NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George complained at Bath on Friday that his Insurance Bill was swimming through a murky flood of misrepresentation. For this, however, nobody is more to blame than Mr. Lloyd George himself. From the outset he did all in his power to make real discussion of his Bill impossible. By a purple flood of misrepresentation, as well as by strategy, he jumped the claim of the Opposition as well as of the nation at large to examine the principles on which his Bill was based. The principles, he allowed it to be assumed, were the common property of everybody. Nobody could conceivably take any objection to them. But in the matter of details having agitated against such details as the servant tax. The servant tax is the excuse quite as much for this alone, considerable value must be attached to the moment he said, "I gather the limbs of Osiris." By Ezra Pound

We are not sanguine that the outcry, even though intensified by the result of several by-elections, as well as by the renewal of the medical opposition, will have the effect of preventing the Bill passing the Commons. Mr. Lloyd George has the bit in his teeth and he will continue to bolt until he is violently overturned. For the moment he sees no obstacle of any magnitude in his path. The Commons, it is evident, have no intention whatever of putting any obstacle in his way. More than once during the past week the Unionists have had an opportunity of defeating the Government, but they have carefully refrained. Nor is it probable that even on the Report stage they will do more than spare a little with the gloves on to bemuse their devotees outside the House. With the assurance, therefore, that the Commons of all parties are solidly behind him, Mr. Lloyd George can, with impunity, put his fingers to his nose in the direction of the nation. And it must be admitted that he has done so with no lack of ostentation. At Bath, for example, he impudently announced, in reply to an interruption, that he meant to stick to his Bill whatever happened; and his lieutenant, Mr. Masterman, on the same evening in Newcastle, informed the public that if they didn't like sticking on stamps they could lump it; in any case, they had "got to do it." Such defiance as this to public opinion, if it had come in former days from a king, would have been followed in all probability by an attack upon the Crown; but for the moment the dictatorship of the Cabinet passes without much comment.  

The sickening thing, however, is to have these opinions associated with an outward homage to Democracy. Which of the two hundred definitions of democracy that Lord Morley has discovered since Aristotle was in the mind of Mr. Lloyd George at Bath we do not know, but it could not have been even an approximately correct one. The common factor of every definition of democracy we have examined is a close relationship between government and public opinion; but it was precisely this relationship that Mr. Lloyd George, while professing himself a Democrat, openly flouted. He really assumed the position of a benevolent despot who knew better what people wanted than they knew themselves. Look," he said," at the agitation against the Budget. In those days opinion seemed to be against me, but time has proved that I was right. And it will be the same in the case of the Insurance Bill." But it is to beg the question to assume that the Budget has been a success. True, it raised the money, but what was the use of raising the money only to squander it? The land clauses of the Budget, moreover, on which Mr. Lloyd George in those days prided himself most, have proved absolutely fruitless. The comparison of the effects of the Insurance Bill with the known effects of the Budget is, in short, unfortunate for the former. But even if the Budget had been a success instead of a failure, the Insurance Bill would afford no necessary parallel. A quack may by accident cure a disease once, but only a man of science can cure it every time. Mr. Lloyd George has revealed no trace whatever of the scientific spirit in sociological reformation. On the contrary, he flounders amongst the problems of society and cries up a new nostrum every other month or so. You would suppose from the almost religious conviction of his tone in speaking of the Insurance Bill that at last he had discovered something on which he could build his house securely. No doubt whatever has he betrayed that the edifice, after all, might prove a sandcastle. Yet at Bath on Friday he almost casually remarked that, of course, no real good could be done until the land system of this country had been re-cast. Why, in heaven's name, then, are we being subjected to a German conquest by Government imposition in the matter of insurance, if no real good is to be done by it? If Mr. Lloyd George believes that the land question is at the root of all social reform, his business is to attack it, and, meanwhile, to let subsidiary and subsequent problems alone. But like Hawley's Irish Jeshu, he must be driving somewhere if only nowhere.
The attempt to get at the land question would probably involve years of comparatively obscure spade-work and the appearance of nothing in particular. There is more glory to be got out of passing Bills which even in his own mind are of no value until the "land system of the country is re-cast" than it is to have a political, but not a scientific, mind.

In reality, however, his whole case for the Insurance Bill has now gone by the board. Everything we have said of it has been tacitly justified by its author. We have named it not war, we have proved that it cannot be used to reduce all obligations to that which insurance can do in a thousand years. Only a hero could do it, and Mr. Lloyd George is a politician.

When we refer to the principles of the Bill, the discussion of which has been shrirked, suppressed, or ignored by Mr. Lloyd George, we have in mind, however, not merely its economic foundations—which are on his own belated admission rotten—but its characteristic features as well as its implications. The outstanding "principle" of the Bill is obviously its compulsory nature, and it was on this alone that the Bill should have been defeated ere it was begotten. For it is evident that when compulsion comes in at the door all the virtue flies out of the window. If there had been anything education can do in a thousand years. Only a hero could do it, and Mr. Lloyd George is a politician.

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reform the State may appear to be a dignified partner in every act performed by its citizens; but in reality its agent is a civil servant, an inspector, or a policeman. And with this appeal the State as a benevolent deity disappears and we are in the hands of an irritating and disagreeable official. Now the drift of all this, as our readers who care to reflect upon it will see, is that society is being reduced by the action of the State to a conglomerate of groups maintained in their relation by force. Even Ishmael is supposed to be willing to save each of them from the other, it draws up legal bonds between them and sets a policeman to enforce them. This condition can only be described as anarchism maintained by law. It is the condition, nevertheless, into which the nation is sailing with Mr. Lloyd George at the helm.

A volume might be written on the points here merely raised, but for the present we content ourselves with referring our readers to an article and a book, both recently published. To the "International Socialist Review", for November Mr. W. E. Walling, a well-known Socialist, contributed a most acute and searching article on the subject of "Capitalist Socialism," the drift of which may almost be guessed from the opening words: "Suppose things don't happen exactly the way we thought ten years ago they would." The book is Mr. Stephen Reed's "Ishmaels," in which he has had the collaboration of two working fishermen. Their joint appreciations of the present tendency of legislation are precisely ours.

The debate in Parliament on Wednesday on the Railway Commission's Report arrived at no conclusion whatever. A recommendation to the directors to meet the rest of the signatories to the Report is all very well, but if no indication is given of the intention of Parliament, the matter has been really shirked. That no such indication was given is perfectly clear from the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. They were both in the difficult position of being, as they thought, compelled to abstain from recommending the railway directors to concede recognition to their men, at the same time that they desired to stand well with the Labour party who were pressing for recognition. In consequence these Government speakers did the usual thing under such circumstances; they ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds; they recommended a meeting between the directors and the men, but they would not express regret that the directors had hitherto refused; they balanced the question of recognition on the tips of their fingers that you might think they favoured it, and, again, you might think they did not. In fact, they left the whole matter, save for the one recommendation of a meeting, exactly where it was. Unfortunately, Mr. MacDonald, in his able opening speech did not compel the Government to take any more definite line. If his contention, supported by Mr. Henderson, is correct that the recent Commission not only failed to give recognition, but that they recommended that if the Government should give the mining companies to understand that this was not the intention of the Government, that the Commission did, in fact, recommend recognition—then the onus of seeing that the Report is carried out in this respect obviously lies on the Government. It was plainly Mr. MacDonald's line to raise that single question in his opening of the debate; were the Government prepared to enforce the recommendations of their Royal Commission and to insist on the recognition by the railway companies of the men? Mr. MacDonald, however, must have felt that the Commission's Report itself was by no means clear. Otherwise he could scarcely have avoided so obvious an interrogatory.

The question of recognition is, as everybody knows, the crucial question of the whole railway unrest; and the mere fact that no decision was come to on the subject in Parliament robs the debate of any real value. The Commission, as we have seen, was similarly chary of committing itself definitely one way or the other. Mr. Henderson, who attended all its meetings, declares that the Commission did, in fact, recommend recognition out and out. He now amends the recommendation to accept the Report as if recognition had certainly been granted. On the other hand, the directors are disposed, with quite as good evidence, to interpret the oracle differently. They deny that the Report concedes anything in the shape of recognition in any shape or form. True, they agreed to accept as binding the conclusions of the Commission, but they deny that the conclusions are those that Mr. Henderson, for one, claims them to be. Under these equivocal circumstances it is difficult to say what might have happened. In view of the doubt existing on the matter, the men might instantly have struck again and been joined by the miners, the transport workers, and possibly the engineers. A definite conclusion in favour of recognition might certainly have been come to by this means. Or the Government might have called on the Commission to interpret their own Report in clearer language. Several of your members, it might have said, say that recognition is intended, the rest deny it. What do you mean? And whatever the result of the inquiry, it would at least have been definite. Lastly, as we say, the Government itself might have been forced to put its own interpretation on the document as it stands. After all, the Commission might have been required to interpret the Report and the Government to decide. Yet the Commission having left the question of recognition in doubt, the Government leaves it in doubt too.

Officially, that is. But by every other means at its disposal, the Government has indicated its opinion against recognition. We do not say that a superficial reading of the debate would not leave the impression of impartiality, but a close reading dispels of this conclusion. It will be noted that both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George were meticulous careful to specify that only the details and not the broad principles of the Report were to be discussed at the forthcoming meeting between the various railway interests. It is true that they refused to follow Mr. Bonar Law in requiring the signatures of the men to an acceptance of the principles of the Report. This was altogether too honest a proceeding for their liking. But by phrase and by implication they gave the companies to understand that this acceptance was to be taken for granted. In other words, as the Commission and Parliament itself have successively shirked the subject of recognition, so the coming meeting is empowered to do the same. That this is the practical conclusion to be drawn from the debate is evidenced by the proposals of the companies announced in the "Daily Mail" of Saturday. The railway managers as a condition of discussing the Report with the men will first require that the latter should sign a written acceptance of the principles of the Report. With recognition thus specifically barred, the details of the Report can safely be discussed.

Now we should like to know what the men propose to do under these circumstances. The "Labour Leader" has been taking Mr. Henderson to task for attempting to prejudice the men against voting for a fresh strike, and on the ground that the Report really conceded recognition. But this last shred of excuse for Mr. Henderson's action has now been taken away. He knows now as plainly as Parliament, the Commission and the directors can tell him that not a shadow of recognition has been conceded by the Report, nor will he or the men be allowed at the forthcoming Conference to pretend that it is. In view of this open and avowed
declaration that the men actually secured nothing by the recent settlement, we ask again, what do the men propose to do? It is clear that Mr. Henderson, Mr. MacDonald, and the rest, were absolutely mistaken in supposing that the Report gives recognition. It is clear that they were fooled to the top of their bent when they sent back the men to work last August with the promise that recognition would be forthcoming. It is clear, in fact, that the hopelessness in which the men were winning and secured them defeat instead of victory. The question is what is to be done now that the last excuse for pretending that a defeat was a victory has gone? Are the men prepared to accept the findings of the Commission now that they know for certain that recognition is not included in them? They came out on strike last August for recognition, and they were told by their leaders that they had won it. Now that it is proved that they won nothing, are they prepared under the same leadership to come out again? Their natural disappointment, we fear, at their costly failure will lead them to reply in the negative. Mr. Henderson and Mr. MacDonald are to be congratulated—by the railway directors.

Cavour's saying that in politics you must have "the tact of the Possible" has not been taken to heart by the officials of the W.S.P.U. We agree that the Government announcement of the new Franchise Bill to take the wind out of the sails of Women's Suffrage. But the proper political reply to this proposal is not to demand more than has already been denied, and still less to demand it in a rude and an obnoxious form which reveals blind despair and the exhaustion of ideas. When, however, the W.S.P.U., finding their hopes of even the Conciliation Bill—which would enfranchise a couple of million women—frustrated, turned in despair to the entitled enfranchisement of seven million women, and add to this the request that the Government that has already played them false shall itself undertake the larger measure, and, by way of sweetening these requests, immediately demonstrate their intentions on the glass windows of private people, the conclusion is forced on us that these ladies understand neither politics nor the British public, but that they are very angry indeed. They may or may not be right to be angry, but it is certain that their anger will be of no avail. As a matter of simple fact which nobody in his seven senses will challenge, the W.S.P.U. has no means in its power and never will have of forcing any English Government against its will to concede the suffrage to a single woman.

But we are obviously making an illegitimate assumption in postulating a Cabinet united on Women's Suffrage for many years to come. Mr. McKenna quite straightforwardly assured a deputation of women that not only was he himself absolutely opposed to Women's Suffrage, but he did not believe an English Government would ever be disposed to introduce such a Bill. He is wrong in this, for we can imagine a public opinion strongly enough in favour of Women's Suffrage to reduce a small minority of a Cabinet to acquiesce. Not all the members of the present Cabinet, for example, are in favour of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. On the other hand, Mr. McKenna is right in declaring that no Cabinet in the present state of public opinion is likely to be even officially united on the subject. Why, indeed, should they be? Nothing of any real consequence depends at present upon Women's Suffrage. It is not a necessity to the life of the nation or even to its continuity. Mr. Asquith, as the Prime Minister, at least, concedes it is quite possible that the whole programme of Imperialism will be stultified. For this reason Home Rule may require to be forced on a minority of the electorate who do not realise the issues of the question. But no Cabinet and no Cabinet will ever be disposed to give way to despair, nothing, absolutely nothing, will be affected by temporarily and perhaps permanently refusing women the vote. And all this Mr. Asquith knows very well, and so, we venture to say, will his colleagues. In this opinion, and in this opinion, that mysterious final court of appeal, is convinced on the subject. It is needless to say that the delay in the obtaining of the vote does not necessarily involve delaying the progress of feminism, which, we take it, in its true meaning, had nothing to do with the issue of the vote and is, in another sense, preparing public opinion to concede it. The new feminist journal, "The Freewoman," may have something to say on this subject; for in its first issue its editors remark: "Feminism is the whole issue, political enfranchisement is a branch issue." We agree.
November 30, 1911.  

The New Age.  

Foreign Affairs.  
By S. Verdad.

As I cable these words before leaving Salonica for Berlin I learn that the great debate has been fixed for Monday and that it will be opened by Sir Edward Grey. It seems only yesterday since there was a somewhat similar debate last year; but I don’t remember that anything in particular happened after it. Even when in it would be a triumph for Germany. What country? Lawyers and business men and a few independent gentry: I grant that they may know a good deal about purely national problems, such as the Insurance Bill and the housing question and the Territorials even, because these are all problems which they can follow day by day in their newspapers and discuss with more or less intelligence with their companions. But I feel sure that only a few M.P.’s—half a score at the outside—are qualified to discuss foreign affairs.

To begin with, as I have already pointed out more than once, the foreign policy of any country is not a mere party matter; it must be continuous; it must be spread over a number of years, whether the Government in power be Liberal or Conservative. As a necessary consequence the foreign policy of a country, more than any other department of the administration, is in the hands of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office. This is the case in England, France, Germany, Russia, the United States, Italy, and Austria. Even in Japan the same rule applies. It does not apply to Spain to so great an extent, and Spain in consequence has latterly been most unfortunate in her foreign relations.

Sir Edward Grey, while possessing a few ideas of his own on foreign affairs, has largely been guided by the suggestions of his permanent officials. The permanent officials have every right to make suggestions; for they are as a rule men absolutely above party—they see too much of party and caucus intrigues to take any interest in mere home politics—and they are men of sufficient experience and knowledge to do their business properly. In a word, our permanent staff of officials at the Foreign Office is efficient. Our members of Parliament, in matters connected with foreign affairs, are not efficient. That is why our permanent officials have a right to make suggestions to Sir Edward Grey and why our Members of Parliament have no right to criticise Sir Edward Grey when he acts on those suggestions.

The Radical Press has always talked glibly about a “better understanding with Germany.” These words are meaningless. The British public is not yet aware that only a few M.P.’s—half a score at the outside—are qualified to discuss foreign affairs.

It is useless to pretend that we can still remain friends with France and yet cultivate friendship with Germany. Every diplomatist, every man who is acquainted with the inner side of foreign affairs, knows perfectly well that we are under military obligations to France and that France is under military obligations to us. Germany’s first move towards an attack on Great Britain would be to attack France; at present we stand or fall together. No honeyed words of affection expressed in Monday’s debate will alter this fact: nothing can explain it away. The French army, when defending France from an attack by Germany, will indirectly be defending England from an attack by Germany. This ought to be pretty well known by now. But there is yet another point. It will have been observed that we have taken no special pains recently to increase our fleet in the Mediterranean. The reason is that France will patrol the Mediterranean for us, with the assistance of our own small fleet there, in the event of an attack. This is another necessary English assistance to France in the North Sea; French assistance to England in the Mediterranean.

Nor let M.P.’s suppose that they are going to hear all the secret clauses of the Anglo-French Treaty. It is practically certain that the clauses regarding the joint military and naval obligations will not be published by the Government for some considerable time to come; though light may be thrown on the two harmful clauses dealing with the capitulations in Egypt and certain fortifications in Morocco.

In spite of the optimism which, as I understand, is now prevailing in Radical circles at home, I do not think that anything Sir Edward Grey may say on Monday will greatly modify the relations at present existing between England and Germany. The main sore spot now is the Rhine; it would not endear us to Germany if we dropped Rhine, it would not endear us to Germany if we dropped. The Radical Press has always talked glibly about “better understanding with Germany.” This is another mutual obligation: Germany’s first move towards an attack on Great Britain would be to attack France. There was no help for it; we had to stand with one or the other, and we made our choice.

Now, seeing that the choice was made, and has proved to be to our advantage in more ways than one, it is merely mischievous that a few hot-headed and ignorant Radical journalists, like the leader-writers of the “Daily News” and of “Reynolds’s,” should try to have this policy of ours reversed. It cannot be reversed without a severe blow to our prestige in France which we should feel for many a long day. And, in view of the state of public feeling on the other side of the Rhine, it would not endear us to Germany if we dropped France and bestowed our affections in a Teutonic quarter. We should merely lose the friendship of one country without gaining the friendship of another; and we should in the end find ourselves cordially hated by both. Is it worth while?

Nor must it be assumed that all the ill-feeling between France and Germany has disappeared with the signing of the Treaty and the interval that has followed. The whole affair has still to be discussed in the Chamber of Deputies, and the members of the French Government, aware of the reception the Treaty would be likely to meet with—especially since the German cruiser still remains at Agadir—have been staving off the evil day for this debate as long as possible. Then there are the negotiations between France and Spain to come off. When, indeed, I think of the tension existing in Europe to-day, I am, I confess, with some irritation that I learn of the stale platitudes of the London Radical Press regarding friendship with this country and with that one, brotherly love, the abolition of the belligerent system, the Hague Tribunal (who ever heard of the Hague Tribunal nowadays?), and all the rest of the idealistic stock-in-trade.
Women and Infants Under the National Insurance Bill.

By Dr. R. R. Rentoul, M.D.

CURIOUSLY enough this Bill is, in its preamble, described as "the first attempt to prevent the loss of health and life in the prevention and cure of sickness," etc.: this although, as far as I can see, no provision is made for the treatment of infants, and none for the help of women pregnant. (In one year the Oddfellows paid £177,373 in benefits and £132,283 in funeral benefits.) The Foresters paid £629 to widows and orphans. This Bill provides no help for widows and orphans.) Our present infant death-rate is a national disgrace; while it is sufficient to state that about twenty women die every twenty-four hours in England and Wales from causes connected with pregnancy and confinement, from 1871 to 1908 no fewer than 116,501 women having so died. If we reckon the value of a fertile woman to the nation as about £2,500,000, there is a loss of £28,500,000. In another article I have called attention to the fact that there are some grave lapses in this Bill. For instance, no definition is given of the term "confine ment." Is the maternity benefit given after stillbirth or to children, or for stillbirth or premature labours? That married and unmarried women are unfortunately placed upon the same basis, thus encouraging illegitimacy. (From 1892 to 1905 688,863 illegitimate births were recorded in England and Wales.) That maternity benefit is not to be granted to the poorer class of women confined in public institutions: that for a month after her confinement the mother is denied both medical and sick benefits; and that each pregnant woman is deprived of a healthy benefit unless she has been a member for over six months. It is also a fact that the widow member is given no widow or orphan grant when the father dies.

Now these are intensely grave defects, and they must be remedied. It may not be said I am opposed to the principle of this Bill (to the out-of-establishment part I am), for as far back as August, 1886, I published an article in favour of it in the "Foresters' Miscellany:" How can this Bill really prevent sickness among pregnant women, especially those who work in factories, mills, shops, furnaces, mines, etc.? It is a disgraceful fact that in England we often begin at the wrong end. We endow old age with a small gift instead of endowing childhood: we now propose to endow the sick and dying rather than the healthy and to encourage non-sickness instead of using measures to prevent disease. We build smallpox and fever hospitals instead of insisting upon vaccination and re-vaccination. We build hospitals for diseased women and children instead of endorsing them to infected mothers. We endow old age instead of infant mortality. If we made it compulsory to limewash once a week all cow-houses; prevented cows from drinking out of putrid water pools—as they always will if allowed—and killed off all tuberculosis cattle, the infant death-rate in England could almost be saved in funeral expenses. (In Paris she gets 12 francs a week if she, as a poor woman, gives up milk work and suckles her child. In Paris and other cities they have established free feeding for infants. That the infant death-rate is 155 per 1,000. In fact, we may lay it down that the present employing of mothers in factories is directly antagonistic to the welfare of infants. Commercial supremacy and present infant death-rates are not the only things worth living and killing infants for. It would be better to introduce Chinese labour than for us to go on murdering women and infants as we are now doing; or should we revert to the custom of primitive civilisations where the men suckled the infants. It is a really a question which must soon be discussed, and more especially as English mothers profess to detest the employment of wet nurses. We can't raise a fighting nation upon condensed milk, pace the testimonial newspaper and table talk. As regards the saving of the health and lives of mothers, State help must be given before confinement and not after. And also, we must keep the pregnant woman from working in mills. This can be done, pace the pseudo-economist. At one time we encouraged the employment of infants over five years of age in factories; hence the present stunted appearance of many factory adults. At one time we encouraged the employment of women naked from their waist up—and along with men absolutely naked—down in mines; and so the educated illiterate bemoans immorality. At present we are actually doing much worse; for we are murdering the backbone of our nation, the mothers and their infants. We encourage the employment of infants to work in the mill until she must leave, and we get her back as shortly as possible. "Damn the infant!" Commerce says. Here, again, England is relatively in a state of decadence. In Germany every pregnant woman in the agricultural industries must be special workers and get her confinement and not return until six weeks after; in Switzerland, two weeks before and six weeks after. They go even further, because pregnant women are forbidden to work in certain dangerous callings. In Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland none must return within four weeks, and not unless she has a medical certificate of good health. Yet this so-called Insurance Bill denies the mother anything but 40s., and gives not even medical or sick benefits for four weeks after. Are we English all specialists in hypocrisy?
There is one point the public must be taught if they wish to have eyes they can see with, and it is this: we are now learning that the future life depends much more upon the care given to the infant in the womb than after it is born; that is, pre-natal life treatment is more important. The foundation is the thing—as in everything else. The well-fed boy or girl determines the well-developed man or woman. Let us drive this home, so much of the well-being of the adult depends upon the attention given to them when they were in their mothers' wombs. Pre-natal culture has come to our breeding farms: there they know the danger of working the pregnant animal and separating her from her young. The young animal may bring £100; but the young infant—not knowing the danger of working the pregnant animal and separating her from her young—may bring £1000, but the young infant. If the Insurance Bill promoters would understand these things, they would do something more than pass a Bill for life assurance, they would be doing something of transcendent national importance. The prosperity of the community—the national asset—and in everything else. The well-fed boy or girl determines the well-developed man or woman. Let us drive this home, so much of the well-being of the adult depends upon the attention given to them when they were in their mothers' wombs. Pre-natal culture has come to our breeding farms: there they know the danger of working the pregnant animal and separating her from her young. The young animal may bring £100; but the young infant—not knowing the danger of working the pregnant animal and separating her from her young—may bring £1000, but the young infant. If the Insurance Bill promoters would understand these things, they would do something more than pass a Bill for life assurance, they would be doing something of transcendent national importance.

Collaterally descended from the baronial stock which made marquises and changed dynasties, Marquis Tiptop was the greatest territorial prince on his own political side. Grants from the Crown, together with fortunate marriages, made him a princely possessor of the southern counties. Beauchamps, Braoses, as well as more than one other equally venerable and opulent line, converged in the Tiptops, who, in addition to their vast estates and influence, had inherited from their medieval founder another possession which made him rich—his gracious and genial skill in the art of winning favour with the rank and file, equally of the peerage and the commonalty. Earl of Tiptop had, indeed, narrowly missed getting into an upper room in the House of Lords, some couple of years after he had gone up to Christchurch from Eton, a college scout was found lying dead at the bottom of some steep stone stairs leading to his lordship's rooms. The fellow had spoken disrespectfully to his master; he had properly paid the penalty for his insolence by a kick from the noble boot, which caused him to arrive on the first landing with a broken neck. The "censor" of the House reported the matter to the Dean. There might really have been some scandal had not the gentleman concerned come up with promised matters by pensioning for life the college servant's widow and finding places for the boys under the gardeners and gamekeepers on one of his Sussex principalities.

The same willing word and blow sort of manner that distinguished the future marquis on this occasion, first confirmed, nearly half a century afterwards, and has since then perpetuated his supreme authority with the Palladium Club, with all its membership and notoriety, as it were, the light blue party at large. Wirepullers of the baser sort might feel some pride at this far-stretching power. The noble Tiptop takes it all in a matter of course. Was not one among his nineteenth century predecessors called the "Duke," not because of fine being his title, but because the local imagination could not conceal its conviction that only in the first order of the peerage could the great man worthily be placed. This Earl Henry then not only—goes without saying—returned in pre-reformed days the knights of the shire, but the M.P.'s for the boroughs situated within his domains. When some of the titularly free and independent electors did not welcome his nominees he hired a contingent of prize-fighters from London to secure the places and persons of candidates. By the answer to this question only elicited from Blunt, "Mister Blunt, so recently was it for the college servant's widow and finding places for the boys under the gardeners and gamekeepers on one of his Sussex principalities.

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Because," continued Blunt, "he had put his head into a particularly big rabbit-hole in his park and was leaning forward to see that a ferret did its duty with the rabbits."

And this above all not if quite the most broadly aced and puissant peer south of the Trent, without whose help the Earl of Lord Jericho Smith's gifted nominee and colleague, Mr. Ben Judah himself, would never have followed Jericho Smith in the Premiership, because the Kentish gang was against Ben Judah to a man. Hence the appointment of a light-blue leader, apart from Marquis Tiptop's counsel or Create, would have been thought to herald the end of all things and have been pronounced beyond the reach of human wit or power. Yet for a much longer time than is generally remembered all the signs have been in such a direction.

The exclusive days of Pitt and Fox saw the rise to power inside the House of commercial members like Alderman Sawbridge and of political families outside. These, had they wished, might successfully have disputed leadership in the hands of Uncle Whistle, or for that matter Tories, whose places in the hierarchy of political bossdom were founded on the spoils of Church property in the shape of Tudor grants. Hence in Bedfordshire, the breeding Whitbreeds, before Queen Victoria ascended, and acquired a social as well as political importance scarcely inferior to the ducal Russells, and to this day largely remaining in the same hands. What the Whitbreeds by 1825 had made themselves, the Rithbones and others have since become. The days similarly similar to those of the Chamberlain clan or his socio-political equivalent, taking in the most natural way Cecil's place, will have as much to say concerning the allotment of the rewards and punishments as formerly belonged to Marquis Tiptop himself.

A Lysistratic.

(Discovered in the Groves by T. K. L.)

"Since the time when I was brought to see that the employment of force by women is nothing but a weak imitation of men's natural strength, and implies reliance on chivalry, I have done the most suitable thing to a person proved in error—I have taken a back seat in suffrage matters. There cogitating, I saw happen among Suffragists so many instances of injustice, treachery and juggling of principle that I came to the conclusion that the average woman's dread of having women over her is a sound old instinct, acquired through experience. For women have no sense of danger to which one can appeal in certainty of getting the justice that is part of that sense. Women are opportunists, and look neither before nor after, so long as they seem to be winning a present victory. It is notorious in courts of law how two women who have competed each other to the bone, will collapse outside in mutual tears of love and flattery, only to resume the quarrel after a rest cure. Three appeals are there to women—threat, bribery and flattery: after these, nothing. They have no sense of justice, though the word 'justice' has come to mean as property as it was the property of the slaves in Rome—who themselves were captured out of slave-owning nations, and whose use of manumission was to procure slaves. Such an exercise of liberty by women voters is generally expected among the women who oppose the vote. They laugh to pieces the Suffrage platform of liens on wages, equal divorce rights, a say in vaccination, education, religion, etc., etc. But they fear what is not stated. Incredulous that women should be so silly as to fight in the streets for a vote, gaining only such shadows of shadows; they want to know what is behind, what is in the brain of the leaders of the movement. Gradually they are realising that these leaders want power, are ambitious. What for? Sway over men, or sway over women? Plainly, they cannot sway men. They never will be able to sway men. But they can, and do, sway many women. The result is to alienate these devotees from their friends, to induce them to part with their money, to set bookings, and the police, to injure them in many ways and to fill them with a sense of having done something—manly. Nothing in this all to convert the average woman to Suffragism! Again, she asks—what have these infatuated persons been put upon to have called for service of this kind of service? She concludes—some job! Inquiry proves that the most advertised devotees, from Lady Constance Lytton to Miss Annie Kenney, are paid in cash; that women, not Suffragists, earning their living in some of the public services (especially the sanitary inspection department) find themselves subjected to treatment of the milder 'ragging' order, and must be very strong-hearted to keep their position; that shops keep women who do not advertise in 'Votes for Women' are specially dreaded boycott. And such discoveries confirm her belief that if ever the vote were won, she would be persecuted and her life made miserable by the women in the jobs."

"Of course she is a poor, dark-skinned, unknown woman, and unable to comprehend how the advanced women love her and only want to bring her to the feet of Freedom, though she has to be haled there with a halter around her neck."

The real facts are that the Suffragists have such Plans up their sleeve as will uplift all womanhood, place upon woman's head her natural crown of beauty, purity and intelligence, give her the rights that tyrant man has wrested from her through the ages, restore to her to glorious equality from the deepest (dignified) slavery, and set her feet towards the Mountain as yet too high even for men's eyes to rise to but whither She shall lead the way!"

"Is it not so? Who has not heard them declare it?"

"Yet there is one thing lacking. In the days when Nonconformists merely threw their stools at evangelical parson's heads and made rumpuses in the temples of the orthodox, they were regarded as hysterical and what was worse, vulgar fanatics. Not until they set forth sorrowfully out of Egypt and built them an own tabernacle did they become a power. The weakness of the Suffragists is clearly that they still jostle policemen and throw stones while they might be building themselves a House of Parliament, a real Women's Parliament, whence they might carry out the Programme above summarised, insist on their electorate obeying no other, and so gradually permeate the country, as the Nonconformists did, and, like these worthy people, capture at last the very citadel of legislation. With even fewer catchwords, and of course incomparably fewer of the elect of humanitity, the religious reformers have gained a pick of the fattest jobs such as history has not equalled since the days of Cletus. But they came forth, they set themselves apart, they drew supporters by appearing to disdain assistance—in a word, they paddled to the limbo to which the granting of the vote will consign them. The current phrase for 'conciliate and re-absorb' with regard to Suffragists is, I am bound to bear, 'amalgamating', 'assimilating' (though coarse) ! But so representative of the eternal attitude!"

"Wimmun! realise that you are not wanted in politics. For twenty centuries Britons have run the country without you. They say, and it may be true, that they have a real interest in their fatherland, and they regard the entry of women into public life as inimical to public welfare. You may make it so unpleasant for them that they will throw you a bone, but it will be a bone stripped of the meat and sucked dry of the marrow. You may see the sort of bone. It is to be given, as
one of you lately put it in the ‘Times’—to any male wretch who can run a house of ill-fame for six months! Do you suppose there is much sustenance left on it when they are willing to chuck it away like that? Do you not suspect that they have also Plans? Not such grand ones as yours. They seem to have no notion of uplifting the spirit of despising the white man’s burden of supporting women, of placing upon their heads crowns of purity and manhood. They could not very well aspire to such a glory—the terms even are preclusive! But such as men be, they may very well have sym poor sisters, to change the very basis of the Constitution. Why not? They made it. Suppose you woke up one morning to find that men had decided against electoral representation—all men—through a Dictator, or some hitherto unconceived form of absolute government on the masonic understanding that it would consider the interests of men only, or, at most, of women for men! What would, what could you do? Suppose some of you fought, used physical force. The rest would never fight. ‘Tis not their nature to! But suppose you won—that is, suppose the men let you win. They might if you were very free or beautiful. As Dictator one of you would be a lark for a while, the sport of men. The tyrant and the toy: Semiramis, Cleopatra, Elizabeth! There would scarcely be two successive lady Dictators. And to secure the position of even one the common men would have to be conciliated by the abjuration submission of the common females, neither witty, nor beautiful, but, however, everything but sex and hands to labour, would be grateful to be let live. You never find free women under the reign or rule of a woman! ‘But sure you are now convinced—so reasonable and far-sighted as you are. You will abandon, pretend to abandon, the poor country to men, and set about opening the Women’s Parliament preparatory to ascending that Mountain which you are so certain that men fail of reaching all for. They are as follows:-

The bulk of the shares in our contemporary, “The Moon,” is owned by the famous Seceding-Plymouth-Brother family of philanthropists, the Messrs. Sadvery. The circumstance that we, personally, cherish a sentiment of almost abject admiration for the Messrs. Sadvery and are positive that individually these gentlemen are far, far nobler than we, cannot deter us from noting, with the utmost publicity, that “The Moon” (which they control, doubtless, just as conscientiously as we ourselves control “The Scrutiniser”) publishes the grossest incitements to the working man’s passion for amusement. “Colonel Walleye,” “The Moon’s” sporting prophet, is one of the most celebrated tipsters in London—so we are informed on reliable authority. Yet the Sadverys are the chief supporters of the Betting Abolitionists’ League and receive a 3-inch advertising space, free, in every number of “The Moon”! Is this generosity to go unrewarded? I am, Sir, etc., ROUN (Hon. Sec., The Scrutiniser).”

A correspondent’s letter is admirably handled by our editor, who is himself engaged in the lemonade trade, to whom these Sadverys belong, I venture to proffer my thanks to you for your fearless exposure of this much over-rated firm. We of the Peddlington Little Bethel have unanimously passed a resolution of gratitude to the Editor of “The Scrutiniser,” and which I beg to enclose. It strikes us as significant that a nephew of Mr. Japhet Sadvery has recently gone over to Rome. I am, sir, etc., WILLIAM TUBBS (manufacturer of the Nonsuch lemonade).

(Modiesty forbids us to quote more than the concluding paragraph of this gratifying Resolution: “—And calls upon the Government to immediately and drastically amend the law to completely make impossible all horse-racing and its concomitant evils.”—Ed. “Scrutiniser.”)

Sir,—As one who is a Seceding-Plymouth-Brother, and who is himself engaged in the lemonade trade, to which these Sadverys belong, I venture to proffer my thanks to you for your fearless exposure of this much over-rated firm. We of the Peddlington Little Bethel have unanimously passed a resolution of gratitude to the Editor of “The Scrutiniser,” and which I beg to enclose. It strikes us as significant that a nephew of Mr. Japhet Sadvery has recently gone over to Rome. I am, sir, etc., WILLIAM TUBBS (manufacturer of the Nonsuch lemonade).

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Sir,—Allow an old fogey, who was with your father at school, to intervene in this lamentable discussion. As we know, thousands of working-men eagerly pay their sixpence, week by week, for “The Scrutiniser.” To them I would say, “Remember the old tag: Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta. I am, sir, etc., SENEX.”

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corruption we should not desire it to be "guaranteed new." "The Scrutiniser" aspires to do so, which is a mistake. We may point out that we only took cognisance of the Sadvery affairs after these had been exhaustively analysed in a series of a hundred and fourteen articles in our contempor- ory, "The Nagger." We cannot resist the temptation to be sympa-tic with the tone of asperity which "The Nagger" adopted to- wards the Sadvery's (charming, in private life, as we know the latter to be), but we take leave to say that our con-temporary dealt a bold stroke for the purity of the Press when it declined the lemonade advertisements which—whether showered upon it immediately before it had the misfortune to cease publication.—Ed. "Scrutiniser."

NOTE.—This correspondence will be continued ad—
we mean, will be continued.

WARD MUIR.

**Penny Wise.**

In an age of good intentions, it is well to be reminded of the difficulty of doing good. We (that is to say, Mr. Lloyd George and his Fabian advisers) have been legislating for the benefit of the working classes, offering them 25 per cent. profit on their investments, and promising a paradise in return for a premium, without a proper knowledge of or a due regard for the people we propose to benefit. The working classes ought to be grateful; those of them who are not Englishmen probably are. But if Mr. Stephen Reynolds and his collaborators have discovered anything, it is the resentment felt by Englishmen against a type of government that is alien to their temper and tradition. If this book merely presented a working-class view of politics, as Mr. Reynolds declares in his sub-title, it would not be as interesting or valuable as it really is. By the time that the end of the book is reached, the authors are aware of the fact. They recognise that, so far as they represent anything, they represent "a New Toryism or Nationalism, a Nationalism founded on respect for the poor"; and Nationalism is obviously not a class feeling.

The chief value of this book is that it states the English feeling concerning modern politics, more particularly the resentment felt against the trend of modern social legislation. More than fifty years ago, Emerson said of the Englishman, "that they wish neither to command nor obey, but to be kings in their own houses"; but the officials of Government have stepped across the doorstep. Legislation tends more and more to become inquisitorial and oppressive in its working: the inspector is never out of the house, and the attempt to impose on one class the ideals and standards of another rouses, by its indifference to racial qualities, a sense of injustice that cannot fail in the end to provoke resistance. Again and again in this book do we get hints and threats of the coming storm. It is not that the Englishman resents at every turn the tyranny of the invader. It is not that he objects to reform, or even to the invader.

**Judgment. Magna Charta, jury-trial, habeas corpus, Star-chamber, ship-money, Popery, Plymouth colony, American Revolution, are all questions involving a type of Englishman's feeling, they corroborate Emerson's sentiment. The Englishman wants to be left alone; or, if that is impossible, for himself and his fellow citizens to speak up for themselves; but most of all they should be taught to work for the Englishman, as Emerson said, has a supreme eye to facts; his logic is a logic that brings salt to soup, hammer to nails, and his mind is locked and bolted to results. "I tell thee," says Mr. Reynolds' spokesman, "if you got to live wi' your nose to the grindstone, like most o' us have, the sooner you learns to put it there the better." And he resents the growing enthusiasm of time that which is never likely to be of use, and which, when learnt, can only create discontent with what he regards as the normal conditions of life. But the practical logic of the Englishman will not be denied, and back the reasoning of economists, if they're educated, you want to be able to live educated; and the likes o' us can't. Us ain't got the rivets [money]."

There the story stays. Until the working classes get more money they will resent every reform that attempts to alter their habits and ideals; and when they get more money they will want to spend it in their own way and order their life as they please.

It is useless to object that their attitude is ignorant and prejudiced, penny wise and pound foolish. "It is easy to be pound wise when you's got the pound to be wise with," they retort; and if this is what Mr. Reynolds calls an irrational inference, it is one of those inferences that have wrecked empires. Our sort of people's gettin' more enlightened, an' they travels about an' sees more, an' one of these days they'm going to inquire into it proper; an' when they do there'll be a bigger bust-up than ever was—you see!" Such is their attitude: the case is prejudged. They see the inequality of wealth; they attribute the inferiority that is more and more being forced upon them to that fact; and the interest in economics inspired by the Tariff Reform agitation has led to the development of a politi-cal feeling distinct from party feeling which threatens to range the nation into two parties, the Nationalist and the Alien. For the German invasion has been accomplished; the regimentalists are in power, and the Englishman resents at every turn the tyranny of the invader.

It is not that the objects of reform, or even to the inspection and direction of his interests, that breeds revolution. The Englishman is peaceably minding his business and earning his day's wages; but if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, or his cow, or his right in common, or his shop, he will fight to the judgment. Magna Charta, jury-trial, habeas corpus, Star-chamber, ship-money, Popery, Plymouth colony, American Revolution, are all questions involving a type of Englishman's feeling, they corroborate Emerson's sentiment. The Englishman wants to be left alone; or, if that is impossible, for himself and his fellow citizens to speak up for themselves; but most of all they should be taught to work for the Englishman, as Emerson said, has a supreme eye to facts; his logic is a logic that brings salt to soup, hammer to nails, and his mind is locked and bolted to results. "I tell thee," says Mr. Reynolds' spokesman, "if you got to live wi' your nose to the grindstone, like most o' us have, the sooner you learns to put it there the better." And he resents the growing enthusiasm of time that which is never likely to be of use, and which, when learnt, can only create discontent with what he regards as the normal conditions of life. But the practical logic of the Englishman will not be denied, and back the reasoning of economists, if they're educated, you want to be able to live educated; and the likes o' us can't. Us ain't got the rivets [money]."

There the story stays. Until the working classes get more money they will resent every reform that attempts to alter their habits and ideals; and when they get more money they will want to spend it in their own way and order their life as they please.

It is useless to object that their attitude is ignorant and prejudiced, penny wise and pound foolish. "It is easy to be pound wise when you's got the pound to be wise with," they retort; and if this is what Mr. Reynolds calls an irrational inference, it is one of those inferences that have wrecked empires. Our sort of people's gettin' more enlightened, an' they travels about an' sees more, an' one of these days they'm going to inquire into it proper; an' when they do there'll be a bigger bust-up than ever was—you see!" Such is their attitude: the case is prejudged. They see the inequality of wealth; they attribute the inferiority that is more and more being forced upon them to that fact; and the interest in economics inspired by the Tariff Reform agitation has led to the development of a politi-cal feeling distinct from party feeling which threatens to range the nation into two parties, the Nationalist and the Alien. For the German invasion has been accomplished; the regimentalists are in power, and the Englishman resents at every turn the tyranny of the invader.
his best against odds. He resents being made responsible for what he cannot help: the untidy condition of a house, for example, that he did not build, and was certainly not designed for the convenient and cleanly rearing of a family. He finds himself penalised at every turn for trivial offences against factitious government. He is judged not by the standards of his own class but by the prejudices inculcated from birth against his class; and as his recognition of the economic basis of class becomes clearer, he resents being poor and condemned for being poor. More and more he insists: “It’s the rivets we want”; and if he ascribes too much to the influence of money, he is only willing to be corrected by the experience of possession. That at bottom he insists on the essential equality of human beings; that he resents being condemned to inferiority by what he regards as an accident, are facts that cannot be gainsaid, and that bode no good for the governing classes. More and more he becomes aware of the corruption of party politics; more and more he develops a political feeling separate from and inevitably inimical to his party feeling; and the only end that he can foresee is the revolution. He proposes no remedies in this book; he has used his privilege, and grumbled; but he has reminded us that a modern government cannot sit on its bayonets, and privilege, and grumbled; but he has reminded us that a modern government cannot sit on its bayonets, and that social reform that sends spies and monitors into the home will change nothing, and be not only useless but hateful.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By *Ezra Pound.*

(Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of “The New Method” in scholarship.—*The Editor.*)

I.

(A translation from the early Anglo-Saxon text.)

THE SEAFARER.

May I for my own self song’s truth reckon, Journey’s jargon, how I in harsh days Hardship endured oft. Bitter breast-cares have I abided, Known on my keel many a care’s hold, And dire sea-surge, and there I oft spent Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship’s head While she tossed close to cliffs. Coldly afflicted, My feet were by frost numbed: chill their chains are; chafing sighs Hew my heart round and hunger begot Mere-weary mood. Lest man know not That he on dry land lovlieth liveth, List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold sea, Weathered the winter, wretched outcast Deprived of my kinsmen; hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scour flew, There I heard naught save the harsh sea’s roar, And ice-cold wave, at whiles the swan crys, Did for my games the gannets’ clamour, Sea-fowls’ loudness was for me laughter, The mews’ singing all my mead-drink. Storms, on the stone-cliffs beat: fell on the stern In icy feathers, full oft the eagle screamed With spray on his pinion. Not any protector May make merry man fearing needly. This he little believes, who aye in winsome life Abides mid burghers some heavy bussiness, Wealthy and wine-flushed, how I weary oft Must bide above brine. Nearest nightshade, snoweth from earth, Frost froze the land, hail fell on earth then, Corn of the coldest. Nathless there knocketh now The heart’s thought that I on high streams The salt-way tumult traverse alone. Moaneth alway my mind’s lust

That I fare forth, that I afar hence Seek out a foreign fastness. For this there’s no mood-lofty man over earth’s midst, Not though he be given his good, but will have in his youth greed; Nor his deed be daring, nor his king to the faithful But shall have his sorrow for sea-fare Whatever his lord will. He hath not heart for harping, nor in ring-having Nor winsomeness to wife, nor world’s delight Nor any witt else save the wave’s slash. Yet longing comes upon him to fare forth on the water. Bosque taketh blossom, cometh beauty of berries, Fields to fairness, land fares brisker, Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying, He singeth summerward, bodeth sorrow, The bitter heart’s blood. Burgher knows not— He the prosperous man—what some perform Where wandering them widest driveth. So that but now my heart burst from my breast-lock, My mood mid the mere-flood, Over the wave’s arc he wander wide, On earth’s shelter cometh oft to me, Eager and ready, the crying lone-flyer, Whets for the whale-path the heart irresistibly, O’er tracks of ocean; seeing that anything My lord deems to me the ruin of life, On loan and on land, I believe not That any earth-ewal eternal standeth Save there be somewhat calamitous That, ere a man’s tide go, turn it to twain. Disease or oldness or sword-hate, Beat out the breath from doom-gripped body. And for this every earl whatever, for those speaking after— Laud of the living, boasteth some last word, That he will work ere he pass onward, Frame on the fair earth ’gainst foes his malice, Daring ado, . . . So that all men shall honour him after And his laud beyond them remain mid the English, Aye, for ever, a lasting life’s-blast, Delight mid the doughty.

Days little durable, And all arrogance of earthen riches, There come now no kings nor Caesars Nor gold-giving lords like those gone. Howe’er in mirth most magnified, Whoe’er lived in life most lordliest, Drear all this excellence, delights undurable, Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth, Tomb hidden from the light. The blade is layed low Earthly glory agath and seareth, No man-at all going the earth’s gait; But age fares against him, his face palet, Grey-haired he groaneth, knows gone companions, Lordly mean to earth’s divulged life, Nor may he then the flesh-cover, whose life ceaseth, Nor eat the sweet nor feel the sorry, Nor stir hand nor think in mid heart, And though he strew the grave with gold, His born brothers, their buried bodies Be an unlikely treasure board.

PHILOLOGICAL NOTE.—The text of this poem is rather confused. I have rejected half of line 76, read “Angles” for “angels in line 78, and stopped translating before the passage about the soul and the longer lines beginning, “Mickle sage about the soul and the longer lines beginning, “Mickle sages” for “sages” in line 84, and thereafter inharmonious to the Deity: “World’s elder, eminent creator, in ages, men.” There are many conjectures as to how the text came into its present form. It seems most likely that a fragment of the original poem, clear through about the first thirty lines, and thereafter increas- ingly illegible, fell into the hands of a monk with litera- ble ambitions, who filled in the gaps with his own guesses and “improvements.” The groundwork may have been a longer narrative poem, but the “lyric,” as I have accepted it, divides fairly well into “The Trials of the Sea,” its Lure and the Lament for Age.
Art and Drama.

By Hundy Carter.

The Drama of Discussion, of which we have recently heard much from the usual incompetent quarter, and of which Mr. Israel Zangwill's "War God," at His Majesty's Theatre, is the last word, sprung from an inspiration towards a clear presentation of real life (not the essentially real) which found its model in the Greek dramas of the period. The vicissitude of the dramatic form of art. These plays, which cut the external verities and salute the artificial, denote the popular standard of verbose rhetoric and inconceivably depraved taste for sexual horrors. The said period of decline culminated in Euripides and Aristophanes. Euripides is an impassioned plagiarist beloved by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, who consciously gauges the intellect of his fellow-men by their public displays of pugnacity and self-assertion, and by their contributions to the box-office; while Aristophanes, who was broken-hearted at the decline of great Greek drama, is his severest critic, and one who suggests that if there were a Euripides alive to-day it would be necessary to invent an Aristophanes to kill him.

Aristophanes, like the modern discussion dramatists, indulged in paradox. He took the jewel of a lofty moral purpose and national idealism and set it in unthinkable obscurity. His plays have a general, as well as an individual aim. At least three of them—"Lysistrata," "Peace," and "Acharnae"—preach peace. But though Aristophanes advised peace, it is not clear whether he saw the real solution to it. Whether, in fact, he was aware that war is a natural process from amoeba to the army; that peace is only possible to a high order of intellect; and that the one way to attain universal peace is to kill 99 per cent. of the human race as below the peace standard, leaving the 1 per cent. of aristocracy of brains to readjust the ideal of individual liberty. It is, however, clear that he had no delusions on the subject of peace. In "Lysistrata" he recognises that war began with the sexual impulse. Accordingly he makes peace a sexual problem, just as he put Socrates in the "Clouds." He believed Socrates deserved his fate for his approval of the decadent drama of the Greeks.

In "Peace" he employs allegory and exhibits peace, or its representative, trying to reach heaven on a dung-beetle. Peace remains in the air for a time and then returns to earth by way of the orchestra, appropriately sighted in the bug. It is a pity that Mr. Zangwill has not studied Aristophanes, for then he would not have written his present polemical tract charged with an infinite variety of views which he, in common with many social reformers, regards from a very limited standpoint. Or, at least, he would have offered a very different solution of the vastly fluctuating question of peace and war. For one thing, he would not have put Tolstoi forward as a serious peace-god. Tolstoi was a Fabian turned fasting friar. He arrived at social prominence by the imbecile route of preaching the "Sermon on the Mount" as a sentimental socialist, not as a seer.

If Mr. Shaw had turned to the "Acharnae," he would have discovered that Aristophanes has anticipated the attitude in the "War God" and caricatured it. In the scene setting, Zangwill appears about to stone Dikaiopolis for having concluded a peace with the Lacedaemonians. He undertakes to defend the latter or lose his head if he fails to convince his audience. In this dilemma he calls upon Euripides to help him by lending him the tattered garments in which that poet's heroes were accustomed to excite pity. Now, if we substitute Zangwill for Dikaiopolis and G. B. Shaw for Euripides, and place Adelphi Terrace at the centre back of the stage of His Majesty's Theatre, we are ready for the "War God" to begin.

Mr. Shaw-Euripides will appear at the upper storey throwing out the rags of his various debates on economic and Christian Socialism. Mr. Zangwill-Dikaiopolis will take the centre of the stage with the line full on him, putting on the tatters as the god above hands them to him, and murmuring the following lines of Dikaiopolis:

And be still what I am, and yet not seem so,
The audience here may know me who I am.
But like a dolt, the son of Bismarck;
While I trick them with my flowers of rhetoric.

So in turn he will appear as the criminal Bismarck-Torgrim burgling Alba (England); as the confederate Tolstoi-Frithiof unbolting the doors and windows for him; as the contemptible Jew secretary; as the woman militant anarchist, who has seen war through the eyes of a nurse and uses her experience as a standard of valuation; as the philosophic anarchist chamberlain; as the feather-headed booby of an Emperor; as a wobbling dolt, the son of Bismarck, who is equally infatuated with Tolstoi and the maid-of-honour- anarchist; as a revolutionary anarchist who has walked out of "Justice" and forgot to return; and so on.

Hence arises the old, old melodramatic conflict, the lover (Bismarck) and his lass (universal conquest) and an obstacle to overcome (Tolstoi and universal peace); beyond this is a means to remove the obstacle (the wild anarchists, who shoot Tolstoi after an exhibition marksman) that beas the famous record of the British army at Sydney Street under Mr. Winston Churchill). With Tolstoi out of the way, Bismarck will naturally go ahead supplying copy to the special scare column of the daily Press. But Mr. Zangwill will have a wider scope for him in another direction, in which case he will pour over him the Tolstoyan hymn of Peace. When the fumes evaporate, Bismarck will reappear as Frithiof II. So you have Mr. Zangwill exhausting himself in five dull acts on a miraculous conversion aping "The Resurrection."  

In a play of this description there is no need of scenery, music and acting, and we get none. The three bare walls of the stage are concealed by odds and ends, of flats and painted cloths from the scenic dock. The music is by the gentleman who reduced Huwatha to a state of static melancholia. Sir Herbert Tree degenerates into a mouthpiece for dogmatic Socialism and newspaper descriptions of the war resources of capitalism. The descriptions are cast in Drury Lane lyrics, with outlets for the Celestial Sublime as follows:

Fate the blind housewife with her busy broom.
Shall shrivel at one sweep your giant web,
And leave a little, naked, scuttling spider.
A very pretty picture of Fate waving a broomstick.

The proper place for this sort of stuff is a cinema-theatre, where the moving pictures of Tolstoi's "War and Peace." If Sir Herbert Tree cannot give us something better in the way of drama I strongly advise him to let his theatre to the Fabian Society for the winter and go abroad and study what men are saying and doing in the heart of the theatre. His present policy is steadily placing him in the background by encouraging the idea that formerly there was only one centre in London for the discussion of socialism, but now there are two. One is His Majesty's Theatre, the other is Hyde Park,
FOUR POEMS.
By Iolo Aneurin Williams.

LABYRINTHINE.
You are no famed artificer
To build a chamber cunningly
To trap me—or from my hair
To make a net to capture me.
I will not give myself, nor sell,
I will be free and nothing less,
And you can't bind me with a spell
That's fashioned from my loveliness.

A poor enchanter you must be
To take my beauty for your snare;
Or fettered by my limbs or hair?
You are no skilled magician,
No Merlin, in a little while
To tame me quite, no wonder-man
To make me quiet with a smile.

You shall not string in chains my teeth
To bind me with them how you please;
My eyes you shall not conjure with,
Nor make them charms to cloy my knees;
Nor shall you make a magic room
And magic bed wherein we'd lie;
Our bodies mingled in the gloom,
I should be something less than I.

You could not carve of ivory
A shackle that should hold me thus.
Oh, poor contriver, I am free—
Am free—and yet—aah! Daedalus.

LOVE DEMONIAC.
First a vague walking through the half-dark wood,
An aimless feeling in the torpid blood;
A white blur growing through the black pine trees;
At more distinction of the coming face;
That dreamy gazing at the distances,
Perhaps it is the chatting of the birds
When you were swift to dance and bright of tress,
Or less sweet
Think we then that any briefer
We content ourselves with suggesting that the
Present-Day Criticism.

We abjure the grey partisan. He is nothing but darkness unconfirmed. He can never become less grey, any more than a dusky stuff can be dyed white; any change is towards darker. He runs about, professedly to find some good in everything, but his hidden instinct is towards confusion. We want none of him. But who is there truthful enough to hate this very mediocrity that the grey critic patronises? Who is in love with Perfection? Let him come forward, for the world has been withering for want of him. Make no mistake about this "world." The mob is emphatically not intended. The mob never withers. It is fast, and with furious acceleration, becoming a mob to whom it will be impossible to talk about anything. I refuse to talk more about art."
place at Court and its minimum wage. Mob above or mob below has no concern with artists, and we would will take—no doubt of that, Youth, busying thyself in though the mob will not give, have never given, they have all died in ditches had we no better refuge than the mansion

what was in his heart, songs of heaven and life, but only what was in his mind, songs of earth and the cost that liberation which was to show the rich man how and the poor man how virtuous

would put an end once and for all to rivalry, competition, and warfare! You could never have supposed that just this very liberation was the last thing the People desired. But it was! They very nearly tore the poor poet piecemeal. Like a man and ,wife who

singing his own songs, and only sang about the People and joined against him. They haled him up and down presently he got down to his heart, and soon he sat

And when he died the People, crazy as ever, ran tearing and the People turned together. They very nearly tore the rich People and the poor People turned against him. They haled him up and down and shook his private life inside out, and there was not a miserable little peccadillo he had ever commited since his childhood, but they made it into a case for transporta- tion. And in the end he barely managed to exile himself before they saved him the trouble. In a foreign land he began to think deeper than his mind, and presently he got down to his heart, and soon he sat singing his own songs, and only sang about the People after reading some chance pamphlet in a waiting-room. And when he died the People, crazy as ever, ran tearing to buy his songs, though in a cheap reprint. But the songs he wrote about them they blacked out, all except a few epithetical passages which might at a pinch be useful to either party; but the songs he wrote from his heart they caused to be illuminated and hung up over the mantelpiece and if you could catch them at dinner, at any rate, when there was no fighting going on, they would blubber how they had often thought of the very same songs themselves and only lacked time to go to Court (both sorts) to write them down, which was only their blackmail. As ages go by, they will gradually incorporate the songs into common language, and journalists will pretend that they belong to everybody, but by that time the words will have become so annoyed at vulgarisation as to refuse to serve except like "all hope abandon here" for a bar- ber's joke, and then the People will look round for a new Poet to skin. But you see they are certain to

feebleness among young artists is their neglect of solitude. They know too many futile people; they hear too

Solitude and room to grow

BEFORE passing on to a description of this change, it is necessary to state briefly what the mechanistic conception of the world is. It can be given quickly by quotations. I begin with Spinoza: "There is in Nature nothing contingent, but all things are determined by the necessities of the divine nature to exist and to operate in a definite way"; this from a recent book by Munsterberg: "Science is to me not a mass of dis- connected information, but the certainty that there is no change in the universe, no motion of an atom, and no sensation of a consciousness which does not come and go absolutely in accordance with natural laws; the certainty that nothing can exist outside the gigantic mechanism of causes and effects; necessity moves the stars in the sky and necessity moves the emotions in my mind"; or by Laplace's famous boast: "An intellect which at a given instant knew all the forces with which Nature is animated and the respective situations of the beings that compose Nature—supposing that the said intellect were vast enough to subject these data to analysis—would embrace in the same formula the motions of the greatest bodies in the universe and those of the slightest atom; nothing would be uncertain for it, and the future, like the past, would be present to its eyes"; and Huxley's, "If the fundamental proposi- tion of evolution is true—that the entire world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction according to definite laws of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulousness of the universe was composed—it is no less certain that the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapour, and that a sufficient intellect would be able to know the properties of molecules of that vapour, have pre- dicted, say, the state of the fauna of Great Britain in 1869 with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapour of the breath on a cold winter's day."

There was a time when this was only a theory which you could adopt if you liked it. In that time it could hardly have been called a nightmare. If you did not like it you could refuse to believe it. But that time is, as we have seen, in the last two hundred years has entirely changed. The result of the progress of the sciences has been to exhibit it not as hypothesis to which one might adhere if one was a solid fact which must be taken account of whether one likes it or not. It seems to me personally, at any rate, to be the one thing which overshadows everything else in any attempt to get a satisfactory prophet by them, mapped out for us. The arrival of this state of things could be pictured by thinking of a parallel phenomenon which the observer can watch in any public park. You start, say, with coming of age should thank the stars they were not born when this bad influence was worse. It was a foxy old vampire, who had created a whole new world of artistic refuges at the mansion of Lord Hodze or the hut of Hodge. But though the mob will not give, have never given, they will take—no doubt of that, Youth, busying thyself in Court and its minimum wage. Mob above or mob below has no concern with artists, and we would will take—no doubt of that, Youth, busying thyself in
a square green plot of grass. Then it occurs to the authorities that there are people who want to cross diagonally from one side to the middle of the opposite side. Paths are cut for them and from grass into concrete. This is a schematic representation of a process that can be observed each year in Hyde Park. This is what has happened to the freedom-are constantly disappearing by a similar gradual banishment of what weighs like the advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls, the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom.

The effect of this view of the world on the simple market-place beliefs about the soul is easily traced. It enormously strengthens the materialist side, for by making matter self-sufficing it makes consciousness a by-product and takes away from it all real action on things.

In the picture of the world as it existed before the arrival of the mechanistic theory you had a good deal of freedom in matter itself, and consciousness had this certificate, at least, to its independence and reality—that it was able to act directly on and to produce changes in this, the physical world. You might suspect its existence to be a precarious one; but, at any rate, it did exist temporarily, and could prove this existence by real action. But if you accept the mechanistic view of the world, not if, the does all freedom disappear from the material world, but also from the organic. The world is pictured as a mass of atoms and molecules, which are supposed to carry out unceasingly movements of every kind. The matter of which our bodies are composed is subject to the same laws as the matter outside. The motion of every atom of your brain is, subject to the same laws of motion as those which govern all matter. It is, then, completely viewable and calculable. Then, at all moment you knew the position of all the atoms of a human body, you could calculate with unfailing certainty the past, present, and future actions of the person to whom that body belonged. Consciousness, then, does not exist; it makes no difference; everything would go on just the same without it.

Before mechanism, consciousness occupied the position of a rather feeble king who still, by the favour of his troops, retained some power. The change produced by mechanism can be compared to the sudden discovery by the troops that the king was self-sufficing, and can manage itself. The monarchy then becomes a very flimsy thing. The effect of the change it produces may be got at also in this way. Suppose a number of figures arranged irregularly with a loose rope passing from one to the other. Let the figures represent consciousness and the rope inorganic matter. If you saw this from a distance you might think that the figures were real people and that the rope was to be a pass, and is a sign of their superiority of (1) to the placidly good who go to purgatory, where they are subjected to compulsory doubts before they can pass on, and (2) to the simply bad people who go to hell and stay there.

The saint, then, in every generation has to struggle with an obstacle in the way of his idealist or religious interpretation of the universe. There is some tremendous tendency of things which you have to vanquish before you can legitimately retain your beliefs in any spiritual values. There are some things which you have to conquer before you have any right at all to any spiritual view of the world. If you leave them behind without meeting them fairly you are living on false pretences, or it would perhaps be more accurate to say you are living on credit. You are giving away things that do not in the least belong to you. You have no right to be in a certain position until you have passed to it through a certain struggle. If you have not successfully met this obstacle you are in the position of the philanthropist who has not succeeded in getting in at side doors, but if you do you have not done the thing properly. There is nothing unusual in this phenomenon. In every age there has been such a porch. I have always been dissatisfied with the traditional division of the future life into heaven, hell, and purgatory. Or rather, I have always been dissatisfied with the cosmology with which makes them correspond as rewards to three divisions of merely ethical conduct. This has always seemed to me to be a singularly crude conception. If the reward to any way of living which was merely useful and trouble which were necessary to attain it, then it is clear that the highest reward should not be given to a mere ethical perfection. Heaven should be reserved for a more troublesome thing than that—not for those who pursue the good, but for those who have fully wrestled with the grave doubts they had as to whether the good existed or as to whether the word had any real meaning. A struggle with fundamental unbelief of this kind is much more of a valley of darkness than any mere ethical struggle. It is a much more painful state and deserves a different reward. This kind of unbelief is not an unfortunate accident that comes to a few fidgity people. It is a necessary stage through which all the world shall have to pass, and is a sign of their superiority.

If you accept the mechanistic view of the world, not if, you have to conquer before you have any right at all to any spiritual view of the world. If you leave them behind without meeting them fairly you are living on false pretences, or it would perhaps be more accurate to say you are living on credit. You are giving away things that do not in the least belong to you. You have no right to be in a certain position until you have passed to it through a certain struggle. If you have not successfully met this obstacle you are in the position of the philanthropist who has not succeeded in getting in at side doors, but if you do you have not done the thing properly. There is nothing unusual in this phenomenon. In every age there has been such a porch. I have always been dissatisfied with the traditional division of the future life into heaven, hell, and purgatory. Or rather, I have always been dissatisfied with the cosmology with which makes them correspond as rewards to three divisions of merely ethical conduct. This has always seemed to me to be a singularly crude conception. If the reward to any way of living which was merely useful and trouble which were necessary to attain it, then it is clear that the highest reward should not be given to a mere ethical perfection. Heaven should be reserved for a more troublesome thing than that—not for those who pursue the good, but for those who have fully wrestled with the grave doubts they had as to whether the good existed or as to whether the word had any real meaning. A struggle with fundamental unbelief of this kind is much more of a valley of darkness than any mere ethical struggle. It is a much more painful state and deserves a different reward. This kind of unbelief is not an unfortunate accident that comes to a few fidgity people. It is a necessary stage through which all the world shall have to pass, and is a sign of their superiority. If you accept the mechanistic view of the world, not if, you have to conquer before you have any right at all to any spiritual view of the world. If you leave them behind without meeting them fairly you are living on false pretences, or it would perhaps be more accurate to say you are living on credit. You are giving away things that do not in the least belong to you. You have no right to be in a certain position until you have passed to it through a certain struggle. If you have not successfully met this obstacle you are in the position of the philanthropist who has not succeeded in getting in at side doors, but if you do you have not done the thing properly. There is nothing unusual in this phenomenon. In every age there has been such a porch. I have always been dissatisfied with the traditional division of the future life into heaven, hell, and purgatory. Or rather, I have always been dissatisfied with the cosmology with which makes them correspond as rewards to three divisions of merely ethical conduct. This has always seemed to me to be a singularly crude conception. If the reward to any way of living which was merely useful and trouble which were necessary to attain it, then it is clear that the highest reward should not be given to a mere ethical perfection. Heaven should be reserved for a more troublesome thing than that—not for those who pursue the good, but for those who have fully wrestled with the grave doubts they had as to whether the good existed or as to whether the word had any real meaning. A struggle with fundamental unbelief of this kind is much more of a valley of darkness than any mere ethical struggle. It is a much more painful state and deserves a different reward. This kind of unbelief is not an unfortunate accident that comes to a few fidgity people. It is a necessary stage through which all the world shall have to pass, and is a sign of their superiority.
The very touch of such a conception freezes all the values and kills them. It remains as a perpetual menace. As long as it exists no idealist can live a quiet life, for it might at any moment be tripped up by the awful fact. It is a perpetual reminder that you are living in a fool's paradise. I am quite aware that this is a trouble only to a limited number of people—indeed to a certain class of people—and that to them it is quite as annoying as was Banquo's ghost. It is, perhaps, necessary to point out that at a certain stage this prospect does not appear to be a nightmare to us. At a certain stage of one's mental evolution the delight in finding the one concrete way to explain the world as one might solve a puzzle is so exciting that it quite puts in the shade the disadvantages of the conception from other points of view. It is not a frightful nightmare, but a delight in it. It is something like the feeling produced by a new toy or a steam-engine that "works" to a boy. It exhilarates us to feel that we have got a neat key to the universe in our pockets, and this delight of acquisition obliterates the nightmarish effect it would naturally produce in a man. One delights in it so much that one desires not only to interfere with it or to show that it is not a fact but merely an hypothesis. I recall quite vividly when I went into Stallo's quite harmless little book which makes fun of the conservation of energy. I positively detested the sight of the book on the shelves. I would have been very willing to have it removed from the library. My resentment was of exactly the same nature and due to the same causes as that with which an old lady, all of whose scanty income comes from land, might have a proposal for land nationalisation. My toy would have been taken away from me.

But this is only a temporary phenomenon. For the natural man this counteracting emotion would soon be removed and the mechanistic conception would once more become a nightmare. In the case of Mr. Balfour it does not appear to be a nightmare it is because this kind of delight in the simplicity of a theory and the exhilaration and sense of power it produces has remained beyond the years of puberty to which it is appropriate, and still continue to veil to a man the real horror of his belief.

Those who have read the "Arabian Nights," or failing that, have seen "Sumûrun," will remember the story of the barber who, having swallowed a fish-bone, was taken for dead. How everybody, wishing to be free of the possible unpleasant consequences of having this corpse discovered in their own house, passed it on to someone else. The corpse always turned up at Stallo's library, at Stallo's quite harmless little book which makes fun of the conservation of energy. I positively detested the sight of the book on the shelves. I would have been very willing to have it removed from the library. My resentment was of exactly the same nature and due to the same causes as that with which an old lady, all of whose scanty income comes from land, might have a proposal for land nationalisation. My toy would have been taken away from me.

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Mr. Hunly Carter and Sir H. Beerbohm Tree.

By Hunly Carter.

Will the readers of The New Age permit a personal explanation? For many months, as they know, I have interested myself, and, in fact, practically spent the whole of my time in investigating and writing about the Art of the Theatre. My investigations in this country were followed by a prolonged and comprehensive investigation abroad, whither I went at considerable expense for the purpose of learning what new ideas were to be gathered there. As my weekly letters to The New Age prove, I came in contact in Berlin, Munich, Moscow, and elsewhere with theatrical artists of all kinds whose very names were hitherto unknown in this country. Yet they were men in many cases whose theatrical inventions for the more perfect presentation of plays were of the very first importance to the Art of the Theatre. I made careful note of everything I saw, and on my return to London (early in October) I consulted with the editor of The New Age as to the best means of introducing the ideas of the Continental artists into England. It occurred to me that one means would be the establishment of an annual international exhibition in this country of Theatrical Art, at which might be gathered such models, plans, designs, illustrations, and examples of new stagecraft as I had seen in my tour of the Continental ateliers.

With the intention of enlisting public support for this idea I wrote to Sir Herbert Tree on October 21, inviting him to associate his name with the communication I proposed to make to the Press. He assented in the following letter:

His Majesty's Theatre,

October 24, 1911.

Dear Mr. Carter,—I am extremely interested in your letter and in your idea of holding an exhibition to show the developments in the various departments of stagecraft which are taking place abroad as well as in England. I am sure it would be most enlightening, and I am delighted to be of any use to you that I can in initiating this important departure. Will you submit to me a draft of the letter that you intend sending to the "Times," after which you will play, run in one evening and see me, and we could have a talk about the idea?—Yours very truly,

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

I thereupon drafted with the help of the Editor of The New Age a letter to the "Times," of which the following is a copy:

The Editor of the "Times.

Sir,—In my recent tour of the chief art and drama centres of Europe, I have been much impressed by the astonishing variety and range of the devices now being tested and adopted by the Continent to perfect the art of dramatic representation. In the centres which I visited—Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Cracow, Moscow, etc., I found groups of artists of the theatre, in the fullest sense of the term, combining to create among them a total effect by means of the application of the new principles of the housing of the drama contained, for instance, in the Wagner-Semper ideas of theatre construction; and of the new principles of the setting of the drama contained in the new types of stage such as at the Kunstler Theatre, Munich, and at Buda-Pesth, and the new Shakespearean stages, as well as in the many and varied details of stage art and craft—scenery, lighting, costumes, accessories and decorations, and, together, must produce on our stage a unity of impression and expression which has hitherto been lacking. Having examined many of these new ideas, designs, and other inventions of these artists—most of whom are unfortunately unknown in England—I am now proposing with the co-operation and friendly assistance of persons interested in art and the theatre in our own country, to gather together the most interesting and instructive models and illustrative materials and to form an exhibition of the same for the purpose of our artists of the theatre—architects, stagecraftsmen and dramatists. I am authorised to state that Sir Herbert Tree has kindly promised to give me his full support in this endeavour to bring the whole of our English stage to the level of the best that I have seen in Europe and America, and to ensure that it shall allow me to appeal, through your columns, for the assistance of such as may be interested in this work.

It is hoped that the exhibition, when begun, will be continued from year to year, and that it may be the means of a fruitful exchange of ideas between the leading artistic centres of Europe and America in all branches of the drama. Though initially held in London, the exhibition might be transferred bodily, at the close of its London term, from provincial city to provincial city, and the result might be, that a permanent Theatrical Art movement has begun to stir in the public an appreciation for vital and artistic forms of dramatic art. May I be allowed to invite those who are interested to cooperate in this matter to write to me at 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C., so that a committee may be formed and funds raised to hold the exhibition at an early date?

HUNTY CARTER.

Art and Drama Editor, New Age.

Before sending this letter to the "Times," however, I thought it right to submit the draft for Sir Herbert Tree's approval. This I did on October 31, and here is the letter I received from his private secretary in reply:

His Majesty's Theatre,

November 2, 1911.

Dear Mr. Carter,—Sir Herbert Tree has shown me the draft of the letter you propose sending to the "Times." Surely for a letter of this sort it is too long? I may be wrong, but I should have thought that a first announcement should be very brief—simply stating your suggestions for having an exhibition to show what is being done on the Continent in theatrical art; in fact, an international exhibition of stagecraft, mentioning that Sir Herbert Tree has promised to give his support, and make an appeal to such as may be interested in the work.

I hope you will be able to come and see Sir Herbert, that will be some time before Wednesday, November 8.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER R. CREIGHTON.

Accepting the invitation, I waited on Sir Herbert at His Majesty's Theatre, but he promised himself too busy to go into the matter thoroughly. In consequence, on November 14 I again wrote to him in the following terms:

Mayfair,

November 14, 1911.

Dear Sir Herbert Tree,—I saw Mr. Creighton this morning, who had made a provisional appointment for me to meet you, and as a result of the letter you wrote to the "Times," to ask you to arrange a meeting for to-morrow, Wednesday, afternoon, in order that I may hear what you have definitely decided upon with regard to the exhibition. If, however, it is impossible for you to turn from other business to discuss this matter in detail, will you please spare me a moment to go into the question of the "Times" letter? It is very important that an announcement concerning a possible exhibition be made at once. I have been writing for some months in The New Age, various illustrated and other journals (besides conducting an international symposium on the subject in The New Age), on the art theatres and the artistic movement in the theatre in Europe, dealing in detail with facts and figures. The matter has, in consequence, attracted considerable attention, and more than one person has got the idea of an exhibition on their minds. You will therefore understand that if one is to keep the matter in one's hand it is necessary to make a public announcement at once in order to secure the patent, so to speak. Therefore, if you suggest that as I understand you do not approve of the length of the "Times" letter which I have submitted to you, it could be sent to the "Times," and that newspaper would consider cuts. Or if you do not approve of the length of the letter, I shall be glad of an alternative letter and let me have it when I call to-morrow, Wednesday, afternoon?

I am extremely anxious to proceed with the matter of the exhibition. My experience in recent years in organising art and other exhibitions has shown me not only the necessity of publicity, but also the need of utilising as much time as possible for the purpose of ascertaining the full resources available for an exhibition, as well as for collecting them. The Christmas holidays are approaching, and unless a start is made at once nothing can be done till the middle of January.

Yours sincerely,

HUNTY CARTER,
By this time four weeks had been spent, and I began to grow anxious to bring the matter to a conclusion. Having, moreover, implicit confidence in the good faith of Sir Herbert Tree, believing him to be above playing me a dirty trick, I decided, against the advice of the Editor of THE NEW AGE, to postpone again my letter to the "Times" until I had seen Sir Herbert Tree again. In the interview he suggested that I should write to Mrs. C. Enthoven, who was interested in the subject, and join forces with her.

While considering an appointment to this effect, what was my amazement to discover in the daily papers of Wednesday, November 21, a letter from Sir Herbert Tree announcing on his own account the proposed establishment of a National Exhibition, without the smallest acknowledgment, private or public, to myself, who had actually originated and suggested to him the idea. This letter and enclosure were as follows:—

His Majesty's Theatre
November 21, 1911.

I notice that there is a movement on foot to establish a theatrical exhibition. Several letters on this subject have already appeared in the Press. That there is a considerable interest in this movement I can testify, for I have, during the last few months, been approached from several independent sources with a view to aiding in the consummation of such a scheme. In this connection I am glad to be able to announce that I have received a communication from the trustees of the London Museum stating that they are willing to devote a section for a permanent exhibition of things theatrical. Such a section should contain models, plans, and designs which would be useful for those interested in the construction and working of the theatre from start to finish, both from a practical and an artistic standpoint. It is also suggested to establish some permanent collection of theatrical relics in the nature of portraits, play-bills, personal souvenirs, and costumes. Apart from this it is hoped to hold exhibitions illustrating the different developments and phases of theatrical art at home and abroad.

I feel that the recognition of the technical side of our art is of great importance, and such a generous offer should meet with the generous response it deserves from the possessors of objects of interest. The accompanying letter will, I am sure, not only be gratefully received by those immediately concerned, but will create a widespread interest amongst the public at large.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

The following letter is the one referred to by Sir Herbert Tree:—

Kensington Palace,
November 14, 1911.

Dear Sir Herbert Tree,—My trustees have desired me to write and say that among other exhibits of this museum, there will be a fine and comprehensive section dealing with the drama. I have already a large and extremely interesting series of theatrical relics in the nature of portraits, play-bills, personal souvenirs, costumes, etc.

There is at the present moment an agitation in the papers for some museum in London to devote a section to this subject. The Press is doubtless unaware that this is being fully dealt with by us, so that if you are approached in the matter, as you are bound to be, my trustees will esteem it a very great favour if you will suggest the London Museum as being the proper and permanent home for all objects that illustrate the history of the Thespian art. Believe me to be very truly yours,

(Signed) GUY FRANCIS LAKING.

Sir Herbert Tree.

Of Sir Herbert Tree's scheme as here outlined for burial in a museum I will only say at this moment that it is no more than a base imitation and caricature of my own; and I have the gravest doubts whether a single reputable Continental artist of my acquaintance will care to associate himself with a venture so contrary, as I know it to be, to their taste. But of Sir Herbert Tree's conduct in referring to myself in this matter, as revealed in the foregoing correspondence, I take leave to say that even in commercial circles it would be regarded as slim, and in artistic circles it is, to put it bluntly, dishonourable. And with all the evidence before them, I leave it to readers of THE NEW AGE to confirm my judgment.

An Idyll.

Afar from path and fence and tended field
Came wandering once a poet of the dank
His yearly rhyme small Gerard did him yield,
For life's dull truth was all he knew to sing.

And sett all men know life's a bitter thing,
Yet know not how avoided, sweetest song
Brings sweetest payment. Hence some song do bring
Such sense of safety to the world's poor throng.

Who sings the truth, say they, does every soul a wrong?

Too proud to starve beside his neighbour's gate—
For vast his scorn of those who scorned his rhyme—
To hide his famine, end his wretched state,
The lonely hills our poet 'gan to climb,
'Neath some sad yew to perish, ere his prime!

And when the noisome town far distant lay,
His senses, with the morning, pealed sweet chime;
His mind grew clear as ope'd the summer day.

Unseen, a lovely Faery led him 'long the way.

To list indignant birds his ill intent allege.

Wherefore he marked each common thing as though 'twere rare:
The pine's sweet-scented pyramid, the cone,
The mushroom pale beside wild maiden-hair,
The striped snail, moth, bee, and yellow drone,
And jet-black beetle, high on hemlock throne.

Of pixies as the Fay a flute note blew
And drew her wand athwart the poet's arm
And guard his mind grew clear as ope'd the summer day.

To Phoebus' beams his comely head he bared,
Mid verdant bracken trod the needles browned
Now deep he ranged a-down the forest glade;
Through the arbour came and through the arbour came
A million flowers in flame—
An Idyll.

Welladay and ho!

Now deep he ranged a-down the forest glade:
'Mid verdant bracken trod the needles browned
By myriad winters, dropped and overlaid.
And oft he paused—no mortal might have found
That feast for dish by choicest art prepared.
He flushed like any babe at mischief shown.

To Phoebus' beams his comely head he bared,
And sang rude rhapsodies of long ago:
Ding-a-ding-a-ring-time! Welladay and ho!

So fell that ghostly silence at high day.
The youth in all his body cried alarm.
His feet took root and would not move away;
The silence gripped him round as 'twere some charm.

Deadly dispatched—but lightly sprang the swam
And drew her wand athwart the poet's arm:
Two gauzy wings then forth his shoulders grew:
He flew full friendly jostled by the elfin crew.

So fluting sweet some olden pixie hymn,
The Fay led forward 'pon the merry march—
Deep and still deeper down the woodland din,
Until they came before a caverned arch
Deep and still deeper down the woodland din,
Within a ring of feather-finger'd larch,
And guarded by a black and grisly sheath
Of thicket, whose least scratch or prick would parch
And poison man; but ope'd its thorny teeth
To the poet's fountain-like the azure spring.

To her who knew the spell, and glowed—a blossomy

The rugged cavern sunk his stony sides
Deep in green banks: and through the arbour came
Such scent as ever wafts where spring abides:
The poet saw a million flowers in flame—
And all beyond was Faeryland . . .

BEATRICE HASTINGS.
The Art of Pablo Picasso.

By John Middleton Murry.

MR. HUNTY Carter has quoted some words of a letter of mine on the subject of Picasso's work; and as I read them again I am struck by a suspicion of intellectual arrogance and assumed finality from which I wish to clear myself.

At the outset, modernist, ultra-modernist, as I am in my artistic sympathies, I frankly disclaim any pretension to an understanding or even an appreciation of Picasso. I am awed by him. I do not treat him as other critics have inclined to do, as a great value in whose work is not a blague. Of that I am assured; and anyone who has spoken to him will share my assurance. Picasso has to live by his work, and a man who depends for his bread and butter on his work in paint does not paint unsellable nonsense for a blague. That his later work is unsaleable confirms my conviction that Picasso is one of those spirits who have progressed beyond their age. As with Plato and Leonardo there are some paths along which pedestrian souls cannot follow, and Picasso is impelled along one of these.

Picasso has done everything. He has painted delicate water-colours of an infinite subtlety and charm. He has made drawings with a magical line that leaves one amazed by its sheer and simple beauty—and yet he has reached a point where none have explained and none, as far as I know, have truly understood. Yet he declares: "J'ai jusqu'au but." It is because I am convinced of the genius of the man, because I know what he has done in the past, that I stand aside, knowing too much to condemn, knowing too little to praise—for praise needs understanding if it be more than empty mouthing.

A great friend of mine, a leader of the Modernists in Paris, a woman gifted with an aesthetic sensibility far profounder than my own, said once as she was looking at a Picasso, "I don't know what it is—I feel as though my brain had been sandpapered." And some such feeling as this is what affects me in his pictures. I feel that Picasso is in some way greater than the greatest because he is trying to do something more; when Plato speaks in transparent and wonderful terms of the Idea of the Good; when Leonardo speaks of the serpentine line; when Hegel makes toys of the categories, I stand aside, unconvinced because I am not great enough to be convinced.

I recognise fully that a speculation such as mine on the relationship between the art of Picasso and the aesthetics of Plato is perhaps of no great value in itself; but to those who have read and wondered at the seeming contradiction in the greatest of all philosophers, to those who have a living interest in living art, the work of Picasso offers the suggestion of vistas through which we can never see. I am still convinced that for men who endeavour to think at all profoundly Plato will always be found to be of all philosophers and artists most valuable in the attempt to appreciate and understand the developments of modern art. I would suggest for the curious in such speculations who have some knowledge of the development of Egyptian art, through the most realistic realism the world will ever know, to an intellectual art which is so near to none of the finer modern developments, that his travels in Egypt may suggest the reason for his condemnation of the "realistic" art of contemporary Greece. I feel that thence came his new attitude: he looked for a closer approach to essential realities in art, and the art he saw seemed to him to take him farther away from the eternal verities. Hence my tentative suggestion that Plato was seeking for a Picasso. Not for one moment do I wish to suggest that these two artists are on the same plane. But in each of them there is so much that I understand and value that I feel convinced that it is but my weakness that prevents my following them to the heights they reach.

They who condemn Picasso condemn him because they cannot understand what he has done in the past, and are content to assume that all that is beyond their feeble comprehension is utterly bad. All that I can say for myself is that I understand too much to be guilty of that crime. In the meanwhile Picasso must needs wait for another Plato to understand; but the world will never have strength to follow.

DRINKING SONG FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Jack Collins Squire.

Come hither and hear, my worthy fere, A rede I would you give; A precious rede withouten pen To cherish whiles you live; Let leeches giber as they will And prudes wag whisikers o'er us, The old drinks are the old drinks still That heroes had before us.

Better men than we, my bucks, And larger men than we, And may we sink if we're too proud To share the nectar of a crowd Of better men than we.

On Latian Hill would Horace swill Beyond the bounds of speech, And Vergil knew what wine one could Beneath the spreading beech; And Socrates (as Plato shows) Having a rock-like head, When he could not get binged himself Would drink the rest to bed.

Better men than we, my cocks, Much better men than we, And it is meet to follow the feet Of better men than we.

Great pots did ding and glasses ting When Rabelais trod earth, And under table he would sing For all that he was worth; Even babes, he swore, should shy at milk For wine their proper tipple, And lustily tug the flagon's teat

A better man than we, my birds, A better man than we, And should we shrink from the good drink Of better men than we?

Time was when Shakespeare tossed the tankard, And Jonson bussed the bowl, Time was—time was when Marlowe drank hard And Nash and Greene and Peele would sit In sundry cosy taverns, Cursing that Thames did not run sack

And prudes wag whiskers o'er us, The old drinks are the old drinks still That heroes had before us.

EPILOGUE.

Time was when Shakespeare felt the bed ache Beneath his lumbering limbs; And Rabelais, as limp he lay, All white about the gills, Has often wished he'd stuck to (say) Cod-liver oil or squills.

Better men than we, young friends, Have wished they'd stuck to tea, 'Tis easier to recover from it No strength's required to overcome it; O no, it is not nice to vomit, However great we be!

By Jack Collins Squire.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BRITISH SOCIALIST PARTY.
Sir,—Mr. Leonard Hall's article in last week's issue of the "Clarion" cannot fail to stimulate living interest in the real mission of the British Socialist Party. Reading between the lines, however, one is bound to gather that the Industrial Union which is going to "definitely" work the discredited path of Parliamentaryism, or whether the formation of a new Socialist Party really means a new departure altogether, is a real struggle to assert itself. Surely the Labourism vaunted itself when it secured the Trades Disputes Act. But wages have fallen. The Lloyd George Budget created immense enthusiasm, and the Labour Party provided for both industrial and political action, where are the political Labourism is that the industrial and economic function of achieving economic power. What, therefore, is the period during which political labourism has proudly told us that it was the result of their influence. The "conquest of political power" is a Pyrrhic victory. On the old trail with the same disastrous results.

Sir,—Conversations Nos. 1 and No. 2, headed "The Native Franchise and the National Question," by M. Leonard Hall. I have been a subscriber to the "Clarion" for some years, and I was staggered to read Mr. Hall's article. It seems to me that he has not comprehended the meaning of the mass of the natives. I am sure that he knows this, and that what he is doing is enmeshed in such futile proceedings. The root of the difficulty lies deeper. Real power is to be found where wealth is produced, and not where wealth is squandered. Wealth is produced at the mine, and (since distribution is an integral part of production) on the railway, in the ship and in the carrier's van. It is wasted when the boiler and not in the gauge. Parliament is only the gauge and index. The money and land question has no other use. Is the B.S.P. prepared to recognise these facts and to act upon them? If the answer comes as an emphatic affirmative, I am then merely disappointed, but the prospect would kindle the enthusiasm of even such a pessimist as myself. If, however, the B.S.P. prefers to return to politics as it was in ten years ago, in ten years it will fail to work the social system. That way—and only that way—lies Socialism.

Mr. Leonard Hall has done his party a great service by stating the case. What will the B.S.P. decide? S. G. HOBSON.

THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Sir,—The Native Franchise and the National Question, by M. Leonard Hall. I have been a subscriber to the "Clarion" for some years, and I was staggered to read Mr. Hall's article. It seems to me that he has not comprehended the meaning of the mass of the natives. I am sure that he knows this, and that what he is doing is enmeshed in such futile proceedings. The root of the difficulty lies deeper. Real power is to be found where wealth is produced, and not where wealth is squandered. Wealth is produced at the mine, and (since distribution is an integral part of production) on the railway, in the ship and in the carrier's van. It is wasted when the boiler and not in the gauge. Parliament is only the gauge and index. The money and land question has no other use. Is the B.S.P. prepared to recognise these facts and to act upon them? If the answer comes as an emphatic affirmative, I am then merely disappointed, but the prospect would kindle the enthusiasm of even such a pessimist as myself. If, however, the B.S.P. prefers to return to politics as it was in ten years ago, in ten years it will fail to work the social system. That way—and only that way—lies Socialism.

Mr. Leonard Hall has done his party a great service by stating the case. What will the B.S.P. decide? S. G. HOBSON.

* * *

BANKING REFORM.
Sir,—I am not aware that I have at any time claimed to be the only advocate of freedom of credit. I rejoice that Tucker, a man of keen insight and intellectual power. Let us consider the present exchange system. If we give the franchise to the natives of the whole of the Union, even under so-called restrictions (the Cape restrictions are more or less a farce to-day), what is to prevent this country in a comparatively short time being ruled by a 'Kaffir' man? No thinking man denies that the native should have some kind of representation, but there are other ways, and we hope to see legislation in this direction in the near future.

Finally, the Kaffir is still a child in the scale of civilisation. Education and civilization cannot change in a few generations; the temperament bred of centuries of ignorance and barbarism—old platitudes if you like, but none the less as true to-day as when first uttered. P. DERRICK.

The younger generation that will probably rally to the B.S.P. the younger generation that will probably rally to the B.S.P. and abolish the wage-system. That way—and only that way—lies Socialism.

Mr. Leonard Hall has done his party a great service by stating the case. What will the B.S.P. decide? S. G. HOBSON.

* * *

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the next younger generation that will probably rally to the B.S.P. it would be this: Adapt your organisation and methods to the industrial struggle. The present struggle will sorely need outside, but related, co-operation. You must storm and struggle for such an increase of wages as will ultimately break down the wage-system. That way—and only that way—lies Socialism.

Mr. Leonard Hall has done his party a great service by stating the case. What will the B.S.P. decide? S. G. HOBSON.

* * *

BANKING REFORM.
Sir,—I am not aware that I have at any time claimed to be the only advocate of freedom of credit. I rejoice that Tucker, a man whose grasp of economics is more powerful than that of Marx and Bax combined, is known to at least one of your readers. I cannot endorse the whole of Tucker's views on credit; but the book /of a Book/ will scarcely rise from it without recognising in Tucker a man of keen insight and intellectual power. Let me go further in the recital of workers in this cause. I would commend Messrs. Hake and Wesslau ("Free Trade in Money Problem") and Mr. Penty's adoption of ostrich tactics); or, that a system of free credit must fail...
because "you can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink" (vide Mr. Horn). What manner of reasoning is this?

Sir,—In view of the recent report of a double schoolboy suicide in Germany, in which it was stated that volumes of Nietzsche were found in the possession of the deceased, the following extract from an article in the Cologne Gazette may be of interest:

"From time to time we read in the newspapers the melancholy report of a public schoolboy who has made an end of his sufferings. I am told that one of these was done in concert with a friend. The fatality of being thought a dunce, call love, ' Weltschmerz,' and satiety of living, fostered by the companionship of kindred spirits—are as the real motives for the unfortunate act. But in the pocket or the desk of the deceased there is generally found the writing of a philosopher who, it is presumed, must have left their impresario. And though Nietzsche's Zaratustra be among these, no further explanation is needed. Why, the mere name of Nietzsche amply covers all psychological speculation on schoolboy suicides. How convenient and comprehensive a mere name is, especially when you know nothing of its bearer and can use it as an unembarrassed idea. He must exert an evil influence upon the young. Now it is certainly true that these youthful suicides, be they too precocious or only too introverted, are apt to take up Nietzsche rather than Paul Heyse or Natalie von Esclitruth (Germany's Hall Caine and Marie Corelli.—TRs). This, however, is subject-matter. The public will select philosophers selected than to their force and style and loftiness of purpose, enthralling the hot-headed adolescent, who is stifled, or fancies that he is stifled, by his environment. Nietzsche's altogether different physical form. It is an unconscious refutation for the best of his contemporaries, no further explanation is needed. Nietzsche's work in particular, if it is not entirely misunderstood through mere hearsay knowledge, is directed towards the precise opposite of the reification of life, that is to a higher standard of living. Whereas a philosopher of antiquity was called the teacher of death, Nietzsche is justly designated as the advocate of life. 'Remain true to earth, to life'—that is the leading thread of all his later writings. The philosophy of Schopenhauer, whose philosophy of existence and negation of life Nietzsche tried to refute and actually has refuted for the best of his contemporaries, would be far more likely to exercise this depressing influence upon a youth of varied talents, open to receive every impression."

As the case aroused some comment of an anti-Nietzschean nature in the English Press of the time, I think it only fair to the writer is not so materialistic as on first acquaintance. A few more articles in development of the root-idea would serve, I think, to show the view expressed in the columns of one of Germany's most sober and influential newspapers.

Sir,—I was inevitable that Dr. Wrench should be charged with materialism in respect of the peculiar outspokenness of the 'Gospel of the Face and Body.' A few more articles in development of the root-idea would serve, I think, to show the writer is not so materialistic as on first acquaintance. The case has already begun to apply the Doctor's principles, and with equal spiritual discernment, to the faces and forms of friends. For my part, I regard fresh in mind the turner of criticism on myself. As I gazed on the face which I shall be obliged to wear to the end of this life, it was more than unusually appealing. For what did I see? With Dr. Wrench's chastening glance upon me I saw an indeterminate nose, a pair of indeterminable eyes, a colourless, mixed, and I was positive the sizes were different; indeterminate eyebrows (very); ears—these were all right. As for my mouth, I read its romantic tendencies at a glance, and, what was worse, it waxed fat. For my part, I regarded the kind of figure, well, I acknowledged it to myself in fear and trembling: the plain truth was it wasn't there. Clearly I was a child of shapeless democracy. I was to despair—in the top layers of me.

Further down, the plain principle which assured me of the value and of the fundamental truth of Dr. Wrench's theory supported my self-esteem and confirmed me in the belief that I should continue to present an unashamed and unapologetic face to the world.

That is: I do not think that my face is my fortune. I am more than myself in this world. Let us not be taken as an apology for formlessness, or as providing for the inference that ugly people are always "more than" their faces. Beauty in face and form has always attracted. The case was to be of interest. The fairy tale people who I well remember, where are un thơodox lines I passionately wished for, long black hair, straight black eyebrows, and bright yellow eyes. My complexion was to be of interest. The writer is not so materialistic as on first acquaintance.
The little mother ermine
Walks back across the ice;
But there went to Oxford Circus
Skin and tail at moderate price.

One of forty in a muff,
Oh, so cozy, so Immense,
Wearing all its own
Bought at simply no expense!

"THE THRONE."

Sir,—In your contemporary, "The Throne," a little comedy has been occurring of which the explanation is not yet clear. Is your gilded cousin issuing a cartoon entitled "The Upper Crust." It represented a "number of gay dogs and fair ladies enjoying themselves in every possible phase of amusement, while under a thin crust they are being held up by a solid phalanx of the horny hands of Labour." The cartoon, as appears from this description, is, in fact, a very effective Socialist cartoon, and as such would doubtless have been welcome to THE NEW AGE. But why and how did it appear in your gilded cousin's domain? Was it by mistake? Above all, what would the master say when he came home and found it there? Time showed. In the following week's issue the editor published an elaborate apology, just a little too clever to please us. Last week he says, "we were guilty of playing a trick on you" (the readers). He proceeds to explain that the "rash piece of Socialism" was deliberately published to bring some of the readers of the "Throne" in a convincing form the awful view of society entertained by "those estimable gentlemen, Tom Mann and Ben Tew." In short, it was published as a war-piece. A few more war-cries of the same kind will endanger the throne.

S. V. LAVERY.

CRIMINAL REFORM.

Sir,—In his article on "The Reform of Criminal Procedure" in THE NEW AGE, November 23, Mr. W. Harris puts forward certain plausible methods of handing over criminals, now adjudged to death, for experiment. The idea, of course, is not new. Nietzsche advocated it, and in the "Nineteenth Century" for August Mr. Hugh Elliot also, in a somewhat strident manner, insists on it. But neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Elliot suggests any way out of the difficulties that arise in carrying out their proposition. Mr. Elliot begins in the first instance with the dictum that "society rests, not upon cold intellect, but upon sentiment and feeling." He then goes on, rather illogically, to kick away sentiment, by declaiming against sentimentalists, declaring that to argue with them is like writing upon water. Mr. Harris admits, while all, what would the master say when he came home and found it there? Time showed. In the following week's issue the editor published an elaborate apology, just a little too clever to please us. Last week he says, "we were guilty of playing a trick on you" (the readers). He proceeds to explain that the "rash piece of Socialism" was deliberately published to bring some of the readers of the "Throne" in a convincing form the awful view of society entertained by "those estimable gentlemen, Tom Mann and Ben Tew." In short, it was published as a war-piece. A few more war-cries of the same kind will endanger the throne.

S. V. LAVERY.

THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Norman is usually worth reading, even though he often talks nonsense! How many people (not Moloch worshippers), for instance, will agree with his remarks on the Children Act, 1908?

Surely this is Socialism run mad, and by no means accords with the sober tone generally displayed by your excellent organ. Would Mr. C. H. Norman argue that the old state of things was an excellent check on over-population, and a help towards getting rid of the undesirable "coolly class"? Is it not time that the sentiment of the parents' liberty to do as he likes with the child he has brought into the world? Can Mr. Norman not see that it is the duty of the State to protect the lives of all its subjects, even the youngest, and even at the cost of a little "beer and bacca " of the parents of the working-classes? What are the "melancholy results" of the infanticide act? So far as I can see, it is a statute which has long been needed, and has already justified its existence.

M. R. L. R.

PICASSO.

Sir,—May I say that I like this new development of a puzzle picture very much, and I hope that you will make it a weekly feature. It has given me a very pleasant half-hour, punctuated with many subbed explosions of very genuine laughter. The humor of THE NEW AGE gets no further than provoking a comprehensive smile, and although that is a great thing in this silly world, yet a good laugh is better.

At first I had a feeling that the printer had put the title in the wrong margin, but as on inspection this seemed quite an open question, I took it as right (I hope you will confirm or otherwise next week). I started then on this assumption and soon discovered the north side of Trafalgar Square, taken apparently some years ago while Hampden's block was being built. The two pert little fish in the middle puzzled me rather at first, but no doubt they are the souls of the architect of Trafalgar Square and a friend. I do not remember the architect of Trafalgar, but his name does not seem familiar, but it is a pleasant, open face. His friend seems to be laying it on thick. I should have expected a scene in P.G. rather than a figure which fits in with things fit, so I plump for Trafalgar Square.—Yours very gratefully.

P.S.—What an awful blow! A mandoline and glasses! I had not expected an answer in the same number as the question. I believe it is a rule of the game that the acrobatic editor guarantees that the answers are right, and I presume this holds good with you and Mr. Carter's answer. A mandoline and glasses! True, when I glanced up at the picture I did, I am fairly sure, catch sight of a phantom tumble; but I am afraid it has been the last question only, for I have not been able to find it again—and it ought to have been a wineglass, too, of course. There seems to be a mandoline in Orange Street, but I think it is in process

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of being repaired or something, and I don't feel very sure about it.—T.

P.S. (Wednesday).—Can that funny thing in front be a glass?—T.

P.S. (Thursday) — I withdraw my suggestion of a puzzle-picture every week. Lots of nasty things are coming out of this fat male. With one eye bulging up, and a very unpleasant young woman. It is only the artist's benign face that keeps me from putting the thing in the first place. A new saxophone key this week, so as to put things right again.—T.

Sir,—Some time ago I said that we should not get a healthy reaction against the "modernity movements" until the decade has run its course. We are now in the latter stages of a race of degeneration that has been accelerated by the Continental anarchists — who will make the gullibility of the public the Continental anarchists will make the gullibility of the public. Since we are indebted to you, sir, for giving us an idea, in black and white, of the latest of the dying gasps of art. Post-Impressionism represented the art of the lunatic asylum fairly well; Picassoism represents a step lower; ingenuity will not stop there, and we may expect even worse things next year; but, fortunately, the law will prevent the last step from being taken—on this side of the Channel. While any more attempts to be made on the gullibility of the public the Continental anarchists will make them; they constitute the confidence trick of the art world. Mr. Hind has been found out to have a tongue in his cheek lately, must have needed a tongue for each cheek when he wrote his article on "The Platter [Picasso] Idea." He must have found out that truth that one can keep a straight face, is merely giving us a burlesque of the insanity with a method in it rampant in Paris? Still, this playacting goes far beyond the limit, and, when I had to oppose Mr. Lewis Hind in debate on Post-Impressionism he said that to him Post-Imagination came a second sermon on "The Platter [Picasso] Idea." He said that it was a case for the pathologist, not the artist. From the weighty remarks of Mr. Hind, Mr. Huntly Carter has begun his well intentioned abysmal depths to which that path was leading him, and is trying to save himself by protesting against "Cubism," while Mr. Carter is taunting him to continue the descent! He may yet be glad to save himself by clinging to Mr. Hind's coat-tails!

My main object in writing is to have a word about Plato, who is being used as a prop for the topsy-turvey notions of Modernity critics. The first part of Book X. of Plato's Republic (not Book VI.) represents the childhood of speculation about Art; it was reserved for Aristotle to get the first glimmering of the purpose of Art. Plato says: "For that poetry should be able to damage the great majority even of good men is, I conceive, a crime of the deepest dye!" Plato conceived and brought forth a deadly lie! He accuses Homer of being a worthless, or even a "criminal" imitation of his own, and so he dissipated poets around him and had educated them he would have been a useful and honoured citizen of his Republic! Good heavens! Homer must not want a war of words in his defence, for he has taught the world, but he has educated and delighted vast circles of pupils, or readers, through all succeeding ages; and will continue to do so till the end of our world. Nature, so far from being a "copy" of the idea, is the expression of the Idea, its manifestation, without which men could have no knowledge of the idea itself. Artists do not "copy a copy," they express the Idea in another medium; they translate into another language, and the value and truth of their work is tested by its corresponding with the first expression of the Idea by its Great Author. In view of the higher conception of the purpose of art, of which I am still as one crying in the wilderness, art is co-creation, it is historian and recreator; it gives us a memory and the feeling; it is the swiftest educator, educating through delight and love. It creates the past, the pictures the present, and hints the future; and provides the vicarious experience, or experiences, which enrich our lives immeasurably; gives us the education in time for eternity; and thus fulfilling a higher function than that of the Republic, for the fulfillment of this high function depends entirely upon the truth and sincerity shown in the artistic products.

From the above it will be seen that only those profoundly ignorant of the inner nature of the soul will be displeased with the criticism to be found here and hereafter. I am writing only for those who know not to be hard upon me not to judge my remarks too severely. Let them look down from their fearful heights upon my poor bungled condition with compassionate mercy, and of their charity afford me some word of enlightenment.

What in the name of all that is sane is the meaning of that conglomeration of globs and scratches presented to you unoffending readers as "A Study by Picasso?"

I have looked at the right way up, I have looked at it wrong way up; I have looked at it from the right hand side, from the left; I have held it up to the light and looked at it from the back; I have examined it at close quarters and I have looked at it from a distance. And whatever you may think, no one in the whole of this weird production, from every conceivable standpoint have I gazed, stared, and strained my poor eyeballs at that fascinating "study," and the farthingworth of rhyme or reason have I discovered in it.

At last, feeling assured that since the good old days when I really cared for things, I was a picassoist in the true sense of the word, I passed the reproduction to my friends, petitioning them most earnestly for a suggestion which should illumine my utter darkness and rescue me from the jibbering mental chaos to which continued contemplation of this Picasso was fast reducing me.

I am sorry to say they have but worse confounded my confusion. One pointed out a fireplace, while another placed his finger on the same spot and said they were hat-pins; a third showed me the reproducible as a map. The last was undecided in opinion as to whether certain objects were human heads or snails (he would not toss for it); someone else could not decide whether the whole was meant to be looked at from anon in time.

I have almost certainly identified the fireguard referred to by Mr. C. H. Norman in his letter.

My friends having thus proved useless, I appeal to you in last resort to let me know whereof the noviciate, the remarkableness and the greatness of this weird production. I am most anxious to learn (I always was), and just a few words from you or your initiated readers will probably set me on the right track. From the weighty remarks of Mr. Huntly Carter, what little knowledge I have is evidently quite ridiculously out of date, for I have hitherto under estimated my greater enlightenment whether the view of the objects is the inside of the mandoline and/or at an oblique angle to the last melody produced from this instrument.

Sir,—I should like to thank you for introducing Picasso to your readers. I have been through the schools and am fairly conversant with ancient and modern art; but I have never seen anything like the beautiful drawing you have reproduced. You can see that my eye has been opened to Picassoians of the world, and will continue no doubt we should all be Picassoists in time.

W. I. DRYDEN.

Sir,—Will Mr. Huntly Carter kindly "pity the poor blind," and tell us which way up this study is to be looked at, which is the mandoline, which is the wireglass and table? Also if M. Picasso has seen this monochrome version of his study and approves of it; and if the absence of colour makes for increased clarity or the reverse.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

Sir,—I have spent some considerable time this evening studying the reproduction from Picasso in this week's NEW Age. While I am fully persuaded of the artist's dimensional possibilities, I should be glad to know for the purpose of my greater enlightenment whether the view of the objects named is the right view up? Mr. Huntly Carter pointed out the inside of the Mandoline and/or at an oblique angle to the last melody produced from this instrument.

I am strongly inclined to the importance of Mind in the matter of Art, but surely it is yet full early to exclude the optic from its usual function. Else how will Mr. Picasso permeate Europe and America can hardly be expected to part with the kudos in exchange for simple mind stuff; they require more gilt on their gingerbread.

G. F. WHITE.
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