NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Such of our readers as are still following the fortunes of the Insurance Bill may be encouraged to see it through to the bitter end. Short of a miracle—say, the resignations of a Cabinet Minister—the Bill will be passed by the House of Commons, and, we fear, by the Lords as well, within the next two weeks. Then will elapse a period of silence lasting until next July, when the first deductions from wages will begin to be made. The trouble consequent on that will, we confidently anticipate, blow Home Rule, the Franchise Bill and the Government sky high. And serve the Irish party right. Unfortunately, however, for this coming defeat of the Government no political party will be entitled to the smallest credit. On the contrary, every single party has allowed itself, whether from fear or hope, to be made an accessory with the Government to Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. The Unionists are doubtless hoping by their present tactics the Bill should prove unpopular in operation and Mr. Lloyd George should find himself fleeing to his Welsh mountains, the Unionists will point to some of their present speeches and join lustily in pursuit. In either case, however, their report will be a lie.

We are sorry to have to use this kind of language about public men, but even the pioneer historian must diagnose. But for the co-operation of the Unionists there is no possible excuse. They will stand before the public men, but even the pioneer historian must diagnose. But for the co-operation of the Unionists there is no possible excuse. They will stand before the public with the minimum of searching in the casts of the Unionists, who are like the cat and the weasel in Hamlet's mind, and our Polonius assented to the leaders' substitutes for mind. If the tails wag, the weasel will be allowed human feelings. In the case of the Insurance Bill we not only know as economists that the Bill is a criminal abortion calculated to cause irreparable mischiefs, but the healthy instincts of the nation are not thoroughly aroused against it; only Nonconformist cretins, political degenerates and incipients generally are in favour of it. It is not often that economic science and national sense are in unison; but in the case of the opposition to the Insurance Bill they are. Yet despite of this, the House of Commons, each member of which is paid at least £200 a year to represent public opinion, is passing the final stings of the scorpion-measure into law probably at the moment that these words are being read. For the co-operation of the Irish party in this detestable and unscrupulous work there is the excuse that they may do nothing to imperil the Home Rule Bill. Nothing, that is, which in their judgment would imperil that Bill. But of this excuse we can only say that their judgment in this instance is defective. For the co-operation of the Labour party, saving two or three members, the only excuse that occurs to us as plausible is the sickness of the party. They are suffering from veniquish, we should diagnose. But for the co-operation of the Unionists there is no possible excuse. They will stand before the bar of history as self-confessed cowards, liars and imbeciles. Having had the power to destroy the Bill, having professed their desire to destroy it, having everything to gain by destroying it, they have, nevertheless, co-operated in passing it. What gentler words than those we have used can truthfully be applied to them? * * * *

The vermicular doublings of the Unionists may be followed with the minimum of searching in the casts of the "Morning Post." Two weeks ago this Polonius agreed that Hamlet's cloud was of the shape of a camel. The Unionists were advised to abstain altogether from voting for the third reading of the Bill. The following day, however, the cloud had become a whale; and Polonius assented again: "Opinion is fast crystallising towards moving a reasoned amendment to the Third Reading." Very like a post! These exhibitions of canine docility, however, imply a corresponding vacillation in the Unionists' substitutes for mind. If the tails wag, the heads wag them. One day, indeed, they appear to be against the Bill. In every by-election they have opposed it. Another day they shift their attack and attribute the method by which it is being booted and spurred through the Commons. Finally, so far, they settle down to the resolution to pass the Bill with alternate choruses of applause and execration. We have no wonder the country is confused. Under political leadership of this kind, the country will be marvellous if it does not go mad.

Various ingenious devices for defeating the Bill without assuming the responsibility of doing so have been suggested to the Unionists, who are like the cat i' the
adage. Lord Hugh Cecil, the “Spectator” and the “Times” agree, for example, in advising a Referendum. The “Spectator,” we really believe, would advise a Referendum for every political difficulty. But there is no necessity for a Referendum on any subject less than all on the subject of the Insurance Bill. We undertake to say that there is not a single member of any party in the House of Commons who does not know that the Bill is unpopular. What is more, dozens and scores of the very most ardent supporters are suspect in their hearts that the Bill is wholly bad, or at best shockingly imperfect. What kind of support do these people need to persuade them to vote against the Bill? It may be that no Referendum will add anything to the state of public opinion obvious and unmistakeable. It might in the present instance perhaps if this were needed; but it would be a precedent fatal to Representative Government. If members need arithmetical support in doing what they know to be both right and popular their case is hopeless. It is not a Referendum but a Revolution that is required to deal with them. Frankly, we would not pay the price of a Referendum even to defeat the Insurance Bill. The Representative system is undergoing the severest test of the world that must test it thoroughly. Only if a Mr. Lloyd George should ever become Premier should we be disposed to say that Representative Government had definitely failed.

Mr. Lloyd George took credit to himself on Thursday for appointing Insurance Commissioners without political motives. But we are by no means clear in our minds for what better reasons Sir Robert Morant, Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Lister Stead have been appointed. It is improbable that, if the party wirepullers had not required Sir Robert Morant’s absence from the Education Office, he would have been made an Insurance Commissioner. In other words, his prime qualification appears to be chiefly negative. Mr. Shackleton’s room at the Board of Trade is also preferable to his company in view of certain demands of the Labour party. But the most glaring example, not, perhaps, of political motive but of tactical considerations, is the appointment of Mr. Lister Stead. We now thoroughly understand the unrepresentative character of this gentleman’s prolonged and assiduous defence of Mr. Lloyd George’s Insurance Bill. We do not suggest that he has secretly sold the thousand a year; but we do say that when the friendly societies begin, as they will be insulated from each other in respect of friendly societies and trade unions. Both these are now feeling very rueful after their debauch of praise of Mr. Lloyd George. Both, indeed, have cause to meditate on their latter end. As surely as there are flourishing friendly societies and trade unions at this moment, the Insurance Bill will fret them as a moth frets a garment. Mr. Appleton, of the Federation of Trade Unions, has been constant in his defence of Mr. Lloyd George’s measure—and, we believe, who set that great actuary, Mr. Leviticus, to work to prove that the trade union finances would prosper actuarily under the Bill. But Mr. Appleton has been made a little nervous by the quartering of the Bill and the consequent quartering of the trade unions. This is a federation the poor man did not foresee. Henceforward English, Welsh, Irish and Scottish unions will be insulated from each other in respect of friendly benefits; and if of friendly benefits, why not of other benefits—a glimpse of other conclusions of a federation of trade unions? But Mr. Appleton really need not be alarmed on this account. In five or ten years’ time the trade unions will have no friendly benefits to dispense. By ingenious little short cuts of genius, this Bill has now been twisted to give to the Prudential by far the greatest pull that can be exerted by any society. With thousands of paid canvassers, greedy for business, the Prudential will in a few months have occupied the entire territories of the friendly societies and the trade union benefits in force. The organisation, in fact, is ready and pawing impatiently to begin the work. Having profits to consider and being business men, the Prudential directors will monopolise the Government Bill in no time. And if the friendly societies and trade unions have had neither the brains nor the pluck to defeat the Bill with public opinion in their favour, they will certainly be too weak to defeat the Prudential, which, in some respects, is even more powerful than Mr. Lloyd George. We feel, while watching the capers of the friendly societies and trade unions, that we are assisting at a suicide. The spectacle is disgusting.

But is there no means by which this paralyzing stroke on English national life and character can be averted? We have so far condemned only the measures of the two Cabinet Ministers who hate the Bill. But there is another miracle with the discussion of which we may pass away the last days in the condemned cell. The House of Lords might exercise its new veto and suspend the Insurance Bill for a couple of years. For this bold act there happen to be a host of excellent reasons:—

(a) To begin with, the Bill, as everybody knows, is.
unpopular in both the arithmetical and in the spiritual sense. Its rejection would therefore tend to confirm the claim of the Lords to represent the nation in spite of their non-elective character.

(b) The doubts about its popularity are entertained, the Lords would be justified in playing the Second Chamber part of the "sauces." Not even the advocates of the Bill are sufficiently enamoured of it to mind its being delayed. Not only, therefore, would the Lords' rejection give satisfaction to those who dislike the Bill, but it would give no serious dissatisfaction to those who support it.

(c) Unlike the Unionists in the Commons, the Lords have given no hostages to Mr. Lloyd George. Except for Lord Lansdowne, who is one of their prominent Unionist peers but of our knowledge, worshipping at the altar of Mr. Lloyd George's tabernacle. They are consequently under no obligation to be consistent with their friends in the Commons. On the contrary, it is perfectly certain that their friends in the Commons would be glad to have their consistency damaged.

(d) The rejection of the Insurance Bill might conceivably be followed by the resignation of the Government, a new General Election and the return of the Unionists.

Are not these objects professedly desired by the Lords?

(e) While certain anti-Socialist lords (such as Lord Balfour) are being for the kind of Socialism displayed last week in the cock-and-bull debate between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, the basest caricature of Socialism, but the very Socialism anti-Socialists pretend to fear, is creeping through their Chamber. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill introduces the State into the home for the first time: for the first time a man's wages are to be spent for him by the State; the Bill likewise adds tens of thousands to the army of bureaucracy. Are not these the ills which anti-Socialists pretend to fear, is creeping through their Chamber. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill introduces the State into the home for the first time: for the first time a man's wages are to be spent for him by the State; the Bill likewise adds tens of thousands to the army of bureaucracy. Are not these the ills which anti-Socialists pretend to fear, is creeping through their Chamber.

(f) If this Bill passes it can scarcely be the last of its kind. It will be impossible to stop at State Insurance against illness. The State will have to take precautionary measures against illness on the most elaborate scale. Housing, feeding, clothing, leisure, amusements, etc., will all prove to be necessary to what will be called "social efficiency." As wages will not be able to stand the strain, the State must provide. The present Bill is at the top of the toboggan slide.

(g) On the other hand, if this Bill is defeated (and two years' delay will kill it) a halt will be called to the progress of the nation in the direction of the servile State. It may be that for the moment Unionists have no alternative direction in which to steer; but better nowhere than to the devil. And there are other directions to be found. We have explored them.

(h) Lastly, as a protest against the contemptuous limitation of debate in the House of Lords the Bill should be rejected. In the House of Commons the use of the closure has been bad enough. Hundreds of clauses have never been debated at all. But the House of Lords, as we calculate, will be allowed only two days of a few hours each for the whole Bill. It is a mere charity after this to attribute any existence to the Lords at all. Either they will resent the implication and reject the Bill, or they will swallow it and perish. We shall cheerfully see the hereditary element abolished from the legislature if the present Lords turn to kiss the hand that smites them.* * *

But there really does not seem to be much spirit about nowadays. Is it the effect of cocoa-sobriety? The House of Lords is the most servile ever known in English history. The Lords are bowing and scraping to the Commons; and English workmen, in millions, are consenting to the subjection of their leaders to these slaves of slaves. We were disposed to attribute the utter defeat of the Bill to the spirit in the leaders; but there are doubts now in our mind.

Consider this, for example, which is recorded of some 600 postal servants assembled in indignation in Battersea on Sunday last. Some weeks ago, as we recorded, the postal servants demanded of Mr. Buxton an instant inquiry into the increased cost of fixed wages of postal servants. As a matter of fact, it could be shown by market figures that in consequence of the rise in prices, fixed monetary wages had been reduced by some three shillings in the 900nd. Every man in the postal service had had, in fact, three shillings weekly deducted from his sovereign wages. Mr. Buxton only heard the request and after consulting with the Cabinet offered the men an Inquiry to be held this year, next year, sometime—wrong, in 1913! This announcement was somewhat disappointing, but the brave lads determined to try again, never say die, true-blue, etc., etc.; and a series of very angry meetings of protests have been held. At Battersea, as we say, a meeting of six hundred men was held, and a resolution of something or other was passed. Oh, very angry! But an amendment bluntly calling on the Government to raise wages to the extent to which their real value had fallen was defeated by 587 votes to 13. Nearly noble Six Hundred! * * *

It will be said that postmen are not railway men. But railwaymen, unfortunately, are allowing themselves to be stuffed with the notion that they are a semi-civil service. Their late paid enemy, Mr. Bell—now still better paid—used to pray with tears in his eyes to remember the responsibility he should shoulder for his employers, whom he regarded as the public. Their present leaders, including some of the greatest jackasses in public life, are telling them and the public the same thing. Here is Mr. Thomas thanking his ju-ju that his men are spared another Christmas strike. For your grateful for being spared Trafalgar! Mr. MacDonald and the rest of the nouveaux bourgeois are similarly delighted that the little daughters of the railway directors will see their daddies at Christmas with nice bright faces. Meanwhile, we invite attention to the terms of the correspondence between the Board of Trade, the companies and the men concerning the proposed meeting. The Government's invitation is so framed as implicitly to exclude from the agenda of the meeting the one question of importance—recognition. The companies have accepted the invitation explicitly in this sense; and "after careful consideration" the men's officials have followed suit. What an assembly of hypocrites! A rotten peace is likely to result from it. But what strikes us as more significant than the treachery of the leaders is the apathy of the men. Leaders in all ages have been treacherous. Not more than one man in a million is to be trusted with more than a handful of power. But the spontaneous strike of the railwaymen last August proved that there was still spirit among the men. It may have been a sort of guttering of the expiring flame; but we do not believe it. They are only ostensibly deceived by the speeches of their leaders. Underneath, they are quite clear in their minds. Our forecast may be repeated that there will be no strike this year; but in the prevailing temper of the men we would not like to prophesy no strike next year. And for every trick played on the men now the public will pay in tragedies later on. * * *

At Wakefield on Saturday Lord Willoughby de Broke stated the problem before the country very fairly. We had to make up our minds, he said, between Lloyd Georgeism, Socialism and Tariff Reform. Lloyd Georgeism he did not believe was of any social value.

There was not a single day's work or a single day's wages in the knock-down knowledge of the Lloyd George programme." That is true. Lord Willoughby de Broke then went on to discuss the comparative merits of Socialism and Tariff Reform. Of Socialism he said this, which we may take as something of a challenge: "If Socialism is the true salvation of the railway strike without preaching the gospel of envy, hatred, malice,
and all uncharitableness, and making the remedy worse than the disease, then he for one would be very glad to hear how it was proposed to be done." Is that a firm offer (however badly expressed) of Lord Willoughby's? We have long been in search of a Unionist who either had some notion of Social Reform himself or was prepared to listen to ours. With Lord Willoughby de Broke's kind attention we will, when the Insurance Bill is off our mind, outline again our proposals for Social Reform to satisfy the two conditions he lays down. Our sole appeal shall be to Justice.

At the recent Conference on Public Morals in Relation to Race Degeneration a title of that length is evidence of degeneration! A programme of methods and reforms was drawn up. The items included protection of motherhood (yes, a birth?), care of the feeble-minded (make trade union officials of them?), education of the nation's adolescents for parenthood (give them dolls and talk about the fertilisation of flowers?), purification of public amusements (no liquor fit to drink at the bars?), diffusion of wholesome literature (suppression of papers like The New Age?). But the item that was not mentioned, though it is rather important in the lives of the working classes, was wages. With the degeneration of wages an ancient and time-honoured race the race has degenerated proportionately. With their continued decline measured in food-stuffs as well as in mental wretchedness—for even the poor do not live by bread alone—degeneration of the race will proceed despite all the most difficult devices. And we are patriotic enough to hope that it may. A nation whose governing class is not generous enough to give high wages and whose wage-earning class is not spirited enough to take high wages by force if necessary, not only to save some degenerate, but is already degenerate. The beautifully-named Conference was playing with appearances.

The same may be said of still another of these confederated busybodies. There exists, it appears, a National Union for Social Service; and on Tuesday its members met under the presidency of Lord Meath to discuss some preposterous proposal. The notion of Social Service in the mind of this union is obviously to inflict the maximum amount of irritation on the poor. Adding insult to injury appears, in fact, to be their main object. It is not enough that the poor should endure poverty—a disease which most healthy middle-class people, even those who do not even know how to come degenerate, but is already degenerate. The beautifully-named Conference was playing with appearances.

Although, however, there is very little in Sir Edward Grey's speech when it is closely examined, the fact remains that it has greatly increased the prestige of the Government throughout the country. Since my return from Berlin I have listened to many comments on the speech from typical working-class people, and they have enjoyed it. I find no disposition among these men to stretch out the hand of friendship to our great Teutonic neighbour, with whom, in spite of the assertions of superficial pressmen, we have so little in common.

Another Radical misrepresentation, indeed, is that friendship between us and Germany would necessarily lead to a quieter international situation and a reduction of armaments. Germany is winning no friends except its friendship, but only on one condition, viz., that we cooperate with her against France. If we became friendly with Germany, in other words, we should be threatened by France and Russia. This hypothesis, of course, is so difficult to realise that I shall not pursue it further. We are now, and we are likely to remain for a considerable time, a partner in the Triple Entente, viz., Russia, France, and England; and our relations with the Triple Alliance are "correct." More cannot be said.

From the standpoint of culture I must confess that the humour of the situation appeals to me. I cordially detest the English and German middle classes — materialistic, 50s. a birth?—demeaning tradespeople. They are annoyed with each other, and they do not know why. They think it has something to do with stocks and shares. The only people who rightly appreciate the difference between the two countries are the working classes and the aristocracy. In spite of their political tenets, the German Socialists would like nothing better than the order to fight us to-morrow. They would do it with great alacrity; but with no more alacrity than that in which this compliment would be returned by a British workman (wear not, bearing other indications of his dislike for the moneyed classes) whom I heard in Hyde Park expressing the earnest hope
that circumstances might enable him, at an early opportunity, to "spoil the blawsted fice of the bloomin' Kosier." (I have expressed part of his wish in his own words—I do so merely because he typifies so many of his colleagues.)

Even more amusing than working-class comments, however, are some of the suggestions for improving our diplomacy put forward in many papers, Tory as well as Liberal. Particularly fatuous is the recommendation for "more open-handed negotiations." The suggestion that two or three card-players should put their hands on the table and closely investigate one another's trumps may be magnificent, but it is not businesslike. Still, it is not too much while trying to be natural that Liberals should let off steam occasionally, even in regard to things they know nothing about.

Indeed, when I hear Radicals and, a good many Tories, talking about foreign politics, they always remind me of retired grocers and city clerks visiting the National Gallery. You know the comments: "Well, you see, I don't know much about art; but after all I know what I like." This was truly British middle-class sociability. "This is the one they paid forty thousand for; can't see anything in it, do you?" "Waste o' good money." is the banal contribution of the foxed-faced female from Stratford (or perhaps Hackney). And why so many pore 'arf starved," adds a lower middle-class gentleman—that peculiar type of person who always clothes himself in sombre black on Saturday afternoons and is talked about with some awe by his female relatives because he "reads a lot o' those 'ere Socialist tracks and don't believe in 'em, 'e don't." And so on.

Well, a pleasant twenty minutes may be spent in our art galleries listening to these amusing people; and, as I say, when I hear our foreign policy being discussed by members of the various Liberal clubs, or by our Liberal papers, I am always reminded of them. Peace to their souls! I forgive them, for they know not what they do. Sad indeed would be my feelings were they suddenly annihilated. Many an hour's amusement have they afforded me in my progress through what Alarcon adds a lower middle-class gentleness—that peculiar type of workman who always clothes himself in sombre black on Saturday afternoons and is talked about with some awe by his female relatives because he "reads a lot o' those 'ere Socialist tracks and don't believe in 'em, 'e don't." And so on.

Persia I have already referred to—I am sorry to say my predictions coming true in this instance. For Persia, as an independent country, will shortly cease to exist. This was inevitable. The only question at issue was, should Persia be divided by Russia and Germany, or by Britain and England? Germany will take her share when the equally inevitable break-up of Turkey comes about. One of the plans vaguely adumbrated in interested quarters is that, when this latter event takes place, Austria shall restore to Italy the "unredeemed" provinces, which would remove a long-standing cause of friction, and that if Mr. Lloyd George has no case for sickness insurance when he cut death out of his scheme; for

The Insurance Bill.

By T. Good.

Mr. Lloyd George's insurance scheme is based upon information which is not adequate, upon ideas which are not clear, and upon principles which are not consistent. Take, for example, the position of our friendly societies and sick clubs on the one hand, and the industrial insurance companies and collecting societies on the other—that is to say, the two chief agencies at present conducting sickness and death benefits among our working classes. Originally, the Government promise was to cover death as well as sickness by this scheme. There was to be provision for widows and orphans in case of the death of the breadwinner. However, a few months before the Bill was introduced death insurance was dropped out of the scheme. Thus the measure proposes to insure practically all our working-class families against the illness of the breadwinner—but none of them against the death of the breadwinner—death insurance to be left, for a time, a voluntary matter mainly in the hands of the companies. Now, this is more remarkable than it appears on the surface. Indeed the matter should be deeply pondered by Parliament and public before any compulsory measure is permitted to reach the statute book; there is profound danger in this scheme.

Mr. Lloyd George, in introducing his Bill, said he did not propose to touch death insurance, because that was pretty well covered already, but the case of sickness was different. There were some 40,000,000 death policies, he said, but only about 6,000,000 sickness policies, and on those figures he built a case for compulsory sickness insurance while leaving death insurance alone.

What are the facts? One fact—a huge fact ignored by Mr. Lloyd George—is that the average working-class family to-day, before the State scheme becomes operative, is at least as well provided for in case of the breadwinner's illness as in case of his death. Mr. Lloyd George's figures do not tell half the story. Here is an instance of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing. Over and above the recognised friendly societies, covering half our workers, we have, as pointed out in a previous article, a vast network of dividing societies, miners' relief societies, railwaymen's benevolent associations, and workshop and public-house sick clubs; while it is a common custom, in the pit, on the factory floor, on the shop floor, and in the home, to divide the risk among those cards—the "pub." to make collections for the sick. It is well-nigh impossible to find a bona-fide working-man in this country who is not financially provided for in case of sickness. But that is not all. Doctors will generally give attendance and drugs on long credit, shopkeepers will supply food, and landlords will usually let the rent stand when a man is ill. Again, the whole country is studded with hospitals, infirmaries, and convalescent homes open to our workers. For the very lowest class—who are not sufficiently respected to get credit or have collections made for them—there is shelter, with food, drugs, and attendance in the workhouse hospitals.

There is no intention here to make out that the present system is perfect; but it is earnestly contended that the ground of sickness is as well covered as the ground of death, and that if Mr. Lloyd George has no case for setting up compulsory death insurance for the benefit of widows and orphans he has no case for his sickness insurance. For the lowest classes there is public relief. For the other classes there is a practically complete network of sick benefit agencies democratically, efficiently, and economically conducted. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has no case. He destroyed his case for sickness insurance when he cut death insurance out of his scheme; for if he will not invade
the death field of the rich companies, with their costly and unsatisfactory methods, then he has no shadow of excuse for intruding on the sickness field of our poor men's splendid clubs. Mr. George admits that the company-on-account insurance business is unsatisfactory; and he knows it is costly. He conceives that our democratic friendly societies are great and worthy institutions; yet he proposes to leave the companies in full possession, while setting up a rival and opposition sick scheme which interferes seriously with the character and status of the societies, and may very likely swamp the whole voluntary movement.

Now, not only does this scheme leave the matter of death insurance—the widows and orphans question—to unsympathetic capitalist companies in the first instance, but one probable effect of the scheme, if Mr. Lloyd George has his own way, will be to make the position of the widows worse than it is. As soon as the compulsory sick 4d., to say nothing of the compulsory unemployment 2½d., is knocked off the wages at the pay office, and employers begin to screw their proportion of the tax out of the workers' earnings, millions of our men, who are now paying all they can afford, will drop their contributions to clubs paying death benefit; they will drop their premiums for death insurance, and widows and orphans will be left worse off than ever before. It cannot be denied that this scheme means a tax on wages. This would not be an evil if it went to support an equitable scheme; but the scheme is not equitable. It seeks, in most cases, to doubly insure men against sickness; it offers no additional insurance on top of their existing voluntary benefits, but neglects the widows and orphans when the men die, and renders it more difficult, and in many cases impossible, to make voluntary provision in case of the breadwinner's death.

It has been claimed that Mr. Lloyd George is paying our compliment by asking them to become parts of the administrative machinery of this new scheme, and that he is actually proposing to strengthen them by State support. But see how this thing will work out. If the original idea not to permit either dividing societies or proprietary companies to become "approved" societies had been adhered to, then the recognised friendly societies—at any rate a few of the larger ones—might have benefited in some way. However, that idea has been abandoned, and the friendly societies may look out for squalls. There is something in store for the friendly society movement in particular, just as there is for the working classes in general, which the leaders do not seem to realise. Some of the big and wealthy insurance companies will, if this Bill passes, add sickness insurance to their enterprise. They will form what may be termed subsidiary sickness societies. They will do this for two reasons: first, in order to enjoy the privilege of becoming "approved" unions; and secondly, in order to retain their hold of as many of the workers who now insure against death with them as possible, and who, if the companies do not make a move, will drop their voluntary death premiums when called upon to pay the compulsory sick tax. Between the rich companies and collecting societies, with their army of agents going from house to house, on the one hand, and the Post Office compulsory scheme on the other, the ordinary friendly societies, and the members of the workers who are advanced by them, will be squeezed out of existence. The big companies will be able to offer, for a time, better sickly than the friendly societies, and millions of our men will prefer to take their voluntary business in connection to clubs, societies, and hospitals. In many ways the effects of this scheme, if it passes, will be the reverse of those anticipated. Nothing could be much better than a well-ordered scheme of compulsory insurance; but this scheme is not well ordered, either in its principles or in its machinery.

Go to Bath!

By Alfred E. Randall.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer should restrain the enthusiasm of his reporters. Biblical allusion has its uses, and its dangers. For example, we have long suspected that the Welsh nation was one of the ten lost tribes of Israel; but we never guessed that David Lloyd George was "The New Moses." Yet "The Daily Chronicle," reporting his speech at Bath, so described him—let us hope in a spirit of truth and justice. Fine disregard of the details of Biblical history, the reporter declared that "from a Pisgah mount the breathless audience, enchaigned by the spell of Celtic eloquence, surveyed the whole promised land," etc. Later, we were told that "this new Moses called the people out of an Egypt of hunger and toil and want, and bade them gird up their loins for the new Exodus." The reporter forgot that between Egypt and Pisgah lay forty years of wilderness; he forgot that the people rebelled against cheap food, and explained: "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic. But now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all, beside water, and our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all, beside water.

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The New Moses.

Yet "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over this river. For example, if the people were to be called the principle of mis-representation. For the Liberal host has been rendered incapable of movement; or, as is more probable, that it has been linked in file like a slave-gang, and only awaits the death of its new Moses and the appearance of the new Joshua to march into the Serive State. Anyhow, the whole passage is a fine derangement of epistles, that tells more truth than most.

For the Chancellor went to Bath to wag the tail of the Liberal caucus, but he really only pulled its leg. He stated a principle which, as it was supposed to establish a case for women's suffrage, can only be called the principle of mis-representation. For example, if the people were to be called the principle of mis-representation. For the Liberal host has been rendered incapable of movement; or, as is more probable, that it has been linked in file like a slave-gang, and only awaits the death of its new Moses and the appearance of the new Joshua to march into the Serive State. Anyhow, the whole passage is a fine derangement of epistles, that tells more truth than most.

As a matter of fact, the Chancellor is wrong. We can, and we do, trust the interest of one class and our sex cixis dried and dried on our soul; to say nothing of the joke, I ignore the enfranchisement of married women; but with this exception, the name is accurate, and has a complete application.

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As a matter of fact, the Chancellor is wrong. We can, and we do, trust the interest of one class and our sex cixis dried and dried on our soul; to say nothing of the joke, I ignore the enfranchisement of married women; but with this exception, the name is accurate, and has a complete application.

Here is the principle: "You cannot trust the interest of any one class entirely to another, and you cannot trust the interest of any sex entirely to another. It is not that their interests are not identical, but their point of view is different."
women should be elected for special purposes of advice and consultation; if he means the second, he means that women should be elected for all purposes, and that men are incapable of carrying on the government of the country. In his speech he does not suggest that the latter is his opinion. The land system will be reformed, the housing question will be solved, war will be abolished, and Free Trade perpetuated, if the woman's point of view is represented; and it can only be represented by women. Therefore, Liberalism demands not only the enfranchisement of women, but the disfranchisement of men; and, under the name of representative government, it puts forward a plea for pettifog government.

But, of course, the Chancellor means none of these things; he was only speaking in taradiddles. For the amendment is carried, it will enormously increase the electorate; but it will not alter the constitution of the House of Commons, and votes for women will really mean more votes for men.

What, after all, is a vote? It is not a share in the government of the country; it is not even a right to representation; it is simply a conge d’eürie, a leave to elect a member of Parliament. If we choose to be romantic about it, we can call it a liberty, or a symbol of liberty; but it is a liberty that lasts but a moment, and decreases in value with every extension of it. Liberty is political power divided into small fragments; so Hobbes defined it. Seven million voters have the power of electing 670 men once in five years; if an equal number of women were enfranchised, four million voters would have the power of electing the same number of men once in five years. Once, and only once, in the life of a Parliament is the liberty to vote a power; and when the cross is marked on the ballot-paper the voter resigns his liberty into the hands of the Government. It is a liberty like that proclaimed by St. Paul, to which "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called."

Evidently this is not the promised land that Moses saw and described. If the women’s point of view is not represented by men, it will certainly not be represented by women. The only possibility of its being represented at all lies in the discovery of a third sex; and Sydney Smith’s division of the human race into men, women, and clergymen recurs to my mind. Did the prophet foresee that Jericho could not be taken unless Joshua had the priests to blow his trumpets? The yield of the land tax shows us that we have no right to demand that you have blessed your new wife with offspring representing five separate kinds of the most notorious Roman noses.

Aver.: Ah, Augustus was a fool! If I had been emperor I would have made all those who had no children wear the badge, and that, in fact, is my project.

Ter.: But until this year, Avernus, when I understand that you have blessed your new wife with a son, you would have had to wear the badge on your own bosom. How would you have felt if, during these former ten years, from the moment when you married the fascinating Poppaea to the day when she divorced you, you had been compelled to wear the badge on your own bosom. How would you have felt if, during these former ten years, from the moment when you married the fascinating Poppaea to the day when she divorced you, you had been compelled to wear the badge on your own bosom? The problem of the state requires that you have a son, and I intend to secure the honour of my position. Everyone shall know that my son has a father.

Aver.: Never mind about that, Terence. I am now the father of a future Roman citizen, and I intend to secure the honour of my position. Everyone shall know that my son has a father.

Ter.: They will know that anyway, and whatever honour may attach to your parenthood will be yours wherever your son professes his name.

Aver.: And am I to get nothing but that? Who, then, would be plagued with a wife to keep and children to rear and educate?

Ter.: Oh, not I, perhaps. But I understood that you considered parentage the greatest distinction of a Roman. What do you mean by the marriage-rate? Even Augustus, Emperor, could not avail in this matter—no—though he ordained a badge of honour to the parents of even three children—no, even three, I say, but even to the author of two and an abortion in the case of the Imperial Livia. People laughed, my dear Avernus, and more than at Livia at Julia, the decorated possessor of five offspring representing five separate kinds of the most notorious Roman noses.
WIFE: Terence, Terence. Terence, Terence. Terence. WIFE: Terence. WIFE: Terence, Terence. Terence. Terence. Terence. Terence: Do you happen with names for it, my friend. I assure you there are to encourage me enough right-minded persons who think as I do. My neighbour, Quintus, with thirteen children, is exactly of my opinion, and you must know yourself that in Rome, Plutarchus, the father of eleven, and Euthynicus, whose seventeenth was born yesterday, hold views on the subject. Oh, I shall not lack supporters.

TER.: Evidently not. I begin to fear lest when I reach home I find the whole thing already become law and one of my slaves awaiting me with a large placard to add to my wardrobe. What a spectacle the Senate will present.

AVER.: You will never cease jesting, Terence. Of course I am much foole, I mean only to confound the impudent persons who use the marriage laws to secure social position while they neglect the one and only duty and reason of marriage—regard children. Pay regard marriage as a licence to cohabit. To live together with this licence is moral; to live together without it immoral. Such persons should not receive the sanction of religion and State to what is worse—oh, far worse than that—I mean not to say. Marriage is not marriage, however certified, consecrated and sanctioned, until a child is born. The birth of a child makes the marriage.

TER.: I will not ask you, then, to whom Julia was married; a true marriage—my marriage to aye with jesting. But I notice that your decoy duck is mouthing. No, I did not mean to mention that subject again. Forgive me, Avernus, I am an unenlightened man! I begin to see, however. You mean to lure all persons towards parentage by sanctioning and consecrating, as you put it, a fruitful marriage and by cutting off the odour of virtue from these wicked non-philoprogenitive unions. Moreover, expired contracts shall not be renewable between the same persons.

WIFE,: It used to be, but nowadays when slaves are allowed to call themselves married one might as well not have troubled to pay the dues to Hymen. I have married, for you will be certain to reproach me for not marriage, however certified, consecrated and propagated; and, further, that unless the State is prepared to maintain a man’s children, it has not the right—even if it had the impossible power—to make him produce them against his inclination. I shall suspect you merely of being a meddlesome busybody, or else to be secretly chagrined at the accident of your own paternity, unless you give up this notion to make you falsely consecrated and worthy of particular distinction. For you must admit that parentage has not consecrated those degenerate beggars.

AVER.: I am not boldering about beggars. And your suspicions are unfounded. I shall go on with my idea, whatever anyone may say! I shall propose that all marriages between Romans shall be made void unless a child is born to the parties within ten years. Moreover, expired contracts shall not be renewable between the same persons.

TER.: Hercules! But how that will suit everybody! I recant, Avernus, I implore you not to remember my absurd objections, but to hurry on with your noble scheme.

A FABIAN FABLE.

Three revolutionaries, having captured an Anti-Socialist, were uncertain how to kill him.

“Buried alive,” suggested the first, a miner.

“Burn him,” suggested the second, a stoker.

“Cut him to pieces,” suggested the third, a printer.

So, to save trouble, it was decided to soak him in a bucket of paraffin and tie him to a stake; then he was to be set alight at the same moment as the miner started to shovel earth over him, and the printer to cut his fingers off with a pocket-knife.

All which was happily concluded, the Anti-Socialist crying with his last breath, “You Socialists can’t agree on anything!”

C. E. B.
Rain.

By St. John G. Ervine

Last night, soon after I went to bed, the rain began to fall, and it did not cease until a little while before breakfast this morning. There were a few flashes of lightning and occasionally a dull rumble of thunder; and above the noise of the rain I could hear the long, slow stroke of the sea as it rolled up and broke on the shingle. There would come a steady shower of rain against the window, a little irritating because of its regularity, and then the wind would come suddenly across the plain that seems to reach from this house to the other side of the sky, and shake the trees angrily until they were almost bent double. A dull sound of thunder would succeed the wind, and presently followed the flash of lightning, short and sharp; and then again the steady beating of the rain. We counted between the clap of thunder and the flash of lightning, and were glad to know by the number we reached that the storm was some thirty miles away. You reckon thus: the moment you hear the thunder you begin to count slowly, stopping when the lightning flashes. Whatever number you reach represents the number of miles at which the storm is distant from you. It may be a wrong way of computing these things, but if you are nervous in thunder-storms it is very consoling to count the miles, particularly when the speed at which the counting is done entirely depends upon the counter.

When I arose I looked out of the window and saw the cows standing under the trees looking pleased at breakfast this morning. There were a few flashes of lightning, and from the plain; the grass borders of the cornfields are green and shining, washed and made clean by the night's rain. There is a great quietness everywhere. M. Heckmann's daughters, Marguerite and Henriette, refrain from quarrelling, and Louise has not yet begun that constant chatter which often makes the room so deafening to one who admires a picture of a tree more than he admires a tree. It is good for a man to hold pictures in his mind, and it is better for a man to hold pictures in his eye. It is good to know, but it is better to feel.

The supreme artists of the world are those not the not those who describe life: the man of letters is merely a reporter hurrying through the groves of the world with a notebook, prying on lovers and great beings. Had you gone forth this morning with me, you would assuredly have shared my feeling that God had had great moments in His life, when He designed the sun to shine on rain-drops and made the sea to change its colour from hour to hour. In such moments, books become trivial and the nimblest writer a clumsy clod.

There was a sweetness, too, in the air after the rain had ceased. The thirsty, growing things drank in the water and opened themselves fully so that all of them might be refreshed. Yesterday, in the great heat before the rain came, I went through the pine woods and heard the parched trunks crack. On the headland, beyond the cottage where the ungracious woman lives who reminds you how frequently her hand is in private exchange, the gorse split continually as I went by. The long, coarse grass had turned to hay before its time. I thought pityingly of those whom I had left behind me in the city, sweltering over ledgers and typewriters, or handing dusty garments on the long varnished counter. I pitied them then because of the wearying heat, but now I pitied them more, because they could not share in this richness, this rare smell of moist earth. In an ideal state, affairs will surely be so ordered that men may work in the country in the summer, returning to the towns in the winter.

Whilst I was standing on the lawn Henri brought the letters, and amongst them was the "Daily News" for me. I read with amazement that there was a crisis in London! . . . There was an account of a by-election! . . . Somehow, all the tense phrases that the reporters—that strange race of men—use on these occasions seemed to me, standing there, to be inconceivably absurd. The sad thing about journalists is not that they write what they do not believe, but that they do believe what they write. These people, lashing themselves into pinchbeck furies, do believe that the nation will perish or flourish (as is their fate) if the House of Lords be destroyed. They do believe that Mr. Asquith (Mr. Balfour) is the Evil One. And so they write and make space by the hundred and with their witless words. Thinking thus, I made up my mind to walk to the pine woods again, and think for a while about God; and so, without a word to anyone, I went. But I did not think about God; I thought how sweet the pine woods smell after the rain.
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."—Ed.]

A RATHER DULL INTRODUCTION.

I.

When I bring into play what my late pastors and masters would term, in classic sweetness, my "unmitigated gall," and by virtue of it venture to speak of a "New Method in Scholarship," I do not imagine that I am speaking of a method by me discovered. I mean, merely, a method not of common practice, a method not yet clearly or consciously formulated, a method which has been intermittently used by all good scholars since the beginning of scholarship, the method of Luminous Detail, a method most vigorously hostile to the prevailing mode of do-day—that is, the method of multitudinous detail, in what is still called the "humanities," to processes by which, upon being examined, one becomes "bachelor" or "master" of "liberal arts," or even "one learned in philosophy." In matters of practical education, the object is to make a man more efficiently useful to the community, things are better managed and seller must prove profitable to neither, we come upon a portent, the old order changes, one conception of war and of the State begins to decline. The Middle Ages imperceptibly give ground to the Renaissance. A ruler owning a State and wishing to enlarge his possessions could, under one régime, in a manner opposed to sound economy, make war; but commercial sense is sapping this régime. In the history of the development of civilisation or of literature, we come upon such interpreting detail. A few dozen facts of this nature give us intelligence of a period—a kind of intelligence not to be gathered from a great array of facts of the other sort. These facts are hard to find. They are swift and easy of transmission. They govern knowledge as the switchboard governs an electric circuit.

II.

If on no other grounds than this, namely, that the eye-sight is valuable, we should read less, far less than we do. Moreover, the best of knowledge is "in the air," or if not the best, at least the leanest. Being what we are, we have in certain matters an Accuracy of Sentiment. "Wireless," "Automobile," "Chippendale," "Figures out of Æschylus," are terms which convey to us definite meanings, which they would not convey to creatures of our own faculty but of an earlier time, or of different circumstances. As is life, so is art. "Toleration awaits," always a painful and unpleasant process, but to an art not always the reverse.

The aim of right education is to lead a man out into a more varied, more intimate contact with his fellows. The result of education, in the present and usual sense, is treated in like manner. They are dumped in one museum and certain learned men rejoice in the symptomatic," but certain facts give one a sudden insight into circumjacent conditions, into their causes, their effects, into sequence, and law.

So-and-so was, in such-and-such a year, elected Doge. So-and-so killed the tyrant. So-and-so was banished for embezzling State funds. So-and-so embezzled but was not banished. These statements may contain germs of drama, certain suggestions of human passion or habit, but they are reticent, they tell us nothing we did not know, nothing which enlightens us. They are of any time and any country. By reading them with the blanks filled in, with new names and dates, we may pretend to a remote acquaintance with the temper of any period; but when in Burckhardt we come upon a passage: "In this year the Venetians refused to make war upon the Milanesi because they held that any war between buyer and seller must prove profitable to neither," we come upon a portent, the old order changes, one conception of war and of the State begins to decline. The Middle Ages imperceptibly give ground to the Renaissance. A ruler owning a State and wishing to enlarge his possessions could, under one régime, in a manner opposed to sound economy, make war; but commercial sense is sapping this régime. In the history of the development of civilisation or of literature, we come upon such interpreting detail. A few dozen facts of this nature give us intelligence of a period—a kind of intelligence not to be gathered from a great array of facts of the other sort. These facts are hard to find. They are swift and easy of transmission. They govern knowledge as the switchboard governs an electric circuit.

As for myself, I have tried to clear up a certain messy place in the history of literature; I have tried to make our sentiment of it more accurate. Accuracy of sentiment here will make more accurate the sentiment of the growth of literature as a whole, and of the Art of poetry. I am more interested in the Arts than in the histories of life and of the State. Each historian will have ideas—presumably different from other historians—interpretations of wars and of the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics. Each historian will "have ideas"—presumably different from other historians—interpretations of wars and of the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics. Each historian will "have ideas"—presumably different from other historians—interpretations of wars and of the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics. I am more interested in the Arts than in the histories of life and of the State. Each historian will have ideas—presumably different from other historians—interpretations of wars and of the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics. Each historian will "have ideas"—presumably different from other historians—interpretations of wars and of the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics.
gallery, a gallery of photographs, of perhaps not very good photographs, but of the best I can lay hold of.

In "The Spirit of Romance," I attempted to present certain significant data on mediaeval poetry in Southern Europe, of the troubadours, of the Tuscans, of Villon, and, coming on to the Renaissance, of Lope de Vega, of Camoens, of certain poets who wrote in Latin—to make a sort of chemical spectrum of their art. I have since augmented this study with translations from Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel. I have allowed it to impinge on my own poetry in "Canzoni," which is a great fault in the eye of those critics who think I should be more interested in the poetry which I write myself than in "fine poetry as a whole."

Personally, I think the corpus poetarum of more importance than any cell or phalange, and shall continue in sin.

I have, moreover, sought in Anglo-Saxon a certain element which has transmuted the various qualities of poetry which have drifted up from the south, which has sometimes enriched and made them English, sometimes rejected them, and refused combination.

This further work of mine will appear in part in book form, in part in these columns. I shall also set forth some defence of a hope which I have that this sort of work may not fail utterly to be of service to the living art. For it is certain that we have had no "great poet" and no "great period" save at, or after, a time when many people were busy examining the media and the traditions of the art.

Present-Day Criticism.

A reproachful correspondent writes regarding our remark on the "Athenaeum." Why do you not at least make statements that can be substantiated? You give no examples of "incompetent" criticism. Why not? Presumably you know of none. Now the "Athenaeum" is a very old love of ours. We never miss him. But we incline to believe that in one department of literature—fiction—he has despaired of finding anything good at all, and thereupon, disregarding the dueness of things, has handed over just that which needs a humorist to deal with it to a critic, partly martinet and partly sentimentalist. The result is that we gather a notion about his disapproval of modern fiction, a notion that does him no good. Is it the bizarre quality of—save the word!—the "romances"? It cannot be, since he almost recom-

But if critics will deal hygienically with the craftsmen under any system he would be a good deal better off with their quite well-known idea of literary fellowship is to exist for the next fifty years. All too probable. But if critics will deal hygienically with the craftsmen whose quite well-known idea of literary fellowship is to dine with each other and discuss copyrights, a fresh atmosphere will certainly be created, wherein our young Eighteen-to-day-and-nothing-done may come to maturity with at least spirit enough to aim at adding to those works which have outlived all copyright.

Not the least of the plagues which the circulationists have brought down upon this generation is the mania for originality. Every writer is obsessed with the fear that something entirely new in the way of plot is expected of him; whereas the great writers have demanded of themselves originally of treatment, their own style in presenting a story. It is only once in an aon that any man invents an entirely new story. None of the great Greeks invented the stories they have handed down. They simply took their stories from Homer and he from tradition. The wonderful medieval stories were woven from songs and tales of many nations. The modern writer, driven to be original at all costs succeeds—in giving us nothing but the tawdery act of some trivial character's daily existence. He rejects, if he is true to his stultifying principle, all that has been used by other writers; but all that is aesthetic in life has been used by the great dead and will be used again by the great in all times. Therein is a folly very sure of filling the belly with the wind—that rejection of the treasure of the past for some small coin minted new to-day. It is scarcely necessary to say here that we do not condemn works dealing with modern life except in so far as such works detail circumstances and characters that a classical writer would disdain. "The Greeks laughed at painters of eating-houses." But our circulationists paint the eating-house and the greasy proprietor and his greasy wife and family, spell out all the greasy little details of his social, financial and especially his sexual existence into three or four hundred pages, and threaten us further with what they ignorantly term "trilogies" of eating-house existence. They write for an eating-house public; and that should be better understood than it is. There we might leave them, but that the latest crew (there were always such) have the impudence to talk glaringly about literary art, and our young men are too nearly in danger with them to escape being spattered.

Back to the classics to learn what Art means! There we find the artists of every great age seeking for the immortal truth, the ever fresh and charming inspiration, and presenting it according to the spirit of their own times. Thus the Greeks presented the heroic myths, thus the Romans; thus our own Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Bunyan a hundred evergreen histories and fables. The true artist records the spirit of his own times; but that is not to say he reproduces the detail of acts, manners, and conversation. Mr. John Masefield presents a pathetic example of the vulgar notion of the spirit of the times. His servant in "Pompey the Little" talks the slang of a modern butler. In translating from our classics, our moderns make no such concession to mean taste; they convey through rhythm, style, the spirit of the thoughts and talk of slaves or ignorant persons. In a translation of the "Vasantasenta," the oldest play in the world, Sir Montier Williams very ingeniously suggests a lower tone of manner and conversation without the use of a single mean expression.

FABIAN FABLES.

"Yes, sir!" roared the Anti-Socialist, much excited, "the country's had enough of these dam socialist nonsense!"

G. E. R.
Art and Drama.
By Nutley Carter.

As Miss Elizabeth Robins and Mr. Granville Barker appeared on Sunday week before the curtain at the Savoy Theatre, where the Pioneer Players were offering an impression of Mr. Laurence Housman's censored "Pains and Penalties," I am bound to say that in the whole range of my experience I have become acquainted with nothing or nobody so grievance coming. "My dear madam—my dear sir," Mr. Barker began, or meant to do, "we appear on this occasion between the acts, and at this juncture, of considering your grievance. You have doubtless heard that the censor has armed himself with a joke. (Groans.) My dear madam—my dear sir, we and the Housman play are here to censure the something or other of the new censor. (Cheers in the pit.) And my dear madam and dear sir, I have here a large edition of an Act which also censors the new censor. (Cheers which have risen to the gallery.) And once more, my dear madam and my dear sir, you will doubtless not be surprised when I tell you that in the whole range of my experience I have become acquainted with nothing or nobody who is, generally speaking, so limited in knowledge of this impression and the Housman play are here to censure the pit.) And my dear madam—and my dear sir, I look upon the drama as a moral and political instrument. (Sensation.) And Mr. Laurence Housman's censored "Pains and Penalties," have learned lately, greatly to our disgust, have a horror of admitting failure (I am aware I have done little else lately), yet it seems to me my dreams have been taught to follow the excellent suggestion of the house of thousands.

"For a considerable period past I have been taught to look upon the drama as a moral and political instrument to be rescued from the sky into which an inglorious censorship was cast it. In the heart of me that the drama had been narrowed down to the expression of so-and-so's saccharine tea-table talk. In spite of all that was said to the contrary, the playwright was not a playwright—certainly not a dramatist. It was any business and that of my said. You have eminence confreres to take him up and urge him to produce something showing that life—morally and politically considered—has a fair amount of rottenness in it. I looked upon the censor as one who took good care to preserve the rottenness being exposed, and as I, in view this was all that the censor really stood for, I thought it would be rather nice to compass his downfall. (Deathly silence.) * * *

"But we have learned lately, greatly to our disgust, that a censor who is established upon public moral and political opinion dies hard. He owes his position to the half-baked moralists and politicians who, between ourselves, are a very numerous and unenlightened body of persons. I am now beginning to feel a flaw in our campaign, and I am even inclined to admit that all through we have been on the wrong tack. Though I have a horror of admitting failure (I am aware I have done little else lately), yet it seems to me my dreams should have been in a different direction. After all, life itself is a censor from beginning to end. And by a little hard thinking you will come to the conclusion that if we really desire to abolish censorship it will be best to abolish our present system of life and begin all over again. Therefore, instead of trying to abolish the dramatic censorship we, myself and my eminent confreres who are in ourselves little self- appointed censors, would have been much wiser to demand a different sort of censorship. We forgot that if we got a free and enlightened drama there was nothing to prevent it being reduced to innity by the unutterable stupidities of production. It is these stupidities that cross the footlights and flourish as unconscious effects on the mind of the audience gradually reducing that mind to chaos and impotence. I remember how Mr. Bernard Shaw retired from his post of dramatic critic to medical and mental wreck. Mr. Shaw believed it was the effect of matter, whereas it was largely due to manner of presentation. And Mr. Shaw was unconscious of it.

"We need, indeed, a censorship of artistic judgment and taste, one aiming to abolish crude immoral expression and presentation. Had we asked for this we should have come in for every sympathy. The whole of the artistic world would be with us, and instead of being the victims of a very old die-hard convention, we would be the initiators of a new opinion. Thus, like White, we would bring the whole question of immorality within the possible form of a Goliath of bad expression and kill it with the well-aimed censor of style. You will all admit that in saying this—"It sounds as though you are advertising your own suicide," a voice exclaimed.

* * *

Mr. Barker vanished, and I imagined the new censor at work instead of the new censors. (Sensation.) Recognising that nothing tends so much to distract, demoralise and destroy the mind as the present inconceivably bad system of play production, he would make a clean sweep of at least three-fourths of the plays now running in London, and of others about to be produced. Thus under his system, though Mr. Housman's "Pains and Penalties" might have the luck to pass the reading committee, it would not see the footlights till the Pioneer Players had made their production of it less a sample of the plague. The play itself has nothing more harmful in it than an exhibition of the English method of divorcing a woman. In this connection Mr. Housman has discovered a justification for Queen Caroline. She is just the sort of card of a censor who are mad about the man-made laws. So "Pains and Penalties" has no dry waits. Caroline comes in with inches of tears and goes out on a watery moon. Of the production of the play I felt in no serious notice. I could not see the actors for the abominable stock scenery. The Pioneer Players should follow the excellent suggestion of the House of Lords' scene and use only curtains till they can afford to employ artists to design appropriate sets. It will go a long way towards solving the scenery problem.

* * *

The new censor would likewise condemn productions of certain plays in which the parts were played without conviction by mixed companies. For instance, the Criterion Theatre version of "Man and Superman," in which Mr. Loraine, instead of being Shaw-Tanner, is more like Mr. "Hustling" Hicks; while Miss Pauline Chase, instead of playing Anne, should be sucking sweet-meats. She is suited to the part—only in name. The censor would refuse to license vicious situations presented in the starkest manner and written in raw, unlanguage. In the problem play there is nothing good or bad, but writing makes it so. This is the effect of the production from Bataille's "La Vierge Folle," presented recently at the Coronet Theatre. There is nothing much in a middle-aged solicitor seducing a duke's daughter, except perhaps middle-aged solicitors do not do such things. But if one does, and wants a stage hearing, he should adopt one of two courses. He can briefly own up that he is a bad lot and have done with it. Or he can prove in a few brief words that he is a pillar of society. But the moment he shows a disposition to occupy half the night with a lot of crude talk, he must be ruthlessly censored.

* * *

Thus the censor defending the new faith of England would blue-pencil the tasteful phrases, root out ugliness. And the footman's line in "Fanny's First Play," at the Little Theatre, namely, "In the language of your charming country she is a daughter of joy," would be cut as having no justification. Likewise, he would refuse comment on our mind and body being distracted by vital questions immaturely conceived, or expressed, whether it is the crude pathology of "Les Avaries" by Brieux, that advertiser of Fournier's theory of venereal disease, or the precocious, uninformed views upon illegal operation in Mr. Barker's "Waste"; whether Schnitzler's immorally expressed ideas in "Anatol," or even Sir Arthur Pinero's limpid mishap in "A Wife Without a Smile." In short, a censor of this quixotic kind would have all the qualifications of a critic of THE NEW AGE. But a NEW AGE critic would not undertake the job of censorship.
The Parabasis from the "Acharnians."

By W. Hammond Smith.

[The lines are spoken by a chorus of veterans who live at Acharne, a centre of charcoal-burning. In the first half Aristophanes deals with his own relations with the Athenians, and in the second the veterans voice their grievances against the community. The Thucydides mentioned is not the historian, but the leader of the Tory Party in the time of Pericles. Cephisodemus and Euathlus were his accusers, the former, the "bondman's brat," being the son of one of the Scythian archers employed as Athenian metropolitan police.]

Since first our author began exhibiting Comedies here, he has never Come into the limelight and tried to rub it in That he is so waggish and clever; But now that he's slandered before you by foes— And you make up your minds very quickly, God knows— When they say that he jeers at And publicly sneers at The country and people, and turns up his nose, He is forced to defend himself—knowing that you, Who make up your minds, can unmake them, too.

Now our author, he says He is worthy all praise For stopping you lapping up every new craze, And swallowing sly adulation in lumps. Deserving, in short, to be labelled as chumps. For his outspoken attitude He deserves all your gratitude; Before, you would listen to any old platitude. When an envoy came and essayed to cheat you, With the title of "violet-crowned" he'd greet you. On tip-toe you'd sit At this epithet fit. If he called you "anointed with oil" you'd admit Any claim he advanced; though "anointed with oil" Smacks more of sardines than of Sons of the Soil.

By such means he has done you a great deal of good, And enlightened you, showing you how matters stood; How our liberty-loving democracy plies The knout on its dear democratic allies. And that is the reason Why, every season, They come with their tribute, all dying to gaze on This flower of poets, who speaks out his mind At the risk of getting imprisoned or fined. For this frankness and boldness his fame has gone forth Through the East and the West and the South and the North. So, when Sparta dispatched a deputation To the Persian monarch, he asked which nation Was lord of the sea; And the stern sea-battles we fought of yore. And we're deaf and we're dumb and we've lost all our juice, And our only prop is our walking staff, You trounce us with warrants And suchlike abhorrence, A thing to make insolent striplings laugh. When brought to the bar we stand there stuttering, Helpless with age, and blinking and muttering, That leaves us a prey to oppression sore— Is already the terrible sentence uttering. Then the youngster who's got himself made the accuser Will at you for all he is worth, and confuse you With impossible riddles And legal gobbles; Cross-question you, make you a liar, abuse you, And bang you and thump you and bully you so, Till trembling and shivering, We for you have oft been toiling Men of valour high-reputed, How can you call it law, despoiling Us with warrants and finding us in default, And meets with much more Success in the war, Who had such a devilish frank adviser.

That's why the Spartans are offering peace. And "Will you give us Aegina, please?" Not that they care for the island—oh, no! It's the poet they want; but don't let him go; For his plays are so Improving, you know, With his help, in wisdom and wealth you'll grow. No fawning nor bribing nor sly over-reaching— No currying favour, but good sound teaching.

So let Cleon plot and plan To overthrow me if he can: Justice and right For me will fight.

Never shall any man Find me such a craven snite And utter sodocatamite.

* * * * *

Muse of Acharne thunder-crashing, Muse of fury, Muse of flame, Come, like fire of oak-logs flashing, Showers of sparks to heaven dashing, As of old to us you came When the little fish were lying In order for the frying And man with man was yinging In oil and brine to dip the same. Come with music rustic, stirring, Never from the true pitch erring, Come to us who own your name.

We, the aged antiques, have a grievance great Against you all, and the thankless state That leaves us a prey to oppression sore— No fit reward For the toil of the sword, And the stern sea-battles we fought of yore. But now that we're doddering and no further use, And we're deaf and we're dumb and we've lost all our juice, And our only prop is our walking staff, You trounce us with warrants And suchlike abhorrence, A thing to make insolent striplings laugh. When brought to the bar we stand there stuttering, Helpless with age, and blinking and muttering, That leaves us a prey to oppression sore— Is already the terrible sentence uttering. Then the youngster who's got himself made the accuser Will at you for all he is worth, and confuse you With impossible riddles And legal gobbles; Cross-question you, make you a liar, abuse you, And bang you and thump you and bully you so, Till trembling and shivering, We for you have oft been toiling Men of valour high-reputed, How can you call it law, despoiling Us with warrants and finding us in default, And meets with much more Success in the war, Who had such a devilish frank adviser.

How can you call it law, despoiling Veterans thus, I ask you, how? We for you have oft been toiling In the past, and wiped the boiling Sweat from our manly brow. Men of valour high-reputed, Who the hot chase prosecuted At Marathon the widely bruited, We are prosecuted now— Prosecuted and found guilty By immoral men and filthy, Even Marpsias must allow. Look at Thucydides, hoary and bent, Ruined and off into exile sent By Cephisodemus, so fluent and pat— Such a pitiful sight That I wept outright For the old man mauled by the bondman's brat. God knows if he'd had but his former vim He wouldn't have stood any nonsense from him; He'd have shouted down ten thousand men Of those barbarous folk, And then for a joke Of Euthaluses out-athleted ten, He'd have wiped the floor with a preparation Of that alien's every near relation. But if you won't suffer A poor old buffer To rest in the peace that befits his station, Just pass a decree to divide the writs That old and toothless in judgment sits
On old and toothless
In lawsuits ruthless,
And the age of accused and accuser fits;
And then we'll appoint, to accuse the young,
Drunken young rioters.
Like Alcibiades,
Debauched young devils and fluent of tongue.
Then exiles and fines will all be doled
By the young to the young and the old to the old.

Nuts to Crack.
(With profound apologies to the authors of "Raffles," and "Bacon is Shakespeare.")

About eight o'clock on a fine starry evening towards the end of July, I was returning from a big city banquet to my flat in Houndsditch, when I felt something crunch beneath my feet. A sudden terror gripped my guilty heart. I looked down and saw that I had lighted on a large fallen and made haste to recover myself.

For a few minutes I stood still in the middle of the road, meditating, oblivious of the hooting of an approaching motor car. It swerved by, and the chauffeur turned to curse me, standing up on the steering-wheel as he drove rapidly away. A dull feeling of resentment overcame my determination never again to join Truffles in one of his nefarious raids. I set off with great strides to a large block of chambers in Holloway, where he was usually to be found. In answer to my questions, a liveried porter told me that my friend—once my wing three-quarter in our school—had left on the previous day after a stay of some fourteen days. His actual address the porter was unable to tell me, though he attempted to bribe him with three half-pence, all that was left of my weekly shilling. There was nothing for it but to go away, which I did with a bad grace. My eyes filled with angry tears when I thought that my friend would not even trust me with his address. The street was deserted except for a postman filling and handed to him. Then I saw him put his hand into his pocket and bring out another apple. He took it up to the boy, pretending that it had been in the bag round the shop. I saw the error into which I had fallen and made haste to recover myself.

"Fine night, isn't it, sir?" he remarked, slipping something in his tone startled me, and I looked at the stiff-postman's cap. At first I could not trust my eyes.

"Yes, old man," he said, with a little laugh of light-hearted mastery. "Do you doubt me?" I cried, with a groan.
"I'm sorry, Pussy; I ought not to have asked. I see you will not betray it. Meet me at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon outside Sordido's."

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new," I quoted.
"You haven't forgotten your 'Hamlet,' then, Pussy."

I borrowed sixpence from him and went out into the night. I could not sleep, but lay tossing underneath my bed, thinking of my broken vows and what the morrow would bring forth.

The next day, proceeding to the post-office, I was shaking hands with Truffles outside Sordido's. It is a little Italian restaurant in Bond Street, where you can get an excellent meal—soup, a cut from the joint, and sweets, with a half-bottle of wine—for eighteenpence. We dined sumptuously, and paid our bill with a flourish. We took an omnibus to Earl's Court, and from there Truffles led me to our destination—a little greengrocer's shop in a side street. As we neared it he briefly explained his plan, and we walked boldly into the shop. The owner—a short, fat, bald-headed man in an apron—was standing behind the counter superintending the operations of an errand-boy. Truffles stepped up to him and bowed; the greengrocer bowed in return. Truffles pointed at me.

"My friend here is a detective from Scotland Yard," he said. "His orders are to inform you that a large sum of money awaits you at 46, Daulifer Street, S.E.; you must hurry there at once, without losing a moment."

Without a word, throwing his apron to one side, the greengrocer hastened out of the shop, leaving the errand-boy in charge. Truffles turned to me, his clear eyes bright with meaning and with mischief.

"Would you like an apple?" he said.

I hated apples, and said so. His right eye gleamed disapproval at me, while the left glanced hurriedly round the shop. I saw the error into which I had fallen and made haste to recover myself.

"Perhaps you would like one?" I suggested. Truffles nodded approval.

"I wouldn't have thought it of you, Pussy," he whispered. "I didn't think you had it in you."

Then he held out his dear old hand.

"Then he went up to the boy.

"Give me a pennyworth of apples," he said. The lad hastened to do his bidding. Truffles chose the best apples he could find, and at length a bag was filled and handed to him. Then I saw him put his hand into his pocket and bring out another apple. He took it up to the boy, pretending that it had been in the bag with the others.

"This is a bad one," he cried, indignantly. "Look at it!"

The boy bent over to examine it, but Truffles, catching him by the neck, pressed the apple to his nose. A faint smell of chloroform pervaded the shop, and the boy fell back listlessly in R. O. Truffles' arms.

"Quick! Put him under the counter, Pussy."

I lifted the unconscious lad and dropped him on to a shelf that ran beneath the counter. Then I crouched down beside him and commenced to crack nuts, for it was Truffles' plan to acquire several bushels of these dainties and to resell them. It would have been practically useless to take the nuts whole, so I was told off to set aside the kernels in a sack that we had brought neatly folded, and the tram conductor's electro-plated ticket-puncher. I was dumbfounded.

Truffles smiled.

"Well, Pussy, are you game to make your fortune?"

So it was for this that he had lured me to his rooms. I tried to excuse myself. I lied, saying that I was rich, that I was in no need of money. Truffles picked me up gently in his arms and hurled me into the fire place. Then I conquered my scruples. How, I cannot tell; I can but say that I know nobody so irresistible as Truffles when his mind is made up.

"Can I trust you to keep mum if I tell you my plan?" he said, with a little laugh of light-hearted mastery.

"I'm sorry, Pussy; I ought not to have asked. I see you will not betray it. Meet me at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon outside Sordido's."

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new," I quoted.

"You haven't forgotten your 'Hamlet,' then, Pussy."

I borrowed sixpence from him and went out into the night. I could not sleep, but lay tossing underneath my bed, thinking of my broken vows and what the morrow would bring forth.

"By Jove!" he answered. "I'm just going there myself—and so are you, eh, Pussy?"

"Yes, old man," he said, with a chuckle, "but I don't want the whole street to hear it."

I don't know what I said or what I did. I only wondered. Who had thus communicated with me? To whom was I to walk?
for the purpose. Truffles put on the greengrocer's apron and stood behind the counter ready to serve customers. Each time that anyone approached he touched me with his foot; this was a signal to warn me to desist for the moment, for no noise carries further than the cracking of a nut. Once it happened that I did not feel his signal, my excitement, I suppose, overpowering my sense of pain. When the woman that had come in had departed, Truffles bent down and whispered fiercely:

"'tis folly! You utterly idiot!" he said, in a ferment.

Not another syllable did he utter, for we heard the noise of a door being opened. It led into the shop from the interior of the house. Luckily it was situated opposite to the counter, so that the woman who entered through it was unable to see me or the errand-boy. From the interior of the house. Luckily it was situated opposite to the counter, so that the woman who entered through it was unable to see me or the errand-boy. She was wheeling a perambulator. She started as her eyes fell on Truffles.

"Were's my 'usband?" she demanded. Truffles smiled.

"A very natural question," he said, blandly. "He has just gone to his solicitor's to arrange about a document. He has told me the business, and he wishes to have the transaction properly certified."

It was wonderful magic! The woman was, nevertheless, not quite reassured.

"Funny thing 'e never told me," she said, suspiciously.

"Ah! If fear he is a bad husband altogether," answered R. O. Truffles, smiling at her.

Then he did a thing which I have never known whether to admire or to detest. He walked round the counter and knelt down before the woman, raising his clasped hands in supplication. For several minutes he was there, and the woman saw him rise to his feet, wiping his eyes. The woman behind her.

"What a horrid face she has," I whispered to Truffles as he came back.

"Pussy!" he cried savagely, and raised his clenched fist to strike me.

"Here," I said, with great presence of mind, "crack this nut," and I put one on the counter.

"Quick!" shouted Truffles.

The greengrocer held on to some railings with one hand, and with the other, his broken hand in supplication. For several minutes he was there, and I as an elderly ruffian with a broken nose. The woman behind him.

"You should have taken the baby out first," said the greengrocer; "then we were about to turn into the main road the greengrocer dashed past us at a run.

"Hi! hi!" shouted Truffles.

"Watser matter?" gasped the greengrocer.

"Do you hear those people calling your name, because they are calling your name if it's your name they're calling?"

"Wot d'ye say?"

"I've told you once," said Truffles. "You think it out."

The greengrocer held on to some railings with one hand, and with the other, his broken hand in supplication. For several minutes he was there, and I as an elderly ruffian with a broken nose. The woman behind him.

"You fool! You utter idiot!" I shouted out.

Not another syllable did he utter, for we heard the noise of a door being opened. It led into the shop from the interior of the house. Luckily it was situated opposite to the counter, so that the woman who entered through it was unable to see me or the errand-boy. She was wheeling a perambulator. She started as her eyes fell on Truffles.

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It is clearly apparent to those who have eyes to see, although among the millions and millions and millions of unseeing, it has been hopelessly misunderstood. Yet no clearer mechanical proof could be afforded. Firstly, substituting for the figures ‘4’ and ‘6’ the letters which correspond to them in the alphabet—‘d’ and ‘f’—we have a simple anagram, DE BAILLIFER, S.E., becomes by arrangement, TRUFFLES IS DEAD.

There is no doubt—there can be no doubt upon the matter. I now turn to the deaths column in the ‘Daily Telegraph’; but, it may be urged by pedants, what should I look for in a journal? Is it not signally appropriate and peculiarly fitting that we should turn to the only newspaper which published a report of the robbery? Is it not obvious that the instigator of the affair caused to be issued almost immediately this report, which is, amongst the ignorant, attributed to an enterprising journal? Yes! It is, of course, all part of the plot. Should this not be a sufficient proof, I will show by another simple anagram that the wise author of the report wished me to examine the deaths column. THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, by manipulation, becomes PAGE I, DEATH, T.I.E., RHYL; unquestionably, as every one of its readers must know; it is a well-known fact. When the speaker—

‘Who’s that?’ I interrupted.

‘The person who is speaking at the moment,’ he said, drawing a very long, deep breath. ‘In this case it was I, I believe.

‘When the speaker had learned the true significance of the title of the newspaper, his eyes were opened to the inward meaning of the deaths column, and he perceived that he must examine it for a report of the death at Rhyl of some person with the initials ‘T. L. E.’ And lo! we find the following notice:—

‘ESDUS.—At Rhyl, Ted Luff Esdus.’

‘It might be asked, What is the significance of this? As I myself was sure, anagrammatically, AT RHYL, TED LUFF TRUFFLES’ DEATH SIGNED. At once I telegraphed to a friend at Rhyl, asking him to look in the local paper for the exact address at which the death had taken place, and to send me a precise account of any notice exhibited on those premises. His answer is that the residence in question is a sweet-shop, and that it used to bear in the window the motto, ‘Tom’s Nougat House.’ Lately, however, the last two letters of the last word have fallen off or have been removed, so that now, and now only, TOM’S authentically.

‘TRUFFLES IS DEAD, having died suddenly two months ago in the sweet-shop at Rhyl, where he was living under the name of ‘Esdus.’

‘It is not possible to afford a clearer mechanical proof that—

‘TRUFFLES IS INNOCENT OF THE ROBBERY. It is not possible to make a clearer or more definite statement that—

‘ESDUS IS DEAD.’

‘It is not possible that any doubt can be entertained respecting the manifest fact that—

‘TRUFFLES IS ES DUS.’

The Criteria of Art.

The Criteria of Art, like most other criteria, are at bottom steeped in convention. Some men are in advance of the convention; many are behind it; even some, if they adopt, with a facility born of practice, the prevalent opinion in their outward acts and words. If we admit this, which seems self-evident, how can a work of art be defined? It seems to me that a true work of art is really a talisman, in the presence of which a man feels himself to be greater than before: a charm which opens for him a door of union with the everywhere, and, passing through, he knows things which by himself he did not know. But they are inside him and not outside; they are, as it were, far-off memories of things he had forgotten. And remembering them after the long forgetting, he is strengthened and comforted. Such charms as this are beyond any canon and criterion. If they work, he is brave who will say “bad art” to them, or even try by dissection to find wherein lies their potency. Whether they work or not is always a personal question; what is a sacrament for one man is crude and superstitious for another, and what appeals to one man may be caviare to the general. The charm is often quite unintentional in so far as the artist is concerned. In this, he would say, it is just as filmy to do what Industry and the best artists, such a charm cannot be made by thinking; but if a man is really an artist in his soul and works honestly to express himself, then whether he works according to intellect or feeling, that he creates imbued with the power which comes with all sacrifices.

This conception of a work of art, though really, I think, fundamental, is not of much use where discussion and evaluation are our objects.

Perhaps the most general way in which, a work of art touches us is where it tells us something, we know and tells it better than we could tell it ourselves. It is this second proviso on which all depends. What it tells us may be the inside world or the outside world, the inner or outer things, the first attempt to interpret* itself thus. Recognising the greater value of the inner over outer things, the first attempt to emphasise the former was by the careful and under-the-title of the data, which, in order that they might be reached the direct contact such as music possesses. But though the art of Japan has had much to do with these later-day developments, it seems to me as if one very important gift had been ill-advisedly over-looked. The Japanese artist, it is true, tries not to portray much of the inside world, and his outside world is rather a strange one. Though concealed by the conventions of ages, what he is really showing is the life in the outside world, and a direct approach, stirring the very chords of our emotions, and in so far as the message embraces all our knowledge on the point we call it good.

In painting the outside world is conveyed to us by shape and colour; the inside world by subject and association. Music which deals only with the inside world has a direct method of approach, stirring the very chords of our emotions, and it seems as if the painter was, in envy, trying to find such a direct way too. At least this is the only explanation obvious of the new developments of the art. The history of painting during the past fifty years, as I see it, seems to interpret itself thus. Recognising the greater value of the inner over outer things, the first attempt to emphasise the former was by the careful and under-the-title of the data, which, in order that they might not distract from the required end, were made less and less corporeal. Post-impressionist art I find difficult to understand. It seems that it is pruning itself of all but the barest necessities, and in its present embryonic state is more of the nature of a method than an art, showing how, in spite of all the self-imposed limitations, and not because of them, it is possible to convey some idea of certain limited emotions within. It may be that thus will be reached the direct contact such as music possesses. But though the art of Japan has had much to do with these later-day developments, it seems to me as if one very important gift had been ill-advisedly overlooked. The Japanese artist, it is true, tries not to portray much of the inside world, and his outside world is rather a strange one.
tion, and relation only; whether it is a tree or a house matters little, the force of its underlying life is ignored. I fancy that Mr. Wroblewski, whose drawings The New Age gave last week, is on this track, and that what he is trying to do is to learn the essentials by which different life values are to be introduced among the data. These are to any mind painfully lacking in the later post-impressionists, and for me their work is ghastly and obscene, a dissecting room masquerading as a bridal chamber.

Mr. Hunty Carter and Sir H. Beerbohm Tree.

By Hunty Carter.

I have received the following letters from Sir Herbert Tree and his secretary in reply to my article of last week. Unfortunately these letters reached me too late to enable me to reply in the current issue, but I shall have the pleasure of doing so next week.

His Majesty's Theatre, S.W.

December 1, 1911.

Sir,—I have seen your article in The New Age of November 30, and regret that there should be any misunderstanding. I hasten to assure you that there has been no intention on my part to imitate or caricature your idea, Aline, as you call it, I had the idea, and it has been arrived at from various sources, including Mrs. Enthoven, on the subject of having a permanent exhibition of things theatrical. Mr. Charles Jerningham was one of these, and had even written about it in his letter "From the Linkman" in Truth of April 5 last.

Subsequently I purchased the idea, but from a different point of view; you wished to establish an exhibition in London of the theatrical devices being tested and adopted on the Continent, with the idea of transferring this exhibition bodily from provincial city to provincial city. And you know I wished to do all I could to help you in this scheme. Previous to this, Mr. Guy Laking had also spoken to me about a permanent exhibition, and when in the names of the Trustees from the London Museum to devote a section of their Museum as a permanent home of all objects that illustrate the history of the theatre, and I wished to announce my intention in the Press. That there should be such a section in the London Museum had long been discussed, but he wished me to publish the fact that the scheme was made by the Trustees. In doing this, I wrote a letter, purposely mentioning no names, a letter which I hoped would cover the whole subject, and allow individuals to take up the departments which they are naturally large to a species of extra space. To give an opportunity for your suggestion I wrote as follows:—"Apart from this, it is hoped to hold exhibitions illustrating the different developments and phases of theatrical art at home and abroad." It seemed to me that my letter would give opportunity for you and for everyone else interested in this movement to write articles and letters in the Press with regard to suggestions and schemes. As you know, I was absolutely ready, and still am, to do everything to further your undertaking; your exhibition illustrating theatrical art abroad, and I merely wished to announce that I thought this was an opportunity for co-operation with the individuals who are making the same way as you intended. It was obvious I could have no intention of interfering with your plan, or with any other that had previously been submitted to me, and had only wished to open a door for the co-operation of the many ideas for holding theatrical exhibitions which have been conveyed to me during the last months—I almost might say years.

Pray let me know if there is any statement you would like me to make to explain the position of affairs from your point of view, as I can assure you I have no wish to do anything but aid you and everyone who has the interests of the art of the theatre at heart. Yours very truly.

Hunty Carter, Esq.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

December 3, 1911.

Dear Mr. Carter,—You will have received a letter from Sir Herbert Tree explaining his feelings with regard to your article in The New Age. I am very sorry that there should have been this feeling on your part that Sir Herbert has not treated you fairly in the matter, but I know that it was his desire to start the ball rolling when he sent his letter announcing the offer from the London Museum to the Press. I feel that I am at the time here, and I have no doubt that you have sent a copy of the letter he was sending so that you might have known what was being done; but everything was arranged as it always is here, owing to the general press of business—in a hurry at the last moment, and I know that he referred to your scheme, so that he was hoping you would take the other side of it. Have you wished to send the letter to the "Times"—on the contrary, he thought you would have sent one afterwards as an amplification of his letter. —Yours very truly.

WALTER R. CREGGTON.

The following letter from Mrs. C. Enthoven was addressed to the Editor of The New Age:

December 3, 1911.

SIR,—Please excuse Sir Herbert Tree to be taken to prison on the charge of larceny committed against Mr. Hunty Carter, and before your readers confirm Mr. Carter's judgment, will you permit me to state a few simple facts? The idea of a theatrical section in a national museum was suggested to me, some seven years ago, by Sir Cecil Smith of the South Kensington Museum, with the object of establishing such a section. Sir Herbert Tree lent me his immensely valuable interest early in September. It may surely follow from all this that if the idea Sir Herbert Tree wrote about to the papers on November 21 and Mr. Carter's letter to the press were not strong enough, I, and not Mr. Carter, had priority in it. Really, however, his idea and my idea are different. Sir Herbert's letter on November 21 was written when he had read the other papers on November 12, and concerned an historical and national theatrical section permanently in London. Mr. Carter's idea is apparently a temporary and politico-theatrical exhibition to be moved from place to place. Surely he sees the difference? And why should
not both schemes co-exist? Perhaps when Mr. Carter thinks in over he will see this point and incidentally regret the terms in which he made his attack. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, GABRIELLE ENTHOVEN.

REVIEWS.

The Free Marriage. By T. Keighley Snowden. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

We paused apprehensively. One never knows how gossip gets about. We are acquainted with the people - but this isn't about them. It is about Marjery and Dick, who, while thoroughly legally married, pretend they are not by having separate flats! They can, easily, because Dick earns £600 a year and buys the flowers which Marjery can scarcely afford out of her private income, which is about two hundred. Marjery is a keen suffragist and longs to shake hands with Miss Pankhurst. Dick loves Maeterlinck. He loses a lot of money, and convinces Marjery that votes are less than man, and though he is in favour, etc., woman must be womanly, and there is something about motherhood and the fragrant warmth of her, and giving up flats to live for one another. "He caught his breath on a sob and took her in his arms." It would probably work all right. All these people want is one kick over the mill before settling down.

The Beloved Princess. By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul. 6s. net.)

Mr. Pearce sentimentalises about Princess Charlotte of Wales, the daughter of the Regent and Princess Caroline; and in his first sentence quotes Whittier's well-known ode in "Maud Muller." "The sentimentalist," said George Meredith, "fiddles harmonics on the strings of sensuality"; and Mr. Pearce has packed his book with quotations from the scandalous memoirs of the time. He even quotes "The Secret History of the Court of England," written of course, asserting its authenticity. That during the greater part of the time England was at war with France is a fact of so little moment that Napoleon's name is not to be found in the index. Of the politics of the period, and how they were affected by the feud between the father and mother of the Princess, we are told nothing. We have, instead, stories of drunken bridegrooms, mysteries, mistresses, intrigue and corruption; the whole cast of the principals being college friends, with whom the Goddess Sekhet, an Egyptian dispenser of love and cruelty, "her tools and her victims," twenty-five in number, besides "many minor characters," the principals being college friends, actors, prizefighters, landladies, commercial travellers, artists, studio friends, models, authors, horse youths, printers, and a seamstress. Evarne Stornaway-in- whom-the-Goddess-is-especially-interested's father dies, and she goes off to the Continent with his old gentleman, rigs Irene out in Bond Street. She, out of sheer gratitude—no other reason being conceivable—sings him "hymn of prayer". She has a marvellous voice, incredibly marvellous; she is permitted to sing "Old Sweet Song" on the London concert platform. When they marry he gives her for a wedding present an extraordinary copy of "Love's Old Sweet Song"; they go to live in Gray's Inn. She is a baby, he being long since a grey-head and she still the embodiment of love and youth. She is faithful, and that is something besides. On the last page she goes "humming softly, Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore.

The Baron of Ill Fame. By Hester Barton. (Stanley Paul. 6s.) A man of "singularly handsome and attractive appearance, whose courtly manners and distinguished bearing proclaimed his noble birth," and a youth, "whose likeness at once proclaimed his relationship," and other nobles of Florence talk in extinct English to convince us of their genuine Italian origin. They "am I?" and "are you," and "provided that it be" to little purpose, however, though hands fly to daggers and daggers fly from belts. We are not convinced. The book reads as if some honest researcher among the horde we have at work had become smitten by great names and longed to ensure their immortality. Dante is mentioned very favourably. Corso Donati, Giano della Bella, Guido Cavalcanti, and crowds of others are brought in, but the manner of presenting them is hackneyed and the writing stuffed with clichés, commonly two and three in a sentence: "In truth, Corso Donati had never stood higher in the estimation of his fellow-citizens than now, and the victory in which he had played so important a part some three years earlier still shews his glory over him." That writing is journalism of a poor sort, and the publisher's reader ought to have recognised it at a league.

The Revoke of Jean Raymond. By May Ford. (Stephen Swift. 6s.) "Marriage problem presented at a new angle," says the publisher's note, but it is just the same old thing. Jean marries Bernard when she presumably ought to have married Charlie; has a baby whom she names Charles Bernard. Pa is not very pleased, and, being a doctor, gives a backslap by mistake to an old man, whose son thereupon beats him to death. So he's got rid of. Jean, a model of virtue, as at least her author seems to suppose, has sworn to the dying Bernard that she is told he is dead, and is carried out unconscious forever upon the green bosom of Earth—our Mother." To reflect that Mrs. Miller would, after laying down her pen, probably these cold nights put on a flannel gown and get into bed!

Love's Old Sweet Song. By Clifton Bingham. (Stanley Paul. 6s.) Once in the dear dead days beyond recall everybody did not write novels. Mr. Bingham opens by telling a dog on the hearthrug that he, "Francis Secretan, am a murderer." However, it is only a motor accident, and the girl lives, though the old mother, who would have made a mésalliance, so to speak, as a mother-in-law, conveniently dies on the spot. Francis, who is a rich old gentleman, rigs Irene out in Bond Street. She, out of sheer gratitude—no other reason being conceivable—sings him "hymn of prayer". She has a marvellous voice, incredibly marvellous; she is permitted to sing "Old Sweet Song" on the London concert platform. When they marry he gives her for a wedding present an extraordinary copy of "Love's Old Sweet Song"; they go to live in Gray's Inn. She is a baby, he being long since a grey-head and she still the embodiment of love and youth. She is faithful, and that is something besides. On the last page she goes "humming softly, Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore.

Henrietta Taking Notes. By E. Crosby Heath. (The Bodley Head. 6s.) Henrietta Crosby Heath is one of the Lady Noggs species, i.e., an author trying to write like a child. She is longer-winded and not so dramatic as Noggs, and she makes innocent-eyed risqué remarks about babies only six months younger than their elders, and so on. Otherwise it is not too boring to read a few pages here and there.
Sir,—I have been reading with the deepest interest some comments in the "Notes of the Week" in your current issue, dealing with what I regard as a subject of the most vital importance, in which I believe a great and growing number of English people are consciously or subconsciously profoundly in sympathy.

I have long felt the disease in English political life for which I have long felt conscious or subconsciously profoundly in sympathy; comments in the "Notes of the Week" in your current issue, a chance of being discussed on its merits.

reaching a subject ventilated in a medium in which it has the position.

even to the temerarious action of begging you to reconsider, haps you will be indulgent enough to reproduce the follow-

"Notes" which, as a diagnosis of the disease, could not be

ing two representative paragraphs

Members of Parliament to the error of their ways? Con-

preventive, not a palliative, is required, and I hunger to

such an ordeal?

and, without the necessity of tall pledges to, or equivocal

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for a chance collection of majorities—which sometimes in

the aggregate have proved a net minority—of the electors,

But there is a wholesale dissatisfaction with the methods by which parliamentary government is conducted in this country. It is felt that, for some reason, or other, the House of Commons fails to speak with the voice of England.

To reform or not to reform. Yet Proportional Representation would admittedly reproduce on a small scale the conformation of the nation on the large scale. To represent, on the other hand, is to discover, not the exact proportions of the varying opinions existing in the nation, but their common factor, their soul, if we may use the term. It may thus happen in a perfectly representative body, that its expressed opinion actually coincides exactly with no single body of opinion, large or small, in the country. For all that, it may by universal consent be a sound and able man to come forward with entire sincerity and, without the necessity of tall pledges to, or equivocal evasions of, noisy cliques, to have a reasonable expectation of being chosen as a representative by people who have faith in his judgment and character, and who have at last been permitted a means of choosing a man instead of merely one of two loose conglomerates of vague policy, each with a human automaton attached.

When once come to think of it, such a body of representa-

and, without women!

sailors, if Admiral Fremantle is

Greeks exclaimed: "If only we could have children—

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judges who have to administer it would put the same standard of responsibility upon themselves, the whole gang would be now serving very long terms of penal servitude. The late Sir Wiliam Ewart Gladstone and the living Sir Edward Ridley would never have been out of prison. These men are old men of experience, while the only persons hit by the Children Act are wretchedly poor mothers and ignorant servant girls.

I am afraid the tone of your correspondent's letter and its manner without warrant of the argument entitle me to the right of question the duties of the State towards unprotected children cannot be supplied by him or her—I know not the sex of anonymity.

Your correspondent is good enough to show some acquaintanceship with my writing, but it is of a very superficial character.

One of the greatest burdens upon writers on public affairs is that they have to go on reiterating what should have been remembered by their readers. In November, 1910, I found the following in The New Age on the Incest Act as folk, obsolete. The peculiar disadvantages of working-class life should be remembered in considering this crime. The offences are usually committed by ignorant men who are not aware that they have done anything wrong. The whole family is often very often sleeping in one room. They are crimes specially attributable to social, economic, and educational defects in society.

To these observations I should add these further remarks. The Incest Act has introduced the principle of secret trials in criminal cases, hitherto unknown in modern procedure. The sentences imposed by the judges, under the cover of that secrecy, will not be published; they will blind the public against the cruelties of the judicial mind.

The sentences are evidence not of the atrocity of the crime, but of the incapacity of the judges to exercise justice in helpless persons, who have no one to protect them against the outrages of the judges. From the nature of the offence, there is a much greater chance of miscarriage of justice, especially having regard to the startling provisions of the Act as to the evidence of accomplices.

I am also not satisfied that there is any reliable scientific data upon which the punishment of incest between adults could be justified. However repugnant this conduct may be, the causes of incest are rarely criminal judging by the experience I have had of trials for this evil.

Your correspondent introduces the usual irrelevancies about "beer and bacca." Probably, most of the wretched persons affected by these Acts are denied those luxuries; unless they have a husband or wife who is an industrial victim, and the survivor obtains compensation under the various Acts.

So long as "abortion" is treated as a grave crime, when practised by unlicensed people, the only ones the poor can afford, comments about "bringing children into the world" leave me unmoved, as does the sneer about the "coolie class" and "Moloch worshippers."* * *

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to the inquiry why neither he nor they took steps to keep the "lies" out. That they got in is undoubtedly. Hence the "stink," and so far as John Nicholas is concerned they appear to have taken a mean advantage, presumably during those nine years. He was always learning to smoke expensive Turkish cigarettes and tasting formally forbidden amusements.

And now having quarrelled with the apothecary, condemned the ointment, and found fault with the flies, he once more assails the "Family" morality by asserting that "it is three places removed from the truth." The dominant ideas in the Hebrew scriptures connected with the word "family" or "leadership," for example, are "authority." For the first, Psalm 68, 6, may be cited: "God setteth the solitary in families." For "leadership" Gideon's words: "My father, or my elder brother." My thought is means ends (Judges vi. 15); while for "authority" we have the edict of Ahaseurus (Esther i. 22), "That every man should bear rule in his own house," not to mention Paul's writings.

These Scriptures clearly show that "the Family" is not a place "where we can do whatever we like." Small wonder therefore that John Nicholas finds this "Family" stupid, stifling, and of stagnating ugliness. Throughout there is no room for his "morality" or that of his friends to develop, and they are therefore "expanding" and exhibiting it outside.

But is it necessary while doing this to malign those who are "without," and to hurl stones at their doorear? A cursory glance at the "stinking" eggs reveals an ill-digested assortment of mixed metaphors, half-truths from various lands, folly and sin fermenting together. This is exposed to view under an "empty sky," where with "uplifted hands" these outsiders "dream of a law of action" which is "centred in the universe," and "by a sort of parallactic law of an observant deity," John Nicholas and his singular associates shall give an account of themselves to Him, and find that the whole universe has become (unlike "the bush in the desert") "too small and too hot" to hold them.

* * *

**FEMINISM**

Sir,—Your contributors are angry with the "Circulationists." The Circulationists, however, are merely the creatures of conditions. They derive all their inspiration from the fact that they live in an age of feminine revolt. Throughout Europe and America, and a large part of Asia, women are questioning their whole position in life, and are asking whether so-called "morality" is really moral, or merely a device which men have invented for holding women in subjection. Men of letters did not tell them to ask these questions, and men of letters will not stop them. Popular novelists, however, that they are the questions it pays to write about, and so they are writing about them.

It is noteworthy that before our own time there have already been great individual movements of feminine emancipation which history records, and on each occasion the effect on morals and literature was the same as now. The first was in Egypt under the Pharaohs. Women then attained such a high position that anthropologists have supposed that it was the surviving relic of a matriarchate which once existed all over the world. What was the result? Rawlinson, in his "History of Ancient Egypt," says:—"The Egyptian women were notoriously of loose character, and, whether as we meet them in history or as they are depicted in Egyptian romance, appear as immoral and licentious." Of the literature of that time Rawlinson says: the state of morals which the natives describe is one of great laxity—not to say, dissoluteness. The prolificacy of the men is equalled or exceeded by that of the women, who not infrequently make five or six births in which she was absent from the "Family." The next great triumph of feminism was in Rome, and began towards the close of the Republic. Women obtained complete rights of property and extraordinary personal freedom. Arrian in "B.C. 237," says: "No society is so jealous of its virility, which preserves any tincture of Christian institution is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by Roman law."

The whole of this period when they used their freedom. The collapse of conventional morality in Rome is one of the commonplaces of the pulpit. Moreover, literature too was affected. The Circulationists of those days, and they exercised far greater freedom of speech than any Circulationists of our days has yet ventured to use.

The third victory of feminism had its scene in Southern Europe from about the time the Troubadours to the end of the Italian Renaissance. Jacob Burckhardt, in his admirable book on "The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy," shows clearly that women were then quite equal with men in every respect. There was no question of independent or female emancipation, simply because the thing itself was a matter of course. The educated woman, no less than the man, strove naturally after a characteristic and complete individuality. The same intellectual and emotional development which perfected the man was demanded for the perfection of the woman. And what was the effect on the relations of the sexes? Burckhardt has this to say: "What seems characteristic of Italy at this time is that here marriage and its rights were more often and more deliberately trampled under foot than elsewhere. The literature of that period was astoundingly free in its tone. Hundreds of novelists in the style of Boccaccio sprang up all over Italy. Poets and dramatists like Ariosto and Arcino wrote in the same manner. Lorenzo Valla, the earliest philosopher of modern Europe, wrote a dialogue "De Voluptate," in which he furiously assailed conventional morality.

It is therefore quite evident that the Circulationists are merely the mouthpieces of feminine revolt. They are clever tradesmen who supply the goods which are wanted. If your contributors wish to suppress the Circulationists, they must begin by suppressing feminism. I do not think they will succeed. There is not a true lover of justice who does not deplore trice in the past, but in each case it was done by foreign conquest. Feminism always arose within a small area which had become more civilised than the rest, and was speedily conquered by the grosser barbarians around. This time feminism will not fail, for it is over-spreading the whole world and not merely a small corner of it. In our days all nations are almost equally civilized, and feminism will soon be as familiar in Pekin as in San Francisco. The morality of the ages has at last sustained a blow from which it will never recover. What we have now to do is to accept the change as inevitable and utilise it.

* * *

**"THE WAR GOD."**

Sir,—Mr. Hulton Carter's summary and critique of this play breathe the spirit of your most select brand of self-sufficient Verdadian prig. I may say that I went to "The War God" myself, and considered it a most pernicious production, not for Mr. Carter's reasons, but because of its elevation of non-resistance as against revolutionary force. But, while violently disagreeing with this doctrine, I still have sufficient respect for Mr. Zangwill to distrust me with such criticism as Mr. Carter's.

Consider his summing-up of the characters. From such a phrase as "the criminal Bismarck-Torgirm burgling Alba" one would never gather that Mr. Zangwill had drawn his Chancellor, as he has, with real sympathy, making him not a stage villain at all, but a conscientious idealist of utterly perverse ideals. When Mr. Carter refers to "the woman militant anarchist, who has seen war through the eyes of a nurse and uses her experience as a standard of valuation," one is inclined to ask through whose eyes Mr. Carter has seen war? A newspaper correspondent's? As for his standard of valuation, it is presumably that of Nietzsche, which is simply the New Testament standing on its head—a cheap and vulgar exhibition, though popular enough with smug suburban scribblers who would be the first to shout for help at the possibility of having their gospel of brute might practised on themselves.

The man who describes Brog in the play as "a revolutionary anarchist with his whole 'justice' and 'peace' swept from under him put himself, grammatically and politically, on the level of the "Daily Express." The only objection to Brog is that he is so gross a liar, that the S.D.F. is frequently idiotic, but never censurable. As for the play, the only bearable character is Norna, and even she fails us in the last act.

* * *

**PICASSO.**

Sir,—My own hold upon the art is ancient enough not to be disturbed by any of my many intellectual extensions, I being, on the whole, content to know that painting is again turning towards the expression of more than its own terms.
I do not mean to say that it will aim at comforting the world as the Victorians thought it should; it will no longer imitate the tastes and fashions of things reckoned by custom to contain sentiments; but, moved and changed, painting in itself tend to become the substance of emotion.

To paint as one sees, or as one does not; to favour patterns, life for good or ill, matters altogether different from the I am total abstainer, young, and an athlete. I took the picture seriously, harbouring no ridicule in my heart, having much faith in Mr. Hunley Carter's perception; I became, as it were, a true believer in some of the weird and marvels my heart and I saw. It is a full-blooded, vigorous, radiant thing is this Picasso; I have framed it in orange.

Arthur F. Thorn.

Sir,--Mr. Wake Cook is a fund of covering old and muttering ground that it is a waste of time to follow him. For many moons past he has been actively engaged tracking the new movement in painting to the lower depths, or what he believes to be such. His latest appearance reveals that he has linked himself to a certain expert in lunacy whose G.P.I. writings in various lollipop journals prove but one thing. He knows as little about the art of art as Lombroso knew about the man of genius. In fact, like Lombroso he proves that expert pathologists are expert in all subjects save one—pathology. What Wake proposes, if necessary, to go further. If his appearance arm-in-arm with the "mad" doctor does not serve to frighten the new masters off the field, he may rely upon the assistance of the insane itself as a last resort. For it "the law will prevent the last step being taken—on this side of the Channel." Of course, if the other side of the Channel persists in its foolishness the government of England but to declare war. Our great and brilliant war party ought to be grateful to Mr. Cook for the suggestion.

After attaching me to Mr. Lewis Hind's coat-tails, or placing me all-behind like Satan tempting Eve, Mr. Cook makes a quick change. He assumes the garb of a sophist and transports me to the groves of Academus in the year 400 B.C. or thereabout. Here I find Mr. Cook a different person. He is erecting operating enclosures in the local temples of the gods, waiting to receive us. He has heard that Mr. Cook-Georgias has some wonderful ideas concerning art as cinemography which he is anxious to impart to Mr. Urba-norus as the greatest living educationalist. Here I leave Mr. Cook-Georgias; I am going in pursuit of "meaning and art" to afford pictorial gleanings in the ever-widening fields of history, geography, and, of course, zoology, whence comes the "intelligent mole."

With regard to the jig-saw minds of Messrs. Tommy, Harold Fisher, W. I. Dryden, Frederick H. Evans, and the rest; little need be said beyond that their vision of the Picasso state does not extend beyond the jig-saw puzzle. Picasso has presented them with a study which is a symbol of his own artistic qualities, comprising reason, intelligence, extraordinary depth of vision and power of interpretation. Such persons as cannot see these qualities are themselves entirely lacking in them. In consequence they are unable to bring themselves to Picasso's level. In the experience of the advanced spirit in search of essential truth. Artists like Picasso are to-day in search of such truth. They have heard that Mr. Cook-Georgias has some wonderful ideas concerning art as cinemography which he is anxious to impart to Mr. Urba-norus as the greatest living educationalist. Here I leave Mr. Cook-Georgias; I am going in pursuit of "meaning and art" to afford pictorial gleanings in the ever-widening fields of history, geography, and, of course, zoology, whence comes the "intelligent mole."

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P.S.—Since writing my letter I have been reading Dr. Rentoul's article on "Woman, Infants," etc., etc. The good doctor appears to me to present us in his own person an example of what he explains as "the unity of things is unattainable." In obstructing Natural Law in its endeavours to exterminate certain life forms, towards what particular type does he intend to breed? G. F. W.

Sir,—I felt intuitively at first sight that the print would not submit itself to mere optical analysis; it would have to be wood, patiently and reverently, as befits all mystery.

I have seen them, in a flash, the table, the mandoline and the wingless, and forsoever I saw the print, I am a total abstainer, young, and an athlete. I took the picture seriously, harbouring no ridicule in my heart, having much faith in Mr. Hunley Carter's perception; I became, as it were, a true believer in some of the weird and marvels my heart and I saw. It is a full-blooded, vigorous, radiant thing is this Picasso; I have framed it in orange.

HUNTYL CARTER.
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