NOTES OF THE WEEK.

How many of the journalists who make the assumption know why the Lords will refrain from rejecting the Insurance Bill? We have ourselves enumerated a dozen reasons why they should reject it. But we have as yet seen no good reason given why they should not. Nevertheless, with a single accord, both Liberal and Unionist journals appear to imagine that nothing more unlikely, more unreasonable, more incredible, than the rejection of the Insurance Bill by the Lords is possible to be conceived. Why? The "Morning Post," of all the journals, opens its mind most adventurously on the subject, the reason, we are to suppose, is that the Lords intend to teach us a lesson. We read them only last year of a part of their Veto, and in a spiteful revenge they are now going to refuse to employ the veto that is by admission powerless to reject the Insurance Bill. It shall be a rod for our own backs.

There is, however, still the duty placed on us of ensuring that the Lords shall not commit murder and suicide blindly. The reasons for rejecting the Insurance Bill have already been made plain. The Bill is bad, it is irresponsible, it is grotesque, it is unmerciful, it is unmechanical, it is unscientific, it is unethical, it is unphilosophic, it is uncritical, it is idealistic, it is utopian, it is specious, it is abstract, it is artificial, it is academic, it is speculative, it is unpractical, it is impracticable, it is ridiculous, it is absurd.

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Bill with the plutocrats of the Liberal party is that it requires a contribution from the workmen. Without that contribution, no Insurance Bill would be acceptable to them. Mr. Lloyd George would quickly discover that the rope on which he at present runs at large would be shortened if he attempted any such proposal. Long, therefore, before the Lords could be presented with such a Bill the Bill would be defeated in the Commons. In other words, if the Lords were to throw out the present Bill they have no worse one, from their point of view, to fear. But another suggested reason is that the Lords are saving up their rejection of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill next year. This plea is, if possible, even weaker than those we have already examined. In refusing to suspend a Bill which the whole nation desires to have suspended they will not be saving up credit, but losing what little they have. When next autumn they think of throwing out Home Rule we shall all be asking by what authority they do so. So far as the effects of Home Rule on our intimate social life are concerned, none of us will feel them. But the Insurance Bill will touch every one of us and touch us only to wound. If the Lords refuse to save us from this, their pretence that in rejecting Home Rule they will be acting in national interests will appear as hollow as a bubble. And their case will be all the weaker for the coincidence of their rejection of Home Rule with our practical experience of the operation of the Insurance Bill. The same autumn that sees them arm in arm to reject Home Rule will see us suffering from the first rude shocks of the Insurance Bill in operation. It is not to be supposed that we will hail those as savours who deliberately left us to the Insurance Bill. Finally, we would ask what friends the Lords hope to make by permitting the Insurance Bill to go through? They must surely realise the necessity of being on better terms in the future with those in the Street by bonds of mutual service. To what powerful interest will their neglect to reject the Insurance Bill appeal? Public opinion, of course, will be opposed to them—but public opinion, we admit, is not omnipotent. But so also will be the professional classes and the commercial classes. Our most sober judgment, in short, is that their only friends, if this Bill is passed, will be a handful of wirepullers, between whom and the whole nation there is and will increasingly be nothing but war. And it is long enough for them to think the wirepullers pipe and pull the strings will this poor friendship continue.

Writing on Sunday last week of the appointments to the Insurance Commissionerships, we had not yet received the news of the most glaring political appointment of all. The selection of Mr. Lister Stead from the Foresters was bad enough, since his authority had plainly been relied upon to represent his society in Mr. Lloyd George’s interest from the very outset of the Bill. But the appointment of Mr. Whitaker Smith, the secretary of the British Medical Association, to the deputy-chairmanship of the English Commissioners is a plainer blunder of which Mr. Lloyd George is not likely to hear. It is professionally interested, and that is the best and the worst that can be said of it. But that it should appear to have been brought off, not by the satisfaction of its six demands, but by the purchase of its leading official, is galling to the profession to contemplate. Their suspicions will not be allayed by the singularly weak explanations offered both by the Council and by Mr. Lloyd George to the profession that a representative who has failed them as their paid servant will be any more faithful as their paid master. Argue the matter as you will, if South had erected a monument to Moore on the field of war in which Moore was still alive and unvictorious, English public opinion would have held Moore as under suspicion. Mr. Smith’s appointment could only be satisfactory if his profession had already won all its demands.

What is the idea in the “Daily Mail” and other Northcliffe organs continuing their agitation against the Bill when the Bill is now through the Commons and the same organs urge that it should be passed in the Lords? The “Daily Mail,” we do not deny, has done good service in fomenting opposition to the Bill—any stick is good enough to beat some dogs with—but this service is in danger of proving to be a complete mockery. Little did the readers of the “Daily Mail” dream when they were spending their time and money in collecting signatures against the Bill that these were to be employed perfectly aimlessly and harmlessly. From the present attitude of the “Daily Mail” towards the passage of the Bill through the Lords, we can only condole with its readers on having been fooled. There is little for it. The “Times” quite frankly states that now that the Bill is through the House of Commons, Mr. Lloyd George’s Bill is safe “in harbour. The “Times” even congratulates Mr. Lloyd George on his skill and courage in ignoring popular opinion. The “Daily Mail,” as we have seen, implies the Lords to let the Bill pass. What does it mean? Unfortunately, The New Age has no means of reaching the readers of the “Daily Mail,” and, if we had, what chance is there of its truth being spread? It is not our contemporaries, however, posterity and the living men of sense will know what is being done and why and how it is done. We shall be interested to see what dust the “Daily Mail” will throw in its readers’ eyes.

Beyond the honourable opposition of eleven Unionists, the only satisfactory incident in the proceedings on the Third Reading of the Insurance Bill in the Commons on Friday was the vote of six members of the Labour party against the Bill. We did, indeed, sign the protest and at least did not vote for the Bill. They were Messrs. Snowden, Lansbury, Thorne, O’Grady, Jowett and Keir Hardie. All honour to them. The Labour movement is not quite dead while one in seven of its Parliamentary party refuses to palter and lie. The rest of the story, however, is of unmitigable gloom. To begin with, the Unionist amendment was, by its very nature, a miserable sham; and, as amplified by Mr. Bonar Law, it is an impudent and an insulting blushing sham. Mr. Bonar Law, we are informed, kept the House in roars of laughter during his speech and afterwards received an ovation from his party. These latter, it appears, had always been in doubt whether Mr. Law could laugh, or could think, or could address the House after all, their new leader was not so stupid as they thought him, knew no bounds. But when we consider, away from the somewhat punchinello atmosphere of a Commons party debate, the actual purport of the speech that made the House “rock” (vide P. W. W.), its matter appears both insignificant and dishonest. It was simply a Bedlam joke to pretend that the effect of the amendment would not be to wreck the Bill. To suspend the Bill even for another three months would infallibly be to kill it. Moreover, Mr. Law did not even pretending to be perfectly well aware of this. So, too, were the two Unionists (one of them a notorious anti-Socialist!) who voted against their own party’s amendment. Mr. Bonar Law was made well aware of the incapable effect of his amendment, only he chose to shirk the responsibility of attempting to kill the Bill in name while doing his little best to kill it in fact. Mr. Asquith was quite correct in describing the amendment of the Unionists as “halting, faltering, pettifying.” The new Unionist leader is a melancholy change from Mr. Balfour.

The same mendacious inconsequence marked the speech and the action of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. His speech would lead anybody to suppose that the Bill was as bad as it is False. If Mr. MacDonald had the grave doubts whether the Bill would not do untold mischief. He even admitted that the more people saw of it the less
they liked it; it was increasing in unpopularity. Nevertheless, he should support the Bill because the said bill, once in operation, is the sooner we should know for certain whether it was as bad as it appeared to be. Of all the tales ’told by an idiot,’ this, surely, is the most nonsensical. All our reasoning suggests that the Bill as it stands on paper is a bad Bill; nobody wants it, nobody likes it. Therefore, the best thing to do with it is to put it into operation! Of Mr. MacDonald’s impotent conclusion the ‘Daily Mail’ remarked that it was ‘not inappropriate’ to the speech. We rub our eyes and ask—have Labour men conducted public and journalistic defence of theutton of Alice. But, alas! there is no awakening from the nightmare. Mr. MacDonald and the large rump of his party voted for the Bill. No less unintelligible is the action—on the contrary—of Lord Robert Cecil. If we remember rightly, he not only owed his recent election for the Hitchin constituency to his opposition to the Insurance Bill, but he publicly promised to vote against the Third Reading of the Bill. As such promises were retained; eleven Unionists voted with the handful of Labour and Irish members against the Bill; but among those courageous Unionists is not to be found the name of Lord Robert Cecil. Is this the kind of conduct by which the house of Cecil has been built up? Or is it merely the lapse of a lawyer-member into the low standards of smart tactics? Lord Robert Cecil undoubtedly owes his Socialist supporters no less against the Bill; but among those courageous Unionists were eleven Unionists who were supporting it. Our readers, we regret to think, have not hitherto displayed much interest in our wearying hints of what time is preparing by its means may in- produce them to consider it again. Nevertheless, he should support the Bill because the sooner it is passed, the sooner economic invention, that intelligence will henceforward transform into a mutual interest. The new science of management, they say, involves that labour should be systematically and scientifically studied and directed, so that it tends to increased industrial efficiency. The idea of workmen’s compensation is not new. It has been suggested, and even tried, in many countries. The principle of the system has been embodied in various statutes and in various forms of insurance. The idea of nationalisation of workmen’s compensation is a recent one. It has been advocated by some social reformers in France, Germany, and other countries. In England, the idea has been discussed and debated, but not yet put into practice. The question of workmen’s compensation is a complex one, and it is difficult to say what is the best way to approach it. But there is no doubt that some form of workmen’s compensation is necessary, and that it should be on a broad and comprehensive basis. The idea of nationalisation is attractive, but it is not without its difficulties. The establishment of a national workmen’s compensation fund would involve the expenditure of a large amount of money, and it would be difficult to find a large enough fund to cover all cases. Moreover, there would be the question of the amount of money to be paid out to each individual case. The idea of nationalisation is attractive, but it is not without its difficulties. The establishment of a national workmen’s compensation fund would involve the expenditure of a large amount of money, and it would be difficult to find a large enough fund to cover all cases. Moreover, there would be the question of the amount of money to be paid out to each individual case. There is one question which will instantly suggest itself: why need Labour be alarmed at the prospect of better conditions, reduced hours and the satisfaction of the whole caboodle of its present demanded reforms?
No reason, we reply, if Labour is prepared to accept a permanent status of comparatively luxurious slavery. On the other hand, if they object to slavery, however gilded, their only remedy is to insist on accepting nothing as a free gift from capitalism, but on taking everything by force. It is certain that every gift offered and accepted will forge a new link in their chain. They may not think now that it will, but years may not realise that gifts have a magic to bind them; but universal experience proves that what one is too weak or too idle to take by the sacrifice of force, one only obtains by the sacrifice of something even more important, namely self-respect. Mr. Henderson, or labour, or both, will solemnly warn them, are at this very moment at the cross-roads of the fate of their class. To the right the road winds narrow, stony and uphill all the way, but it leads to liberty. To the left is the primrose path leading to slavery. The Socialists of the Labour party (and Mr. MacDonald tells us he is a Socialist!) know very well, in theory at any rate, that a free State is one in which the workman receives not wages, but the product of the work he has done himself. In other words, wealth in a free State is apportioned fairly among the necessary or desirable elements of society. But the upshot of the new revolution in industrial methods, including the fulfilment of the worst social dreamer, is the creation of a proletariat, comfortable and bourgeois, on which will rest plutocracy composed of Carnegies, Astors, Cowdrays, et hoc genus omni.


A word in conclusion to old-fashioned and new-fashioned Tories and Tory-democrats. Your dream is of a contented democracy under the spiritual guidance of an aristocracy of character and culture. Fix your eyes on America. Repeat these words: What America is rapidly becoming England under Lloyd George is destined slowly to become. If that prospect is pleasing to Tory Democrats we have nothing further to say to them.

Nothing apparently can ruffle the complacency with which Mr. Henderson, in particular, views his successes last August to drive the railwaymen off the road. The appearance of invulnerability which he had fairly won. Speaking, or writing, somewhere last week, Mr. Henderson defended himself after this fashion: “There were some people who thought that matters would not be put right until there was a stand-up fight between capital and labour, but labour views, I believe, that we were going to encourage it.” Mr. Henderson is quite right not to encourage what is not his view, but when Bishop Butler implored people to follow their conscience by all means, he added that they should first make sure that they had not the conscience of an ass. Mr. Henderson, we think, has not taken this precaution before publishing his virtuous resolve. On the contrary, every new revelation of the mutual affairs of the railway companies and the men proves that, had he seriously done so, he would have followed anything rather than his own conscience. Between himself and his stable companions, Mr. MacDonald and the officials of the men’s unions, the companies not only turned defeat into victory for themselves, but they have reversed this victory to profit and gone far to make another defeat impossible. Even Mr. Henderson will observe that railway rates have been raised with the consent of the Government; and we can inform him that the fullest preparations for meeting the next strike have now been made. So completely divided are these that the companies, like a child with a new toy, rather desire than not to see how they will work. The smallest objection raised by the men’s officials at the Conference was enough to set their machine going to bounce out of the room to set their machine going to the sound of public as well as Government approval. For, of course, the infliction of a second strike on the public expense and without profit to the men would have been unpopular; but however much, we should be interested to know, is the Labour party prepared to tell the right to strike at all?

At the National Liberal Club on Monday, Mr. J. M. Robertson, the latest Radical to become a Liberal official, “delighted to draw the distinction dividing line between Liberalism and Socialism.” We know these defences. They invariably come from publicists who have no intention whatever of taking them up when they are challenged. The appearance of invulnerability is so very easy to produce, especially when your appearance is in thorough agreement with you; the defence serves to convince conviction itself. Nevertheless, we may as well tell the air that nothing is easier than to distinguish between Liberalism and Socialism. Socialism aims at appropriating to the community private interest and private rent. Liberalism, at best, merely taxes them.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A LULL was expected in some quarters after Sir Edward Grey’s speech, but it was broken by the address delivered by Dr. von Behmann-Hollweg on Tuesday week. Without going fully into the text of this latter speech, let us say that it lays down the important principle which is bound to have its effect in diplomacy: the principle that exchanges of territory cannot be made in any part of the world unless Germany is consulted, and, presumably, “compensated.” In other words, if Persia, for example, were divided between Russia and Great Britain, Germany would have to be taken into the confidence of both countries and compensated, either in Persia or somewhere else.

It is not sufficient to pooh-pooh such a demand by saying that it is contrary to all international law and precedent. Might alone is now and always has been the final judge in international affairs. Germany, a young, vigorous, rising nation, wants what the Kaiser himself has called a place in the sun. She has the necessary military force, and possibly in a few years she may have the necessary naval force also, to get exactly what she wants. There is no harm in all this. Persia, Greece, Rome, Spain, ourselves—all have acted in the same way at one time or another. We need not here enter into the ethnological question of how nations develop, become powerful, degenerate, and finally die out. It is sufficient for us to know that this process actually does take place; that a nation on the down-grade, gradually losing its old courage and strength of spirit, and above all, above all, one who knows very little about peace, brotherhood, and so on; and that a nation on the up-grade does not bother about peace or brotherhood or treaties, but simply takes what it wants when it is strong enough to do so. Germany is a nation on the up-grade as compared with Europe generally, and they want to use it. It is, at present, the power of brute strength tempered with pedantry; but it is, nevertheless, power. Little by little the Germans have been casting aside their cloudy philosophy, their harmless dialectics and metaphysics and reconcile speculations, and, instead, they now feel that they want to do something.

I need hardly say that there are many among us who regret the disappearance of the old order. Germany is now suffering from all the disadvantages of Western civilisation. The country people, for instance, are flocking into the towns, and the healthy pursuits of agricultural life are being exchanged for the nerve and body racking labours of the overcrowded factory. But the Germans have an immense stock of constitutional strength in reserve, and it will be years and years before the effects of the new order become apparent. With the improvement in trade the middle classes are gradually coming into power, although they are not yet on competing terms with the aristocracy. There is more money, more luxury, more dissoluteness; but, at the same time, among other sections of the people, above and below, there is that movement in favour of expansion and strength-testing which I have already referred to. The diplomatic effect of this movement was summed up by the Chancellor when he said that nothing might
be done by any other nation in any part of the world without Germany having first been consulted. No doubt Germany has already been depicted on the battlefield of diplomacy, the latest instance being, of course, the Morocco affair. But she has also some things to place to her credit—e.g., her support of Austria at the time of the Bosnian crisis, when Germany—and not England—held off France, Great Britain, and Russia. Germany succeeded in this instance because she was prepared to fight and the other countries were not. This brings us back to the main point which must be emphasised: the point that might be in the end the ruling factor in international affairs. Those who argue from the evolution of law within a nation that all nations will gradually come to recognise one supreme authority—such, presumably, as that of The Hague Tribunal—must surely by this time be aware of the fallacy underlying their argument. Within one nation—our own, for instance—the people in general have agreed that order shall be respected and that certain bodies of men, such as policemen, magistrates, and judges, shall be deputed to see that order is respected and maintained. The authority of the Courts is recognised; the constable rules the parish. In international affairs, however, this does not hold good. The nations have never yet decided among themselves that a supreme authority shall be recognised. The Hague Tribunal at present exercises some nominal authority; but who heeds The Hague Tribunal? In Germany and Russia it is openly flouted; in France and Russia it is merely ignored. It is perhaps not unconnected with this that the differences of race, as the entire history of the world goes to show, cannot be bridged over by any international tribunal—laws are respected within countries simply because the inhabitants of those countries are of the same race. Where we have and do not have a supreme authority, we have and do not have absorbed it into— or, rather, who have not been absorbed into its climate, or absorbed by inter-marriage with those who have been acclimatised—we find the law in such a country held in scant respect. Take the United States, for example, where the administration of justice between man and man is a mere farce. On the other hand, it is quite possible that in the course of thousands of years the configuration of the earth may change. Naturally, I do not claim any special astronomical knowledge beyond that supplied by the excellent reference library of the National Liberal Club and much discursive reading; but the phenomenon of Atlantis is familial— to most of us through Plato's "Timaeus." Only the other day, too, the papers contained an account of the birth of an island in the Pacific; and a similar process of birth and decay is going on all over our planet. It is only in the contemplation of vast periods of time and in the face of the uncertainties of thousands of years that we can come to take a sufficiently detached view of foreign affairs. I have tried to indicate this week a few of the factors entering into such a detached view. Of course, we cannot altogether escape from reality, and sometimes, perhaps, sufficiently cynical, to observe the rise and fall of empires, the birth and obliteration of races, and the submerging of continents. But sooner or later we are compelled to attend to life itself; and then we must leave Atlantis for Germany; we must leave the dead skull of the Neanderthal Valley for the much less interesting living skull of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg. The blood stirs; we, too, are living men, and what will happen next week is more important for the moment than the fate of the noble British race or of that curious breed which some might class as a remnant of the Bonus Dictator of the other side of the Atlantic. Let us collect our philosophical wits, then, and attend to next week when next week comes. Russia wants the Dardanelles opened, and if Turkey objects, England and France do not. And Bulgaria is growing at the Poitou, Austria in the throes of a military scandal. Tut, tut! What do these things matter this week? I want to know when and how Atlantis sank beneath the waves of the western ocean, together with the notion of the gigantic artist who discovered the properties of the soma plant and devised a god out of the same.

A Letter

To some English politicians who are distressed at the misdeeds of certain foreign nations.

GENTLEMEN,—I have observed, with some astonishment, the extraordinary interest which at present you are taking in other people's business. My surprise is due to this quite simple fact. Throughout the British Empire, with the exception of India and Ceylon, the English race cannot be said to have been excepted than with those of other nations, in the past seven years there has been a succession of melancholy and painful events. Upon these matters you have kept a curious silence. Why? As apparently you seek to monopolise all the virtues for the English race, through you only succeed in tarring them with the black vice of hypocrisy, it has become necessary to remind you of a few, out of many, tragedies, which have passed unheeded by you, in the recent annals of the Empire:—

1) Some Englishmen may still recollect, with a certain amount of shame, the Younghusband expedition against the Thibetans, in which modern science triumphed over the vain gallantry and pitiful boldness of mediæval courage. Few Englishmen, one may imagine from their self-glorification, have ever come across an account of a skirmish in that war, which is recorded in Mr. Ernest Candler's book, "The Unveiling of Lhassa," p. 215. A group of Thibetans, to summarise the position, were fired on by the British troops:—

One was hit and his comrade stayed behind to carry him. The two unimpeded Thibetans made their escape, but the rescue could only be made with difficulty. He and his wounded comrade were shot down.

This incident did not occur upon the battlefield, nor was any attack anticipated by the marching troops. I drew the attention of the then Under Secretary for India, the Marquess of Bath, to this statement, pointing out that the shooting of any man while performing the heroic act of attempting to save a wounded comrade's life, the total force of the enemy being at the time four strong, would hardly redound to the credit of the English name, but would seriously damage it among men who still attached some value and meaning (even in these days of government by the Samuels, Lloyd Georges and Montagues) to the forgotten phrase of "the good name and honour of Englishmen." The noble Marquess, as a pheasant-shooting carpet-government, was shocked at such a point of view, and sternly invited me to question him in the House of Lords. It was probably fortunate for the noble lord that he could not be taken at his word.

Some may say that this is a trifling incident. It is; but it is significant of the spirit in which the expeditions of modern civilisation are conducted. What a hollow pretence it is to urge that war will bring out the noble qualities of mankind. If those are the characteristics of an English expedition, which had had no provocation from the pathetic Thibetans enwrapped in the sad glamour of their veiled city of Lhassa, one may well
the date hereof until this proclamation shall be revoked or amended.

The proclamation was dated February 9, so that any Government, for its own protection, would have the Operation of civil law. Therefore the court-martial, the ground being that the fight in which Hunt was killed took place on February 8 during the operation of civil law. On February 8 the Governor of Natal had issued this proclamation which Hunt was killed during. Others were arrested as accessories, tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. A petition was then filed with the Privy Council asking for leave to appeal against the sentences pronounced on the accused. The Privy Council assembled at 10 a.m. on April 2 to consider the application for leave to appeal. The judges refused to interfere with the execution on the plea that, as the sentence had been confirmed by the Minister of Justice for Natal, the appeal was not an appeal from a court, but in substance from an act of the Executive. The explanation of this triviality in decision is a lamentable one.

The execution of the prisoners was fixed to begin at eleven o'clock on April 2. They would have been dead and buried long before any cable could reach the Natal Government. The Privy Council was in the predicament of either exposing the Natal Government to the censure of every honest man, or refusing to administer justice. The English judges understood, quite definitely, that the English judges chose the latter and ignoble course, and these wretched Zulus became the victims of the greed of Natal. The British Government knew that the appeal had been lodged. Will some member of the Privy Council explain how it can be maintained that any Government, for its own protection, would have the operation of civil law? The Zulus were assembled to meet him. Of what exactly happened there is no clear account; but, as he was being slowly hauled up, the rope broke and he fell to the ground on his back. After a few minutes' delay, while a new rope was being slung over the crosspiece, he was again hauled up, and the Persian Ministers ordered their executioners to blow from the butts of the soldiers' rifles. The nose not being properly adjusted and his hands not being pinioned, the unfortunate man attempted to cling to the rope above his head and to climb to the crosspiece. Over five minutes elapsed before he ended his struggles and life was extinct.

The “Times” criticised the responsible parties with great severity and the Persian Ministers ordered their arrest and punishment. One can compare the strictures of the “Times” on this Persian enormity with its silence on the Denshahawi executions, the model relied upon by the benighted Persians. Here is a description of how some Egyptian fathers were treated by the beneficent English Occupation:

On a cross solidly constructed at fifteen paces from the gibbet they are preparing the punishment of flagellation. The first sufferer is placed on the scaffold; the second one is placed there in the iron collar, and on his bare torso the kurbash descends rhythmically to the sound of the voice that counts the blows; the barrel of a skin tumbler of the Persian army spurts out; it is sickening, horrible. A second man succeeds him, who cries out still more desperately, the third one is literally consumed under the lash; he loses consciousness, the doctor stops the flogging. Meanwhile the man hanged has given up the ghost. The second condemned follows with the same assured step as his predecessor. The executions continue. The floggings go remorselessly on, the new ropes redder as they lash. into the flesh. Yusuf Huseyney's legs, in the hanging, are broken. Mohammed Gorbashi is undressed, crucified, and flogged fifty lashes. He gets maddened on receiving the twelfth. His voice is not well heard, for a soldier is ordered to press his head down in the opening of the cross (again, the symbol of the Galilean!). While Mohammed Derwish Zohran is hanged, the executioner puts the rope round his neck and administers it wrongly. The condemned man is not strangled well, he cries out on the cruelty of the world. The Persian Government, he observed, did apologise to Europe. England and Egypt are still awaiting apologies from Lord Cromer, Mr. Du Femanday, and Sir Edward Grey.

The last matter of this character has Western Australia for its locus. I wonder how many Englishmen have read the White Paper containing Dr. Roth's report on the atrocities committed against Western Australian aborigines. This is the evidence of three typical witnesses.

Mr. Woodroffe, branch manager, Adelaide Steamship Co., deposited:—

When blacks are accused of a crime you do not think they have a fair trial? (A.) I always thought that they never have a fair trial. During the years that I was in Wyndham I did not see one case of justice. I guarantee that if the depositions were gone into carefully no man could be convicted on them. I have walked out of the Court disgusted at what is called British Justice.

Then Constable John Wilson was asked:—

Will you swear that each prisoner thoroughly understood what he is charged with when you arrest him?—No. At the time. Do you ever arrest native women?—Yes. Do you arrest them as witnesses?—Yes. Have you any legal authority to arrest these women as unwilling witnesses?—No. How do you detain them?—They are chained by the ankles. Do you mean that their two legs are chained together?—No; I fasten the woman to a tree with a handcuff, and then I fix the chain to one ankle with another handcuff. Do you allow your trackers, or the assisting stockmen, to have sexual intercourse with the native women and their friends you have arrested?—They may do it without my knowing it. Does such intercourse go on?—I suppose it does.

Then Mr. Jeffery Scott, a gaoler, was examined:—

What do you consider the youngest age of the prisoners you have at present?—Judging by appearance, between eleven and thirteen years of age. What punishment have you at present?
these children received?—Sentences from six months to two years with hard labour. What proportion of these aboriginal prisoners do you honestly believe know what they are in prison for?—Their idea was that they were here for road-making.

When this Report was first published, I endeavoured to enlist the aid of the many philanthropists who were engaged in the profits of retail gin, cocoa and lemonade in financing the Congo Reform movement. In those days, I was a little more innocent than this hard world has permitted me to remain. There was one amusing feature about that little effort on behalf of the moral welfare of mankind. It was the unani
timity with which the philanthropists shrank in white-of-eye horror from the idea that active measures should be initiated to ensure these most helpless creatures the minimum of justice and fair treatment. They deplored the facts, but could not interfere with a self-governing Colony. They were too occupied with public engagements on behalf of the Congolese (and the gin merchants of Liverpool)—but they never mentioned the aborigines. The most they should do was to drop the subject was only equalled by their annoyance at the tactlessness of those who had raised it as a spectre before their queer consciences. They lied and shuffled. But they succeeded, because the aborigines were regarded as formid
bly unconquerable in English politics; there was nothing to be made out of them. What is recorded in that Report of Dr. Roth is proceeding in Australia to-day, and will continue until the mercy of God re
moves these aborigines from the cruelty of English-speaking men.

Why have I presented this catalogue of iniquities for your consideration? (1) Because the publication of these villainies is the best means of exposing the English liar and hypocrite such as you to the detestation of honest men; (2) because it is one way of focussing public at
tention upon the evils of hush-government; (3) because no Empire can permanently stand while its subject peoples are harassed and tortured by the scum of Eng
land; (4) because cruelty is a vice produced only by weakness, incompetence, or cowardice; and jorhbery (one may inquire incidentally whether there is any relative, however distant, of the ruling clique in the Cabinet who has not been found a post) has placed many individuals with these defects very prominent in their character in high stations in Imperial Government; (5) because the Empire will be endangered in a moment of crisis, for, as no painted lathe has the trueness of steel, it will snap under any strain. Weakness cannot be concealed for

December 14, 1911, THE NEW AGE 151

of a perpetual breach of this rule; there is hardly a question which is not a leading question. The trial was most unsatisfactory in other particulars; but those are minor details compared with the comparison of the legal machinery in the early stages of the proceedings.

(7) Few Englishmen outside the legal profession have read or heard of the Insect Act of 1908. Its provisions, like all recent Liberal punitive legislation, are iniquitous in themselves; but there is a small point in which, unless watched, may be perilously developed. Till 1908 every prisoner had the right to a public trial. Since 1908 that right no longer exists in the case of the accused by the Insect Act. The trials under the Insect Act are conducted in the presence of the judge, the jury, two or three officials of the court, counsel, and the prisoner. The principle of secret trials has been now established in this class of case: it will not be long before a further extension is attempted. The conse
quence of these secret trials already is that the offence of insect is being punished with sentences as abominable as the crime itself. Such little control as there is over the judges has been removed in these cases. The judges have not been slow to recognise the merits of secret trials in the savagery of their punishments.

(8) Let me briefly discuss the case of a Jew named M.-M. had been in the Russian army, but was a deserter. He had a brother who had come to London to deposit some jewellery with a certain rabbit. Whether the brother or the jewellery ever existed is a question open to grave doubt. M.—eventually reached London. His story was that he called upon the rabbit and asked for the jewellery. The rabbit took the key of the jewellery, whereupon M.—went all round the Jewish quarter in the East End lamenting his evil fate. His tale may have been an invention; but it was a curious story for a Russian refugee to concoct about a man he had presumably never seen. M.—got into touch with some Jewish journalists who, whether out of spite, or because they thought there was something in the man's complaints, published some of his allegations. The story attracted so much attention that the rabbit was asked questions in the streets and the synagogue. The rabbit invited M.—to come and see him. He took him to breakfast at a restaurant with several other people who were in the scheme. Before M.—had finished his breakfast the rabbit gave him a silver coin and some pence, and then departed. M.—, on leaving the restau
rant, was met outside by a policeman, the rabbit, and several other people, and was given into custody on the mere charge of begging. The entrance fee for the restaurant had worked with perfect success. The following day the Jewish journalists interested in M.—had got wind of what was happening and arrived in court in time to hear the sentence and to see who was the prosecutor. It should be explained that it is a part of the Jewish canon law that no Jew shall charge another with begging. It is a heinous offence for any Jew to secure the imprisonment of a fellow-Jew upon such a charge. For a prominent rabbi to do such a thing was almost unknown in the history of the Jewry. The consequence of the sentence of deportation were that M.—would have been de
livered up to the Russian authorities and shot as a deserter in war time. So the Jewish journalist returned to his office, worked up the whole case, and attacked the rabbit. The latter was mobbed and insulted. Feeling rose so high that the authorities of the synagogue sus
pended him, pending an investigation by the Beth Din, which is the domestic forum of the Jews. There was a protracted investigation, during which M.—was being seething with indignation. To calm this Lord Rothschild intervened at the Home Office (Mr. Herbert Samuel was Under Secretary) and procured a reversal of the sentence of deportation. The Beth Din was suspended, and M.—served his sentence to the end. He was released, delivered into someone's hands, induced to sign a document withdrawing his charges, and shipped off to Canada, where he has
vanished. The rabbi has resumed his ministrations to fellow-religionists upon an unfounded accusation that rich Jews, to avoid
did not proceed against the Rabbi in any
the Jewish poor have certain democratic instincts, by
revising the sentence in a most material particular.

A Labour member put a question in the House held. The coroner's officer failed to notify the usual evidence given at the inquest appeared in the Press. The coroner declined to supply copies of the depositions to various persons who applied for them. The latter were acting on the suspicion that the woman had
submitted "suicide" under the influence of hypnotic suggestion. A Labour member put a question in the House of Commons but failed to get any satisfactory answer. A General Election came on. The Labour member was defeated. The local election was the enormous expenditure of money from outside sources. There is some reason for thinking that the anonymous person who spent large sums in influencing the result of that election was the purchaser of the reporter's notes. The Labour man was so disheartened at the corruption of his own class that he worried himself into his grave. A Cabinet Minister was related to the rich man in question.

Well, I fear that if I pursue this authentic history much further your discomfort will be so lamentably comic that my indignation at your present proceedings will be turned to laughter. Some of you will recognise, under the cover of this bald recital of facts, incidents in your own careers which, no doubt, you had hoped were forgotten, or were never known, except to those whom you pay to hush-up and clean-up your indecencies. Whether you succeed or not (and I am doubtful if you ever can), it will be one up
and his notes were bought by wealthy parties interested.

A most ingenuous, pursued by European statesmen in their dealings in such a manner as you would not dare to oppress
their representatives to a convenient rendezvous. There, as it might seem, the great and wise men began, continued the discussion, and closed it on the merits of the case. But long before this, supposing the delegates really meant business, the leading spirits had privately settled not only the preliminaries but the general, sometimes the specific, conclusions as well. The hands which were, it might have seemed, on the table. The card which was to win the trick lay up the sleeve. Such was the particular swindle that, in 1713, produced the Peace of Utrecht, secured, as it was, by the greatest creation of peers then known, and piously followed by national thanksgiving at St. Paul's. The entire diplomatic instrument, which under Queen Anne created the European State system, resulted from a private deal between the English Tory leader Bolingbroke and the French

Under-Secretary for the execution of his international designs upon the world at the time of the Peace of Utrecht (1713) and the War of Polish Succession (1733-5). To the uninstructed public eye, the international agreements of that period may have seemed the outcome of deliberations disinterestedly conducted by plenipotentiaries convened with all the solemnity of a religious function. Those behind the scenes knew better. What actually happened soon became an open secret, and was more or less followed by the following fact, which was to win the trick lay up the sleeve. The other hand, the feature of the local election was the corruption of his own class that he worried himself into his grave. A Cabinet Minister was related to the rich man in question.

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Suicide. The entire diplomatic instrument, which under Queen Anne created the European State system, resulted from a private deal between the English Tory leader Bolingbroke and the French representative De Torcy. Nor even could the affair
The Foundations of Socialism

By Henry Maine

A TOWER of strength to Socialism, and to its practical experiments as shown in modern Liberalism, is Prof. J. A. Hobson, M.A. Where others have based their Socialist views on emotionalism and resolutions, Prof. Hobson has set a new and dispassionate method of working. The Great War has been a failure, discredited to the principles of the Social Democrats. Mr. Hobson, who is the practical financier of the Socialism of the German working classes, has suggested the idea of an experiment in Free Trade. It is the same idea as that of the American Socialists, only on a larger scale.

Mr. Hobson says, "The foundations of Socialism are not to be found in the interests of the working classes, but in the interests of the whole community. The working classes have been taught to believe that they are not fit to be trusted with the business of the world, and that they are not fit to be trusted with the management of their own affairs. The working classes have been taught to think that they are not fit to be trusted with the management of the world, and that they are not fit to be trusted with the management of their own affairs. The working classes have been taught to think that they are not fit to be trusted with the management of the world, and that they are not fit to be trusted with the management of their own affairs."
employment, and applies them directly to employ "out of works."

Mr. Hobson adds that if his hypothesis be rejected, the policy of taking money from taxpayers simply causes unemployment by producing a quantity of capital which would otherwise be loaned to productive enterprise.

But (he proceeds) though an economic justification is thus found for public provision of unemployment relief, it is evident that such a policy is only a palliative, not an organic remedy, for an industrial disease due to chronic causes. Organic remedies can only be found in an absorption of "surplus" or unused capital, either by diverting it from rents, excessive profits, etc., into wages, or by taking and spending as public revenue.

Mr. Hobson offers no scheme for diverting this unearned income into wages; hence there remains only the scheme of taxing it away from its owners, that is, the "organic" remedy is merely the extension of the palliative. In my discussions with Socialists, this phrase of Mr. Hobson's, affirming "the existence in the industrial community of a chronic tendency to try to save and apply in increased capital a larger proportion of the general income than in the actual conditions of the industrial arts is economically required to supply commodities at the current or prospective rate of consumption" has again and again been brought up against me. Let me ask you the light of this text.

I have nothing but praise for Mr. Hobson's diagnosis of the existing evil. His presentation of the Mill theory respecting the theoretical relationship between production and demand is simple and sound. As a general principle it may without doubt be affirmed that no man produces except to supply some want of the community, and except he desire to consume himself. Hence production should be the cause of demand. The earlier economists frankly replied that more capital is applied to industry in periods of prosperity occurs the demand for increased wages will only arise when men have produced commodities in excess of their personal needs. Let us suppose that A and B are both in this position, and that conditions are those of to-day, namely, that barter is out of the question. A desired B's product, and has accordingly produced goods desired by the latter in order to render his (A's) demand effective. Here obviously production was the cause of effective demand. But we have imagined our example under modern conditions wherein exchange is conducted by a medium of exchange. When A wishes to purchase B he will transfer his promise to pay gold to the latter, who, in turn, will discount it through a bank and then purchase the goods he requires, in this case those of A. The advantage of this process is, of course, that B thereby exchanges A's little-known promise for the banker's generally recognised token, and thus secures an order for goods upon the whole community in place of an order upon A only.

The banker transfers purchasing power to B because he knows that the banker from discounting the paper brought him by B, purchase is interrupted, glut of goods arises, and there is exhibited "over-production," in spite of the simultaneous existence of a willing ability to labour and desire to consume. In Mr. Hobson's words: "The power to demand created with the increase of supply will not be exercised in buying consumables."

Under primitive social conditions, lack of security from physical aggression renders any individually valuable commodity the only token which can be generally recognised as a medium of exchange. Hence the use of gold for this purpose. But gold is scarce, and the growth of exchange compels the banker to invent the paper promise to pay gold to bearer on demand, a token which is not gold, and is yet capable of conversion into the metal and satisfying the suspicious in times of doubt. As the times grew more secure these tokens circulated for gradually longer periods without their redemption in gold being demanded, and the bank was gradually able to issue larger quantities of them on a given gold basis, thus converting production more automatically into effective demand. But the prominent feature of industry has invariably been that invention has caused the volume of saleable commodities to increase faster than mutual confidence could be perfected to admit of the due exchange of products. The demand for gold as banking reserves in the various countries of the world is a matter of public credit, and to themselves exposed to the danger of the sudden conversion of a quantity of their notes into gold for the purpose of export abroad. Hence they invented the "optional-clause" note, a note redeemable in gold not on demand, but only at a certain period. No such notes were introduced by the foremost banks and circulated at par when the community became convinced of the reputation of the issuers. As confidence increased the period of the option was gradually extended, forming thus an effective safeguard against the sudden drains of the basis of the country's credit. The optional clause, however, gave the opportunity for the establishment of mushroom banks, and the State, with the confidant paternalism which characterised much of the eighteenth century statecraft, prohibited the issue of all notes save those redeemable in gold on demand.

Spencer's condemnation of paternalistic legislation has never received more abundant justification. The time came when the strain of over-production was too great for the banks to carry without permanent injury. The supply increased enormously by the industrial revolution, the community found itself unable to protect the gold basis of its credit system. The 1844 Government perceived that the issue of small notes, by replacing gold, permitted the metal to be exported through prohibited all increase of note issue. The country's exchange has since painfully expanded itself by means of cheques. The proscription of note issues, however, compels the mass of wage payments and domestic transactions to be conducted upon gold. Whenever a period of prosperity occurs the demand for increased wages can only be satisfied by attacking the gold stores of other nations, who, however, urgently require the metal at home. Every nation in the civilised world has, for similar "protective" reasons, prohibited the free issue and increase alike of "option-clause" notes and of notes redeemable on demand. Hence a period of prosperity in any one country sets up a demand for gold which may be supplied to a considerable extent through the world. Now we approach the crux of the problem. Every text-book on banking warns the banker to confine his loans either to those who require money for very short periods, or to holders of gilt-edged security, since the latter is the only security which is saleable in times of gold stringency. But it is State interference with the free evolution of exchange expedients in every country in the world which is mainly responsible for the danger of drains of gold. Hence the State interference must be ascribed the fact that the mass of productive ability in the community—the real wealth of the community—cannot be translated into effective demand and connected with the issue of gold by those who have produced. The banker it is who converts wealth into capital by extending the promise of goods with purchasing
Till Joy's awakened from that sepulchre.
Which bear in strange delight on my heart's care
And two lamps shed the glow about her form.
Her voice is borne out through far-lying ways
For envy of her precious neighbourhood.
'Till brothers minor cry
Whoso before her kneeleth reverently,
Great ills she cureth in an open place.
With reverence the folk all kneel unto her,
Near her fair semblance that is clear and holy
At San Michele in Orto, Guido mine,
Sinners take refuge and get consolation.
My Lady's face it is they worship there.

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.)

III.
GUIDO CAVALCANTI, born A.D. 1250, greatest of Dante's precursors in Tuscany. His poetry is interesting, apart from its beauty, for his exact psychology, for an attempt to render emotions precisely; emotions, uncommon, perhaps, save in a land of sun, where the soul and the senses are joined in a union different, may be, from that which occurs in other countries. He, first in Tuscany, chose the "Ballata," the popular song, and raised it to the purposes of "high poetry." His mind was in a way the matrix against which the mind of the young Dante formed itself.

(The following five translations are from "The Sonnets and Ballades of Guido Cavalcanti," about to be published by Swift and Co. No other parts of the book will be printed before the publication of the volume as a whole.)

SONNET VII.
Who is she coming, drawing all men's gaze,
Who makes the air one trembling clarity
Till none can speak but each sighs piteously
Where she leads Love adown her trodden ways?

Ah, God! The thing she's like when her glance strays,
Let Amor tell. 'Tis no fit speech for me.
Mistress she seems of such great modesty
That every other woman were called "Wrath."

No one could ever tell the charm she hath
For toward her all the noble Powers incline,
She being beauty's godhead manifest.
Our daring ne'er before held such high quest;
But ye! There is not in you so much grace
That we can understand her rightfully.

SONNET XXXV.
To Guido Orlando.
(He explains the miracles of the madonna of Or San Michele, by telling whose image it is.)

My Lady's face is it they worship there.
At San Michele in Orto, Guido mine.
Near her fair semblance that is clear and holy
Sinners take refuge and get consolation.
Whoso before her kneeleth reverently,
No longer wasteth but is comforted.
The sight is closed and devils driven forth,
And those with crooked eyes see straightway straight.
Great ills she cureth in an open place.
With reverence the folk all kneel unto her,
And two lamps shed the glow about her form.
Her voice is borne out through far-lying ways
'Till brothers minor cry: "Idolatry."
For envy of her precious neighbourhood.

BALLATA V.
Light do I see within my Lady's eyes
And loving spirits in its plenishing,
Which bear in strange delight on my heart's care
Till Joy's awakened from that sepulchure.

That which befalls me in my Lady's presence
Bars explanations intellectual.
I seem to see a lady wonderful
For envy of her precious neighbourhood.

Forth issue from Her lips, one whom no sense
Can fully tell the mind of, and one whence
Another fair, swift born, moves marvellous,
From whom a star goes forth and speaketh thus:
"Lo, thy salvation is gone forth from thee."

There where this Lady's loveliness appeareth,
There's a voice which goes before her ways
And seems to sing her name with such sweet praise
That my mouth fears to speak what name she beareth.
And my heart trembles for the grace she weareth,
While for in my soul's deep the sighs astir
Speak thus: "Look well! For if thou look on her, Then shalt thou see her virtue risen in heaven."

BALLATA VII.
Being in thought of love I came upon
Two damsels strange
Who sang, "The joyous rains
Of love descend within us."

So quiet in their modest courtesies
Their aspect coming softly on my vision
Made me say, "Surely ye hold the keys
O' the virtues noble, high, without omission.
Ah, little maids, hold me not in derision,
For the wound I bear within me
And this heart o' mine ha' slain me
Since I was toward Toulouse."

And then toward me they so turned their eyes
That they could see my wounded heart's ill ease,
And how a little spirit born of sighs
Had issued forth from out the cicatrice.
Perceiving so the depth of my distress,
She who was smiling, said,
"Love's joy hath vanished this man. Behold how greatly!"

Then she who had first mocked me, in better part
Gave me all courtesy in her replies.
She said, "That Lady, who upon thine heart
Cut her full image clear, by Love's device
Hath looked so fixedly in through thine eyes
That she's made Love appear there;
If thou great pain or fear bear
Recommend thee unto him!"

Then the other piteous, full of misericorde,
Fondled for pleasure in love's fashioning:
"His heart's apparent wound, I give my word,
Was got from eyes whose power's an o'er great thing,
Which eyes have left in his a glittering
That mine can not endure.
Tell me, hast thou a sure
Memory of those eyes?"

To her dread question with such fears attended.
"Maid o' the wood," I said, "my memories render
Tolosa and the dusk and these things blended:
A lady in a corded bodice, slender
—Mandetta is the name Love's spirits lend her—
A lightning swift to fall,
And naught within recall
Save, Death! My wounds! Her eyes!"

ENVOI.
Speed Ballatel! unto Tolosa city
And go in softly 'neath the golden roof
And there cry out, "Will courtesy or pity
Of any most fair lady, put to proof,
Lead me to her with whom is my behalf?
Then if thou get her choice
Tell her with lowered voice,
"It is thy grace I seek here."
It is the subconscious element in Gorki's "Lower Depths" that alone makes the play of importance. There is no other excuse for the exhibition of this ugly and brutal picture. It is without heroism and rightly directed energy, and without exaltation of any kind. True, it contains the gospel of belief, but it really ends without a flicker of hope. The gospel is a similar one to that contained in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," though differently expressed. The old man Luka in "The Lower Depths" symbolises the thought that if a man believes in a thing it is true for him; while someone in the "Wild Duck" expresses the notion that people believe in the lie, therefore the lie is true for them. As Dr. Reuten says: "Rob the man of his illusion and you rob him of his happiness at the same time." In both plays the curtain descends on a note of suicide. But the effect is not the same. In the "Lower Depths" it is like a pessimist contemplating optimism and baffled by his old experiences; in the "Wild Duck" it is like a mystic seeing reality and shooting life with his new experiences.

The "Lower Depths" has then a duality that makes for intimacy, and without which the intimate drama is impossible. This is a matter how we readjust our drama to the physique of the theatre. Unless this duality is expressed both by internal and external acting, Gorki's play degenerates into mere noise, and is not worth the trouble of putting on. This is the case with the "Lower Depths" at the Kingsway Theatre. The fault of the production is not that it lacks Russian atmosphere, but that the parts are entrusted with one exception to people who have no resemblance to the originals. It is a question whether a real play of this type should be entrusted to an English company. Even though it might be possible to modify the bad effects of English plays and system of acting, by which English actors are deprived of sub-consciousness, there would still be the difference in national temperament to set up constitutionally wrong acting. I could quote scores of instances of the latter. The worst case I know was the production of the "Ver- sunkene Glocke" at the Waldorf Theatre, where I found real Americans endeavouring to express the emotions of imaginary Germans. It was the Sothern-Marlowe combination.

Lydia Yavorska is the sole exception to the wretched interpretation of the piece. She is one of the few actresses in whose work the subconscious self is strongly marked. Duse is another. When Madame Yavorska is on, the "Lower Depths" does rise to melodic heights, and its emotional content is much fuller and finer. This is really the key to the result. That the resources expended on the drama is not only life-force but love-force, which is the origin of all artistic activities on the plane of illusion. She proves, indeed, that if the "Lower Depths" were played entirely by Russians it would be possible to introduce music to aid its deep subconscious element. But played by English actors it is impossible: there are no lower depths.

If Madame Yavorska reveals the subconscious self in Gorki, she also reveals it in Ibsen. Her acting as Nora in the "Doll's House" at the Kingsway Theatre matinées brings the fundamental rhythm of the character to the surface and enables it to flow on uninterrupted to the end. It is a great achievement. But unfortunately the rhythm is not only the rhythm of Nora, but of the story. In this case the rhythm of the play is entirely absent owing to the fact that the production has no unity. It lacks that wonderful, closely knit, even character of the Berlin Lessing Theatre productions. Everything is out of joint. As in the "Looking Out of the Window" and "The Sunken Clocke" at the Waldorf Theatre, where I found the plane of illusion. She proves, indeed, that if the "Lower Depths" were played entirely by Russians it would be possible to introduce music to aid its deep subconscious element. But played by English actors it is impossible: there are no lower depths.

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Theatre they are out of tone. Mr. Ben Webster, when he is not carefully guarding the bald patch on his cranium, carries one's thoughts to his far-famed appearances with Marie Tempest. The millionaire's fine coat of Dr. Rank transports the wearer to Drury Lane. The little girls who play little boys remind one that Christmas and pantomime are coming. The toys, the dolls, and other odds and ends would like to be symbols, but they are only permitted to be toys and dolls and odds and ends. Such is their fate.

Supported by a suitable company Madame Yavorska would not be compelled to drift occasionally into a false key. She would also no doubt alter her conception of the ending from its present weepiness to one that would repeat the original harmony on a higher key. Nora, like all Ibsen's principal characters, begins at the physical climax and ends at the spiritual. The climax of her enlightenment should be full of joy.

Sir Herbert Tree, having courteously acknowledged that a notification of his intention of sending his letter to the Press was due to me, and his secretary having explained that the omission was due to forgetfulness, I am agreeable to letting the matter rest.

SIX POEMS.

By Archibald Young Campbell.

THE DROMEDARY.

In dreams I see the Dromedary still,
As once in a gay park I saw him stand:
A thousand eyes in vulgar wonder scanned
His hump and hairy neck, and gazed their fill
At his lank shanks and mocked with laughter shrill.

Though his gaunt flanks with a great mange were
Worn
And his head was high,
And a coarse grace remained
In dreams I see the Dromedary still,
And still some trace of majesty forlorn
And ends. Such is their fate.

So, can it be, your music brings
A clearer light on alien things?
And I who thought I knew the wood
Am proven ignorant and rude?

To you, because you have an ear,
Does every sound more sweet appear,
And is the most haphazard noise
A rhythmic and melodious voice?

Have you in old leaves music found
When I heard but a rustling sound?
When I heard piping in the trees
Did you find pastoral symphonies?

Nay more: because you have such art,
Does Nature her deep truths impart
Liefer to you than to the rest,
Whose reasoning Fancy never blest?

Then was it thus, when Orpheus played,
That all the dells responsive swayed
Following him in docile mood
By whom themselves were understood.

TO THE SAME, IN TIME OF SORROW.

Do they deride thy sorrow, friend?
Their bitterness shall have an end;
Long after they have mocked in vain,
Thou shalt immortalise thy pain.

This grief shall ripen in thy heart
Till the full autumn of thine art,
The bitterest anguish shall be sweet.
This grief shall ripen in thy heart
Till you, who can so sweetly play,
Shall the wondering listener cry:
"Is there such bliss in agony?
O if I might such rapture know,
Would it were mine to suffer so!"

QUE VOUS ME SEMBLEZ BEAU!

[Lines written on reading the utterance of a dignitary of the Anglican Church, to the effect that since the days of the ancient Greeks there has been no race comparable in point of physical, moral, and intellectual pre-eminence with "the English upper classes."]

Mid hell's reformatory vapours
Dontian reading modern papers
Came on the following (not sarcastic)
Language of an ecclesiastical:
"If there's a race that in athletics,
Morals, and even apologetics,
Equals—I do not say surpasses—
The Greeks, it is our upper classes."

The tyrant grinned, and said to Martial,
"Sir, I am to be candid and impartial,
I find that in the art of flattering
Your skill was but the merest smattering.
Read that, and diligently note it."
Martial perused the passage quoted.
"Well," said the wit, when he had read it,
"It is not greatly to his credit;
He needs instruction in his part;
I should have added—' And in Art!'"
Present-Day Criticism.

"Now the eulogists of the latest artistic insanities (Cubism and Post-Impressionism and [Mr. Picasso] are eulogists and nothing but eulogists); least of all can they attempt to translate beauty into language; they merely tell you that it is untranslatable—that is, unutterable, indefinable, indescribable, impalpable, ineffable, and all the rest of it. The cloud is their banner; they cry to chaos and old night. They circulate a piece of paper on which Mr. Picasso has had the misfortune to upset the ink and tried to dry it with his boots, and they seek to terrify democracy by the good old anti-democratic muddle-headedness that the public does not understand these things; that the likes of us cannot dare to question the dark decisions of our lords."

Thus Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the "Daily News." He suggests that "his likes" resist all this "rubbish" by a test of literary criticism. Can you utter in words what Picasso has painted? Can you name it, define it, describe it, make it, ask Why? If you are baffled, if Mr. Chesterton, who has not learned even that our reproduction was from a painting, you may later, of course, ask with M. Picasso an insane man. All this without seeing the painting, but instantly after your attention has been drawn to the existence of a new effort in Paris! Well, that is a very ancient way of discouraging innovators; it is somehow, perhaps essentially, an unsuccessful way; also, probably because it is an undemocratic way. We content ourselves with a smile at Mr. Chesterton's lurid picture of Mr. Carter and others terrifying democracy. It would be cruel to ask why he dragged in democracy. Without this mysteriously wondrous character Mr. Chesterton could not, by mere people, be recognised, named, defined, described, uttered, or made palpable. M. Picasso might paint him deflated of this word, and if he did, doubtless those readers who have been warned to condemn the "new rubbish" would agree that this was wrong, since they would be quite unable to utter another sound about their G. K. C. He would appear to them an inexplicable oddity, a man of respectable family raving about beer and pubs, a Catholic upholding liberty of belief, a devotee of St. Januarius consorting with avowed atheists. They would probably be now burning him if it were not that a procession of innovators in religion, science and art have left him the pyramid of their ashes and the circulationist brutalises it is somehow, perhaps essentially, an unsuccessful way.

"The fact being taken into consideration, he cannot be ranked among the Australian poets proper, even though his verses were all composed in Australia and speak so largely of things Australian. He writes from the point of view of a traveller, a sojourner in a strange land, not as a native who loves the country of his birth, even though it was this strange land which brought out and developed his poetical faculty; for even the oldest of the poets has he attained to a considerable degree of his own countrymen, except himself. He and his likes (not those he flatters so modestly) approach our notion of democrats-men who combine the virtue of all classes. He will live, let us hope, to a green old age, a Catholic and a devout, threadbare, and not above showing the skin for every human feeling, using matter for public entertainment the least betrayal of which in private life would cause him to be cut. Never imagine that the man who claims to have fathomed a soul and is prepared to publish all he knows, knows very much. He has spied, that is all, and his interpretation of the mystery will be distorted according to his own unmanfully mind.

In painting, on the other hand, photography will henceforth exist side by side with the art. At one time, with Mr. Shaw as its bellman, photography professed to be about to drive the art of painting off the field. It has, indeed, driven merely realistic painters off the field; they cannot compete with the camera when it is held by a craftsman as able as themselves. The artist disdains the competition, and, renewing his attempt to represent Beauty without reproducing it, he adventures towards new forms and symbols. M. Picasso, the Cubists, the Post-Impressionists, and a host still to come, belong to the type of the artist. It is not for us to say that any one of them has yet succeeded in discovering a new gateway into Art, but many ways must be tried. It is as if the Fine Philistines, by a test of literary criticism, were to publish all he knows, and the perfect art that is held by a craftsman as able as themselves. The artist disdains the competition, and, renewing his attempt to represent Beauty without reproducing it, he adventures towards new forms and symbols. M. Picasso, the Cubists, the Post-Impressionists, and a host still to come, belong to the type of the artist. It is not for us to say that any one of them has yet succeeded in discovering a new gateway into Art, but many ways must be tried.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

It is the work of Adam Lindsay Gordon which, to the average reader, represents all that is characteristic in Australian poetry; and Gordon was not an Australian. It is true that in the last seventeen or eighteen years of his life were spent in the island continent, but his youth—the period wherein the spirit takes upon itself the mould of external circumstances—was lived in England. This fact being taken into consideration, he cannot be ranked among the Australian poets proper, even though his verses were all composed in Australia and speak so largely of things Australian. He writes from the point of view of a traveller, a sojourner in a strange land, not as a native who loves the country of his birth, even though it was this strange land which brought out and developed his poetical faculty; and it remains a fact that almost alone of the poets who have sent us their verses from oversea has he attained to a considerable popularity with the English reading public; the collected edition of his works (disfigured by outrageous illustrations) being readily obtainable in this country.

It is otherwise with the work of Henry Kendall. The poems of this writer, an Australian born, were, until quite recently, entirely inaccessible to Australia. Yet in his own country he shares the honour of laureateship with Gordon, and is, in the opinion of many readers, the finer poet. In the work of both writers is to be found a great deal of indifferent verse, while each, at his best, attains to a very high level indeed. Neither is free from crudities and commonplaces, and if, perhaps, the work of Kendall shows a more delicate sense of beauty, a more refined ear and a greater capacity for artistic phrasing, there is no doubt that Gordon, on the whole, strikes a robust and a more virile note. In the lives of both are points of strong resemblance; neither was a successful poet in his own country, and Gordon was not an Australian.
with poems very far distinguished above any of those produced by their predecessors and contemporaries; poems which, judged by their intrinsic merits, would even take a high place in the literature of England at the present day.

Henry Clarence Kendall was born on April 14, 1841, at Kircaldy, about two miles from the small township of Milton, in the Illawarra district, New South Wales. His father, Sir Basil Kendall, had originally worked in Sydney, first as a miller, and later as a shopkeeper, in both capacities with equal ill-success.

The Kendalls were not able to give their son more than the most elementary education, nor even to provide his early years of life after he had passed the "school age." To children born in the "back-blocks" of Australia in the early days of education any sort was a thing unattainable; the question of earning a livelihood, of contributing to the support of the home, was of more vital importance, and it was not otherwise in Henry's case. We find that he began his struggle with the world in his thirteenth year, in the capacity of cabin boy upon his uncle's brig, the "Plumstead," in which situation he remained for two years. Namely a whaler, he spent most of her time carrying various cargoes to the Pacific ports, and on these cruises Kendall obtained his first glimpse of the outer world, visiting, among other places, Japan, Samoa, and Mauritius, doubtless suffering the usual hardships undergone by all lads during their ship apprenticeship to the sea. It is probably to the influence of this seafaring period that we owe his beautiful poem "Beyond Kerguelen," published many years later. But the restlessness of the traveller was never a part of Kendall's character; his was not the vagabond mind; he loved the country of his birth, he loved the wonderful bush with its strange sounds and rushing streams, but a sailor's life in no way appealed to him, and his wanderjahre left but small impress upon his mind. And so when the "Plumstead" paid off at Sydney in the early part of 1857 he bade farewell for ever to a seafaring existence.

But he could not remain in idleness; his small savings were soon spent, and he was forced to look about for some means of obtaining a livelihood.

The first situation which offered itself was that of a messenger in a draper's shop. Kendall, who was in no position to pick and choose, accepted it, and remained there for nearly a year. And it was about this time he began to write poetry, the "Plumstead," the "Koroora," the "Father of Australian poetry," for whose verses Kendall all his life cherished an immense affection.

But he had not long to wait before obtaining a position and dreamy, contemplative wanderings. But the restless spirit of the young lad was not satisfied with the half-hearted plaudits of the Australian literary magnates, and determined to appeal to a higher tribunal. He made up a parcel, part print, part manuscript, of the volume and some unpublished pieces, and forwarded them to the editor of the "Athenaeum," accompanied by the following letter:

"SIR,—The enclosed papers will have travelled 16,000 miles when you receive them, and that no ordinary patience on your part will be required to read them. I am an Australian, and a self-educated one; hence there may be technical errors in what I send. Their immaturity must be passed over for the reason that I have not reached my twentieth year. In a maze of crude imitations, perhaps, if there is anything holding out a promise of future excellence, tell me of it. Do not turn from me, as others have done, because I am a native of a country yet unrepresented in literature, but read what is sent before you condemn. Rejecting the magnificent patronage of our would-be literary magnates, I appeal to a greater authority for kinder treatment. If there is hope, give some encouragement by noticing me in your journal. If there is none, let me be satisfied with your decision. I cannot send you any of my later writings, because they are too long, and too Australian to be cared for by Englishmen. They, at least, must have the advantage of these, which were written while I was in my eighteenth year, I have striven to be original. And a very good opportunity I have had of being in a position to read books, and living out of reach of them in the backwoods of the colony. I am, etc.,

Henry Kendall"

The editor, to Kendall's great delight, not only noticed them, but even devoted two-thirteem of a page to the reproduction of three of the poems, and spoke favourably of the poet's capabilities and promise. And indeed, there is much in the little volume that is real poetry; a great deal, of course, is youthful and immature; there are harsh, unmeasured, ungracious rhymes, but considering it is the work of a lad in his teens, self-educated and bred away from books, it is a sufficiently notable production. "Songs and Poems" was suppressed at a later date, without any published lines in it that one would not willingly lose. The poet "Koroora," which tells the death of an aboriginal chieftain in battle, has considerable merit, and in "Fainting by the Way" we have a wonderful word picture that gives a glimpse vividly into the waterless wastes in the interior of Australia; the poem was quoted in its entirety by the "Athenaeum," and described as showing "the peculiar mark of Mr. Kendall's genius: wild, dark, Muller-like power of landscape painting."

Swarthly wastelands, wide and woodless, glittering miles and miles away. Where the south wind seldom wanders, and the winters will not stay;
Lurid wastelands, pent in silence, thick with hot and thirsty sighs;
Where the scanty thorn-leaves twinkle with their haggard, hopeless eyes;
Furnaced wastelands, hunched with hillocks, like to stormy billows red,
Burning wastelands, glancing upward with a weird and vacant stare;
Where the languid heavens quiver o'er red depths of stirless air!

Equally vivid is the picture called up by two lines from another poem, "The Wail in the Native Oak," in the same volume.

Where the gum-trees ringed and ragged from the many margins rise;
Staring out against the heavens with their languid, gaping eyes.

And there is more than promise, there is a strong touch of original poetical feeling in the verses entitled "Waiting and Wishing":—

I loiter by this surging sea,
Here by this surging, roaring sea,
Dreaming through the dreamless night;
Yearning for a strange delight!

Will it ever, ever, ever fly to me?
By this surging sea,
By this surging, raging sea;
By this wailing, wild-faced sea?

Unfortunately, neither of these two poems is included in the English edition.

Meanwhile, as time went on, his prospects improved; he had been promoted in the Service; his superiors spoke highly of him; his hours were not long and his work not disagreeable; he had a fair margin of leisure which Thoreau says is as beautiful in a man's life as it is in a book, and he made the most of it.

So the months passed, until the year 1868, when a change came into his life. Twenty-seven years of age, in the springtime of his manhood, and in the hey-day of his poetical hopes, he fell in love and married. The lady's name was Charlotte Rutter, and to her, in a few touching lines, he dedicated his next volume of poems, published in this year, entitled "Leaves from Australian Forests." In this work (which was brought out at a loss of £50 to the publisher), he reaches his highest level.

A very just estimate of his poetry as a whole is given in the prefatory sonnet:—

I have no faultless fruits to offer you
Who read this book; but certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells
And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;
Yet others, though far between and few,
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

This is what his lines do—they "catch the sense like subtle forest spells," they bring before us more than has been done by any writer before or since the atmosphere of the bush; the strange life, the clear air and blue skies of the blockabulls of Australia.

I give one stanza of his poem, "September in Australia":—

Grey winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest,
And, behold for repayment
September comes in with the wind of the West,
And the Spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with a halo of hyaline hours,
And a music of lovers.

On the other hand, in his attempt to write upon classical subjects he failed completely. There is nothing of the classical atmosphere in "Daphne," in the blank verse "Voyage of Telegonus," and "Ogyges"; the Greek spirit which so pervades Athens in Cydon, for example, is entirely absent here.

It is doubtful whether at this time Kendall was acquainted with the work of Swinburne. Four volumes, including the first series of "Poems and Ballads," had been published, but had they yet become common property in the far colonial world? The thought that he had some knowledge at least of the Poems and Ballads is forced upon one in reading his "Campaspe,"

where the following lines, so strongly Swinburnian in character, occur:—

"... Campaspe we call her by name—
She is fairer than flowers of the field—she is brighter than brightness of flame,
As a song that strikes swift to the heart with the beat of the blood of the South,
And a light and a leap and a smart is the play of her perilous mouth.

But to see Kendall at his best we must turn to the poems which treat of subjects essentially Australian; of the bush with its lights and sounds, its strange life and beautiful scenery; of the lonely, untridden stretches of melancholy shoreland. Such a poem is "Bell Birds," one of the first in the English edition, which appeared in "Leaves from Australian Forests." Such also is "Coogie," another poem in the same volume:—

Singing song of wave-worn Coogie, Coogee in the distance white,
With its jags and points disrupted, gaps and fractures fringed with light;
Haunts of gledes and restless plowers, of the melancholy wall,
Ever leading deeper pathos to the melancholy gale.
There, my brothers, down the fissures, chasms deep and wan and wild,
Grows the sea bloom, one that blushes like a shrinking, fair, blushing child;
And amongst the oozing forelands many a glad green rock-vine runs,
Getting ease on earthy lodges, sheltered from December suns. . . .

So it is this sight of Coogee shining in the morning dew,
Sets me stumbling through dim summers once on fire with youth and you—

Summers pale as southern evenings when the year has lost its power,
And the wasted face of April weeps above the withered flower.

Not that seasons bring no solace, not that time lacks light and rest,
But the old things were the dearest, and the old loves seem the best.

We that start at songs familiar, we that tremble at a tone Floating down the ways of music, like a sigh of sweetness flown,
We can never feel the freshness, never find again the mood
Left among fair pictured places, brightened of our brotherhood.

This and this we have to think of when the night is over all And the woods begin to perish, and the rains begin to fall.
This poem throughout is characteristic of Kendall; it has phrases exhibiting extraordinary crudity and coarseness of ear, side by side with the most delicate word pictures.

Not one of his volumes but is marred by occasional touches of commonplace—almost of vulgarity; but these are more than redeemed by the superlative quality of many of the verses found there. He gives one the impression of a hasty writer to whom thoughts flowed easily; careless, too, of the drudgery of revision.

In "Rose Lorraine," another poem in "Leaves from Australian Forests," we find the two exquisite lines:—

Sweet water-moons, blown into lights
Of flying gold on pool and creek.

This is a picture worthy of Blake in his most inspired moments; further in praise one cannot go; and it is a level to which Kendall frequently attains. Another poem in the same volume, to which the title "Cloone" is given, but which was originally written in a slightly different form, as a letter to his wife, again seems to show the influence of Swinburne:—

Sing her a song of the sun;
Fill it with tones of the stream—
Echoes of waters that run With the bush and with the gladdening gleam.
Let it be sweeter than rain,
Lit by a tropical moon;
Light in the words of the strain,
Lost in the ways of the tune.

With criticism a little more rigid, with revision a little more careful, we should have been spared many
of the roughnesses which so disfigure some of his poems; but which are, after all, only so many reflections of the primitive litter, and piedrre for us, not only his own individuality, but the individuality of his country.

Until the publication of this volume his life had gone fairly evenly; his grief at the loss of Michael had been assuaged by the new-found happiness of married life; but it was still in store for him.

At the height of his productive powers the hereditary curse fell upon him. His father had died of consumption, and his mother was a confirmed dipsomaniac; it was the maternal failing that appeared in Kendall.

To a highly sensitive and poetic nature life in the new countries must always be a heavy trial. Men are fighting for existence, struggling for wealth, and have little time or sympathy to spare for the aesthetic side of life. To a poet especially, in these circumstances, the sense of isolation from his fellows must be very great, and the temptation to create a dream world of his own by the use of drugs or stimulants may become at last irresistible. In the history of our own literature such cases have been only too frequent, from the days of Greene, through those of De Quincey and Coleridge, down to writers of the present day, of real, if not profound genius. And Kendall was no better equipped physically for the terrible struggle he had to face than any of these greater men. He lost all self-control, was obliged to give up his position in the Lands Department, and sank to the very depths of poverty and degradation.

Not willingly does one contemplate the picture of this tragic and mournful downfall; not willingly think of the life led during those dark days by his wife and little girl, the poetically-named Araluen. Let us pass over the miserable details of this period; in a word, simply say that after many unsuccessful struggles to shake off his disease—for so one may surely term it—it became necessary in 1872 to place him in an asylum.

In a later volume we find three poems to which a note is attached, "Written in the shadow of 1872," and showing plainly the intense melancholy and remorse into which he had fallen. A stanza of one, "The Voice in the Wild Oak," runs thus:

Twelve years ago when I could face
High Heaven's dome with different eyes—
In days full-flowered with hours of grace,
And nights not sad with sighs—

To shadow forth thy strain of woe,
And in a dreamless sister of the grove
Twelve wasted years ago.

By the next year he had sufficiently recovered his mental balance to be discharged from the asylum and to accept an engagement as editor of a newspaper at Grafton. But still his good angel slept, his star suffered eclipse, fate did him wrong.

Again he gave way to temptation; again was his position forfeited, and for some time he lived from hand to mouth, continually under the influence of alcohol, but still contributing occasional poems to the local papers.

Meanwhile his little daughter died, and Kendall was overwhelmed with grief and remorse. In later days he wrote a poem in which he speaks of the hours of anguish spent by a poet at the side of his child's coffin, where he strives in the throes of his grief to wring out the lines which shall enable him to pay the undertaker's bill. It is, with a difference, the story of Lucien de Rubempré and Coralie; one of the tragedies of life; unheroic, ignoble, sordid.

A final chance to extricate himself from bondage offered itself. A friend named Fagan gave him a post as manager of a timber business at a place on the coast 200 miles north of Sydney. It was the turning point of his disease: the crisis was past. For seven years he lived here in the bush, far from the haunts and temptations of civilization, and at the close of this time he could trust himself once more: he was completely cured.

He came to Sydney again and was urged to collect his scattered poems. In the latter part of 1880 these were published under the title of "Songs from the Mountains," and the poet netted £1,000; a success, in the matter of poetry, unheard of in Australia.

As in his previous volumes, these verses are of very uneven merit; perhaps the best are those entitled "Be- yonde Kerguelen," telling of that mysterious ice-bound land which has entered its doleful tales of polar bears and snowy mists over Australia in the winter months:

Down by the south, by the waste without sail on it—
Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—
Lied, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,
Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea.

Weird is the mist from the summit to base of it;
Sign of its heaven is wizened and grey;
Phantom of light is the light on the face of it—
Never is night on it, never is day!

Here is the shore without flower or bird on it;
Here is no fairy sweet of the springs—
Only the haughty, harsh thunder is heard on it,
Only the storm with a roar in its wings!

Other noticeable poems are to be found in this volume: there is the beautifully imaginative legend of "Hy-Brasil!"; there is "Pythaeus," which tells of the daring Massilian sailor who is supposed to have been the first to sail to England, and to have discovered the Baltic Sea:

Gaul, whose keel in far, dim ages ploughed wan widths of polar sea—
Grey old sailor of Massilia, who hath woven wreath for thee?
Who amongst the world's high singers ever breathed the tale sublime
Of the man who coasted England in the misty dawn of time?

But his powers were gradually failing; at thirty-nine he was an old man. His struggle with himself was over, and had left him worn out. When Fortune's face turned and smiled on him it was too late. He realised himself that his best days were gone, that he would do no more work of value, that his chance of poetical fame had passed by.

In the final poem of the volume he laments his castaway opportunities in deeply pathetic lines:

The song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without
The love of wind and wing;
The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

Sir Harry Parkes, who had befriended Kendall on more than one previous occasion, and who was a great admirer of his poetry, now approached him "Superin- tendent of State Forests" at a salary of £500 a year. But he was unequal to the task. Never of robust health, the exposure involved in the execution of his duties was too much for his prematurely enfeebled constitution, and after a long night's ride, and a severe wetting in the bush, he caught a chill from which he never recovered, and on August 1, 1882, he died.

The public, who had neglected him at the time when he most needed assistance, now subscribed £1,200 towards the support of his wife and family. Four years later his poems were collected and published by Mr. George Robertson, of Melbourne, and ever since he has steadily grown in favour with the reading public of Australia.

I have said that his poetry appears to be typical of his country; that in his verses, more than in any others
that Australia has given us, we find that deep inner feeling which so vividly brings before us the true atmosphere of the bush and bush life. Let us get rid of the idea that to be a typically Australian poet means to write jingling rhymes about steeplechases and stock-drivers—of this type of poet there will never be any lack. Kendall himself, to meet the demand for such "literature," we must suppose, wrote upon these subjects. Heaven forbid that his reputation should stand by such worthless stuff as "Jim the Splitter," "Kingsborough," "Billy Vickers," and "How the Melbourne Cup was Won."

No, it takes more than ability to write verse of this description to give us a picture of the true Australian temperament. Difficult to analyse, impossible to define, it can, perhaps, only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have themselves spent days and nights beneath the spell of the bush; only these will realise in its full significance the wonderful truth of the picture, "Where the languid heavens quiver o'er red depths of stirless air."

How, in days to come, the development of this temperament will proceed it is hard to say. But if in these days of her early youth Australia can produce a poet of such genuine merit, of such true poetic insight as Henry Kendall, we may, I think, reasonably expect that she will one day take a noticeable place in the history of the world's letters.

Her literature is not yet formed, but it is well begun, and from such strong beginnings we may be sure it will grow rapidly and in the right direction.

And to whatever heights it may reach in days to come, it must never be forgotten that the man who first raised it to a level from which it might challenge the criticism of the English-speaking literary world, the man who first rendered into true poetry, however unequal will proceed it is hard to say. But if in these days of her early youth Australia can produce a poet of such genuine merit, of such true poetic insight as Henry Kendall, we may, I think, reasonably expect that she will one day take a noticeable place in the history of the world's letters.

Her literature is not yet formed, but it is well begun, and from such strong beginnings we may be sure it will grow rapidly and in the right direction.

Runes.

By Beatrice Hastings.

He flings his women on the sand;
The passers-by them disesteem,
But she who runs at his left hand
Unveiled, men see—and say they dream.

With him, incredulous of harm,
She goes. She follows him afield.
Her mystic starkness as a charm
Confounds: and to him demons yield.

She sees, with ecstasy afire,
Him rove, in twilight wood astir.
She hears him roaring from the mire
And waits, secure of him, of Her.

At morn his Sword, at eve his Prize,
She slays, a Lily, at his hest.
She flames, a Lily, from his eyes.
She sleeps, a Lily, on his breast.

New-born it lay at the feet of its mother.
High stood the royal nymph, nurse of Bacchus.
Its thread-like finger caught her foot
And the Thing cried: "Let me follow, follow!"
Worming upon its side.
PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. W. M. Topley's letter in your last issue provides an excellent example of the manifestly false hopes which are being based upon the widely advocated system of Proportional Representation.

"The great advantage" of this system in your correspondent's eyes is that it will enable the electors to choose a representative in whose judgment and character they have faith—a man instead of one of two loose conglomerates of vague policy." How this is to come about is not explained, but I presume that what your correspondent means is that the wider range of choice will make it practically certain that the personal factor will therefore count for more. But this reasoning takes no account of the fact that the wider range of choice must involve larger constituencies—at least six times as large as the present single member constituencies—and it is to be feared that the effect of this increased size will more than balance the effect of the increased choice as far as the personal factor of the candidate is concerned.

What many advocates of Proportional Representation seem to assume is that this system will give them a chance of voting for some public man of whose personal worth they feel an assured and unshaken judgment. It is true that some great statesman like Mr. Harold Cox or Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Hilaire Belloc. But even under Proportional Representation the great statesmen will be sufficiently numerous to go round, and the vast majority of electors will have to vote as at present for candidates of whose 'judgment and character' they know nothing whatever. Those that owe their election to the increased size of constituencies the average voter will have a smaller chance than ever of meeting of his candidate face to face, and he will be hopelessly out of it. A combination of say, Battersea, Brixton, Kennington, Lambeth, Camberwell and Bermondsey can have no local man.

What, therefore, would happen under Proportional Representation is that the elector would have a wider choice of party tickets; it is quite possible that there would be more parties, and that each would obtain more than one-twentieth of the vote; this would lead to an increase of accurate representation; but at the same time party lines would be more stereotyped, and the power of party managers enormously increased. This increase of the power of the party managers is the primary and not the secondary advantage of the Proportional Representation system in one minute; but by a judicious consolidation of nine-sixteenths of his electorate, the remaining five-sixteenths to be named, each of which would be sufficient by itself to dispose of the claims of Proportional Representation. But there are other points which might be named, each of which would be sufficient by itself to dispose of the claims of Proportional Representation. But there are other points which might be named, each of which would be sufficient by itself to dispose of the claims of Proportional Representation. But there are other points which might be named, each of which would be sufficient by itself to dispose of the claims of Proportional Representation. But there are other points which might be named, each of which would be sufficient by itself to dispose of the claims of Proportional Representation. But there are other points which might be named,
fenced machinery, hours, wages, etc., etc. It therefore seems to me that once the trade unions are freed from paying sick benefits, aye, unemployment benefits, or other benefits once again receive proper attention from the workers. Surely trade unions will be necessary under even Socialism, for while there may be a government, municipal or State department there are certain to be grievances from time to time, which for obvious reasons it would be better the trade union should take up, for if the aggrieved party or parties took up it would probably mean dismissal or chance of promotion lost.

If I am right in my reasoning, it seems that the Insurance Bill, by perhaps taking away from the trade unions the need of trade unions in this country, which was the official description. It is the fact, within my knowledge, that the spread of syphilis among children is the chief cause is "low rate of wages paid for female labour." In a report of Mr. James Motion, Inspector of the poor for Glasgow, there appears this passage: "The police consider that no less than 17,000 professional esting the workers in the real and greatest need of trade unions in this country.

Perhaps you will be good enough to answer the points raised in your next issue, for I am sure they would be of much interest and no doubt of use to your readers.

* * *

THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—I will reply to Mr. Saunders' comment on my proposal for sending bad employers to prison by giving two facts. The Chief Constable for Glasgow reported in 1906: "The low rate of wages paid for female labour tends to lead girls to the streets." In a report of Mr. James Motion, Inspector of the poor for Glasgow, there appears this passage: "The new Socialist Party must not risk degenerating into a second edition of the Labour Party as, for instance, in the field of action. As for the workers on the industrial plane, and the scientific exercise of the enormous political as well as economic potentialities of such organisation, "does not in logic" (nor in practice) "exclude" the vigorous and deliberate exploitation by the Socialists of the regular legislative and executive machinery and functions. One must not expect the Party to be influenced or controlled by the voting-power of the Socialist citizens and the presence of their delegates in the national and local assemblies.

On the contrary, the latter is the logical and inevitable sequel of the former—as illustrated, for instance, in the municipal elections at Liverpool, etc., following the summer's industrialist campaign. The high essential value of achieving industrial solidarity is its moral effect and what it will add to in the largest aspects of the social issues confronting us.

Politics as at present played is a mere tangle of cross-currents, cross-purpose, intrigues, and the workers' hatreds into the clutches of the persons operating the National Vigilance Association, and societies for the prevention of disease.

That the British Socialist Party realises all this, and is to grip the situation and the consequences from the outset, and steadily build up its right position as not merely an intellectual philosopher, but as a practical guide of the British working-class uprising, is, I hope, evidenced by the official pronouncements it has already made upon the methods and, for example, by its broadcast appeal to women’s suffrage. It is not an all-sufficing function for a movement which deals in economic revolution; and the establishment of a Parliamentary Socialist group will in any case prove a task requiring time and, even when accomplished, of questionable effect unless backed by the standing menace and contingency of the General Strike. This has happened. In its present condition, neither thrive, nor achieve, nor even hold together, let alone impress itself on the nation's life and development. It is an imperative condition of its continuance that it shall intimately and practically concern itself with the hard facts, realities, and articulation of the everyday struggle that is going on.

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may be), but I see a great peril in manhood suffrage, and I think for this reason womanhood suffrage "may require that you have no understanding of the position of woman whatsoever. After acknowledging that "the Government intends by its announcement of the new Fran


suffrage," you exclaim at the folly of the W.S.P.U. because the deadly insult offered to them. Thank goodness you Government intends by its announcement of the new Fran


be hurling at our heads abuse because we are not meekly as this, it does seem odd that you cannot realise that at


think we have already given some proof of what we can do. The women who held a position of open influence beside which the Roman ladies' loquacious liberty was a vapid dream. While your Roman feminist might be, and was, imprisoned, outraged, publicly executed or privately harrowed, that of the species is more deadly than the male." Unlike the railway strikers, we vary our method of attack. Theirs was a genuine war of all against all; ours partakes of the nature of guerrilla warfare, which is the harassing. No, sir, in spite of your doubts as to our ultimate success, I cannot do better than urge you to "wait and see.


FEMINISM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. R. B. Kerr, seems to have gathered from his readings in history that the Romans (to limit the subject) were conquered by a nation to which feminism was unknown. Certainly, if by feminism is meant the old and, alas, everlasting rabid female demand to develop herself (her sexual appetite) at all costs (that is, at everybody else's cost)—if that sort of feminism is intended, the Romans were fatally superior therein to their conquerors. The Goddess of War, who held a position of open influence beside which the Roman ladies' loquacious liberty was a vapid dream. While your Roman feminist might be, and was, imprisoned, outraged, publicly executed or privately harrowed, that of the species is more deadly than the male." Unlike the railway strikers, we vary our method of attack. Theirs was a genuine war of all against all; ours partakes of the nature of guerrilla warfare, which is the harassing. No, sir, in spite of your doubts as to our ultimate success, I cannot do better than urge you to "wait and see.


THE CRITERIA OF ART.

Sir,—It was with very great pleasure that I read the de


lightful article under the above title by B. Oxon. The writing about art has been gradually falling into the hands of babes and sucklings, advertising agents, confidence tricksters, Lilliputians only big enough to see the toes of the Goddess of Art, or narrow decadents who see art only through the eyes of the little clique to which they belong. A few only of the better critics have retained a shred of conscience and sound judgment; but even these are overawed by the tyranny of fashion, and fear to protest against the latest movements in the art world.

So it came as a pleasant surprise to read such an article as that by M. B. Oxon, thoughtful and sensitive, indicating a true feeling for art, and a conspicuous fairness which listens for any sign of sanity in the present movement. Before supplemening his views on the criteria of art, I wish to say a word to my opponents. Messrs. G. F. White and A. F. Thorn show the danger of playing with lunacy, which I spoke of in my letter. Like hysteria in a girls' school, it is shooting; and there is something in art which "sees" the things which are not. And there are the more subtle forces of suggestion which may produce similar effects. As for Sir. White, had he known more of his subject he would not have impugned the soul of womanhood to me; to Mr. Huntly Carter is in a different category. I admire him too much to take his latest little joke, his essay in "spoofing." In the name of heaven I said was true, and the playful badinage to which he treats me is only a little dust raised to cover his retreat. One remark only will I make, and says I am linked to a bouquet of flattery. This is news—I stand alone; but it is true that the head of our principal asylum has shown the parallelism between Post-impressionist and womanhood suffrage. "The doctor is one of the sanest of men, and is built on the lines of the Admirable Crichton and Leonardo da Vinci. He is not only accomplished in his own line, but is a most accomplished artist in several media; and he is one person who has mastered many instruments. He has practised what I have always preached: the all-round development of all the faculties.

Turning to the criteria of art, those given by M. B. Oxon are necessarily vague, intangible, and personal. This must be the case, else he has practically denied the possibility of that of the purpose of art; and I sincerely hope he will give us an article dealing with it. The chaos in current criticism arises from failure to define the one factor of a conception of Art. There is too much girding at conventions; language is a convention, and if we cut ourselves adrift from it, then the babblings of the idiot may be ranked with the words of wisdom or of eloquence. This is what is being done in the art world; or, rather, something worse, as goes the rage and gibberings of the Posterior-Post-Impressionists are mere sane and excellent art.

In judging painting,—and the same may be said of other arts with some truth—we must remember that all movements have their rise, their culminations, and their decline. So in judging an individual work we must note its position in that period. Whether it belongs to the stage of promise, of mature accomplishment, or of decadence. Our modern critics have mistaken decadence for progress, and curiosity for truth. The latter is more probable. For a work reflects badly on our national intelligence. Then the question should be asked, when judging an artist: Is he an accomplished craftsman, and able to express what he feels? If he can, then we should ask, Is he sincere, or only playing advertising tricks to gain the notoriety which is as profit

able as fame? These are all questions which admit of fairly definite answers.

It is claimed for music, by Wagner following Schopenhauer, that it is an expression of the Thing-in-itself, the idea, unmediated by the ear, which is transcendent and immaterial. To put these claims as to whether painters may not disregard the forms of things, and express the "idea" of Plato in some new way. We must define what an idea is, before we can believe in such claims, and can tell whether a man has succeeded or is merely fooling himself, or imposing on the critics and the public. Nor can it be argued that it is a question of taste. The works of all and her works are characterised by marvellous organisation, wondrous artistry, delicacy, beauty, and of an exquisiteness of finish which no microscope can fathom. If we take music as man's expression of it, then we have an unconscious science underlying the complex and organised art; it is the apothecary of the science of numbers made audible. So if it be possible for painting to express the Idea without the use of natural forms (which is equivalent to making music without sound) whatever it gives us must have these marvels of organisation and structure; have a science transmuted into beauty, and be of inexhaustible delicacy and finish. All these marks are absent from the rubbish which it is sought to foist on us into which it may be transmuted—if it does not get turned into foetid fungi!

E. WAKE COOK.

CARVER—MURRY—PICASSO.

Sir,—If Mr. Carter has full understanding of Picasso's latest development he should guard this knowledge of God to himself. Two other men only seem to have this precious gift—Picasso and Toulouse-Lautrec. But here the description of this sort is to substitute an abortion for a glorious inheri

ance.

A curious thing has been happening in Paris these last few months. There has been an influx of London art,
Sir,-Perhaps your art critic would explain what he means by "a lyrical note-in G major." And why G major? Has it any specific quality which differentiates it, say from F sharp major or any other key when applied to lyrical notes heard by your critic in pictures? Is it because the major and minor scales are fast becoming obsolete that art critics are taking compassion on them and endeavouring to perpetuate their memory? Mr. Sickert and M. Picasso, affairs were nothing but "back numbers," and to-morrow Mr. Huntly Carter and his younger co-workers on to the heap of "back numbers" where already, according to him, Debussy reposes. At present these men are at work on the energy which has been liberated in music by Debussy. For Debussy has helped to de-materialise music by rendering the major and minor scales unnecessary.

In physics the theory of the dissociation of atoms has released the intra-atomic energy from which most of the forces of the universe are derived. Similarly in music the reservoir of energy which takes the shape of harmonies is rendered possible for Debussy by most modern composers and transformed into melodiously inflected curves of rich and continually varying severities. It is no longer a question in music of melody or harmony but of timbre or quality and the tache coloré.

Mr. Huntly Carter would appreciate Schönberg's "Pellias and Melisanda," for it might enable him to define that composer not as "Maurice Maeterlinck with a piano," but with a pendular vibratory apparatus to register his harmonies.

LOUISE LIECHT.

"THE WAR GOD."

Sir,—It would be a serious breach of good taste to lose many moments in consulting such an understanding as Mr. A. H. M. Robertson's. Nothing that is profitable is advanced by it. Fabulism may be fairly expressed by its line of argument, but in all its conclusions it is big water. Observe the extraordinary flableness and contradictions of its latest manifestation. This manifestation in epistulary form assures us that Mr. Robertson, in his own actual "went to The War God" himself and considered it a most pernicious production." But he has, nevertheless, a "respect for Mr. Zangwill" (its author). Ergo, as a "back number," or does he represent, together with Bartók and Kodály, current numbered "back numbers," a "respect for Mr. Zangwill"? (its author). Evidently the empiricism of Mr. Carter and the fact that M. Picasso approves of pernicious productions. Moreover, the production is pernicious "because of its elevation of non-resistance as against revolutionary force." Ergo, Mr. Robertson approves of war. It continues, "one would never gather advanced sufficiently far, or he is unfortunate in his choice of an advocate's example. I never exhaust, so I am unable to try the recommended experiment, but I should say M. Picasso is a type of the advanced spirit in search of the elements of truth as distinct from the essence. The one is often mistaken for the other nowadays."

I must confess to keen disappointment, both in respect to the empiricism of Mr. Carter and the fact that M. Picasso does not finally quite come up to expectation. Evidently the day is yet far off when the art of delineation will be once more in opposition to nature. G. F. WHITE.

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THE LYRICAL NOTE—IN G MAJOR.

Sir,—The composer of "The War God" has been a bit. Either he has not designed jigsaw puzzles or he has put together his "lyrical note" without reason for its existence to educe order out of chaos; no one but a lunatic would put it together to produce chaos, so possibly this is the explanation of the Picasso "study," a jigsaw puzzle gone wrong!

When I paid my several visits to the Post-Impressionist's Exhibition, I found much to detest and laugh at, as well as much to enjoy and admire, this last especially in Van Gogh and Picasso though I still loathed Matisse and all his works exhibited here.

Picasso, realised at once was a great artist; the "Salome" gave me immense satisfaction for its intense and dramatic vision and its superb line work, a most compelling work of a man like Picasso is to be classed with these, but I nevertheless have a deep admiration the lunatic things P. Wyndham Lewis has got himself lying dormant, to utilise it by inviting discussion in the Press is an exhibition of the usual "impuissance" so prevalent in England just at present. Paris.

GEORGES BANKS.

** ** **

Sir,—Mr. Huntly Carter's jigsaw simile is not an apt one, for even a jigsaw puzzle is made when put together. Its only reason for existence is to educe order out of chaos; no one but a lunatic would put it together to produce chaos, so possibly this is the explanation of the Picasso "study," a jigsaw puzzle gone wrong!

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It is said that Debussy affixes a key to his compositions simply as a convenient recognition of the erudite listener. The same theory was professed by the other composer not as '(Maurice Maeterlinck with a piano," but with a pendular vibratory apparatus to register his harmonies.

LOUIS LIECHT.

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from Mr. Carter's summary] 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 perverside ideals." From this one concludes that a stage villain is a conscientious idealist with perfectly normal ideals; and therefore if Mr. Robertson is a conscientious idealist with perfectly normal ideals, he is a stage villain. Otherwise he is a stage Bismarck. Further, it objects to the author's approach with a fair amount of unbiased integrity; whereas had it been Fabian nurse, the term would have suggested that the author of the play packed with failures. And his understanding has been Fabian manner.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your paper for four years, therefore you may consider that I write in quite a friendly spirit to warn you that you have a very serious rival in a new journal called the "Eye-Witness." I had not seen a copy of it until the other day, when, in my usual enthusiasm for new friends, sir, I was examining on the clever series of articles by Mr. J. C. Squire, "The Modern Journalist." I was dumbfounded by my professor's enthusiasm for the "Eye-Witness." Therein he showed me an almost identically similar series entitled "Models for Young Journalists." Said my friend, shrugging: "Why pay threepence a week for THE NEW AGE when by waiting a month you can get the same thing in the 'Eye-Witness'?" I had no reply.

THE THEATRE MUSEUM.

Sir,—I do not desire to dispute with your correspondent, Mrs. Enthoven, concerning the priority of the suggestion of a historical theatrical section in the London Museum. I may say, however, that it was not seven years ago that my practical interest was aroused in this plan, but at least ten years ago. It was in 1900, I think, that Edward Terry suggested the idea of an annual theatrical conference, at which paper which papers could be read or printed. I added to this the suggestion of the exhibition, and between that date and 1905, when my scheme of a London Museum was published by the Sociological Society, I worked pretty widely and regularly at popularising the idea, and obtaining support for it. Mrs. Enthoven, I may add, has not quite grasped the original suggestion. The London Museum was intended to be a museum for the amusement and education of the public. The new theatrical section would be more at home in the National Museum at South Kensington. HUNTY CARTER.

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