We have in mind at this moment three recent instances of the perfidy of the "Daily News." Some few weeks ago we announced in advance of any journal the delayed appointment of a new Insurance Commissioner in the person of a recent director of one of the industrial assurance companies. The circumstances attending this appointment were felt to be so fishy, that Mr. Lloyd George himself would not venture to announce it while Parliament was still sitting. On the very last day of the session, almost in its last hour, in reply to an arranged question, Mr. Lloyd George did admit that he was hoping to be able to secure a representative on the Commission of the industrial assurance concerns. He did not, however, inform Parliament that not only did he hope to do this, but, in fact, he had succeeded weeks before. He also mentioned that the difficulty in the appointment lay in the fact that the salary offered by the Government was less than the salaries already paid to these directors; but he did not state, what he knew quite well at the time, that in the person of a recent director of one of the industrial assurance companies. But did our "Daily News," provided they were held up to public gaze by the "Eye-Witness" and ourselves, will convince everybody worth knowing that the "Daily News" and its fellows are as completely in the capitalist and caucus ring as any of the admittedly privately interested journals.

examples of deliberate suppression, distortion and malice on the part of the "Daily News," provided they continue to be held up to public gaze by the "Eye-Witness" and ourselves, will convince everybody worth knowing that the "Daily News" and its fellows are as completely in the capitalist and caucus ring as any of the admittedly privately interested journals.

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The second instance concerns the announcement of the startling figures of the railwaymen's ballot for strike. Chiefly as a result of its publication in the "Daily News"—the least partisan of journals in its...
news service (we say nothing of its views)—the fact is now well known that one of the chief railwaymen's unions returned a ballot in favour of a fresh strike and against accepting the new Commission of 8,015 to 600, or over 13 to 1. That fact, had it been as well known in August as it is now, would have proved our contention that the leaders were deliberately selling their men in closing the strike and accepting the Commission. Even coming as it did, the light it threw on the whole situation was lurid. No journal professing the smallest interest in the Labour movement could fail to comment on its enormous significance. Yet the "Daily News" not only refrained from comment—which may be accounted for by sheer stupidity—but its publication of the news was perfunctory and obscure as if it would fain conceal the fact altogether. For this attitude neither stupidity nor inaudacity is a sufficient explanation. The third instance, however, puts the matter beyond any doubt.

On Saturday last the "Daily News" published an editorial under the title of "Railways Booming," in which complete jubilation was expressed on account of increase of profits made by the railways during the last half-year. It appears that in spite of the strike, the disadvantage of the men and the partial dislocation of the carrying trade, the receipts of the companies were increased by nearly two per cent. over the figures of the corresponding six months of last year. As a result of this the dividends to be expected for the period now closed will be not less than 4 per cent. on the capital dividend paid last year, which itself was considerably in advance of previous years. In short, the proof is now certain that the railways were better able to afford in August last a general rise in wages than ever they have been in their history. Yet it will be remembered that one of the first conditions dictated to the Government by the companies was that in return for the new Conciliation Boards, railway rates and fares should be legally raised to a point which would yield a healthy profit margin of profit (exactly equal, by the way, to the total wages bill) would be swallowed up. And long before that legal countenance is employed, the companies have already raised fares and freight by 2½ to 10 per cent. The public have not only, therefore, contributed to the enhanced profits on the railways during the last half-year without the satisfaction of seeing the men's wages raised a pennepiece; but for the purely conjectural and highly rational hope that the railway monopoly of freight might be increased. All that will be increased is the dividend paid to railway shareholders. That is the net result of the agitation. Commenting on this successful piracy—the word is not too strong—the "Daily News" remarks: The figures "will give satisfaction alike to shareholders, workers and the general public." What more could railway magnates demand of a paid organ?

Before proceeding to offer once more the true explanation of the present labour unrest, we may as well present our main credential—which is that we understand also the view of the governing and possessing classes. It is essential in our opinion that anybody who offers advice in public matters in a disputed affair should take pains to realise the grounds of the contending points of view. Socialists, we freely admit, have often ruined their case by an obvious misunderstanding of the case against them. Capitalists, on the other hand, have often been guilty of the same delusion.

Thus it comes about that the two contending views play a fruitless game of blind man's buff. Now the employers' attitude is to our minds no less simple and—dare we say it?—less natural than the attitude of the men. The idea that employers like to pay low wages is melodramatic nonsense. We give employers credit for heartily wishing that their employees could be made better off. Within the limits fixed, as they think, by their duty to themselves, employers as a whole, in fact, do the best they can for their men. What they desire above all things is that wages and the general conditions of workmen should be improved without reducing profits. They believe, moreover, that this is quite possible, and honest journals like the "Spectator" agree with them. If production could be enormously increased and new markets could as constantly be discovered, partial employment would disappear and every workman might be engaged full time and at higher rates than at the same time would be increased and everybody, therefore, necessarily satisfied. Confess now, capitalists, that this is the theory you entertain.

We cannot in these notes demonstrate at length and conclusively that this dream is utterly vain. The whole economic argument of Socialism, however, goes to prove that such an ideal is untenable as well in theory as in practice. But we can point to one obvious fact which shows that even a casual student should be sufficiently. Suppose that fifty years ago this theory had been held (as indeed it was) and that the desideratum was the increase of production and the expansion of foreign markets. Could a more complete fulfilment of the conditions of success have been anticipated? Into the industrial history of the last half-century has supplied? In this experimental period of fifty years the powers of production have been at least quintupled, and new foreign markets have been opened at the same rate. Yet for all that the relative position of the working classes has not changed for the better. Nay, to take only the experience of the last decade, with what the "Times" calls the "unsurpassed material prosperity of the nation as a whole," wages have not only fallen relatively but absolutely, both in their nominees' average and still more in their real value or purchasing power. If this has been the effect on wages of an epoch of unsurpassed production and expansion, what other better effect can be anticipated of a similar epoch now in sight? Into the economic causes of this effect it is impossible for us to enter outside a treatise on economics—a superfluous task, since it has many times been performed—but the fact we have just stated is, at least, evidence presumptive that from increased production and new markets alone there is no hope for labour.

Turning to the other side of the question, the attitude of labour. It is granted that labour's only chance lay in establishing for itself a monopoly of one of the elements of production. Of the three factors of production, two—land and credit (or capital)—were monopolies of the wealthy classes; the remaining factor, labour, was in the hands of the workers. How would it be possible to the possession of two of the three factors in wealth-production the wealthy classes could command rent and interest, so, if once they could combine, the working classes might command by virtue of their possession of the monopoly of labour a considerable share of the total product in the form of wages. Unfortunately, however, for them, combination among workmen was a much more difficult business than combination among the other classes. Obstacles existed not only from the natural enmity of the two monopolies which felt their power threatened, but from the ignorance prevailing amongst the men themselves. The enemies of trade unionism are to be discovered quite as often among workmen as among capitalists. Nevertheless, in blundering fashion and by noble assiduity, a trade union movement was actually built up, powerful enough, if not to extract the true value of its monopoly of labour, at least to give promise of one day extracting it. Therewithan, with a . . .
Mr. J. A. Hobson’s phrase) and in securing its fair share of wealth. This method, to the infinite disgust of reformers, broke down and became as a single instrument discredited, in the early nineties of last century. At the conclusion of the great engineering strike, when the building had left and most of its intelligent workmen had been routed by the employers, Mr. Tom Mann, at Leeds, pronounced the last word on the Old Unionism and the first on the New. Men, he said, we must strike again, but the next time, like matches, only workmen had been routed by the employers, Mr. Tom

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From 1893 onwards the history of labour has been political rather than industrial. Blunderingly as always, the men who constructed this new instrument of Labour. Reckoned from the inside, no less than from the outside, it was a gigantic achievement of which the authors (Mr. MacDonald prominent among them) have every right to be proud. But exactly as the Old Unionist leaders (except for men like Mr. Mann and Mr. Tillett) were unwilling to recognise the futility and failure of the method and indispensable to construct, when its failure stared them in the face, so it is very human in the present political Labour leaders to be disposed to deny that the political instrument, alone, has failed. Manifestly, so far as it is Business, to observe, like ourselves, the political instrument by itself has failed no less completely than the strike by itself. The method of the strike, employed singly, resulted in the fiasco of the

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Now we put it not merely to Socialists (we do not play to the gallery), but to honest men of every party and of every creed. Capitalism by itself has failed to turn the ebb of wages; industrialism on a still wider scale must be intensified, unemployment and pauperism, however

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We have seen in the case of the Insurance Bill—the most patent narcotic against the public will never forget. Save for journals the number of which can be counted on the fingers of one hand, every journal in London wilfully misrepresented public opinion in the interests of Mr. Lloyd George’s Bill. Why? Undoubtedly because the governing clique on both sides had assured them that the Bill had saved the nation from economic ruin. It is not likely that Mr. Astor’s little pet, Mr. Garvin, would have supported the Bill and forbidden the Lords to save themselves for ever by throwing it out unless Mr. Astor himself, in the commanding voice of American dollars, had assented to this course. It is clearly too late. Then, and not till then, for party purposes the Act is denounced in the hope (and as we believe, the certainty) that the public itself will kill it and credit the Unionists with its death.

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But if in this matter of palliatives—narcotics rather—the Press has betrayed Labour, in the matter of the prevalent unrest, perhaps have led to its quiet settlement. That, however, was no particular concern of ours, nor would it be of any public importance if when discussion has been intensified, unemployment and pauperism, however disguised, have multiplied, and, at the end of all labours’ efforts, Mr. Lloyd George is driven again, amid the dithyrambs of idiots, to concoct legislation to supplement the perpetually declining values of wages.

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— THE NEW AGE
It must be admitted—and we state it with pleasure—that the militancy of trade unionists was never more pronounced than it is to-day. The columns given over to reports of the daily doings of trade unionists multiply. No sooner is the seamen's strike temporarily settled than another outbreak occurs. With the masters, on the other hand, there has been success. Further than that, they are organised syndicalism of the Continent in one respect only. We repeat. How is that possible, you ask? Surely it was not so pronounced than it is to-day. The columns given over to reports of the daily doings of trade unionists multiply. The cotton operatives are disputing the refusal of three members to join the union. The masters, on the other hand, are perfectly united. Sauce for the goose, dear Press, to rejoin the union. The masters, on the other hand, have been successful. Further than that, they are organised...
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The rise to power in England of our Philistine middle-class has naturally brought into greater prominence the worst middle-class vices—to wit, cant. This vice partakes of the nature of idealism: the desire to be left untouched by awkward facts, a disinclination to face reality. We find all this, as we might expect, reflected in our toadying Press, Liberal, Conservative, and Labour (for, of course, our own Labour party, like the German Social Democratic party, is merely a lower-middle-class organisation), and in the utterances of our public men. When our editors and publicists start out on a canting expedition I confess that I am unable, in many instances, to decide how far they actually believe in their own nonsense, and how far they are simply talking nonsense in order to soothe and lull to rest the reality. We find all this, as we might expect, reflected on a canting expedition I confess that I am unable, in the Press generally on January 3 was the most appalling. You remember the ghastly spectacle, of course: those New Year messages from prominent Ministers about Germany. Viscount Haldane, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Haldane. The middle-class Parliamentary movement in Germany, to which, in my less busy moments, I sit my colleague. It may hang up a Budget, but it cannot indefinitely postpone the collection of taxes. It may merely delay legislation and cause some pin-pricking annoyance to those in authority. For this reason the Government may take some steps to settle itself more firmly in the saddle by dissolving the Reichstag again and ordering new elections to be held. In such a case the new elections would not be fought on any internal subject, but much more likely on the naval question. The plan to have a big navy is popular in Germany among the Social Democrats themselves, as they will ready admit when not speaking for publication, and with another Navy Law the rivalry between this country and Germany would become accentuated.

There's the tradesman for you! Give him plenty of opportunities of exploiting his workmen—and he will be happy. Haldane, too, and his "more intimate relations." And McKenna, with his "no cause for serious dissension," which is simply an untruth.

Often and often, when I meet Continental friends of mine, we chuckle over this sort of doltish flummery. To it because, in the first place, it is inartistic, and because, in the second place, it is misleading. There's the tradesman for you! Give him plenty of opportunities of exploiting his workmen—and he will be happy. Haldane, too, and his "more intimate relations." And McKenna, with his "no cause for serious dissension," which is simply an untruth.

Who ever finds this sort of cant in any other country in Europe? We are never troubled with it in Russia, for example, and in France, M. Léon Bourgeois and his followers form a small and unheeded party. How could it be otherwise, in view of the pugnacious French character? And in Germany, of course, all such wish-wash is kept severely within bounds.

If modern England were a really sporting nation the future holds in store for two nations, the English and the German. The forms of State insurance now in operation in Germany will suffer, through high taxation, in order to bolster up the industrial system. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The future holds in store for two nations, the English and the German. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. The more complete exploitation of the workmen will then be only a matter of time. 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The Third Home Rule Bill.

By Jack Collinges Squire.

The Home Rule Bill has a long drive along a dark road in front of it, and the wise man will observe the principle of "ne temere" when it comes to prophesying what may happen to it by reason of the irritations of highwaymen or the defective vision of the driver or the unskilful packing of the load. We have not yet seen the Bill and cannot predict with certainty how the country will receive it. But it is true that this far there has been very little excitement over the question, and men who went through the struggles of the 'eighties must be wondering what on earth has happened.

At present, in fact, it seems as though the country is almost bored with Home Rule. The frenzy of anti-Irish feeling has died down with the disappearance of violence and disorder in Ireland and the growth in England of a younger generation which has been inured to the conception of Home Rule from its youth up. Whilst the agrarian revolution produced in Ireland by the Land Act has abated discontent in that country, Unionist opposition here has been much weakened by the fact that there is no longer a big body of Irish landlords afraid of being hustled over to the "tender mercies of a Parliament at St. Stephen's Green." Which way the wind has been blowing was shown during that abortive Conference in the autumn of last year, when the rumour that the Liberal and Tory leaders were trying to arrive at a compromise and Mr. Asquith for devotion was quite sufficient to set half the Tory Press to the performance of what somebody called at the suggestion of the League of Christmas blankets dispensed by Lord Oranmore and Browne; and on the Tory side there has been a hollow ring about most of the speeches, and the reasonable and anarchical declarations of the Orangemen that they will take "extreme measures" against the new Government have excited more derision than anger. The result is that this is one of exceeding dullness. Orators are not exhilarating and audiences are not to be exhilarated. Liberal speakers have said scarcely a word worth listening to; in Nationalist quarters the most notable thing that has happened is the refusal Home Rule never wants an Irish village (at the expense of such a Gentleman) to get the Catholic Church on its Committee. The Home Rule Bill was introduced, "Empire Sold to Germany," and so forth. Parliament will be at it for one year, probably for two, possibly for three years. Out of the welter something will come.

Nevertheless, the electors will have to form an opinion on Home Rule, and it seems quite likely that they may be called upon to vote on it. In a month or two all the old arguments will be going full swing. We shall be affected with screaming posters conveying either nothing or an exaggerated something: "Mr. Asquith's Grave Plea for Ireland," "Mr. Lloyd George demands Justice for Ireland," "Mr. Asquith's Grave Plea for Ireland," "Empire-breaking Bill introduced," "Empire Sold to Germany," and so forth. Parliament will be at it for one year, probably for two, possibly for three years. Out of the welter something will come. What will it matter?

The Empire argument is now and always was rubbish. Nobody proposes to hand naval or military control over to the Irish. They have now just as much power and more inducement to "intrigue with Britain's enemies" and prepare to receive invaders with open arms as they will have when they control their own drainage and debits. What is worth a certain amount of Colonial and American feeling will be placated by the grant. If devolution of functions means break-up, the concession of a county council to Herefordshire fractured the Empire in the same way as would the concession of a subordinate Parliament to Ireland. As far as Irish sentiment is concerned we are not likely to be the losers. A good deal of cant is talked about by both sides as to Irish loyalty and disloyalty but spirited Mr. Bumstead refuses to put the symbol of the Union on the top of a pole and prefers to put it in the fire, one party always takes it as an inoffensive proof that a hatred of the faintest shred of an English connection reigns in every Hibernian heart. On the other hand, just because the King gets a decent reception from Dublin street crowds we are smothered in gush about the Irishman's "passionate instinct of loyalty" and personal affection for the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Very probably the ruling families of Ireland and England would at this sort of thing, will contrive when Ireland has "self-government" to strengthen the ties between the island and the Throne by getting one of the Royal Princes to assume the name of "Prince Patrick" or "Duke of Dublin." But the Home Rule Bill is a declaration of loyalty, and so it is not sufficient answer to say that Irish Catholics are not safe, and that somehow or other a seditious Celtic Government would be necessary to forward the development of Irish industry and commerce, as Ireland will have to stand on her own financial bottom. On the face of it there is something in this. When a Redmondist Chancellor goes a-borrowing he will certainly not get money on as good terms as an English Chancellor, if only for the reason that the money-lending classes here have a long time have fears that Irish securities are not safe, and that somehow or other a seditious Celtic Government will contrive to repudiate its obligations like San Salvador or Costa Rica, or whoever it was. But the Nationalists are quite confident on the point. They anticipate that their country will indulge in an all-round burst of industrial enterprise by way of celebrating the achievement of Home Rule. As for this, "Time will show," as our episcopal Prophecy may be, but really things are certain. One is that clearly an Irish Parliament will know far better than an English one what Irish grievances are, and that it is now less important than it was.

Nevertheless, the electors will have to form an opinion on Home Rule, and it seems quite likely that they may be called upon to vote on it. In a month or two all the old arguments will be going full swing. We shall be affected with screaming posters conveying either nothing or an exaggerated something: "Mr. Asquith's Grave Plea for Ireland," "Mr. Lloyd George demands Justice for Ireland," "Empire-breaking Bill introduced," "Empire Sold to Germany," and so forth. Parliament will be at it for one year, probably for two, possibly for three years. Out of the welter something will come. What will it matter?

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not ours. If they think the sacrifice worth making
they should be at liberty to make it. At all events, for
by it. The congestion of business argument may be and
us to think that one thing or the other is likely to
have been exaggerated. But the fact remains that in
an average, been spent on specifically Irish business,
and the need for taking Ireland into account has
indubitable. The Imperial Parliament is bound to gain
remedied, and Governments have had neither the desire
contained within itself the possibility of inflicting serious
injustice upon England, Scotland, and Wales. The
Government is indefinitely pledged to redistribution
proportion of population, are only entitled to about
one-tenth of the membership of the House. That is
merely reduction in itself would be a good thing. It is
not yet known on what principle Irish representation
and-out" system remains the least open to logical over-
throw. If, as would seem inevitable, the Government
has decided to adopt that, British domestic affairs will
be entirely immune from Irish interference. But even
if there did remain in the House a body of Irishmen
with full powers of voting on all questions, there would
at least, when Home Rule had been established, be a
reasonable hope that we should henceforth be free from
Irish faggot-voting in Parliament. The Irish have,
in disposing of their votes with an eye on the quid pro
cox. Some of the Nationalist members are in themselves and
themselves as prevail among persons not subject to their
concern is with the betterment of the social and
economic conditions of the poorer classes throughout
the kingdom, the passage of Home Rule should have its
advantages. In Ireland itself, particularly in Bel-
fair, there are the germs of a strong working-class
movement, and some of the most active and popular of
the young Nationalists are very radical. In this country
reaction will lose a red-herring which has done great
service in its time. It is possible that the acuter Tories
wish to postpone the passage of Home Rule, not so
much because they dread Home Rule as because they
do not want to lose the Home Rule cry. But if the
small cliques of cranks who are crying for Home Rule
for Scotland and Wales as well get their way we may
have occasion to regret it. It is difficult enough to get
legislation through Parliament, juggling that they are
having to submit to burdens from which their foreign
competitors are free. What if we have four
Governments at home, each afraid to move, say, to-
wards restriction of the hours of labour in the foreign
trade until the others do? A terrible prospect of inter-
Governmental negotiation and procrastination opens
up. Ireland by itself does not so much matter, her con-
ditions being so very much different from ours. But
even here difficulties may be foreseen should Irish
statesmen, some time or other in the distant future,
decide to do something for the agricultural labourer.
Suppose—for any example will do—there was a general
Desire here to fix a minimum wage for agricultural
labourers; and suppose in Ireland there was no such
desire. Until we know the scope and limitations of the
Self-government that is to be conferred upon Ireland
we cannot judge how wide an area of legislation will be
thus affected. But it seems only too certain that there
are difficulties of this kind ahead. Apart from this, the
Irish cannot conceivably be so great a nuisance to us
in the future as they have been in the past.

The Peril of Large Organisations.

By Arthur J. Penty.

It is one of the signs of the times that Socialists are
not so enamoured of large organisations as they were.
A decade ago it was the rankest heterodoxy to doubt
the benefits which were to accrue to society from their
development. The organisers of trusts were then
looked upon as unconscionable benefactors of mankind,
who, by strangling individualism, were making possible
the Socialist state of the future. To-day the outlook
is not so clear. Apart from transport, gas and water
supply, and electric lighting, no one has come forward
who is able to formulate a scheme for nationalising the
trusts. It is dawning upon social reformers that
the task of getting the trusts out of the hands of their
organisers is not so simple as it at first appeared. For
with the growth of trusts follows the loss of liberty for
the citizen. Mr. Hilaire Belloc affirms that the trustifi-
cation of industry is leading not to the social millennium
of reformers, but to the servile state, and no Socialist
has yet succeeded in disproving his position.

It is now generally admitted that certain things are
better under small organisations. In the crafts and the
arts, and in the kinds of enterprise where close and

close personal attention are important, it is conceded
that such industries would, "under Socialism," be better
organised under a system of small workshops; and there are a few who would admit that these small workshops should be controlled by gilds; but this is as far as we have got. The large organisation is still believed in for the major part of our social activities. They are always being called good and have been told that they are to be revolutionised throughout. Exactly how is left to our imagination to find out. It is therefore the purpose of these articles to demonstrate that the really fundamental defects of large industrial organisations are inherent in their nature and cannot be eradicated, and will only disappear with the destruction of the organisations themselves. It is my contention that Adam Smith was right when he argued that banking could only be managed satisfactorily by limited companies, and that the Fabian Society are wrong in dismissing this idea as an obsolete eighteenth century notion. For, as a matter of fact, no limited company has ever attempted to manage any industry. They do not set out to manage: they set out to exploit industry. And this is a fundamentally different thing. A limited company can successfully exploit an industry, for it can make a corner in the market by reason of the capital at its command. But that is not what we understand by managing an industry. For it produces evil results. How many examples can be brought forward of an industry which has passed into the control of limited companies and has not deteriorated in the quality of the goods it produces, in the technical skill, or in the identity which overtakes the employees of large organisations? But if one can, it will be because of some special circumstance, as may perhaps be the case of a company making some special machinery which found a market only through technical excellence. But it certainly is not so in companies which deal direct with the general public.

Now I am quite prepared to admit the convenience which often results from large organisations, especially in the retail trades. There is no denying that they simplify life for many in the immediate sense; though nowadays even the people who have been accustomed by them are beginning to realise the greater inconvenience which is resulting from the disappearance of smaller ones. How difficult it is nowadays to find anyone who can do the little things which want doing. My watch stops and I have to search about for a reliable man to repair it. The cane-seated chair wants repairing and there is nobody to do it. The seat which the large organisation to which they vainly imagine all large organisations are striving after. Were that so there would be nothing to say against them. Unfortunately, such an ideal is as far as we are assumed to be moving. Exactly how is this idea as an obsolete eighteenth century notion. For, as a matter of fact, no limited company has ever attempted to manage any industry. They do not set out to manage: they set out to exploit industry. And this is a fundamentally different thing. A limited company can successfully exploit an industry, for it can make a corner in the market by reason of the capital at its command. But that is not what we understand by managing an industry. For it produces evil results. How many examples can be brought forward of an industry which has passed into the control of limited companies and has not deteriorated in the quality of the goods it produces, in the technical skill, or in the identity which overtakes the employees of large organisations? But if one can, it will be because of some special circumstance, as may perhaps be the case of a company making some special machinery which found a market only through technical excellence. But it certainly is not so in companies which deal direct with the general public.

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businesses is passing away. Such men do not rise from the ranks nowadays. The men who rose from the ranks were in before the business grew to large proportions. In their place are boards of directors, who are chosen because they can influence orders or have money to invest. If they happen to know anything technically it is generally an accident. It is rarely if ever the primary reason of them finding themselves in their position.

Here is to be found the first difficulty—the difficulty of getting an intelligent body of control. It is a difficulty to which one can see no solution. The large organisation prevents men rising from the ranks. This is reacting upon large organisations themselves by robbing them of men capable of exercising an intelligent control.

The difficulty is supposed to be met by appointing a manager to whom they delegate their control. Sometimes this is successful. But capable managers are increasingly difficult to find. The industrial changes which make it difficult to get together a competent board of directors operate to make it difficult to get really competent managers. Moreover, such positions are more and more looked upon as billets for the friends and relations of the directors—a perfectly natural thing, though not contributing to increased efficiency. Directors have naturally a prejudice in favour of their own class, and being without technical qualifications themselves, they do not readily appreciate those who do possess them. Such men are generally lacking in the refinements common to themselves. This in itself constitutes a barrier between them. They lack mutual confidence and so they have little option but to have recourse to one of their own class.

Let us suppose that a really competent man occupies the post of manager. If the organisation is so large that a personal knowledge of the entire staff is impossible to him, his difficulties are enormous. In all large organisations there are a number of men who do not play the game. They sacrifice everything to personal success, and this introduces all manner of complications. They endeavour to improve their own position by keeping others under. Jealousy prevents things from working smoothly, and it is no easy matter for any manager, however competent, to get to the bottom of all the intrigues and feuds which exist in all large organisations, for when every man holds his position entirely at the pleasure of a single manager, and depends absolutely for his advancement upon his goodwill, it is inevitable that all manner of false relationships should tend to establish themselves, which point can be well illustrated by a popular song which had a great success, and which makes it difficult to get together a competent board of directors.

Aye, 'twas long, take thanks enow.

I know of an intimate friend of an intimate friend of Frohman.

It illustrates the point—everything in large organisations comes to depend upon influence. The realisation of this truth is a very demoralising one. Hence it is that sooner or later slackness and indiffernce make their appearance when merit meets with no reward. But slackness means loss of money, and the demoralisation which overtakes all large organisations sooner or later makes itself felt on the balance-sheet. To remedy this evil by removing the cause is hopeless. Let us think the matter through. The evil is organic from top to bottom, and as such is for all practical purposes incurable. And now another influence comes into play. The instinct of self-preservation on the part of the individual having endangered the stability of the organisation itself, resort is made to a desperate remedy—speeding up. The primary cause of speeding up is, I am persuaded, the inevitable catastrophe which follows organisation on a false basis. It has succeeded for the time, but, as I have said, it is a desperate remedy. It undermines all feelings of loyalty; it inevitably depreciates the quality of goods produced and the skill of the worker. Whether industrial organisations can continue long on such a basis remains to be seen. But reflection suggests that their days are numbered.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound is contributing expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method of Scholarship."]

VII.

ARNAUT DANIEL: CANZONI OF HIS MIDDLE PERIOD.

Of these poems the first two show us how far Arnaut went in his endeavour to make his word structure march with the increasing complexity of Provençal music. The biographers of Jaufre Rudel say of him, "He made good canzoni, with fine tunes and poor words to them;" and this is borne out in his music which has a sweetness in it that is haunting. The words are pulled out of shape for the tune's sake:

"Dou-ou-ou-ous cha-ans da-u ze-e-e els de-e-e e lo-o-o-omboh."

"Swe-e-e-e-et so-oong o-o of bi-i-irds a-a-a-a fa-a-a-ar." set to a beautiful melody, mind you! In Arnaut's "Autet e bas" you will, if you try it in sing-song, notice that the short lines rhyming in "uce" break the rhythm of the long lines and sing themselves to the bird note itself.

"Mas pel us
Estauc clus.

The sound of the original is a little more clear and staccato than that of the words I have been able to find in English.

AUTET E BAS.

Now high and low where leaves are new,
The flower's y-cummen on the bough,
And no throat or beak is muted,
But each bird his song unwasted
Leteth loose,
Singeth sprucce;
Joy for them and spring would set
Song on me, but Love assaileth
Me and sets my words a-dancing.

My God I thank, and my eye twain,
That their good cunning doth endow
Me with joy so wrath's refuted;
All the shameful shame I've tasted
Joys reduce,
So they noose
Me in Amor's trembling net,
Bound to her who most availeth,
Bonds meseem a gay advancing.

My thanks, Amor, that I win through!
Aye, 'twas long, take thanks enow.
In my narrow flames are rooted.
I'd not quench them. See, they've lasted,
Are profuse,
Lest recluse
Leat knives see our hearts are met.
Murrain on the mouth that alleth,
So it finds her not entrancing

He doth in Love's book misconstrue
And is a lover shamed; I vow;
Let him, if his speech recruited
Harsh heart-harming words, be blasted;
This abuse
Both traduce
Worth. Nay! I've no such regret
If man in his malice raileth.
Let him bite his tongue mismatching.

That I love her? Is pride; is true.
I hide what joy her joys allow.
Since Paul's writ was executed
Or the forty days first fasted,*

* The point is that his lady is the finest since the Virgin Mary; this is quite pious and restrained; he has already said (Canzone 1) that he is the finest lover since Cain's time. In the next canzon he goes himself one better.
Not Christus
Could produce
One like her where one can get
Charm's total, for no charm faileth
Her whose memory's enhancing.
Charm and Valour, the keep of you
Is that Fair who holds me now,
She sole, I sole, so fast suited,
Other ladies' charms are wasted,
And no truce
But misuse
Have I for them, they're not let
To my heart where she regaleth
Me with joy I'd not be chancing.
Arnaut loves and ne'er will fret
Love with speech, his wise throat quaileth,
Foolish gossip he's not chancing.

"L'AURA AMARA."
[In this opening we have the beginning of Petrarch's never-ending puns. "The bitter laurel, Laura, ah cruel, the bitter air."]

I.
The bitter air
Strips clear the boughs
Whereon
The softer winds set leaves;
The glad
Birds *
Throats grow mute and still,
Whether they be
Wed
Or unwed;
Wherefore I try
To speak and do
Her whim,
In this I strive,
Me hath she lifted so
That 'less she ease
My pain, 'tis death I'm fearing.

II.
So clear the flare
That turned my prows
Upon
Her whom my sight believes,
That bad
Curds *
Are worth others' skill.
Infrequently
Tread
Garlanded
My prayers to lie
Elsewhere; joy too
They brim
With, and revive
Hearing her words; I glow
Through all degrees
In her service appearing.

III.
Amor, beware!
Doth welcome rouse?
Not done,
My speech were such as grieves,
Turns sad,
Girds.
Nay, 'twere better kill
Thyself, agree!
Stead.
-y, well sped
In love, my high
Heart's strength keeps true
Words dim,
Yet snows that drive
And all the balms that grow
Could ne'er appease
My heart 'thout her lips nearing.

IV.
If she but care,
Who lightly cows
— I con,
As thou'rt above worth's eaves,
Mail-clad
Hers
Of close prayers on drill
Will render fee,
Spread
Thought's last shred
'Fore her. I'd die
But hopes renew
My vim
And pray her shrieve
Then and cut short my woe.
Other joys please
Me less than apples searing.

V.
Sweet thou, ah fair
Each charm's own house,
I don
The pain that thy fate weaves,
For mad
Words
Suffering great ill,
When men mocked me
Dread
Words were said;
Yet for gold I
'll not turn from you.
I trim
A true course, I've
Spoken quite humbly though
God never sees
At Doma* aught so cheering.

VI.

My song, prepare
To meet king's brows,
For one
Will judge thee grain and sheaves;
We've had
Thirds
Of worth here, its fill
Is there; you'll see
Shed
Gold, and fed
You'll be; draw nigh,
Favoured, there to.
Tell him :
"Arnaut's scarce 'live
Except in Arago."
With each day's breeze
Toward him I would be steering.

VII.
Cast is the die:
I'll look in through
Th' heart's rim
Each eve; deprive
Her never; my thoughts go
Herward; bend their knees,
Only for her endearing.

These choppy lines do not affect the rhythm for reading, directly or necessarily; the poems in the old manuscripts are written straight along like prose. I print the verses in this form only better to indicate the rhyme scheme. Thus, in stanza V, where my translation of the movement is the most felicitous, one can see that for the purposes of rhythm, one should read the following groups of lines as single lines: 1 and 2; 3 and 4; 5, 6 and 7; 9 and 10; 11 and 12; and for the rest the lines are not "end-stopped."

The original rhymes in two places where I have used sound shading, but I did not notice the rhyme until

* "Literally: "I desire you more than God desires her of Doma," i.e., Our Lady of Pui de Dome.
I had finished making my translation. I am not sure that I shirked a difficulty, for it would have been obviously less difficult to find a second rhyme in "e" than it was to get the first six in "oughs." There is a prose rendering of this canzon in "The Spirit of Romance," more literal for stanza V, though I have in this metrical version corrected one or two errors of interst in the author's text. The first stanza is good art because its complexity is not apparent until one searches for it or presents it thus dissected.

Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

A FEW years ago, when I was moving about the English provinces, I used to visit nearly every gallery and theatre, and during this time I witnessed most of the plays that toured the principal provincial towns, thus meeting some of them time after time as they appeared at different theatres. Gradually I became aware of a remarkable phenomenon. I noticed that a play which had impressed me at one theatre failed to do so at another, even the State money by the same company. This strange thing haunted me. I knew the secret of it was not in myself. For from the great evening when Miss Ellen Terry enabled me to enter a theatre for the first time in my life, and I went to see Irving in "Henry VIII.," I have been impressed by the professionalism of play-going. Every good play or piece of acting that I have been able to become intimate with has had something in it for me which carried me away. So I sought in the stage to find the reason of my experience, and, in so doing, suddenly I was confronted with the fact that the provincial theatres were rapidly increasing in size, and the smallest of the old patent houses, such as the one near Etruria, and the free theatres that sprang up when the State monopoly ceased in 1843, were being replaced by the modern house constructed on a comparatively vast scale. Here, then, was the reason. The drama and acting were being affected by the increased size of the theatre.

The point was new to me; it made me think. Thus it brought me to the problem of problems, namely, intimacy. I became aware that during modern times there has been a great deal of action and reaction in the theatre. We have witnessed the rapid increase of audience on the drama, and the influence of the drama on the audience. Now we have the stage threatening to influence the drama, as, for instance, the new Shakespearean stage in Germany which is remoulding the Shakespearian drama. But what we really need is the influence of the drama on the stage, moulding and transforming it, as it has done in the past. Each great period of dramatic renascence, Greek and Elizabethan, has, in fact, created a new form of dramatic temple. If this is so, and we are entering upon the third great period of dramatic renascence, shall we not also witness the creation of a new dramatic temple? That was the question for me.

About this time I accidentally found at Accrington a brochure written by the Earl of Carlisle in 1800. It contained, in a plea for a new theatre, matter which confirmed my new point of view. The author, himself a dramatist, showed that when Mr. Dyer placed a smaller theatre than usual her acting gained vastly in importance. He then examines the point whether histrionic genius is not largely affected by the size and structure of the theatre. He finds that some of the theatre huts are large for the eye and small for the ear. In consequence, neither the author nor the actor is fully appreciated; hence he believes arises a decline in tragic writers and actors. In his view the interior of the theatre should be fully adapted to keep the audience in their seats, and the stage should be as a novel in dimensions so that the players' powers could be understood and appreciated. Beyond this he makes a survey of the smaller theatres and notes their influence alike on the audience and actor. He considers, too, the huge structures of Greece and Rome, necessitating all sorts of mechanical contrivances to remedy defects and inconveniences. The players, for instance, were built up with immense quantities of drapery, with masks, cothurni, etc. His suggested plan for a new theatre is, however, after all, a poor affair. It is mainly based upon considerations of box-office receipts and the safety of the audience, and is a conventional structure, horse-shoe in shape. This plea for a small theatre is valuable as revealing that the desire for the spirit of intimacy in the theatre has been the ruling desire throughout.

Shortly afterwards I went across to New York, where I met Ibsen in literary form for the first time. The result was peculiar. For quite three years I had Ibsen on the brain, or more correctly speaking, in the pocket. Wherever I went I was attended in state by Nora on the one hand, and by Hedda on the other. These two never left me, and they were always whispering in my ear, or both ears, things about the good time coming for the drama in England as soon as we fully understood the direction of its development. These ladies were very fond of going through a process of soul revelation, always in a true mystic spirit, in order, it seemed to me, to prove that what the drama needs above all is simplicity a simplicity of spirit lending itself to simplicity of means. As they emphatically declared, when brought to their knees at moments of self-interpreta- tion, it is useless for men to devise, as they are doing, a simplicity of form until they have first discovered the secrets of the theatre which to me seems the best suited to express and to work by more or less conventional machinery, to express the truth of an eternal morality, every word must be heard, every nuance felt. A mood of true straightforwardness has to be created in the audience as perfectly as throat and body can do it. In fact, a vision has to be recreated and maintained, and it is, therefore, necessary to perfect a temple as a dwelling place for the vision. In my article on the modern theatre which to me seems the best suited to express and to develop the new form of drama.

There is an unusually telling exhibition of studies of Versailles, Fontainebleau and Spain by Alexander Jamieson at the Carfax Gallery. The work shows great progress, especially in colour. The advance in this direction may be seen by comparing the Dieppe picture, excellent in design, with the Last Supper in Madrid. In the latter the artist has lost none of his design and has added a great fullness, freshness, and variety of colour. I hope to return to these pictures later. Meanwhile, I advise all who are interested in the modern development in painting to see this exhibition which contains some of the strongest modern work produced by a London artist.
THE PROPOSAL.
The Heart of an Englishman.

By A. M. Ludovici.

She cowed him by her tragic eyes,
Bedimmed and moist with aching love,
And argued that no compromise
Must keep them from where passion drove.

She left long tresses on his coats,
Erotic verses in his room,
And daily sent him perfumed notes
Intended to dispel his gloom.

For Serfdom was the breath of Life
To her who knew to do and dare.
She did not ask to be his wife;
She dreamt of things more brave, more rare.

For if she loved she worshipped you;
This followed as the fruit the flow'r.
She gave her Serfdom where 'twas due—
To things of price, and pride, and pow'r.

And when she could not find these things
She foisted them on things she found;
Just as a Highland sower flings
His precious seed on doubtful ground.

But oh! how cruel to relate!
And madd'ning for the lady true,
Who well deserved a better fate—
His forte was abject Serfdom too!

He doubted whether she were sane,
To lie so prostrate at his feet;
And begged of her time and again
To be more tempered and discreet.

It harassed him to hear her sigh
As if her soul were oceans deep,
Nor could he see the reason why
She wept as only Cupids weep.

Her passion breathed through ev'ry pore;
It made her great, it made her wise.
It burst the locks of any door
Concealing secrets from her eyes.

He could not think that these things were
Quite normal, and the risks he ran
Appeared too great for any fair,
Clean-minded, upright Englishman.

But for a while, she held him fast.
Her haughty lips, her wakeful skin;
Her hands like white-clad angels cast
To bid but gods to enter in.

Her brow like lilies washed in dew,
As pure as any child's you kiss;
Yet packed with schemes of darkest hue
To save her love from Nemesis.

Thus for a while he bore the strain,
And grew so pale and discontent,
That all his friends could not explain
Precisely what his pallor meant.

He had his doubts that these things were
Quite moral, and henceforth began
To dream of some enchantress fair
More suited to an Englishman.

His sister's friends were pink and white;
They wore their tresses down their backs,
And did not challenge love to fight,
But waited for the man's attacks.

Nor did they call him "god" or "king,"
Or stretch his wits to notions new,
Or bid him think or do a thing
That clashed with his own point of view.

His dullest side they took to be
The very trait which in the end
Would help them to a mastery
Of all in him least prone to bend.

And thus they backed his spirit weak,
With blue-eyed wonder and delight,
So that he daily grew more sleek,
And smug, and fond of what was right.

One night then with a sense of sin,
He went unto his lady-love—
The lady with the "wakeful skin,"
Whose passion was described above.

He strode into her little flat,
His cheque-book in his pocket, and
A twist about his coat and hat
Designed to make her understand—

That in the future he'd resolved
No more unto her flat to come,
And that upon him it devolved
To grant her a solatium.

She gazed at him quite undismayed.
She's soldier's pluck, although a girl.
And having calmly called the maid,
Asked her to show him to the door.

Her lips grew white as he retired,
A beaten thing with head downcast.
And all her pride and pow'r conspired
In vain to love him to the last.

For base indeed he looked just then,
As with her parlourmaid he went
For ever from the sight and ken
Of his so-called "entanglement."

The front door closed; her life was done.
She'd given more than some can lose.
And though "experience" she'd won,
'Twas not the kind she cared to use.

Death beckoned softly, but her eyes
Refused to see, as some eyes can.
It seemed too great a sacrifice
For any upright Englishman.

She therefore vowed that she would live,
Even in shame, if honour failed;
And mankind she would ne'er forgive
Her dead young love—reviled, impaled!

Meanwhile, her lover, crushed but free,
Went out to wed his schoolgirl mate;
But since it was his fate to be
A slave, he blindly met his fate.

He's governed now with ruthless skill,
Though not with "haughty lips" and heart.
And oft he dreams in sadness still
Of once when he was ruled with Art.
Present-Day Criticism.

After a time of storm and stress—Romance. That is an irony which will never cease to confound men who believe in war as a preparatory school for the sterner virtues. The battlefield is no sooner tidied up, the vanquished bequeathed, the conqueror belauded, and everybody warned to profit by this tragic illustration of the uncertainty of fortune, than man Jack goes off to tempt from that same fortune her airiest gift—romance. Not to lay the allegory too low in illy-white arms, we point to the field of Literature where that great interminable struggle is raging,—against its David, the new age spirit, and, prophetically, we announce a romantic movement to follow the defeat of the giant. 'Twas ever thus: and nothing besides historical evidence and experience is needed to forestall here. But what sort of romantic movement? It should be the most uncommon kind. Not the kind that has made the very word "romance" anathema to orderly men. The reaction will not be merely from abuse of severity, puritanism, and abuse of liberty. We get only from Cato, but from Catullus; not only from Cromwell, but from the Cavaliers; not only from Frederick, but from Rousseau; not only from Victoria, but from Swinburne.

In fact, we are out against an uncommon sort of Philistinism—a Philistine who has picked up and arrayed himself in some old rags cast off by the children of light, a Saturday-to-Monday, romantic Philistine, a gay dull-dog, coldly and lasciviously perspiring, and in the midst of his adventure getting ready to boast of the whole tedious affair. And that creature typifies modern realism. Perhaps he was always the same, a chill, vicious animal, eternally publishing everything. Catullus, Suckling, Jean Jacques—yes, very likely! No doubt, at least, that the time has arrived to correct our notion of Philistinism as it prevails in England. The old Philistinism—"respectability with its thousand gits"—no longer exists. The descendants of that sacrificed order have put on a protective resemblance to their contemporaries, have vanished themselves with some adulteration of culture, and now sprawl in realistic novels and the literary columns of the halfpenny Press. Oh! very broad indeed. Them afraid of things as they are and plain speaking? Why, there is nothing they will not say. We hear them boasting now of their knowledge of all unseelingness, praising and admiring everything, so only it be broad enough, crude enough, plain enough. And we wish they had been left in their gits.

One unconscious service they have done to literature. They have made it impossible for the new romantic movement to dabble about and thus be lost in the swelter of the sexes. England has read all there is to be written on this subject. We are ready to die of a surfeit of absolutely understood females and their sex relations. Sue, Diana, Esther, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Tanqueray, Mr. Austin Harrison, and a thousand other authors have passed before our gaze from bedroom to salon, from the kitchen to the grave and back again, and back again till we know all about them and find them damned monotonous, no subjects for art at all, creatures incapable of a romantic feeling and certain adulteration of culture, and now sprawl in realistic novels and the literary columns of the halfpenny Press. Oh! very broad indeed. Them afraid of things as they are and plain speaking? Why, there is nothing they will not say. We hear them boasting now of their knowledge of all unseelingness, praising and admiring everything, so only it be broad enough, crude enough, plain enough. And we wish they had been left in their gits.

The "English Review" for January contains the most desperate article that ever was written. Surely only despair could have driven Mr. Austin Harrison into such abysmal depths of bad form. We are aware that the literary taste of the "English Review" is so infallibly wrong that any other review would be safe in accepting Mr. Harrison's work with all his defects and certain adulteration of culture, and now sprawl in realistic novels and the literary columns of the halfpenny Press. Oh! very broad indeed. Them afraid of things as they are and plain speaking? Why, there is nothing they will not say. We hear them boasting now of their knowledge of all unseelingness, praising and admiring everything, so only it be broad enough, crude enough, plain enough. And we wish they had been left in their gits.

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Mr. Harrison writes, "I helped myself to another glass. 'Look here,' I said, 'People will pay a shilling, don't you think?' 'They will,' said my host sententiously, 'for the right article.' 'Well,' I ventured, 'we've got the goods.' 'No matter if a man is popular or unpopular, you'll publish the stuff, if it's the big stuff?' 'The big stuff, yes. Always,' I replied. 'You'll really give the public the half-crown matter of the 'English Review' at a bob?' 'I will,' and I felt as if I were being married. No stodge? No, . . . We shook hands cordially, and Dan looked so surprised that he dropped his cigar-ash down his waistcoat. . . . Do you know, I said, grabbing some chocolates which I intended to share with somebody else, 'I believe at a shilling the ladies will buy the goods?' 'The ladies will join us,'—the persons we were saying, for whom that style of literature would be good enough, are too wearyed from the day's work at the counter to read anything but "Comic Cuts," where they can find Mr. Harrison's humour much better done, and for a penny. And the persons who write so do not continue to edit English reviews; they curse England and go to luckless America. We suspect two things; firstly that Mr. Harrison had a bad headache, and secondly that the old brandy had not really very many cobwebs.
Tres Spirituel.
Translated from the French of Alfred Capus by N. C.

PIERRE BRYON had returned to Paris after travelling for two years in America and India. The dinner given by his old friend Davenois was over. Cigars were being lighted up and the traveller asked:

"What has become of our witty friend Davenois? The most brilliant man about town, the papers used to call him. He isn't dead, I hope?"

"He was at the first night of the Vaudeville yesterday."

"Is he as amusing as ever?" continued Bryon.

"Does he still tell delightful stories? Did he write the Club Rêve this year?"

"That's too good!" cried one of them. "Bravo! Bryon isn't so far behind the times, after all!"

"Well, not bad for a man who has spent two years away from Paris. The Club Rêve by Davenois—not bad, I think."

"That idiot of a Davenois!" shouted a third. "Oh! Davenois' witticisms."

Bryon listened to these sallies, stupefied.

"I've said something ridiculous? . . . An extra volley of laughter greeted the question."

"I don't think I can be mistaken. Davenois—Oscar Davenois, that must be the man?"

"Yes, yes, that is Davenois. Oscar!"

"Why would it be odd that Davenois should collaborate in the Rêve? For ten years he did the reviews of the theatres and he was always very amusing."

One of the convivial friends approached the traveller and slapped him on the back. "You are making a mistake, old man; I assure you you are either making a mistake or you're pulling our legs. It isn't nice of you."

"Forgive me, but I assure you——"

"You are speaking seriously?"

"Good heavens, yes! I've known Davenois for a long time, and Davenois has always had the name of being a very witty man. Ah! I see, you are having me on; don't let's talk about Davenois any more."

"Yes, yes, that's the man.
"

"On the contrary, let us talk about him," said little Rambert. "There is a misunderstanding. I've known Davenois for years, and never is he spoken of except as 'that idiot of a Davenois.' He's a good fellow, I admit, but——"

"And I assure you," broke in Bryon eagerly, "when I went away, scarcely two years ago, Davenois enjoyed a great reputation for wit. I've seen you all, every one of you here to-night, splitting your sides over his stories. The newspapers reported his witticisms.

Then Birr, old Birr, demanded silence with an imposing gesture. Everyone became suddenly quiet, and his sharp voice rose.

"My dear fellows, Bryon is right. In 1889, Davenois had the reputation in the clubs and on the boulevards for an extraordinary wit. How he came to possess it I do not know. Did he deserve it? That does not matter much."

"From time to time people asked me: 'Do you know what Davenois said the other day? He is an amusing chap.' They told me what he had said. Sometimes it was amusing, sometimes it was not. There were even papers which reported it the next day. Personally, I was never much struck with Davenois. Now if you want an amusing fellow, take Cardoné; he has no money, he follows no profession, and he spends forty thousand francs. That's something rather more than Davenois' witticisms.

"What age is he now, Davenois? Forty-five—yes. He has never done anything either, but he has an income of sixty thousand francs well invested. He doesn't speculate, he gambles a little. He follows the fashion down to the merest details, and it would make him ill to be told that, under some circumstance or other, he had not acted in the irreproachably correct manner. But that was at the time I speak of; since then he has changed somewhat.

"He had the same taste in women as in dress. A woman who was not up to date simply did not exist for him. On the other hand, from the moment a woman became the fashion he did not hesitate to make sacrifices. When he bought a hat, he always bought the first as one orders a new frock-coat from one's tailor."

"His friends conducted their lives on the same principles. One might have called the Davenois clique a court of last appeal in matters of pleasure and elegance. No one could afford to ignore the high authority and reputation of its president."

"On certain days they thought it well to affect a gross attitude. After dinner they would turn their steps towards some establishment or other in Montmartre and contemplate, with a pre-occupied air, the choreographic exercises which were a speciality there. That would then return to the club and retail their experiences. Davenois excelled in these recitals.

"One evening, when there were five or six of them sitting round a table looking on at the quadrilles, a woman well known at the place came up to Davenois and, without addressing a word to him, quietly fished his monacle out of his eye; it had no string attached to it, the correct method. Then she drifted out of sight, seeming to attach no importance to so familiar an action.

"Davenois contented himself with an indulgent smile. Five minutes later she returned and dropped the monacle into his book, murmuring: 'There you are! there's your eye for you! Davenois found this amusing in the highest degree and invited the lady to sit down. Then he looked at her and she burst out laughing in his face: 'Heavens! how stolid you look!' Davenois, my dear chaps, was completely bowled over. He asked her name; she was called Boulotte simply, and for two years he hasn't left her side. You know her, don't you?"

"Boulotte wasn't one of those women who, when they rise in the world, blush for their origin. In a day she learned the art of wearing wonderful clothes, but she never lost the habit of swearing every time she opened her mouth. Between ourselves, it wouldn't surprise me to learn that it was this habit of hers which gained Davenois' respect. It changed his whole conduct in life."

"I was with them a great deal at first. As the prince was at that moment bringing out Mlle. Chienne, he was delighted to push Boulotte, and pride made him bring out his savings, for he had saved considerably, always having been as correct and careful over his expenditure as over everything else."

"She had taken a fancy to me, though she welcomed me merely as old bald-head,' and I was in some degree her confidant."

"I shall never forget her astonishment when I showed her one day in a newspaper a cutting which commenced: 'A charming saying of D--, the wittiest of our men about town, . . .'

"'D--,' I explained, was Davenois.

"'They're laughing at him to write that,' she told me.

"'Not the least in the world.'"

"'What! they write seriously in the newspapers that Davenois is a witty man?'"

"'Certainly they do.'"

"'And you, Birr—do you think so too?'"

"'I replied with all sincerity: 'I'm certain of it, my dear. No one could be wittier than Davenois. He says the most delightful things. It was he who said——'"

"'And I repeated to her one or two of his best-known sayings."

"'They're perfectly idiotic!' she cried.

"Rather vexed, feeling almost as if it were a personal matter, I was silent. My silence exasperated her.

"'I assure you, Birr, Davenois is an imbecile, and you must all be worse fools than we are if you're a good fellow well enough, he is very nice to me; but really, he's too stupid in conversation.'
"And she looked at me with a defiant air. I went away, shaken in my conviction. From that day Boulotte set to work with an awful concentration to demolish Davenois’ reputation for wit. Why? I can’t tell you. When one said he was brave or generous or elegant she approved; she seemed even flattered. But if the slightest indication was made to his hands or his eyes she would pass into positive transports of rage. And she repeated ceaselessly the same sentence: ‘I am very fond of him,’ but no one—no one could be so idiotic in conversation.

“Every time that Davenois made a joke and people laughed she shrugged her shoulders and said; ‘I suppose one can say idiotic things like that if one likes!’ You know what a joke is—everyone must find it amusing or it at once becomes idiotic. Little by little Davenois ceased to carry his naïveté and, unfortunately for him, he continued to make them.

“To-day he passes for being the stupidest fool in existence. And Bryon is perfectly right. Only two years ago he had an enormous reputation for wit.”

Francis Jammes.

By Richard Buxton.

The use of images to express a subtle or complicated meaning is a dangerous method in imaginative literature, facile, successful as it may be, in the hands of a master; but in criticism it is absolutely fatal without explications and qualifications. I should not dare to describe M. Francis Jammes as a satyr without this prelude and without some subsequent reservations and additions.

The word “satyr” has been, unfortunately, used occasionally in England, frequently in France, to designate a certain highly-unpleasant type of literature, and to class such writers as it would be to commit a flagrant injustice and to be guilty of unpardonably bad criticism. He is not a satyr in the sense that he would indicate lechery and drunkenness, but merely in the manner of his work. We dare to describe M. Francis Jammes as a satyr without the prelude and without some subsequent reservations and additions.

This little book appears with attractions which are mysterious and exceptional. The name of the author is unknown. Is it a pseudonym? If so, who is it? And in this case, the resemblance is not very exact: James would be more correct. The book is dedicated to Hubert Crackanthorpe and to Charles Lacoste. Davenois, who is a young English writer who has published a volume of stories, very remarkable, it appears, and a little is the manner of Maupassant, entitled "Wreckage"; the second object of the dedication is known to me.

Further mysterious attractions; this little book, apparently English, is printed at Orthez in the Basque-Franeése. And the few words written by hand in tiny type on the title page are here in the handwriting of a clumsy little schoolgirl.

These words indicate the impression which M. Jammes made and which he might have been expected to make on the critics of symbolism. He was not a Parnassian or a romanticist; but, on the other hand, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Laforgue and Kahn had left him absolutely untouched. He had no predecessors, and it seems impossible to believe that he can have any followers. He has given us poetry which is pure inspiration, absolutely uninfluenced by any man; but if disciples gather round him they will do no more than give us ingenious imitations of his mannerisms, laboured descriptions of scenes and emotions in the very heart of which he lives and feels.

In 1898 he published his first volume of importance, and the general quality of this is characteristic of all his work. He calls it "De l’Angelus de l’Aube à l’Angelus du Crépuscule." In March, in which year he published a literary manifesto in the "Mercure de France" entitled "Le Jammisme." This might have been regrettable but for the final clause in which he entreats all poets to bind themselves not to found literary schools. The principles which he enunciates are so general in character that almost any form of poetry might be held to be guided by them, except, perhaps, that which is decadent in the true sense, such as the work of Robert de Montesquiou. The chief object of his creed is that truth is the praise of God and the only object of poetry. All things are good to describe which are natural, such as men and women, bread, swans, lilies, and sadness. Of things which are unnatural he takes the curious example of a turtle encrusted with jewels, "because," he says, "God has not created turtles to this end and because their homes are in ponds and in the sand of the sea. This would seem to be aimed at the really revolting D. H. Lawrence and the Osbert Sitwells. Wilde declared that all things natural were unfit for art. Wilde’s bark was worse than his bite; it is difficult to trace a connection between his critical and his creative work, but on the Continent decadents did peculiar things.

Truthful description of natural objects is then to be the motive of his poetry, but this is easily to be gathered from his work, and hardly needs explanation. Possibly this manifesto with its naïvety of phrase was intended to prepare the minds of those who were to read his volume in the following year: his statement of his poetical principles contains no point which really requires elucidation, but it is a glimpse of a curiously uncommon individual, and would preserve too great a shock when the poems themselves appeared.

This book, together with three further volumes of collected work, "Le Deuil des Primévères," "Le Triomphe de la Vie," and "Clairières sous le Ciel," and two small volumes of "Géorgiques Chrétien," recently published, form the sum of M. Jammes’ work in verse. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he has not passed through the transition from traditionalism to originality, his verses vers libre may be excused for mistaking Jammes’ easy measure for the work of a foreigner who had not understood the rules of French prosody enough to break them thoroughly, and which his first editors were perhaps induced conduct to mystification, and mystification enough there undoubtedly was. The reviewer of "Vers," 1804, in the "Mercure de France," thus expressed his feelings and his suspicions:—

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and as peculiarly his own as in his earliest poems. What he sees and feels he will render, and his poems are full of life and truth because he sees with clear eyes and takes an absorbing interest in what he sees. His metre is well moulded to his purpose. It is not vers libre, with its complicated harmonies, but what might be called familiar verse, not diverging very far from the classical tradition, but absolutely neglectful of any other rules than those of sound. The description goes on, mostly rhyming, but sometimes not, generally in lines of an even number of syllables, but varying when it pleases the poet. It is this freedom from all poetical rules that has freed him from all constraints.

Examples of these delicious love-lyrics could be multiplied indefinitely. They form a startling contrast to the sultry atmosphere of some of Jammes' contemporaries, in their freshness and freedom from hypocrisy, inverted and otherwise. Jammes is not sensual, but sensuous: the cult of evil has no attraction for him. Before leaving this side of his poetry I cannot forbear from quoting "Je sais que tu es pauvre" in full:

I know thy poverty and modest is thy dress. I have my woefulness and that I offer thee. Thou art more fair than the others and thy kiss is sweet; because of this at your touch I despair. Thou art poor and this is the reason I love thee; thou wishest from me gifts of roses and kiss me. For thou art a young girl; books have put in thy head, and the tales thou hast read, dreams and fancies that whirl, of roses one gives and of flowers wild and free: thou knowest that poetry speaks of flowers and green leaves.

The simplicity of the language is such that not one word can be altered or removed: the perfection of the description could not be enhanced by the most elaborate decorative devices. The instance is typical. All the poems are of this freshness and truth which gives immediately to the reader not merely a picture of what is described, but also a glimpse of the mind which describes it. By virtue of the childlike simplicity of his style he can say what no other man could possibly say in verse. What other poet of our time could describe the furniture of his dining-room not once but many times and yet be neither satirical nor ridiculous?

M. Remy de Gourmont has described Jammes as a true bucolic poet. This unforgotten word conjures up visions of Amintas and Corydons playing pipes and making refined love round impossibly woolly lambs in a preposterous Arcadia. But Jammes follows no conventions: he does not copy the great writers of pastoral or the leading editors of their time. He has invented the form for himself and presents it as it may, the sincerity of his religion, and of his humanity, shines through every line of this poetic conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. This has a curious sound in view of the religious sentiment visible in his previous works, but at all events this may be noticed, that after his public confession of faith follows a long poem, or, rather, a sequence of poems with a musical quality. What is the reason? I cannot forbear from quoting "Je sais que tu es pauvre" in full:

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In a note to his fourth volume Jammes announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. This has a curious sound in view of the religious sentiment visible in his previous works, but at all events this may be noticed, that after his public confession of faith follows a long poem, or, rather, a sequence of poems with a religious bent. "L'Eglise Habillée de Feuilles" must take high rank among his works and among the religious poems of our time. The same simple fervent attitude that Jammes observed towards nature and man he observes to God, and the genuine humility, faith and love which make up his soul seem to have found their true expression in Christianity. Previously he had written a series of "Fourteen Prayers," including the beautiful "Prière pour aller au Paradis avec les ânes," and it is difficult to see what vital change from his attitude in these poems necessitated the warning he felt due to his readers that "L'Eglise Habillée de Feuilles" was written after his return to the Catholic church. Be this as it may, the sincerity of his religion, of his faith and of his humanity, shines through every line of this marvellous poem:
A word must be added with regard to Jammes' plays or poems in dialogue, "Un Jour," "Le Poète et sa Femme," "La Mort du Poète," and so forth. These are in a way summaries of the total effect of his works. With their choruses of young girls, their scenes in gardens and cornfields, their sturdy peasants, and the dreaming girls who are at once the spirits of Jammes. Only in that amazing production, "Existences," is to be found a spirit of bitterness, of weary experience, that seems absolutely foreign to the author. Scenes which are absolutely unconnected and are filled with horrors of all kinds—suicide, infanticide, and the rest. It would be just to call it an attempt at realism, were it not that all the inanimate objects, from the grass to a poster in a lawyer's office, are charged with a purpose foreboding comment, bringing one touch of fantasy into the play. A note affixed by M. Jammes to "Le Deuil des Primevères" gives reason to suspect that "Existences" was written in order to upset the critics. At all events, the aversity I have made. Those amongst them who are Socialists will, no doubt, instantly realise its significance. Who, indeed, would say, has been and still is the most formidable opponent of Socialism in England? Not the "Daily Express" or the "Standard" or the Anti-Socialist Union—none of these. Any Socialist could wipe the floor in public debate with critics like Mr. Macartney or Fleet Street journalists. No. The most formidable anti-Socialist has been the most sincere and intellectual of them, namely, Mr. Belloc, and it is in regard to him that Mr. Jammes has made his attacking discovery. It is widely known that Mr. Belloc's case against Socialism rests on what he calls an elementary fact of human nature. And there in that impasse the argument of his Co-religionists from the nation and humanity at large. Between the Catholic Church and the secular State there has ever been and ever must be war. There cannot be two contending sovereignties. In opposing, therefore, the expansion of the power of the State Mr. Belloc is negatively attempting to restrict the power of the Catholic Church. What ever enlarges the secular State reduces the Catholic Church. Socialism would enlarge the secular State, therefore Socialism is inimical to the Catholic Church. Catholics, human nature is instinctively Catholic. Hence human nature must be instinctively opposed to the enlargement of the power of the State, hence to Socialism, hence to the dogma on which Socialism rests. Voilà.

I conclude, therefore, that in opposing Socialism on these grounds Mr. Belloc is a good Catholic. How can a man be a good publicist whose prime dogma is that men instinctively prefer private to public possession, their little clique or Church to the nation or the race? Nonsense!

Come, rejoice with me, for I have found which was missing—an explanation of Mr. Belloc's anti-Socialism.

F. T. WARREN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. BELLOC'S ANTI-SOCIALISM EXPLAINED.

Sir,—I beg to share with your readers an important discovery which I have made. Those amongst them who are Socialists will, no doubt, instantly realise its significance. Who, indeed, would say, has been and still is the most formidable opponent of Socialism in England? Not the "Daily Express" or the "Standard" or the Anti-Socialist Union—none of these. Any Socialist could wipe the floor in public debate with critics like Mr. Macartney or Fleet Street journalists. No. The most formidable anti-Socialist has been the most sincere and intellectual of them, namely, Mr. Belloc, and it is in regard to him that Mr. Jammes has made his attacking discovery. It is widely known that Mr. Belloc's case against Socialism rests on what he calls an elementary fact of human nature. And there in that impasse the argument of his Co-religionists from the nation and humanity at large. Between the Catholic Church and the secular State there has ever been and ever must be war. There cannot be two contending sovereignties. In opposing, therefore, the expansion of the power of the State Mr. Belloc is negatively attempting to restrict the power of the Catholic Church. What ever enlarges the secular State reduces the Catholic Church. Socialism would enlarge the secular State, therefore Socialism is inimical to the Catholic Church. Catholics, human nature is instinctively Catholic. Hence human nature must be instinctively opposed to the enlargement of the power of the State, hence to Socialism, hence to the dogma on which Socialism rests. Voilà.

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THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me a brief, final word in a correspondence which has become rather unprofitable. In his last letter Mr. C. H. Norman evaded all my main contentions with characteristic skill, and also managed to introduce a few of those terse little personalities which, though irrelevant, help to make his epistles such spicy reading.

Now, if Mr. Norman is agitating for a Women Workers' Minimum Wage Bill, he has the sympathy and support of most people. If all wages were raised uniformly, manufacturers would still be on the edge of bankruptcy regardless of cost of production. Home competition would thus be unaffected; foreign competition, of course, would be another matter.

But why, in the name of commonsense, does Mr. Norman not drop these weird and melodramatic threats against the unspeakable, etc., etc., employers. His vague penalties are childishly arbitrary, and it is high time they found their way back to the kindergarten.

W. GILBERT SAUNDERS.

REACTION V. REPUBLICANISM.

Sir,—I regret that Senhor Braga da Cunha is offended by the phrase as to “keeping his hair on,” in my article, but I was thinking of the well-known story of Max O'Rell when he was French master at St. Paul's School, and the schoolboy's free rendering of “calmez vous.” I still maintain that a gentleman who lets himself go to the extent of his Co-religionists from the nation and humanity at large. Between the Catholic Church and the secular State there has ever been and ever must be war. There cannot be two contending sovereignties. In opposing, therefore, the expansion of the power of the State Mr. Belloc is negatively attempting to restrict the power of the Catholic Church. What ever enlarges the secular State reduces the Catholic Church. Socialism would enlarge the secular State, therefore Socialism is inimical to the Catholic Church. Catholics, human nature is instinctively Catholic. Hence human nature must be instinctively opposed to the enlargement of the power of the State, hence to Socialism, hence to the dogma on which Socialism rests. Voilà.

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world is not made up exclusively of reactionaries and royalists. It contains also a few Republicans, Democrats, and Socialists. For such it is perhaps not altogether unkindly to say that, as he noted, it is not so much the personal view that will be in justice be described as appealing to the people can in justice be described as appealing to the people's "best instincts." The exhortation quoted from Ramfis' letter was obviously intended merely as a counsel of expediency at a time when the republican cause was not yet ripe for energetic action on the part of its followers, only irrelevant to the present issue. The other quotations consisting of passages torn from their context are equally ineffective for Senhor da Cunha's purpose. It must be remembered that "the best love that He chasteneth," and that the most devoted adherents of a cause are apt to be the most severe in their criticism of any smallness or imperfection in its realizaiton, and this without any weakening in their devotion to the cause itself. Certainly nothing Senhor da Cunha has brought forward in any manner invalidates my information as to the substantial agreement between the Portuguese Republican leaders.

**SOCIALISM AND BANKING REFORM.**

Sir,—Your printers have made a rather serious error in my letter of January 4. Instead of the sentence reading as it should, viz., "the legal restrictions upon banking have much to do with the practice of usury," I am made to say after "have." Although competition has been allowed and even encouraged in the production of commodities our—laws—and in fact the monetary laws of all nations—have strictly forbidden any competition in the medium of exchange and maintaining its supply equal to the demand. Hence usury—which is as much a creation of law as smuggling—which is as much a creation of policy—has been reduced to its proportions, and consequently the decisions of the House would have greater moral authority at home and abroad. Hence usury—which is so much a creation of public opinion—has been reduced to its proportions and consequently the decisions of the House would have greater moral authority at home and abroad.

Mr. Topley states that my second objection was "that it would content all sections of opinion with the knowledge that they were getting fair play." I asked him to explain how he reached this conclusion. Instead he explains (1) the Belgian system of election; (2) the method of working the system he himself advocates; and (3) the single transferable vote—all of which matters I am told Cunha's purposes. We all know that "whom the Lord has not ordained no man can help." But I have never seen the words "the single transferable vote-all of which matters I am tole-

Mr. Topley objects, however, to my referring to Belgian experience on the ground that the system in force there differs in fact from an embarras de richesse, but as Mr. Topley has ignored the two objections I brought forward in the first instance which could possibly have such a meaning or anything like it. In point of fact I expressed no opinion as to the method of working the system he himself advocates. I will therefore drop my Bel-

Mr. Topley states that his second objection was "that proportional methods will give undue influence to special interests." I suppose it is only courteous to assume that he read my letter but if so he must have totally forgotten its contents in his endeavour to reply. For I wrote no sentence which could possibly have such a meaning or anything like it. In point of fact it would be a case of the renewable system on the influence of special interests, but if I had it would have been the exact reverse of that which Mr. Topley attributes to me.

My second objection, as I pointed out, who desires to refer to your issue of December 14 can see for himself, was stated perfectly clearly in the following terms: "Under Proportional Representation there is no danger of men being elected on single issues, and being wholly irre-

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THE STORY OF A LETTER

Sir,—On the occasion of Mr. Lloyd George’s speech at Whitefield’s Tabernacle on October 14, I forwarded a letter to the right honourable gentleman in these terms:—

October 15, 1911.

Dear Sir,—In a letter dated September 29 last, addressed to Mr. Gladstone, M.P., relating to the proposals of the Insurance Bill, you stated: “The Insurance Bill provides that for every workman who has paid a subscription the Bill are coming from. I have carefully read your speech, and as I find no reference to this aspect of the question I have no option but to trouble you directly.

Knowing how occupied your time must be, I had waited until this speech in the hope of receiving some enlightenment upon the matter, namely, where the £17,000,000 per year is to be subscribed by employers and taxpayers.”

In yesterday’s speech this statement was repeated and elaborated by you.

As there are no modern instances of manna falling down from the heavens, presumably you would not suggest this £17,000,000 “free gift” to the working classes will owe its existence to the suspension of natural laws. There remain only three possible sources from which it can come: from the general community, and from the working classes.

Your argument is that the employer will contribute 3d. a week, because the advantages of 3d. a week to wages as some advocates of the Bill have asserted. If the employer refuses to pay wages, or in increasing the price of his goods to the consumer, the Bill would be the profits of a nationalised industry. But to-day there is no such fund available. This is one reason why a certain kind of social reform incurs solely those whom it is intended to help. The figures of death from starvation in London have been rising steadily in the last five years.

I apprehend this is what affected the minds of the Kilmarock electors, who were somewhat incredulous of the reality of 3d. which they were to receive on the payment of 4d., with the result that the Liberal member is now representing a much smaller number of that election than was claimed as an endorsement of the principles of the Insurance Bill I have utterly failed to comprehend.

Apologising for troubling you at such length, and pleading as my excuse the seriousness of this question,—I am, sir, yours faithfully.

Right Hon. Lloyd George, M.P.

11, Downing Street, S.W.

To this letter I received a formal acknowledgment, dated October 17:—

Dear Sir,—I am desired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. on the subject of the National Insurance Bill.—Yours faithfully.

After waiting a few days I wrote:—“I have received a formal acknowledgment of my letter of the 15th inst. criticising the Insurance Bill, and should be glad to know what steps I should take any more formal than I did in order to obtain publication of my letter in the Press.”

Several days having elapsed, I forwarded my letter to several newspapers, by which it was published, others, including the “Daily News,” declining it, with the usual regrets. On November 1, after such publication, I received this letter:—

Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 18th ultimo, I am desired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to say that he regrets that your previous letter appears to have been mislaid. He would be very glad to have you send him another list of the questions you desire to raise.—Yours faithfully,

John Rowland.

On November 1 I replied:—

Dear Sir,—With reference to your letter of 1st inst., I have the honour to enclose a copy of my letter to you of the October 15, relating to the National Insurance Bill.—Yours truly,

John Rowland.

On November 9 I received this acknowledgment:—

Dear Sir,—I am desired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to express his regret that an earlier acknowledgment has not been sent of your letter of the 15th ultimo, which is receiving consideration.—Yours faithfully,

John Rowland.

I awaited the progress of events. On November 11 I received this letter:—

Dear Sir,—I am desired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to express his regret that an earlier acknowledgment has not been sent of your letter of the 15th ultimo, which is receiving consideration.—Yours faithfully,

John Rowland.

There the correspondence at present stands, and I am still wondering when, if ever, the result of Mr. Lloyd George’s consideration. Can it be that Mr. Lloyd George is in some difficulty about answering this plain criticism of the Social policy, circumstances, must increase misery and destitution? Without sound and drastic economic reform, sentimental social reform is criminal cruelty.

C. H. Norman.

EAST ON WEST.

Sir,—There appeared recently in the columns of “El Moayyad,” a newspaper of good repute in Egypt, the first instalment of a lecture upon “Marriage,” given at the Government Officials’ Club in Cairo by Amin Efendi Ahmed, an employee of the Egyptian Education Department. It consists of a letter which would seem to have been written to the lecturer by an Egyptian student here in England. After describing the (to him) amazing freedom allowed to English maidens in the Press, he concludes:—

“Thank you of the disgraceful, shameless doings which happen on the nights of dances, when the wife forsakes her husband to dance with another, and goes off with him alone (let us not ask what happens afterwards) a man can quite her betrothed to enjoy a dance with one she deems more love-inspiring.”

Such things, he says, may be “amusing sport,” but they “lead to social corruption.” From this, and from the general liberty enjoyed by girls in England, he concludes that chastity is a dead and almost extinct in the minds of the Kilmarock.”

“Women of the West know nothing of virginity,” we read, “nor do they consider it harmful to lose it. I have endeavoured to elicit their exact opinion on this subject, and I asked many girls . . . . but never found one who seemed

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to understand what I meant. The writer is shocked by an observation which, though natural enough in Arabic (if one could imagine the occasion!) will not bear reproduction in more squeamish languages. The writer's attitude, it will be noticed, differs little from that assumed by ultra-Puritans of our own race; though here the sensual point is more in evidence. One sees no reason to be shocked at the naked pagan, a matter for national indignation, as the "Egyptian Gazette" (the organ of the English colony in Egypt) did on its appearance, quoting Lord Cromer's dictum that "it may be doubted whether, even in the Middle Ages, the general coarseness of European society was ever on a par with that of the modern Egyptians," which, after all, is merely a more explicit expression of the prejudice that one sees nowhere, perhaps not even in the six silliest persons of a community.

"NEW AGE" NOVEL CRITICISMS.

SIR,—I have been giving myself the pleasure during the holidays of reading through consecutively the detailed criticisms you have lately published of novels, and your references to novelists, in the series of "Present-Day Criticism." Like, I imagine, many of your readers, I have been more bewildered than enlightened by the brilliant and caustic comments of your reviewer as I read them week by week. At one time I was bound heartily to agree with his judgment when it was most apposite, but at another I was staggered and shocked and even offended by a criticism, written in a similar vein, but directed this time against a work which I believe to be one of the most significant works of art that has appeared since the first as chalk from cheese. For example, I was impressed as well as delighted by the review of Mr. Stacpoole's "Blue Lagoon," but when the same measure was meted out to Mr. Wells' "Ann Veronica," and, coming from the first as Ibsen from Pinero, I was at my wits' end to know what standard of value your critic had employed. We do not expect our reviews to be an accomplished critic, and particularly from a critic who assumes the editorial mantle. We desire to feel that the same standard that is applied to one novel (I assume, of course, that THE NEW AGE does not adopt the detestable habit of giving its novels to different persons to review) is applied to another; and we desire to have the satisfaction of knowing that, if we cared to examine the criticisms comparatively, or if the critic cared to state his standards, we should find the judgment of one review congruous and proportionate with the judgment of another. In criticism, as in law, the first natural demand is that the application of the rules should be uniform as well as without fear or favour; and it is not until we had examined his reviews as a whole that I had not realised how very far they are from being uniform.

What I have discovered, indeed (or I think I have), is that your critic has not only no sympathy with what he calls "circulationist novels," but he has no sympathy with novels at all. Novels, he would say, are not novels, but all novels. It happens occasionally that for some personal reason a novel like Mr. Horniman's "Captivity" pleases him, but this is not because it is a good novel simply, but because certain views expressed therein please your reviewer. On the other hand, a work which, as a novel, is of equal if not superior merit, Mr. Bennett's "Hilda Lesways," for example, falls entirely to draw a word of praise. The conclusion is drawn from this, as I say, that your critic disapproves of the novel form altogether. At bottom he appears to say: "Novels in any case are dull; the better they are constructed the worse they are. They are in effect the best novelists are least interested in making fun of one or two you are really destroying the whole form."

Now this attitude, while comprehensible and perhaps meritorious, is quite incompatible with a fair judgment of the relative merits of novels actually published. As novels, there are obviously good, bad, and middling novels. It is the business of the Drama League's reviewer to judge them all, and his verdict by an appeal to the best standards of the novel form. But when a critic is secretly convinced that no novels, good, bad, or indifferent, ought to be printed at all, he ceases to be a critic and becomes an iconoclast.

If I may presume to make a suggestion I would beg your reviewer to refer to the relative merits of novels, if he has standards in the novel form, comparable, let us say, to the standards of poetry selected by Matthew Arnold, to let him name them. Your reviewer's models of excellence in the novel genre your reviewer sets his
compass by. If, on the other hand, your reviewer, as I suspect, despises you indiscriminately, we are entitled to ask whether he should deliver an attack on your work as if it were an impostor, and form directly, and leave the discrimination of the relatively good and bad in that order of work to a critic who at least has some sympathy with the form.

A PUBLISHER'S READER.

** ** **

PICARTERBIN.

Sir,—M. Herbin has produced a picture which nobody seems to like, yet which he himself would not willingly retract, for, to tell the truth, the drawing evokes in me the strong and intrusive sense of a clairvoyant person accustomed to visit lunatic asylums would have on natural or on conventional symbology, so it conveys no sound thought of genius. What does it express? A clairvoyant person accustomed to visit lunatic asylums would have heard and seen in the lunatics a kind of art, being too inanimate, unemotional, meaningless. Does it mean that M. Herbin's picture expresses nothing at all, that it is void of all thought and meaning? No, it produces certain impressions (rather unpleasant, but strong and intrusive). What does it express? A clairvoyant person accustomed to visit lunatic asylums would immediately recognise in this picture a thought form of one of its inhabitants. It is neither the dream nor even dreamy thought of a healthy person. It is highly chaotic and unthought; impertinent and unemotional idea fixe of a madman. Does this mean that M. Herbin is—from the point of view of art, at any rate—a lunatic himself, or that he is a genius capable of expressing madmen's minds? If so, M. Herbin has gained much in his work, for a madman's thoughts, he ought to produce an impression of health, harmony and life, in spite of its content. But if a picture produces a definite impression of unhealth and lunacy, it is quite evident that the very artist must be considered a lunatic.

If an artist is a healthy minded man, a genius expressing a sound thought, it does not answer this purpose. If we try to imagine this panel carved in wood, we should immediately see that it cannot be applied as a decorative motive, being too capricious and unrhythmical, nor can it be used as an independent piece of art, being too inanimate, unemotional, meaningless. Does it mean that M. Herbin's picture expresses nothing at all, that it is void of all thought and meaning? No, it produces certain impressions (rather unpleasant, but strong and intrusive). What does it express? A clairvoyant person accustomed to visit lunatic asylums would immediately recognise in this picture a thought form of one of its inhabitants. It is neither the dream nor even dreamy thought of a healthy person. It is highly chaotic and unthought; impertinent and unemotional idea fixe of a madman.

If a cramped nightmare is better than a free-flowing boundless dream, then no doubt M. Herbin has painted these things ten years ago, before he knew of your efforts. And anyhow, why not be consistent further and consider that he is a genius capable of expressing madmen's minds? But this is, in fact, not the point. It is quite evident that the very artist must be considered a lunatic.

Mr. Carter's lump of sugar really bears out my contention that all art which was worth its salt, whether it be underivative, where are you going to begin; from naked spectators? You want your pictures to be understood, and, if you will not trouble to do this he is working for himself, and must be content to be understood by very few, and have as his crowd of followers those who prefer to hold second-hand opinions.

The modernists are to some extent not the stage at which they are well advised to exhibit their productions. When an artist has proved himself by capturing men's minds and emotions, then his drawing of a cow at the age of two years may achieve an interesting result;—it may be a masterpiece—but seldom artistic. Many ordinary artists of the better sort have in their rubbish-heaps scrawls which it would be difficult to convert into beautiful compositions and use as modernist work. But they consider them, rightly or wrongly, as inco-ordinated and immature attempts to express their emotions. What they should be doing is to deliberate, and, if they recognise it is still unborn, though struggling so hard within them for birth that they themselves can almost see it in the chaos.

M. B. OXON.

SIR,—In your issue of 21st ult. Mr. Huntly Carter refers to himself as "Mr. Sicker's best friend." I hope, then, he is satisfied with these "Sickertonian" pronouncements in the current "English Review." (P. 304)

"Till it occurred to Mr. Roger Fry, over-balasted by excess of learning, and to Mr. Lewis Hind, flighty perhaps for the opposite reason, to take it into their arming heads to find salvation in the 'spoof' of Matisse and Picasso, the critical Press has been somewhat gravelled for lack of matter." (P. 311) "The conspiracy of semi-unconscious 'spoof,' which is looked upon by some as an alarming symptom of the artistic health of the present day, is in reality a very small and unimportant phenomenon. The cult of Post-Impressionism is localised mainly in the pockets of one or two dealers holding large remainders of incompetent work. But they have come to the conclusion that the values of criticism could only be reversed—if efficiency could be considered a fault, and incompetence alone sublime—a result both easy and easy to imagine, that the working would certainly become easier with a Post-Impressionist personnel than with competent hands, since efficient artists are limited in number; whereas Picassos and Matisse could be painted by all the coachmen that the rise of the motor traffic has thrown out of employment." Good-bye, Mr. Carter!

May I add, apropos of this, the following amusing experience in a recent visit to the Alpine Gallery? I was discussing the Picasso affair with a distinguished critic and painter; a modern of the moderns, whose works I cordially admire in the main; and he delivered his soul thus:—"Picasso is a derivative, and a derivative is a roter, and once a roter always a roter, so there's an end of him." But, I cried, we are all derivatives, you are a derivative (a gasp and a shrug in reply); we are the sons of our fathers and mothers, and we escape that same fate. But Mr. Roger Fry, here, is a derivative; for he surely couldn't have painted these things ten years ago, before he knew of Cézanne and Monet, and others of that name? And if you are going to try to be undervived, where are you going to begin; from naked intelligence?—and how are you going to convey that to the spectator? You want your pictures to be understood, and, if you will not trouble to do this he is working for himself, and must be content to be understood by very few, and have as his crowd of followers those who prefer to hold second-hand opinions.

W. WROBLEWSKI.
the No. 41 in this gallery as an example, with its admirably and truly painted water, and its sentimentally treated aerial distance; why do the tops of the trees on the foreground bank stick tightly into the middle distance beyond? why is there not the same truth to aerial planes as in the distance? those other instances. But bad draughtsmanship will soon bore and annoy this really fine colourist, and we may hope for pictures from him that can be sanely enjoyed throughout.

I feel I ought to apologise for this lay intrusion of my critical feelings, but incompetence, or the willful misinterpretation of it, exasperates me, as I am surely also the enormous majority of picture-gallery frequenters.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

Sir,—I am not immortalised as yet, for my ode has never been published—and even if you were good enough to print it in THE NEW AGE, I am afraid it would not out-run many pages of runes; but perhaps you could find space for a few stanzas—

Awake—Victorian Cook—awake!
Throw off that patchwork coverlet,
Once wrought by good old grandmamma:

And with a Tinted Venus knit,
Come let us see you do a shake:

Upon Herbin's insoleum—

Hurrah!
He comes—he comes—
(An obligato on the drums);
The glad New Age hath heard,
While the joculators (sic) roar,
He comes to test our oilcloth floor;
Oh, Cookums, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a silly bore?

Soft sounds Picasso's mandoline!
While rosy Platonist loves
Are plucking feathers from the doves
To make him pens withal:

To thee alone the critic's functions fall,
And with the Tinted Venus knit,

And I shall see the dear dead gods outlining themselves in the bright new medium of the artist's hand!...

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

Sir,—Scientific quaintness is the distinguishing feature of Mr. Robert Fowler's communication. From time to time I have undertaken up and down the country canvases by Mr. Fowler, and oddly enough without noticing that they were founded upon the rudiments of paleolithic science and paleographic observation. If I had detected in them the litter of a leolithic student I do not think they should have derived a quarter of the artistic pleasure which they have given me. Alas, when next I go to view Mr. Fowler's important studies what a change will be there. I shall find myself looking for the faces and facts of ancient science. And I shall see the dear dead gods outlining themselves in scientific wares which subsequent research with which same professors are not acquainted will prove to be worthless. I shall be aware of all this, and it breaks the heart of me to say so.

To think that this unsuspected scientific world in which apparently Mr. Fowler moves, but has not his being, should be discovered by a printer's error. It might have remained for ever hidden from my view if not for the opportunely iner-ted which says, "according to mechanics matter has weight," continuing, "according to the geometrical definition." Then such a one would not be the need for me to set Mr. Fowler right by reminding him what was said at the great meeting of the British Association at Leicester, which will be remembered in the history of physical science for the astonishing discussion on the constitution of the atom, in which, I believe, all the great modern researchers into the ultimate elements and forces of matter took part. Lord Kelvin maintained the idea that ether is an elastic solid, therefore ponderable. He refuses to abandon the atom as the ultimate unit of matter; while Sir William Ramsay, hot on the heels of his own discovery of the argon, neon, krypton, and xenon, maintained the theory of the latest school of philosophy, namely, the divisibility of the atom. Thus, according to Kelvin one atom is the ultimate indivisible unit of matter, and the electron as electric atom, the younger men agreed to divide it. Now, if, according to its definition, an atom cannot be divided, it follows that as soon as an atom is divided it is no longer an atom, and the parts into which it is divided are no longer constituted of the atom which has ceased to exist, but atoms themselves. Moreover, they remain atoms till divided again. I use this argument to illustrate the stupidity which arises from the incautious use of terms, even among scientists themselves. Mr. Fowler is not aware of these stupidities or he would have discovered that under-lying my examination of the points in question is an indirect-ment of the very different use of terms, with metaphysical and physical. But if scientists go off the line in this fashion, who are accustomed to breakfast off the Hon. R. J. Strutz's chemistry, to dine off Professor Armstrong's organic chemistry, to dine off Sir Oliver Lodge's philosophy of electricity, finishing the day with a debauch of scientific devilies, what can we expect from non-scientific persons in pic-ture and music-producing circles who dash round to the scien-tific department of the nearest museum for bites and snacks of the great and ever-spaying tree? Why no more than from the boy who was asked to name the eight great powers of the world. He graduated them as follows: Gravity, electricity, steam power, gas power, horse power, the army, navy, and police force.

Rivers flow because no one can stop them, once wrote a budding scientist. Some persons appear to write letters for the same reason. It is what a student for who called forth the ingenious concoction by Mr. E. C. Taylor. Mr. Taylor has laboured hard over my "article on Picasso" (don't mean meaning here) for a long course of analytical lectures on art and photography in order to see the decisive point in his understanding of my argument that photography is burying realistic forms of art (not destroying painting), and unconsciously directing original minds to seek internal inspiration, or, in other words, to explore the world of intuition. Of course photograph-ery will not destroy public interest in the works of Masters, Nicholas, Etty, and Co. I never said it would.

On the contrary, it will increase the market value of such photographic ware by demonstrating that when photography has reached a certain stage of refinement it is passed through the old school.

And this is accurately so, that in the same way as "when the cow has been milked it is passed through a sieve." On referring again to Mr. Taylor's letter I see it may have another cause. Mr. Taylor has just written an elementary article on Bergson in a January number of the Integrity and Independence of Persia will be held

Trafalgar Buildings W.C.

Tickets and all information to be obtained from the Hon. Sec. Persia Committee, Trafalgar Buildings, W.C.
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