer and destroying our foreign trade.

I cannot accept State ownership of all the means of production as a solution of my problem.

O. HOLT CALDICOTT.

CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

Sir,—M. de Remeuillac and myself seem to differ upon the meaning of the term "secret society." A society may indulge in political intrigue and refuse to give an account of its wealth without being a "secret society"; otherwise the British Cabinet and Army, both of which indulge in intrigue and in espionage, and have the disposal of considerable secret funds, would both come under that heading. The criterion is secrecy of membership. A secret society is a society to which your best friend might belong without your being aware of it. That applies to the Freemasons: it does not apply to the Jesuits.

As for M. de Remeuillac's statement that "the account in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is a fair summary of the historical record of the Jesuits," there is only one reply. It is not. M. de Remeuillac had better read history elsewhere than in the cyclopædias. Like all fighting organisations the Jesuits have a lot to answer for, but the "E. B." account is merely the indiscriminate compilation of a hack.

"What possible relevance Titus Oates has to the character of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand I am afraid I do not understand." I suppose I must explain. It has the same relevance that a Jesuit has to a jam-tart.

M. de Remeuillac is entitled to his surprise on finding me sign myself "A Catholic Freemason." Of course I am no such thing. Either a clerical slip of my own or a printer's error is responsible for a description which, as he justly observes, is nearly a contradiction in terms. Not mine are the pure delights of initiation. I shall not sit upon the right hand of Nathan as a Past Grand Master illuminatus of XVII. degree of Twiddleydum, or whatever the absurd creatures call themselves. May I be permitted to observe that I am as glad to hear of his freedom from Freemasonry as I am to proclaim my own? With which exchange of courtesies I make my bow and am gone by the backstairs in the approved Jesuitical manner.

E. COWLEY,

A Catholic Layman.

* * *

THE RESTORATION OF THE GILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—May I be allowed to reply to Mr. Henry Meulen's criticism of the views I advanced in "The Restoration of the Gild System," to which Mr. Kennedy's articles in your journal have drawn attention. It is not my intention to reply to Mr. Meulen's criticisms in detail, as it would occupy too much space. Moreover, it is unnecessary, as a certain misconception underlies them all—namely, the assumption that the restoration of the gild system is advanced as a practical programme of social reform in the immediate sense. Nothing was further from my mind, and if Mr. Meulen will do me the honour of re-reading what I wrote there, I think he will admit the truth of this statement. My intention was in the first place to demonstrate that Collectivism is based upon a succession of fallacies, and as such is incapable of providing a solution of our social difficulties—that the growth of officialism and red tape which it involves means the destruction of personal liberty and, incidentally, the death of art by creating conditions which would surely strangle all life out of it; in the next, to rescue the gild system from the misconceptions which have gathered round it and to advance it as the type of social organisation which social reformers should aim ultimately to establish. But I never for a moment made the mistake of supposing that it was possible to graft the gilds on to modern social conditions, though I recognised that the trade unions form the basis of such organisation in the future. I fully believe that the gilds will be re-established some day, for they are true to nature, and society must sooner or later get back to truth or cease to exist. But such re-establishment can only be after society has experienced such a moral æsthetic and spiritual revolution as will by its own dynamic force change the very nature of our industrial system.

In the meantime no "practical" scheme which is not pure charity is worth a moment's consideration. Each and all are foredoomed to failure, and it is only necessary to reduce them to practice to destroy their illusion. Nevertheless, these "practical" schemes do serve a useful purpose. They do not achieve what they were designed to achieve. But they do disillusionise people, and a complete realisation of the inefficacy of our "practical" remedies is, I am persuaded, a necessary preliminary to the moral æsthetic and spiritual revival to which we look forward. It may be possible for a limited few, gifted with more imagination than their fellows, to foresee all these failures, but with the majority it is clearly not so. They apparently can only learn by experience, and such experience Collectivism promises to supply.

And now as to Tory democracy. There is much to be said for the position of the Tory democrat. His ideas are based upon experience; he is much more alive to facts than

the average member of the Socialist movement; he is as a rule alive to the dangers of machine production, and he has a much more organic conception of society than is generally supposed. His defect is that he lacks social idealism, and that, I think, will prevent him from achieving anything in politics. Such men are very numerous and are a force to be reckoned with. They loathe factory production and officialism, and that is their fundamental objection to Collectivism, which accepts both. In this connection an experience of mine is worth recording. About two years ago I found myself raised to fame in the Press as a kind of seven days' wonder, owing to a suggestion I made in connection with the proposed revival of apprenticeship. It led to me giving a lecture to the Guild of Freemen of the City of London—an organisation composed mostly of working men and small masters owning their own workshops, with a few commercial men thrown in. After discoursing on apprenticeship, I urged the necessity of reviving the old City Gilds' regulations as a means of combating the evils which commercialism has brought into production. The suggestion was received with loud applause. It suited the temper apparently of men who were engaged in skilled handicrafts, and I have always found the idea popular with men engaged in actual production. Its defect is that it does not appeal to our publicists, who, without technical knowledge, are incapable of coming to a decision as to its merits. That is one of the many paradoxes which face social reform.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

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APATHY IN ARCHITECTURE.

Sir,—Your contributor, "D. B.," was a little unjust to THE NEW AGE. He complained that only the "Times" and the "Evening Standard" have ever published regular critical notices of current architecture as one of the fine arts. Permit me to remind your readers that THE NEW AGE was first in this field, with its publication of excellent weekly architectural articles by Mr. A. J. Penty. It was only some months afterwards that the papers named by your contributor followed suit. It reflects somewhat upon the up-to-dateness of architects that so intelligent an one as "D. B." appears to be should nevertheless need to be instructed in this matter. Like all the rest, however, he probably regards an article in the "Daily Mail" by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe as the sole criterion of publicity.

R. M.

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THE PROPOSED UNIVERSITY FOR CHINA.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of every thinking man and woman in this country to the imminent danger of retrogression in the movement of China? I refer to the so-called United Universities' Scheme for the establishment of a University for Central China. The advertisement for collecting funds, so far as I am aware, has appeared in the "Times" (November 4), and I find in the same issue a letter from three representatives of this movement. It is, indeed, as everybody would think, ridiculous of me, who, though a heathen Chinee, ought to welcome such a kind offer under such a beautiful name and yet to accuse the scheme as to retard the progress of our nation.

Firstly, I would like to inquire if the university is an educational or a commercial institution. In the advertisement one finds, below a list of names of many eminent men, such words: "Its appeal is not only to patriotism, philanthropy and religion, but to *practical and commercial interests*, and the promoters of the scheme are justified in anticipating a wide and liberal response." (The italics are mine.) The scheme is again claimed as "a measure of self-preservation which England and America cannot afford to neglect." In the letter to the "Times" one is surprised to find that "the foundation of the University is also desirable on the ground that it will serve to maintain the commercial prestige of Great Britain and America, and enable these countries to retain their market in China in face of serious competition." It seems to a heathen mind that the university, apart from its main aim of education, serves also as an advertiser of Manchester cloth, Virginia tobacco, Sheffield cutlery, Standard oil, and what not. It is a surprising yet incontestable fact that commercialism, probably existing since the Phœnicians came to take tin in Cornwall, has pervaded the mind of everybody in this country more than anywhere else. It is still less strange that, as Mr. Verdaz was sagacious enough to point out, big American trusts will shortly appear in China, though Anti-Sherman Law is to be enforced in the States. One may perhaps argue that these passages I quoted above are only an incentive to the liberal mind of millionaires, and especially those whose business is closely related with China's market. For this, I will narrate the following incident as explanation.

One afternoon we—I and my friend—were sunning ourselves in a quiet part of the Bois de Boulogne. We discussed

vegetarianism, labour problems, and lastly religion. I explained that though we may not believe in religion (I mean Christianity) as our end, at least we may take it as a means. So many simple-minded people find consolation in it! Without waiting for me to finish my sentence, my friend at once retorted: "Do you always attain any end by improper means?" And the volley of words is too much for me and too long for me to narrate here.

Secondly, I would like to inquire whether the university is a religious institution. It is claimed that "the promoters of the university will welcome the foundation of other hostels, both Christian and non-Christian." The advertisement says "the influence of the university in propagating Christianity in China will no doubt be enormous." Let me quote what has been declared by the author of "Changing China," who is supposed to have fermented the movement for years. In the American "Outlook" (January 14, 1911) he wrote as follows (no doubt he has made an appeal in this country but I was not able to get the original):—

"In fact, the whole faculty would be in full sympathy with missionary ideals. The university would teach knowledge from a Christian, but a non-sectarian, point of view, while it is hoped that the greater bulk of the hostels would be denominational, . . . that the university shall be essentially an educational body, controlled by educators in sympathy with Christianity, and whose desire it is to assist, not to hinder, the wonderful work the missionaries are doing; and that the hostels, on the other hand, shall be controlled by missionaries or by other bodies whose object it shall be to transmit to the Chinese the great traditions of the West which are undoubtedly founded upon Christianity, and which therefore in most cases must be taught by those who have a sincere faith in Christianity." Now Christianity has been introduced to our country for centuries since the days of Nestorians; protestantism itself celebrated its centenary a few years ago. I do not deny the fact how the Chinese learned mathematics, astronomy, medicine from those Early Christians, and no Chinese, I am sure, will be ungrateful to such men as Matteo Ricci, Adam Schall, etc. Many missionaries of to-day have, as many would say, done something, as the Fathers of early Ming's dynasty did, but what a poor comparison! In metaphysics, one has never gone beyond the pale of scholastic philosophy; in social sciences one is disappointed to read the condensed translation—nay, mutilation—of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" of only fifty pages!—or something better, a short account of Adam Smith! It is now gratifying to witness the introduction of genuine Western literature, genuine Western science, genuine Western philosophy, and lastly, but gradually, genuine Western art, but not through the missionaries! The educated Chinese of to-day appreciate Tolstoy and Andreiff, admire Oscar Wilde and probably Anatole France, criticise Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, and perhaps mock Maeterlinck and Bergson. The "Aufklärung" of China is far from being the immense hatred of what is old, but a critical study of what is new. The author of "Changing China," whose mind is so unlike a heathen one, expresses the fear of the introduction of French novels and Materialism, and also writes in the American "Outlook":—"His [the Chinaman's] original ideas of right and wrong have been shaken by Western knowledge." It would be interesting for a heathen to ask whether the proposed university will undertake any teaching of the "Western knowledge." When thinking that this scheme will nip in the bud the "Aufklärung" which is only gradually showing itself, I cannot help shuddering. The Chinese cannot afford any more time to fight against dogmatism, as Europe did and is doing, nor can they tolerate any more Church despotism after several centuries' political serfdom. Pitiful are the four hundred million souls who are in immediate danger of being converted!

Thirdly, I would like to inquire if the university has any connection with international politics. Mr. W. E. Soothill, the president of the university, wrote under the heading of the "Educational Conquest in China" thus ("Contemporary Review," October, 1910):—"The educational conquest of China, as of Japan, is a fact; and—the palm to her who merits it—in both cases it is America that has the right to hold it. Will Britain let her opportunity pass by? Germany, in this as in other things, is already awake."

Nothing is more extraordinary than to find an educationist echoes a Chauvinist! Education, unlike Lancashire goods, belongs to no monopoly. Literature and science are social property; one can even hardly say that they are the property of one nation or of one race.

Such is what I understand by the scheme, and here I present my queries. If the scheme is ever realised as the promoters hoped, China will, I am confident enough to say, return to her slumber, and she will never understand the West.

L. K. TAO.

A MODEST PROPOSAL.

Sir,—I have a very valuable proposal to make to you in the interests of morality and religion. Ever since the Naps and Dagoes attacked the Turks we have been constantly informed by the daily Press that: "We are a great Mohammedan power." Then why not proclaim the Faith of the Prophet as the religion of the Empire? For, consider for a moment, sir, what we should gain thereby. Egypt and the Soudan reconciled and conciliated, the virile Mohammedan population of India bound to us by stronger ties than those of mere self-interest: not to mention the innumerable Chinese professors of this religion, the Afghans, and the vast negroid populations of North and Central Africa, the hardy sons of the Arabian desert, and last, the brave, athletic, fighting Turk, our friends.

No thoughtful person could reasonably object to a pure Monotheism as a State religion, for, of course, all private convictions and the individual conscience would not be interfered with.

There are, moreover, further advantages to be considered. No more licensing legislation would be required: "Thou shalt not drink wine or fermented liquor" would automatically become the law of the land. This would assist in bringing over the noble army of teetotalers to the side of a religious condominium.

The open instead of the cryptic practice of polygamy would make for "righteousness" and tend to raise the morale of the nation, and thereby conciliate the Nonconformist conscience, and also that of the Bishop of London, on the chance of there being a resultant rise in the birth-rate. "Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not" would be heard in the land—for no gentleman would deny his wives the right of motherhood once in a way—and the cry of the Superfluous Woman would be hushed. At least, let us hope so.

Nobody would suffer by the change, except perhaps the parsons and the publicans; but, Mr. Editor, there is no rose without a thorn, and we must endeavour to bear with this one, for the sake of the greater benefits accruing.

A short Bill could easily be drafted and run through the Single Chamber with the rapidity of an Insurance Measure. Mr. Redmond, could, doubtless, be persuaded to compel his party to vote for it. In the Upper Registry Office the Bench of Bishops could not reasonably object. In the name of the New Theology, why the devil should they? Yet even if they did, the Noble Five Hundred, or the five hundred New Noblemen could easily be wheeled to the front again.

I hope that after considering its numerous advantages you will see your way to initiate a campaign in favour of my proposal.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

* * *

REPERTORY THEATRE.

Sir,—I think one of the greatest factors of the success of THE NEW AGE has been its habit of outspoken, unbiassed and unadulterated comment on men and things, and for this reason, I and a large majority of my fellows have learned to respect the paper.

Consequently, when I see such a letter as that of Mr. Chas. D. Tranton's, which appeared in your current issue, I feel that some explanation should have been made out of courtesy to those readers who have not been accustomed to regarding the "Letters to the Editor" in the light of an advertisement column.

I do not think the shallowest-witted individual could fail to see the four little letters A-d-v-t. between the lines of Mr. Tranton's communication, and though the news he imparts may be hysterically exciting, surely we may rely on you, sir, to retail for us any interesting development of the New Drama movement.

Personally I find the news that Mr. Huntly Carter's articles "are receiving the careful attention of Mr. Basil Dean" neither surprising nor intellectually stimulating. Many of us are receiving them with careful attention, and have been doing so for some time, without hanging day-bills and prospectuses on the fact: or writing to the papers about it. As far as I can see, the only piece of intelligence Mr. Tranton has omitted from his letter which is not contained in the ordinary theatrical day-bill is the prices for admission.

Is the new Liverpool Repertory Theatre already catching that infection which has reduced its Art Gallery to a Review of Christmas Pictorial Supplements?

HERBERT B. HAMMOND.

* * *

RUBBER AND WHEY.

Sir,—Within a short time industrial chemistry will be enriched with a new and beautiful process—beautiful for technical reasons which would be out of place in your columns and new as being the forerunner of the practical

application of forces which at present are only vaguely understood and the future of which we can hardly guess.

If we put spongy platinum into oxygen and hydrogen it makes the two combine into water. If we put the yeast fungus into a solution of sugar it breaks up the sugar and makes alcohol and carbonic acid gas. How they do it we do not know: it is in some way connected with their "vital activity." In the same manner the vital activity of a cell of the stomach of the calf turns milk into curds and whey. We can extract this vital activity, separate it from the cell which produced it, and we then call it a *ferment*—rennet. The vital activity of a rubber tree turns the juice which its roots have elaborated into rubber, which we find in the sap, and this ferment, too, can be extracted; and if we treat it kindly and supply it with materials with which it is content to work it will make as much rubber as we like. Some trees make better rubber than others, and it is from such trees that we can get our ferment; and, further, having the control of the process in our power, we can avoid including in the final result other deleterious ferments, such as that which makes rubber go hard and crack when exposed to the air.

What Mincing Lane may think does not interest us here: from the chemico-physiological point of view it is of great interest. The subject of ferments is one which has only been studied of quite late years. Why and how grapes made wine and apples cider, and why yeast from beer-making could start fermentation in a fresh mash, were things unknown before the days of the microscope, and it was the study of these questions by Pasteur which founded the great science of bacteriology, which now threatens to swamp us and make our lives a misery. But the discovery of the yeast plant and the microbes has still left us as far as ever from knowing how these things happen. To make curds and whey it is not necessary to take the cell from the stomach but only the rennet which the cell has made; and however little we take makes no difference, given time it will curdle as much milk as we like. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

In the early days of inquiry along these lines many other examples were found, mostly connected with digestion in animals: pepsin, trypsin, etc. Next it was found that the juice of the papaya fruit, papain, could do what pepsin does, and it began to be seen what a huge extent the subject embraced. Where the inquiry will lead it is hard to say, for now it seems that ferments—*unorganised* ferments—are responsible for nearly everything that happens in nature, from the ripening of fruit and the making of meat tender by "hanging," down to the change of colour in an apple where it has been cut.

It seems that unorganised ferments may be widely divided into two groups, those which bring oxygen into combination and those which turn it out, but the varieties are very many. They do not exist as such in the cells from which they are gotten. In the cell many of very opposite qualities are, as it were, combined into an inactive whole, called a *zymogen*—a "producer of ferments." By appropriate means or spontaneously this *zymogen* breaks up into many "enzymes," or ferments, each with a different line of activity, the one or the other getting the upper hand according to the circumstances by which they are surrounded. They are first cousins, if not more nearly related, to the active agents in serumtherapy, organotherapy, and all the other strange and unknown forces with which modern medicine is occupying itself, while the "potencies" of drugs which the homœopath uses are but little further removed from them.

In the ordinary sense of the words they are not "living beings," for they have no "bodies," though heat and other things can "kill" them. They seem, as it were, forces connected in some way with unorganised matter—at any rate, it is only so that we can recognise them—the matter being the means by which they come into the world of our senses, much as a speck of dust is the means by which a beam of light comes into the world of our vision.

M. B. OXON.

* * *

BERGSONISM.

Sir,—If things do exist—and somewhere in the universe there appears to be a copy of THE NEW AGE, Vol. X. No. 2, in which "T. E. H." questions this—what difference will there be between Mr. Hulme and the plants?—for he says nothing to the point, fifteen references to "Aristotle" notwithstanding.

That Mr. Hulme is no "ordinary person" goes, not without saying, but with frequent repetition. M. Bergson's "conclusions," "the easiest to explain and to criticise," are not the most attractive to him; he is prepared to "cut the sentiments at the ends of Bergson's chapters"; there is "the less firmness about his philosophic attainments because he has arrived at the truth: and this is the new method."

"The criticisms and the conclusions, the method and the final world view then hang together!" "And if all things are in motion nothing will be true; everything therefore will be false."

The fact remains: a philosopher named Aristotle, having considered the matter, in whatever language he wrote, denied that everything changed and moved, and affirmed that the same attribute cannot at the same time belong and not belong to the same subject in the same respect. This, he said, is the most certain of all principles, that regarding which it is impossible to be mistaken.

For "T. E. H.," however, "if reality is a becoming," things "certainly" do not exist. The most uncertain and unattractive of all conclusions.

HORACE C. SIMMONS.

* * *

BERNARD SHAW.

Sir,—I really must enter my protest, and as one who, from the very first number of THE NEW AGE, has received, on the whole, education and delight every Friday in reading its strenuous and live articles. Any public man looming as large as does Shaw is, I suppose, considered "fair game," but, I think, and many friends agree with me, that your last issue contained the low limit.

"The Gospel of the Body and Face" seems to us not merely gross, but unfair, because it is untrue. Now, it happens in a way and for reasons known to myself, I have the honour to know, not only the features, which all can see, but the real man Shaw, and, if your contributor is out to analyse character, as he professes to be by what he calls a Gospel—Gospel, ye Gods!—we have to get first and primarily at the truth. What truth is got at by a face and body? Go into any gaol and see there sublime Christ-like faces doing by a body "time."

Apart from the offensive taste shown by the Doctor in his analytical diatribe, especially when it relates to one who has unselfishly done more than most for Socialism, it does occur to me, and with force that is just, that you will disinterestedly insert this letter, if only to keep the balance even. I personally vouch for this fact, that in Shaw there is no bitterness and the irritability implied, and that to a Mind, the master of Europe and America, is united an Irish heart as tender as a child's. But one must be behind the limelight to know, as I know, that.

PHARALL SMITH,

The writer of "The Woman Without Sin."

* * *

A MODERN PALESTRA.

Sir,—It is strange how little we observe when we travel abroad beyond the "sights" which are shown us by guides or suggested by guide books. Therefore, perhaps one ought not to be surprised at never having seen a notice in print of the "Freiluftsgymnasia" of Denmark. And yet it is surprising! For here we have a reproduction of the Greek "Palestræ" in modern Europe—and nobody knows it! Even writers of books on gymnastics, physical culture, hygiene, and so forth seem unaware of the revival.

Perhaps therefore your readers might like a short description of the principal one, which is some two miles to the north of Copenhagen. About two acres of land have been boarded round on the seashore. The water here is so shallow that a light pier has been run out to a bathing-place from which the "headers" can be taken.

The inclusive admission is only threepence, and on a hot afternoon in summer the whole place is crowded with hundreds of men and boys filled with health-building happiness. The older men are generally lying about letting their skin drink in the sunshine, while the youngsters are playing, bathing, and then once more warming themselves with exercise. Indeed (if the sun is shining), the whole occasion is one long sunbath for everyone. Need I add (as we are in Scandinavia) that a restaurant has not been forgotten, outside which refreshments, and even lunch, can be enjoyed in the open.

Our English doctors are only beginning to realise the importance of light and air on the human body, though in Germany and Scandinavia their therapeutic value has long been insisted on. And nowadays when we all have prescriptions for race regeneration, we might at least try to popularise the idea.

Not only sculptors, but every doctor and social reformer, ought to pay these gymnasia a visit, and then preach their reproduction in lands less fortunate. Here at last is health-giving exercise taken under entirely ideal conditions. For everyone—and now comes the surprise!—is absolutely naked. No wonder the Danes claim to belong to the healthiest (and probably the purest minded) nation in Europe. Surely we are not even yet too prudish or corrupt to follow their good example!

M. F.



MR. ASQUITH.

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