

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1019] NEW SERIES. Vol. X. No. 21. THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..	481
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad ... ..	485
THE SOUL OF FLEET STREET ... ..	486
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY MIRROR" ... ..	488
DR. OSCAR LEVY AND CHRISTIANITY. By G. K. Chesterton... ..	489
THE LAW: AN EXPERIENCE. By Peter Fanning ... ..	489
A GREAT IDEA. By Lawrence Broad ... ..	490
MORNING. By Walter Sickert ... ..	492
ART AND DRAMA. By Huntly Carter ... ..	493
THE VIKING. By P. Selver ... ..	494

	PAGE
PRESENT DAY CRITICISM ... ..	494
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. Randall ... ..	496
REVIEWS ... ..	497
MAX BEERBOHM. By V. de Bragança Cunha ... ..	499
PASTICHE. By A. F. Thorn, D. L. Kelleher and Ari Liglio... ..	500
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from George Lansbury, Frank Johnson, Lieut.-Col. A. W. A. Pollock, Mary Gawthorpe, Beatrice Hastings, Henry Meulen, Huntly Carter, C. Jongan Clarke, Dramatic Critic, Arthur T. Colman, Percy H. H. Vanne ... ..	501

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ON Thursday we had given up the miners for lost. According to the "Daily News," an organ that cries Peace, Peace, like a parrot, and is more pleased with the name than the thing, the miners had offered the Government and the coalowners "an olive-branch." They had, it appeared, retreated from their previous strong position and were on Thursday consenting to the discussion (which means reduction) of their minimum schedule, district by district. One reservation only, we were told, had been made; it was that the strike should not be closed until every district had settled its schedule; but this reservation, it was confidently expected, would be withdrawn on the following day, when the last branch on the olive tree would be stripped off and given to the owners. About this crowning act of idiotic renunciation there was a curious unanimity of opinion between the "Daily News" and the "Daily Mail." We do not know whether "P. W. W." is preparing a place for himself on Lord Northcliffe's organ as one of his late colleagues presumably prepared himself to serve the "Daily Telegraph"; but the coincidence on Thursday between his views and those of the "Daily Mail" leader-writer was marked. Their common suggestion was that the strike should dissolve district by district as each of these came to an agreement regarding the local schedule, leaving the districts where a settlement was delayed still out on strike. In other words, the national strike was to be abandoned and the minority of districts were to be left to the devil.

\* \* \*

The "Daily Mail" was content with putting this jackfool suggestion in the simple form of a pious opinion. "A partial settlement," it said, "... seems the only avenue of negotiation for the present." But the "Daily News" was indiscreet enough to attempt to shore up its rotten case with inventions. "Many friends and leaders of the men," said "P. W. W.," "counsel the removal of this condition [of a national as distinct from a district settlement] in the interests of the nation." What friends, what leaders? We undertake to say that "P. W. W." was here drawing entirely upon his sordid imagination. No friend or leader, either of the men or, indeed, of the nation, would counsel any such puerile treachery. It would certainly not be in the interests of the men that a national strike should break up piecemeal before its national object was accomplished; and equally in our opinion it would be contrary to the interests of the public. The truth which the Press has conspired to conceal is that the public—which, we presume, is the same as the nation—has hoped from the first that the

men may win. We all hope that the men may win. Even the mineowners, strange as it may seem, hope that the men may win. We repeat our statement of two weeks ago: the men's victory will be also a public and a national victory. England will breathe more freely when she knows that a million of her citizens have guts, even though, in the process of realising it, the public is put to some painful inconvenience. No friend of the people, therefore, would counsel the men to allow themselves to be defeated; and "P. W. W.'s" unnamed authorities were therefore mythical. Not less mythical but even more monstrous was his suggestion, not only that the districts should return to work consecutively, but the districts first in work should agree to pay "a heavy levy" to support the districts continuing on strike. To procure a "Daily News" peace, in fact, the men of England should consent to pay the men of Wales and Scotland. This suggestion, likewise, was a flight of fancy on the part of "P. W. W." Like so many of his statements, it could come from nowhere but out of his own head.

\* \* \*

On Friday evening, however, the atmosphere was changed from fancy to fact, and in Saturday's papers the public was relieved to learn that, after all, the olive-tree had not been denuded of branches. For the third week-end in succession, and, curiously enough, on the Ides of March, the Round-Table Conference between the men, the owners and the Government broke down, and this time finally. We need not say that we are glad of it. The method of conference almost invariably produces unsatisfactory results for the public party. Theoretically, no doubt, the public conference has its drawbacks; and its drawbacks for the representatives of the capitalist classes are very real indeed. For this reason the first object of the Government in dealing with public bodies of men is to persuade these latter first to select a small working committee of plenipotentiaries (if possible), and, secondly, to agree to privacy. Such a body, it is obvious, especially if its members form an independent executive, is more easy to manage by a Government long trained in the art and craft of conference. The miners, fortunately, had profited by the experience of the railwaymen, and though consenting to a small committee and to the privacy of their proceedings, never once allowed this committee full powers; with the result that Mr. Asquith had not only to persuade the committee, but the committee had to persuade the Federation. And this latter, whatever may have been the former, has proved impossible. On Friday evening in despair of settlement by consent Mr. Asquith was constrained to break up the Conference and to announce that the Government would immediately bring in a Bill in the House of Commons to establish a legal Minimum Wage for miners.

It is interesting to examine the motives which induced the Government to postpone as long as possible a course that ought to have been taken a good fortnight before the strike began. As a matter of fact, Mr. Asquith's present decision is one that, had it been arrived at sooner, would have saved us from all the bother of the strike. Absolutely nothing, as it turns out, has been gained by four weeks of delay and indecision; but, on the contrary, a very great deal has been lost to national industry. Saving for the innumerable domestic tragedies brought about by the strike and the enormous advertisement given to Syndicalism, the position on Friday was exactly the same as the position four Fridays ago. It argues a culpable inability on the part of the Government and its departmental officers to weigh forces to have been deluded for all these weeks into imagining that a settlement by consent was possible. Doubtless they believed that under sufficient pressure of persuasion either the Welsh and Scottish coalowners would give in or the miners, after the leech of time had sucked supplies out of them, would be weak enough to surrender. But this, as it now appears, was a bad miscalculation. To do Mr. D. A. Thomas justice, his word and his deed have been in harmony from the first day of the strike to the present moment. To nothing less than an Act of Parliament, he said at the outset, would the South Wales owners yield, and he has been as good as his word. Similarly, we are glad to say, the miners have stuck to their guns in spite of all the incitements to mutiny. Rumours of defection, dissatisfaction and weariness have been flying about like a plague of lice in the Press and elsewhere; but the miners have resisted the temptation to succumb to them. Both they and the South Wales owners have proved their sincerity by maintaining throughout the whole controversy the intentions with which they entered it. And if this has proved to be the case we maintain that the Government, with their unparalleled means of information, should have been both fore-warned and fore-armed.

\* \* \*

Powerful reasons, it is clear, must have operated with the Government to induce it to run all the risks of a General Strike. For the risks were and still are enormous. Had rioting once begun it is impossible to say where it might have ended; and the fact that the railwaymen, sick from their recent defeat, would probably have refused to carry soldiers, added considerably to the grounds for apprehension. Short of the most weighty reasons no Premier would have ventured to run these risks rather than pass an Act establishing a Minimum Wage; and it is worth while considering what these reasons were and examining their value. The first undoubtedly arises from the disposition of the present Cabinet to leave industrial affairs and questions of wages in particular severely alone. As we have often said, the present Cabinet, though it owes its existence to Trade Unionism (being, as it was, the outcome of the Taff Vale decision), has really neither comprehension nor sympathy with the authors of its being. The Trade Unions, that are destined to play so great a part in the future of industrial organisation, are for the present Cabinet merely private bodies of wage-earners engaged in securing better wages from their employers. Being, as most of the members of the Cabinet are, by birth and association, of the employing classes themselves, they naturally tend to take in the disputes that arise the employers' rather than the men's point of view. The fixation of a legal minimum wage below which it shall be a penal offence for an employer to employ a workman therefore strikes them as unjust to the employer. Permeated with the employers' distrust of the goodwill of workmen they instinctively oppose the latter, or make such demands of safeguards as would be expected if men were suddenly asked to give horses, say, liberty of action.

\* \* \*

This natural indisposition and inability to realise the workman's point of view accounts also for the difficulties, theoretical and practical, which the Government doubtless foresees in establishing a Minimum Wage by law. These difficulties, we may say, are more

imaginary than real, as will be proved when the law is once made. But in the prospect we can well understand that they must appear insurmountable. Again, however, we must observe on the negligence of the Government and its departmental officers. For at least a quarter of a century the principle of the Minimum Wage has been under discussion among sociologists, and in practice in various countries and industries, so that if the Government are ignorant of its theory and practice they are practically alone amongst intelligent persons. The plea has been raised that legislation at the butt-end of a General Strike must needs be panic legislation. Already in advance the Bill which will be presented to the Commons on Tuesday is described as provisional and tentative. But why should legislation that has been discussed to its minutest details among lay politicians be an unknown world to professional politicians? Given any real intention of settling the matter there is no insurmountable difficulty in drafting a Bill which need never be repealed, and would at most require only to be supplemented. We candidly refuse to believe that if the Government desires such a consummation the means cannot be discovered without difficulty. In short, neither in drafting nor in subsequent operation is a Minimum Wage Act beyond the wit of man to encompass and to carry out.

\* \* \*

Neither of these considerations, we believe, has weighed decisively with Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. On the contrary, they are, we fear, a little too respectable. The actual motive which induced the Government to decline, until finally forced, to legislate in the matter of wages was the fact that they would appear thereby to be yielding to the dictation of a strike. Only those who move in the circles of the governing classes can realise how powerful this motive of opposition to a forcible public demand really is. So powerful is it and so feelingly expressed that even those who listen to it from without are moved to a pitying as well as a pitiable sympathy. Mr. Barnes, for example, a straight and sturdy Trade Unionist, almost blubbered under the infection of this grief. Don't let the men, he said, humiliate Parliament by insisting on the satisfaction of their demands. And Mr. Walsh, also a member of the Labour Party, implored the men to be as merciful as they were strong. All this nonsense, appearing in such unexpected places, means, of course, that in resisting legislation under compulsion of a strike the governing classes can always count on a certain amount of sympathy. But we warn them that it is not real sympathy; it is only sentimental sympathy. At the least hint of open opposition (there is plenty of veiled) on the part of the governing classes, these walruses will turn on them. In reckoning up their strength, therefore, they must definitely put Mr. Barnes and his companions on the side which is against them. This is evident enough already, for much cry as there has been among the Labour members, the yield of wool in the form of action has been very scanty. They have not succeeded and they have not attempted to succeed in dissuading the miners from appearing to force the governing classes to their knees; and we may say that they would not have succeeded if they had tried. The point, however, is that the Government, with the support of a simulacrum of public opinion, has been averse from appearing to yield to a strikers' demand, and has been averse on grounds of policy as well as on grounds of class predilection.

\* \* \*

The grounds of policy are intelligible even if they are not sufficient. In the first place, it is really a severe blow to the prestige of Parliament to be compelled, against its declared wish, to legislate a Minimum Wage. As the world still remembers—for the event is very recent—within a couple of weeks of the miners' ballot Government and Parliament were solemnly declaring that they could not entertain the notion of a legal Minimum Wage. Poor Mr. J. M. Robertson was put up to be immortalised as a scapegoat to announce the fixed intention of the Government of refraining from wage-legislation. The change from this attitude to

that of bringing in a Bill for the denied purpose is very sudden, and no disguise will conceal from the world that the reason for the change is simply force. It is not pleasing to Parliament to be rudely demonstrated inconsistent as well as cowardly. Either their intelligence in declining the Bill two months ago or their courage in accepting it now is impugned. They are on the horns of the nasty dilemma of looking as big fools as they are or being as big fools as they look. On the other hand, this notion of the supremacy of Parliament ought by this time to be obsolete. Parliament is not a despotism and has no authority to exercise even benevolent despotism. Though Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill had been drafted by a committee of archangels we should have objected to it on the democratic grounds that it was not passed with the consent of the people. General consent, in fact, is the seal of parliamentary authority; without it parliamentary legislation is simply absolutism; only with it is government democratic. Applying this to the present case, we may perhaps rub ointment on the wound of Parliament's pride by assuring its members that in yielding to a million men (representing four or five million persons and supported by the best mind and heart of the nation) they are merely carrying out the national will and legislating by express consent. Only by so legislating can they retrieve the mistake they made eight weeks ago in refusing to consider a measure which it is now obvious the nation demands.

\* \* \*

The "Westminster Gazette" has never denied the inspiration of its article of last Saturday fortnight. It was to the effect, as our readers will remember, that Mr. Asquith was prepared in certain contingencies to nationalise the mines as well as to institute a Minimum Wage. Whether this was a mere trial balloon or not, the subsequent policy of the "Westminster Gazette," presumably under the same inspiration, that of Mr. Asquith himself, has not been to develop this suggestion. On the other hand, we are now warned that the issues of the present struggle are not legislative in this or that particular, but legislative in the most fundamental sense. We cannot sufficiently emphasise the double-dealing by which the inspired policy of our contemporary is characterised. To say that our worst suspicions of the good faith of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are confirmed is the least that can be said. For we arrive at last at the real reason for all the delay, the paltering, the conferring and the fozzling indulged in by the Government and the coalowners. So far we have been giving them credit for fairly hesitating before a difficult problem; but, as we suggested some paragraphs ago, the truth appears to be that the Government have been deliberately gaining time in the hope that something would turn up to enable them to defeat the men. That is positively the only conclusion we can draw from the official-aided leader which appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" on Friday evening. "For our future peace," the article concludes, "it is essential that the present struggle should settle roughly the question whether the general strike is a formidable and effective weapon for labour, or whether, as some of us think, its uses are attended with such drawbacks and reactions as to neutralise its advantages in the long run. . . . It can only be answered by the working classes themselves from their own experience, and, deeply as we deplore the suffering and hardship which the experiment involves, we can none of us wish that its results should be indecisive, or expect the Government to cut it short, until the lesson has been learnt." The language of this revelation is perhaps intentionally a little diffuse and it is certainly euphemistic; for what, in plain words, does the "Westminster Gazette" intend to convey? That the Government hoped by prolonging the strike until the country was starving to provoke the rest of the working classes to force the miners back to work; and in this way to prove that the method of the General Strike was useless. What other conclusion from the article is possible? That was the "experiment" which was being made in the crucible of time. Well, it has so far been happily defeated; and we

may suppose, perchance, that the reports of local magistrates to the effect that riots may shortly be expected have alone closed the term of the inhuman social vivisection.

\* \* \*

This same motive of showing the labour movement that a General Strike is useless appears to have operated on Mr. MacDonald no less than on Mr. Asquith. Both, as good party Parliamentarians, are naturally jealous of any work that is not forged on their anvil. For them there is one lawful means and one lawful means only of legislation: it is the time-honoured means of parliamentary majorities and parliamentary pressure. The notion that apart from themselves as representatives of their constituencies their own constituents should organise themselves industrially to press legislation upon Parliament is, of course, distasteful to them; and we quite understand that from mere pique and jealousy Parliamentarians would be inclined to hope that General Strike would prove to be a General of defeat. This alone in our opinion accounts for Mr. MacDonald's strange shrinking from an Act establishing the Minimum Wage by law. Eight weeks ago, when his party were urging the Government to adopt such a Bill, Mr. MacDonald was presumably in earnest in demanding it. Why should he be so afraid of accepting to-day what he demanded yesterday unless, as we say, the means were objectionable to him? Concerning all these personal feelings, however, it is enough to point out that the very existence of industrialism involves a serious criticism of Parliament. So long as Parliament offered Labour the smallest hope industrialism was inactive; but repeated disappointments proved at length that Parliament had no intentions of economic legislation. With the active or passive consent of the very Labour Party itself, Parliament was defeating every single demand of Labour and meantime specially preparing a programme to occupy the next two years on which not one Labour reform proposal found a place. It is not to be wondered at that with these proofs of indifference and contempt the Labour movement turned to the Gentiles. For the growth of the spirit of the General Strike Parliament and Mr. MacDonald have been more responsible than Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Lansbury, or Mr. Vernon Hartshorn. With all their influence these men could have done nothing unless Parliament had clearly announced its own bankruptcy.

\* \* \*

We cannot refrain from observing that the industrialists are not the only people to treat the present House of Commons with proper disrespect. The Government itself has displayed a singular indifference, not to say contempt, for the opinion of its parliamentary supporters. For three weeks now the strike has been raging while the Government has been privately conferring; and in all that time the House of Commons has been more stringently gagged than any other body of men. No more information has been vouchsafed to them than to the readers of the halfpenny papers. Like any private citizen Members of Parliament have had to be content with such crumbs of hearsay as were thrown out of the Conference chamber; and this in spite of the fact that sooner or later the Commons would have to make themselves responsible for a decision. "P. W. W.," who certainly cannot be accused of an independent spirit, has once or twice commented on the Government's cavalier treatment of the House of Commons. So long as there was any hope that parliamentary action would be unnecessary "P. W. W." was willing to cry up Mr. Asquith's dictatorship as "statesmanlike"; but now that, after all, Mr. Asquith has hopelessly failed, and the House of Commons is to be called in to share the responsibility, even "P. W. W." indulges in what for him is rank mutinous conversation. And if in him this spirit has been bred the guess may be hazarded that the rest of the Commons are boiling with resentment. Indeed, we may safely say that the defeat of the Government is assured during the coming summer, if not at once. Members will be more or less than human to obey during the dog-days the Whips of leaders who in critical circumstances calmly ignored them. The present Minimum Wage Bill may be dis-

cussed and may even be passed under the pressure of public events, but the scores of to-day will be paid off to-morrow.

\* \* \*

Meantime, however, it is as well to realise that the Commons are not only not independent of the Cabinet, but they are not independent of the miners. The Bill which is to be introduced on Tuesday must reasonably satisfy the large constituency of strikers who have demanded it. The three elements of the problem have each to be dealt with, and we do not exaggerate when we say that the third of the three, the question of "safeguards," may easily prove to be insoluble by a mere Minimum Wage Bill. The principle of the Minimum Wage is now an established fact, and nothing can alter it. Conceded to-day in respect of the miners, we shall certainly do our best to see that it is conceded to every class of worker in industry. What we aim at is to legalise the first item of the New Charter of the nation, which runs: No Englishman shall be employed for profit at less than a Living Wage. But in this present instance the schedule of rates, together with the "safeguards," must be added to the affirmation of the principle. Regarding the schedule, we are glad to see that both Sir Arthur Markham and Mr. Arthur Chamberlain agree with us that the figures of the men are moderate and fair. Those who bluster about the "selfishness" of the men on strike and talk about their extravagant demands should read Sir Arthur Markham's article in the "Daily Mail" of Thursday last, or the interview with Mr. Chamberlain in the "Daily Chronicle" of Friday. Both are business men and large employers and both bear witness to the extreme moderation of the men's demands. If the men were really playing the part of social highwaymen and holding up the Government to ransom, their demands would surely be a little more extravagant. On the contrary, they have merely asked exactly what the best employers are willing to pay. The conclusion is that the men's schedule should form an integral part of the Bill; or, at least, guarantees should be provided that in no case should the district agreements under Government arbitration go below the men's figures.

\* \* \*

There remains the problem of guarantees, and this, we confess, is so difficult that the Bill may very well break down on it. The difficulty, we may remark, is not inherent in the subject itself, but it is contained in the nature of the respective demands and apprehensions of the parties to the agreement. There is not the least doubt that the employers will expect to be granted a long-term agreement together with compulsory arbitration and penalties for breach of contract. There is equally no doubt that the men under any circumstances will refuse the concession. Long-term agreements are in the nature of things more advantageous to the stronger than to the weaker party. Agreements are only morally valid when they are between equals. As nobody can pretend that the men are equal to the monopolists any agreement between them is necessarily temporary and provisional; at best it is a brief truce in the unending war of Capital and Labour. Again, under no circumstances would we countenance Compulsory Arbitration as applied to industry under private ownership. The private ownership of national necessities is a principle that ought not to be recognised in parliamentary law at all. Even under the Feudal system the Crown never technically admitted the claim of absolute ownership by the territorial magnates; and it is contrary to public policy to admit at this moment that the implements of industry technically belong to private capitalists. But Compulsory Arbitration would not only involve this admission, it would accept and thereby stereotype the division of the nation into capitalist-employers and wage-earners. It is as if Slave courts of justice had been set up in the Southern States of America in reply to the demand of the North for the abolition of slavery. We have no desire for "justice" between profiteering and labour and no desire therefore to arbitrate on the matter. The system itself is wrong, and its recognition as an institution would only per-

petuate its essential injustice. The business of wage-slaves is to wrest from their shareholders the best current terms possible; to accept these terms without gratitude and without any feeling of obligation; above all, to take them without committing themselves to future docility. Only by this attitude will they free themselves from complicity in a system that actually pauperises a considerable part of the nation in order to make millionaires of the worst type of man our civilisation produces.

\* \* \*

We need not pursue the matter any further, for it is now plain that in regard to the so-called "safeguards" to be introduced into the Bill the two parties will find themselves diametrically opposed. It all depends upon the perspicuity of the men's leaders and of the Labour Party (which will now have an opportunity of proving its right to represent Labour) whether on this third and vital clause they will give away more than by the schedule and the principle they may gain. To purchase a legal Minimum Wage by legal compulsory arbitration would be to pay very dearly for one's whistle; and we sincerely hope that the Labour men will be too clairvoyant to buy the present at the cost of the future. But in this event, it may be said, the Minimum Wage Bill may not pass. Without some such "guarantees" the employers will refuse to accept it, and their nominees in the Government will refuse even to draft it. What is then to be done? At this point we would remind our readers that the resources of legislation do not end with a Minimum Wage Bill. Under sufficient pressure Mr. Asquith, as he somewhat incautiously allowed the "Westminster Gazette" to announce, is prepared to nationalise if not all the mines at least the mines of such owners as decline to pay a living wage to their men or will only pay them this wage in exchange for their liberty of action. If for good reasons the men decline to accept the Bill which Mr. Asquith and the coalowners are at this moment concocting, the alternative is not necessarily no Bill at all but a considerably better Bill. In short, it is a Bill to nationalise a part and perhaps the whole of the coalmines of Great Britain. For the moment at any rate the miners, as one of them said, *are* the Government. Within limits they can legislate as they please.

\* \* \*

We refer elsewhere to the attitude assumed by the Press throughout the dispute, but we may here briefly comment on two particular points. The "Pall Mall Gazette" has at last discovered THE NEW AGE, and in a note in its issue of Wednesday we were accused of representing "respectable" Socialism and of being "tea and muffin" revolutionaries. It is not an astonishing thing that moderation, fair-mindedness, the wish to hear and weigh both sides, should be the subject of Mr. Garvin's sneers; but it is astonishing that the Press in general should single out among Socialist publications for advertisement the less rather than the more indeliberate and extreme. THE NEW AGE, for example, has been in existence now as a Socialist journal for exactly five years, during which time we have employed the best minds and pens in England on behalf of reform. Yet the capitalist Press has not only ignored our appeals for public discussion—which was only to be expected—but it selects for its illustrations of Socialist opinion stray paragraphs and letters from the more extreme journals of Socialist thought. The law, being also an ass, adopts the same vulgar procedure, and in its present attempts to prosecute the editors of the "Syndicalist" and the "Dawn," as well as the private citizen, Mr. Crowsley, we see only the conduct of men who have always shirked fair argument and prefer to rely on slander or on force. Publicity, as a public Press should know, is a sovereign remedy for all social ills. If Syndicalism, for example, is really an anti-social proposal, as we believe it to be, the remedy against it is not force or the boycott, but public discussion. If, likewise, public incitements to soldiers not to shoot their brothers and fathers are contrary to social welfare, the reply to them is again public discussion. As a matter of fact, however, these incitements

not to shoot are more than balanced by the incitements to shoot with which the capitalist Press abounds. While the Public Prosecutor is engaged in suppressing Mr. Crowsley or Mr. Bowman, Mr. Garvin, who proposed to surround colliery villages with troops and to starve miners into surrender, goes scot-free with American dollars in his pockets. Sir Edward Carson similarly is allowed to remain a Privy Councillor, though to the best of his small ability he has attempted to fan a civil and military war in Ireland. All this comes, we say, from sheer funk of public discussion. Our Press will face nothing until it comes to them with brickbats, and then it shouts for the police and soldiery. But an end will certainly be put one day to this reliance on the army. We do not suppose that the army will ever take the side of the public; but we do say that before very long they will refuse to take the side of the employers and their clawbacks. And come what may, we shall continue to urge them to do so.

\* \* \*

The relations as a whole between the present governing classes and the nation at large are becoming more and more strained. If democracy means anything at all, it means that the national executive shall carry out the nation's will as expressed in the better minds of all our citizens. It was to this better self of each and all of us, collectively considered, that Matthew Arnold applied the name of the State, and as the executive of that State the government and all its officers have a high moral responsibility. In two affairs of the past week we do not hesitate to say that the State has shown itself not as the better, but as the worse part of the national mind. The sentence of death on Seddon for the unproved murder of Miss Barrow was, in any event, a wicked miscarriage of justice; but the means by which the sentence was brought about can only be described as vile. The evidence for the prosecution was admitted by the "Times" to be "solely circumstantial," and the authority of Shakespeare, if you please, was cited to justify a finding on circumstantial evidence. Not a single one of the five test questions enumerated by Mr. Marshall Hall could be honestly answered either in the affirmative or in the negative. As the "Times" again admits, the various counts were only "on the whole clearly proved." Since when has an "on the whole" case been allowed to be decisive in a court of law? On the whole, we could, any one of us, be condemned times without number. But the decisive factor in the case was the formal conduct of Sir Rufus Isaacs. His conduct of the cross-examination of Seddon was such as to raise the question whether a Jew should be allowed to practise in our criminal courts. Even the "Times" had to apologise for his staggering brutality. It may seem hard, said the "Times," that Seddon should be cross-examined with as much stringency as if the offence were petty pilfering. It does not merely seem hard, it is actually monstrous and an offence to humanity. The "Times" quotes Shakespeare, and so might we. Who was the creature who would have his bond? Sir Rufus Isaacs, it is explained, merely carried out the law, which law insisted that the prisoner should give evidence in his own defence and submit to cross-examination. But that law was made for men, if not for Christians; it was obviously not made for Sir Rufus Isaacs. The verdict, we may say, came as a shock to the community; and its carrying out would be a worse crime than the alleged murder. The other instance of reaction in our governing classes is contained in the Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection. This barbaric practice, exactly on a par with ancient blood-sacrifice, cannibalism, witch-burning and the like, has been pronounced by a majority of Commissioners "morally justifiable." The cowardice of man fleeing before death is, of course, pitiable; but the attempt to stave off death by the sacrifice of animals is worse than pitiable, it is fiendish. The worst of it is that the legality of this bloody avenue of research really draws men away from more promising and more human avenues. Not until we have given up examining the entrails of animals shall we discover the latent powers in man.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A LONDON paper published a short paragraph on Saturday last to the effect that the international European situation was strained, and that more than one of the great Powers was making preparations for war. Much sensation was caused throughout the world by the announcement, particularly on the Stock Exchanges; and yet, as I intimated in this column a few weeks ago, the only matter for wonder is that it was not made sooner.

\* \* \*

International affairs may be compared to a sheet of ice with skaters on it. As a rule no accidents occur; but now and then there is a sudden crack and a splash: war. When crackling sounds are heard in more places than one we may safely say that the tension has become acute. To drop metaphor, there are three international disputes under "discussion" of one kind and another at this moment, and any one of them may lead to a serious outbreak. They are the Franco-Spanish negotiations over Morocco; the Turco-Italian war, and the fatuous "conversations" initiated by Lord Haldane with regard to certain points and disputes between England and Germany to which I have often referred. As the result of tactlessness we have offended both Turkey and Italy; as the result of standing up for our rights we have offended Germany; and as the result of tactlessness, combined with some ill-humour, we have offended France and Spain.

\* \* \*

It was England who took the first step towards stopping the war by urging that "pressure" should be brought to bear upon both combatants. As the result of some discussion it was finally suggested that Italy, on the one hand, should be prevented from attacking the Turks in European waters, and that Turkey, on the other, should, by the exertion of financial influence, be induced to hand Tripoli over to Italy while retaining, on behalf of the Sultan, the religious powers of Khalif. The suggestion, in its final form, was not that of Downing Street; but it was ascribed to us by the parties interested and we suffered accordingly. It was pointed out that the desire in Italy to continue the war was at least as intense as the determination of the Turks to hold Tripoli until the very last moment. The interference, well meant as it was, irritated the two countries concerned and was greatly resented.

\* \* \*

As for France and Spain, the negotiations over Morocco have progressed slowly, and some bitterness has been shown by both sides. France having "compensated" Germany in return for recognition of a French Protectorate, demands proportionate "compensations" from Spain in return for the Quai d'Orsay's benediction and acknowledgment of Spain's rights in certain parts of Morocco. Spain, founding her arguments on secret treaties concluded eight or nine years ago, is naturally unwilling to agree that France is entitled to any compensation at all. Hence the rather long-drawn-out negotiations. England is to some extent responsible for their slowness. This country is bound to France, publicly by an entente and privately by a treaty; and to Spain on account of the close relationship of the Royal Houses and also, of course, because we expect to find Spain of more than merely strategical advantage in the event of a European war which might extend to the Mediterranean.

\* \* \*

In view of our relations with France and Spain, each of the countries in question expected us to interfere in its favour in the course of the Morocco negotiations by bringing pressure to bear on the other. The British Ambassador to Madrid, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, was present at all the interviews between the representatives of France and Spain, but the reports he sent to his Government were not such as to warrant its interference. In what particular way our unwillingness to do

nothing in the matter was expressed I am unfortunately unable to state; but at all events it seems to have irritated both the other parties.

\* \* \*

The chief menace to peace at the present time, however, is due to our negotiations with Germany. They were expected to lead to something, if only to the placating of those few advanced Radicals whose ignorance of international affairs is equalled only by the audacity with which they comment on them; but as it happens they led to nothing. They may now be regarded as practically broken off. But when I say that they led to nothing, I mean that they led to no tangible results so far as peace or a German entente is concerned. They have led, however, to considerable irritation at the Quay d'Orsay, and now that they have come to nothing they have left behind them a feeling of unusual bitterness at Berlin. The campaign against England is again in full force, and the Navy League in particular is issuing all sorts of books, pamphlets, and leaflets pleading for the support of its cause.

\* \* \*

We have just been told that the new German Navy Bill provides for an increased expenditure of £10,000,000, to be spread over six years; and we learn at the same time that Herr Wermuth, the Financial Secretary, has resigned. He was one of the most conscientious men who ever served the Kaiser in this capacity, and it may be taken that his resignation was due to disputes, not so much on the necessity for more ships, as on the difficulty of apportioning the new taxes wherewith to pay for them. The land-owning elements in the Cabinet have triumphed, and the money must not be taken from the Junkers. This money question is one flaw in the German big-navy scheme, but it is not so serious as it looks. The army is going to cost the country much more than ten millions to improve, and there will be no hesitation in finding money for this purpose. Here in England our financial position is not at all secure because we have almost reached the taxable limit under our present system of social organisation. In Germany they have not. The Junkers may be stubborn, but in the end they can be "tapped," and "tapped" they will be.

\* \* \*

Still, we have scored another little diplomatic success, and the anti-British elements abroad have not been sweetened thereby. The Russian Ambassador to Constantinople, M. Charikoff, committed an indiscretion or two over the Dardanelles question, and the German official organs, inspired by Baron Marschall von Bieberstein at the Turkish capital, were not long in making the blunders known to the world at large. M. Charikoff was appointed a Senator as a convenient excuse for getting rid of him, and when a successor was sought for him the German elements at the Russian Court endeavoured to pull the strings in favour of M. Hartwig. Now, M. Hartwig had represented Russia at Teheran, and had made himself so obnoxious to England and France there that he had been withdrawn. His appointment to Constantinople would have meant the predominance of German influence in the field of diplomacy as well as in the world of Turkish officialdom. M. Hartwig's nomination was actually considered seriously for a while, but "representations" were made in the "proper quarter"—a somewhat vague term, perhaps, which may be elucidated by the equally vague one that the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg gave "certain advice" to the Foreign Office there. In consequence M. Hartwig was "dropped," much to the chagrin of his Germanophile backers, and M. de Giers substituted and formally appointed. M. de Giers has an "open mind," which, being interpreted, meaneth that he will give unusually careful consideration to British and French interests, as well as Russian interests, in the Ottoman Empire, not proposing, and much less doing, anything that might conflict with the desires of his country's allies.

All of which is highly satisfactory.

## A Plea for the Soul of Fleet Street.

NOT the least important of the many social phases betrayed by the coal strike is the obvious intellectual sterility and the perplexing and self-contradictory attitude of the Press. It will hardly escape the notice of all observant folk that the opinions of the Press carry less weight than in any previous period of its existence. Great Britain is tolerably well supplied with news by the daily papers, possibly better than any other country, America not excepted; but in the realm of ideas and of opinion it has now become an almost obsolete force. The leading article has now ceased to lead—indeed, nine-tenths of newspaper readers never dream of looking at it. The "Times" leaders are still quoted abroad as authoritative, but at home they are disregarded. Who cares what the "Times" says in its editorials? Not a living soul—a few country parsons, perhaps, excepted. The "Telegraph" is one of the most prosperous newspaper undertakings in the world. Is any sane individual ever influenced in the slightest degree by its ponderous and verbose leader? As for the "Standard," its leaders are *pour rire*. In one of them last week it expressed sheer wonder and anger that the miners were actually enjoying their period of rest. It seemed to think that they ought to behave like mutes at a funeral. Equally futile and impotent are the leaders in the "Daily News" and "Chronicle." It is true, of course, that the vast majority of readers buy their favourite paper for its news, and not for its views. That is why the "Daily Mail" is so financially successful. It is probably the best sub-edited paper in the world. It possesses the best editorial nose for news, but its leaders are palpably perfunctory; they carry an air of apology for ever having been born. It can influence a mass of people in the choice of bread or the growing of sweet peas; it has never been known to touch the soul of a reader. Indeed, its tone is such that it would be almost ashamed of itself if it did. "All the news for a ha'penny; we throw in the trimmings for nothing," it seems to say. Yet these trimmings were once the very soul of Fleet Street.

All who are undistracted by the clamour of the market-place must deeply regret the change. The spiritual (or, if you will, the intellectual) interpretation of events is even yet the noblest function of the journalist. This can be done in two ways: by sympathetically presenting news and by rigid intellectual honesty in the expression of opinion.

The presentation of news is more often than not a subtle method of disseminating the false in the guise of apparent fact. The indignant disclaimer by the executive of the Miners' Federation brings this point out clearly. It is significant that the miners' leaders complain bitterly of the ready ear lent by editors to false rumours and misstatements of fact, but for the opinions of the Press they express complete indifference. Now this is, surely, a fact of real gravity. Would not the Press be in an infinitely stronger position if the miners had said: "Gentlemen, try to be accurate in your news columns, but for heaven's sake remember that the opinions you utter are of the first importance"? The question that serious journalists must ask themselves is, broadly, this: "Are we so intellectually sterile that our opinions are worthless, or are we the merest cog-wheels in the machinery of a newspaper, the intellectual pimps of the political or economic interests which our paper serves?" In either alternative the answer must be humiliating.

We are not writing without adequate sanction. We will adduce two very striking instances. First, the Insurance Act. When Mr. Lloyd George introduced

this measure the British Press accepted it with practical unanimity. We of THE NEW AGE stood almost alone in opposition. To-day, how different is the situation? When at length it became clear that the Act was unpopular, the dailies and weeklies were swift to note public feeling and (when it was too late) let loose a flood of criticism and adverse comment that ought to have appeared before the Bill became the law of the land. What kind of intellectual respect can anybody possess for such vacillation and oscillation? Had the Act promised to be popular we should have heard no more about it. If the criticisms recently levelled against the Insurance Act have real substance, how is it that they came so late? Either English journalists were not equal to their tasks, or their pens, like their souls, were bereft of liberty. But is it not evident that liberty is the one great sine qua non of a liberal profession?

Even more striking is the attitude of the Press towards the coal strike. When the miners announced their intention to strike if need be for the minimum wage, it was universally assumed that there would be no strike. "Of course there will be no strike," said the man-in-the-street, "the miners will get their minimum, and they are certainly entitled to it." The Press, without exception, reflected this opinion; it affirmed the equity of the miners' claim, and told us what remarkably fine fellows the miners are. Then the wail of the capitalist was heard in the land: "Where is this going to stop?" The Press began to hedge. When it became known that the Welsh and Scottish mine-owners were determined to force the issue the fine human qualities of the miner were forgotten and the horrors of a coal strike were painted in lurid colours. "Strike at the strike" became the slogan of a noisy penny evening paper. In plain terms, it meant "Deprive the miner of the only means he possesses to obtain the very thing which we have specifically approved." Is it surprising that the miners and organised labour generally despise the opinions of Fleet Street?

Now, either the minimum wage is justifiable or it is not. If it cannot be justified, why did Fleet Street approve it? If it is based on equity and fair dealing, why, now, does Fleet Street seek to defeat it by devious and discreditable methods? The honour of British journalism is involved. The pity of it is that Fleet Street would not admit that honour has anything to do with the question. Let us examine the problem a little more intimately.

In the first place, then, let it be clearly understood that we preach no counsel of perfection. The production of a daily paper entails immense organisation and the outlay of enormous capital. We know the power of the advertiser, and we appreciate the anxiety of the management to stand well with its readers. But to justify editorial vacuity on either score is to beg the whole question. The real issue is plainly this: whether a paper gains or loses by intellectual drift, by the daily improvisation of policy and opinion obviously derived from the transitory emotions of the crowd, or whether a policy and corpus of ideas finely conceived and resolutely followed does not in the long run bring the best results. The problem has only thus to be stated to answer itself. We have said that the honour of British journalism is at stake. This, too, ought to be self-evident. In what does the honour of a journalist consist? Clearly in his undeviating devotion to the truth as he sees it. Every day he sits at his desk to write something that he hopes and expects will be believed; it is vital that his readers shall in reason accept the general accuracy of what he writes; it is his stock-in-trade; it is his asset and his credit; without it he is as sounding brass and tinkling silver. His relation to his readers is primarily one of good faith, of honour. And this rule applies even more strictly to the expression of ideas and of opinions than to the narration of events. We do not think that the British Press knowingly publishes false news, but it is a great sinner in the publication of false opinions. It would be foolish to blink at the fact—the plain fact that a considerable army of British journalists day by day write and publish opinions which they reject in private. If this is not an affair of

honour, then the word has lost its meaning. And it is high time that some protest should be made against this prostitution of the journalist's soul.

It is in the sphere of ideas and opinions that the journalist really ought to know better than the business manager what to write; he is no journalist if he does not grasp the fundamental fact that he must be as implicitly trusted by his readers as solicitors are explicitly trusted by their clients. The business manager unfortunately has his answer to the pleadings and bleatings of the journalist. "My dear fellow," he says, "I like you very much but I have no confidence in you. You are not really master of your craft. Not only do I know much better than you what our readers want, but I also understand life far more completely than do you. Therefore, it is better that you write what I want or I must consult the proprietor about your future." The journalist might reply, had he the courage, that he is what he is because the business manager had not the necessary perception and imagination so to train the journalist that after a fruitful apprenticeship he might really become a genuine professor of ideas, a leader of thought capable of giving to his paper a sure and sincere guidance.

The journalist, his soul maimed and mangled in the machinery of newspaper production, defends himself with the specious plea that he is paid to write certain opinions just as a barrister is paid to defend his client. There is no real analogy. Even if there were, it would be necessary closely to examine the credentials of the barrister. It is at least arguable whether any barrister ought to undertake a case which he knows to be bad. In any event, the barrister never, directly or indirectly, associates himself with his client. He is there to see that the law is not strained against his client's interests, but he must never commit himself before the judge to any expression of personal belief in the guilt or innocence of the man he is defending. How different is the case of the journalist! Personal belief is his stock-in-trade; without it he is an imperfect phonograph. He becomes a superior typist, trained to transmit other men's opinions, his own being rated as worthless.

The result of the English system, then, is to eliminate the journalist's sense of responsibility and to destroy the delicate harmony between his own convictions and his own written word. In such circumstances is it surprising that he loses all intellectual curiosity in new ideas and new social forces? They are not for him; all he has to do is to possess a pen and a certain facility for putting into literary form the ideas and policies that move his employers. Is it not significant that the usual term he applies to his employer is "my proprietor." The proprietor not merely of the paper on which the journalist is engaged, but, alas! the proprietor of the ideas and opinions which the journalist publishes. This writer, whose written word should ever be one more thought to an ever-growing "credo," has become a puppet. We think it is time that some plea should be uttered for the salvation of his soul.

Another evil result of the British system is the evolution of the journalistic soldier of fortune—a man of personal force, of intellectual vigour, whose pen is ever at the service of the highest bidder. This type no doubt adds to the picturesqueness of journalism—there is a dash and élan in what he writes and does—but he has debased the currency of conscience in Fleet Street and trampled under his feet the journalist who tries to think clearly and whose word is his bond. We are not hopeful of any great improvement. The British Press to-day is not an instrument of light and leading; it is at once a gigantic dividend-paying organisation and the buttress and protection of the propertied classes. It does not appeal to the High Court of Justice, the object of its devotion is the bank balance of its advertisers and the abundance of pence in its readers' pockets. The only way out, so far as we can see, is for all self-respecting journalists to hark back to the great traditions of their profession and once again pursue truth, even though it kill them when they find it.

## To the Editor of the "Daily Mirror."

HAD you no fear, when you published your paper on March 15, that some person in this city might denounce you? Did you suppose that there is now no limit to cruelty, and that the whole public would suffer you? But there is a limit. There is a limit that is being drawn closer every day. Hear you, then, for though you must be deaf to your soul, you are not deaf to words: hear that you have passed the limit of cruelty even which a savage tribe could allow to its units and remain stable—and remember that many minds will receive this invective with approbation of it, and with horror at the facts of your depravity.

Upon the front page of your paper are the portraits of an English family that was once happy—eight persons who never again to their lives' end may know one hour of unshadowed joy. There are among them an old man, a woman with an infant and four young children: all these doomed, though innocent of any fault. Not a day will pass for those young ones, some of whom may be living when you will be dead, but their grief must gather until the full weight of it bears upon them. They are crushed now if they did but know it: but their innocence supports them. They will grow, as you grew, with expectation of marvellous happiness to come. You doubtless know now that life cannot be so happy as youth imagines. But if you had come to manhood to bear such a burden as theirs—could you bear it? Some of us believe we would die under it. Had you no string in your heart to warn you at least from your hideous jibe?

The eighth portrait is that of the father of these young children. You exhibit him in the uniform of an honoured order, his breast covered with medals and stars. He was formerly, then, a man esteemed by his fellows. He is now condemned for a crime so foreign, so unlikely, so unproven that his conviction must challenge a system like ours, ever-insolent in depriving suspected citizens of their life.

To you, as to the rabble that followed Seddon with hoots and maniac laughter, the rabble whose very approval should warn straight-living men—to you, it was nothing that this man was once respected and had won honours. He was accused, he was judged, he was down and you were upon him pitilessly, as though all your life you had suffered from bad actions of his, as though he had been dragged from your neck and you could not repress your satisfaction.

You do not know even whether he is guilty! You cannot know. You would not stake a finger of your hand on it, let alone your life! Yet you should be at least as convinced as that before agreeing with any judgment of your fellows in such a matter.

And what do you do, you who know no more than another? After the first picture of the man in his pride of life, you place five others of him taken in his helpless misery, and you label them jeeringly. We shall ask later why you do so. In the centre picture of the new set, he is walking between policemen, one of whom has kindly stood back, drawing the prisoner's handcuffed arm aside that you may miss no detail of degradation.

He is suffering there all the humiliation that a man of his class may, while marching so through the streets. With lowered eyelids he vainly strives to hide from you. You label that picture: "In custody, serious."

Next you show him behind bars, recovered from his shock and with an expression of incredulity or of confidence or of disdain. Heaven knows in what moment of mortal feeling you caught him. This you describe:

"Before the inquest, smiling." He is not smiling. Look at the outline.

Next to that, at what period is scarcely deducible, for your direction is foully obscure, he is seen to have suffered. His hair has fallen away. His face is dreadfully set, almost expressionless, like a wax mask except for the pain in the eyes which must pay attention to what is being done. Why do you call this indifferent? "After the murder, indifferent."

Then you have him at trial and you are in with your insinuation! He is "listening to the evidence, wondering." What do you not mean to suggest?

And last is a picture to shudder at. Every hair is eaten away from his skull. He is surely scarcely to be known by his children. He looks like one dead, a ghost gazing at the grave where its body lies. He, no doubt, was nearly dead—there, and should he continue to live in the body, that cold of the grave may only by a miracle leave him. How loath must one be to write your words! "At the Old Bailey, depressed."

You are a shame to men.

Glibly, like a fool, like the rabble with a victim, you let yourself run. "While the police were wondering whether to arrest him, he was issuing pamphlets declaring himself an innocent man." Had no one accused him then? Do we not all know that the dead woman's relations were rousing the district against him? To whom do you mean to address your comments? Seddon was a Freemason. He was a man of a certain position. He would be expected to give an answer to his Order.

And now let us inquire why do you, you who never knew the man, you who know no more evidence against him than anyone else—that which every fair man must reject—why do you hound him? You suppressed from your report Seddon's convincing assertion that if Miss Barrow had died in any other manner, by drowning or by a fall, the people who accused him would have accused him just the same. You suppressed that. But you reported at length the judge's direction to the jury as to Seddon's motive, love of money. You are now accused of hounding him for the sake of money, for the sake of money first. You are employed by a man who has a short way with servants who shirk his inhuman orders. This man, Northcliffe, never shrinks from supporting the police against prisoners as he supports the rich against the poor, plutocracy against democracy.

You are his tool; but if you had not the nature not merely to serve as a tool, but to be sharp in his service you would have been thrown out long since. Not his only, but your brain also, set itself to poison the streams of public feeling, and you, as bad as he, are a bad citizen.

If to corrupt the tender hearts of adolescents, who, in numbers, must have seen those ghastly pictures—if that is a sin—and if to harden women who should not be able to bear, without appealing, the picture of that pretty, proud young girl, whom even roughs stood away from but whom you did not spare—if that is evil—and if to encourage by your example the sanguinary, jeering spirit that mostly lies like a beast at the feet of society but is ever ready for its chance—if that is anarchistic—if these things are bad and subversive of men, then you are among the worst and most ruinous of citizens. Cruel as to that wretched family must have been your hideous betrayal of them—public condemnation of you can be no lighter than theirs would be. You betrayed them! Did they give you their pictures of their age and innocence to help you to sell your paper? With what fair words and promises of what help you could afford them in their terrible position did you not persuade the old father to give you his portrait and his grandchildren's? If anything whatsoever could add to their grief your treacherous jeers at one they loved and believed in, and were bewailing, must have added the last pang.

Many people, in consequence of this article, may send to buy your paper. And may many send! Remember that every one of them will have read herein.

THE NEW AGE.



## Dr. Oscar Levy and Christianity.

By G. K. Chesterton.

I TRUST I may be permitted to say a word about Dr. Oscar Levy, who tells me that the blame for murders (such as the recent one by a father to save his child from "the moral taint") should be put upon Christianity, which preached the moral taint called Original Sin. He cites certain cases, such as St. Augustine and Pascal, to prove his theory: and it happens that they are exactly the two cases that I might easily have cited to prove mine.

I hope I may be permitted the intrusion; for I have a real respect for Dr. Levy, founded on many things, but chiefly on the fact that he is called Dr. Levy. With him there is no nonsense about True Christianity. He makes no pretence to reform what he wishes to destroy: and it is therefore an intellectual pleasure to try to explain to him what it really is that he would destroy—if he could destroy it. Now it is quite true that Christianity believes in Original Sin: so do I: so does the "man in the street." It is the only quite self-evident truth in Christianity. But it is further true, as Dr. Levy suggests, that the Church not only believed it, but exaggerated it, as far as mere diction goes. In any libraries of mediæval theology, you might find the human race vituperated as a generation of vipers. But in all those libraries you will not find one line or syllable that permits a man to kill his child. You will not find the wildest sentence in favour of the wildest case of suicide or infanticide. These things are never defended until the days of emancipation and optimism. It is only when the sun of Dr. Levy's cheerful philosophy is high in heaven that man awakes from his long slumber of superstition and gets up and murders the baby.

Now why is this? Why did extreme ascetics of the Cross curse the world and yet never touch suicide; even curse the family and yet never dream of infanticide? If Dr. Levy would like to know, I will tell him. It was because of a certain quality conspicuously absent in him and his school, conspicuously present in Catholicism, and even in Protestantism, for some time after the Reformation—before the full results of that disaster had developed. Catholicism (which some call the mediæval spirit) had a corporate activity and equilibrium, like that of a live animal. It could choose and it could change its course. Now the fault I find with the spirit of Nietzsche or Dr. Levy (which some call the modern spirit) is that it is like Niagara. Like Niagara it is loud, it is impressive, it is, as regards certain results, powerful. Like Niagara it is weak; as weak as water. It is weak because it could not stop if it tried. And if the modern spirit is like a waterfall dashing down hill, the mediæval spirit was like a mountaineer dashing up hill. He may take very crazy leaps and balance himself in very wild attitudes; but he knows what he is doing. So did the mediæval Church. It permitted extravagances both of austerity and buffoonery, but on one strict condition: that people could recover from the extravagance. A mediæval acrobat stood on his head before the Shrine of Our Lady. But (unlike the modern spirit) he found his way back to his feet again.

Now if I had the pick of the whole Biographical Dictionary, I could not have picked two persons who prove my case more perfectly than Pascal and Augustine—whom Dr. Levy throws at my head. What is the big plain historic fact about St. Augustine? Certainly he was an ascetic and in some ways a sombre figure: he had real vices to repent; his temper was sad and sensitive, and he lived in one of the world's revolutions which was a revolution of remorse. But suppose we had to put him in one sentence for a penny encyclopædia, what should we say was the upshot of him? We should say, "Augustine of Hippo was an African gentleman who left the extreme pessimist sect of the Manichees and wrote theological works largely devoted to disproving the pessimist doctrine he had abandoned." By time and temper he was partly pessimistic. But his work in history was to prevent Christianity becoming utterly pessimistic. In short, the corporate self-control

of Christendom used even this great ascetic to limit the dangers of asceticism.

Pascal is an even clearer case. It is quite true that there was something a little inhuman about the special sort of austerity at Port Royal. It is true that the Jansenism of Pascal did have a hint of "slow suicide"; something of the cruel asceticism of the Manichee rather than the kindly asceticism of the saint. It is true that Jansenism seemed to think that it was always Lent. That is why the Church condemned it. That is why Catholicism preferred to risk the alleged laxity of the Jesuits, rather than risk the advancing and intolerant Calvinism of the Jansenists. For Calvinism was "modern" then. It was The Trend Of The Age. But Christianity cares nothing for the trend of the age; for the trend of the age is a dead thing and a religion is alive.

It is quite possible to admire the last stand of the great Puritans in England, or of the great Jansenists in France; or perhaps (if one knew enough about them) of the great Manichees in Africa. If a modern man, Christian or pagan, looks back on these great men whom the Catholic tradition rejected or restrained he will doubtless look with sympathy and even sorrow. But I think, if he is honest, he will express his respect in the words of Lady Cicely Waynflete: "How splendid! How glorious!—and oh, what an escape!"

## The Law: An Experience.

THE Assize Court at Durham was crowded in every part, and I, number "4" of jury, sat wondering what particular interest all those very respectable looking people could have in crime, when a voice called us to attention with the words: "His Lordship."

From a door at the opposite end of the judges' bench to that occupied by the jury-box there came forth a wee, mincing figure of a man clad in knee-breeches, scarlet cloak and horse-hair wig, followed by a cleric and a layman.

The three having reached their respective chairs, "his lordship" bobbed to the right, bobbed to the left, bobbed to the centre, and then they all bobbed down.

Capital! The movements were as correct and mechanical as "La Poupée," but—what the deuce does he remind me of? Ah, I have it—a Leprechaun. The illusion is complete in every particular, down even to "the cruiskeen by his side," which is suggested by the decanter on the bench.

Whilst "his lordship" was discussing the agenda with the clerk of the court, the cleric addressed himself to me. (I don't know whether he was the Bishop or Dean of Durham, but he was evidently high up in the Christian profession.)

"Do you belong to the city, sir?"

"No, sir, I come from the east end of the county."

"Do you receive any payment for your services here to-day?"

"No, sir, I have been forced to leave my business, come here at my own expense, and give my services to my county free, gratis and for nowt."

"That's hard, very hard."

At that moment the clerk cried: "Call the case of Tom, Dick, Jim and Harry," and the cleric and layman left the bench.

There now appeared in the dock four youths, charged with burglary. The evidence was to the effect that a private house in Stockton had been entered and gloves and handkerchiefs to the value of 1s. 9d. stolen.

On the matter being placed in the hands of the police they discovered that the goods had been disposed of in Middlesbro, by which they were able to trace and arrest the thieves at a common lodging-house.

Jim and Harry pleaded "guilty" to the charge. Tom and Dick "not guilty." On the latter being asked if they desired to give evidence on their own behalf, they replied at once, "Certainly."

One after the other they went into the witness-box and submitted themselves to the examination and cross-examination of the judge and prosecuting counsel. So far as I could comprehend the evidence, not a word or

incident connected Tom or Dick with the actual commission of the crime. And yet, without a moment's hesitation, the foreman of the jury said: "What say you, gentlemen—all guilty?"

"Guilty of what?" I demanded. "There is no evidence that Tom and Dick are guilty of anything—except sleeping in the same doss-house as the other two. So, if you are out for manufacturing convicts, we'll adjourn to the jury-room and discuss the matter."

"Oh, well, if that's your attitude we'll acquit Tom and Dick and convict the others."

Now, as there were only a few feet separating us from "his lordship," he, of course, had overheard what had transpired in the jury-box. So, as soon as the foreman had delivered our findings, he let himself out in this fashion:—

"Tom and Dick, the jury in their wisdom have found you 'not guilty' and you are therefore discharged. But before you leave the dock, let me say a word to you, and it is this. Never again can you hope in all your criminal career to meet with another jury *so soft-hearted and soft-headed as this one.*" Then turning to us, savagely: "Gentlemen of the jury, if you had known what I know."

Myself: "We weren't trying the prisoners on what you know, but on the evidence offered in the case."

The judge, viciously: "I say, if you had known what I know you would have convicted them all."

Myself: "You are mistaken, sir. I, for one, would not have convicted them on any knowledge in your possession unless it was placed before the court."

The judge, angrily: "I tell you, you have let the worst two go."

Myself: "Possibly; but not in the case before us."

The judge, snappishly: "Tom and Dick, go. Jim and Harry, six months."

It is hardly necessary to relate that this calm, collected law-giver, this dispenser of justice and embodiment of authority was named Ridley.

From that day I realised what was meant by "those who have a vested interest in crime."

PETER FANNING.

## A Great Idea.

By Lawrence Broad.

MR. THEOBALD pushed the papers away with a savage gesture of impatience.

"They're all alike," he fumed; "not an ounce of originality among the blasted lot! Confound them for a set of sheep!"

He was preparing for the great seasonal sale of Messrs. Theobald, Marris and Co., and to that end had ordered the heads of the different departments to prepare a circular proclaiming the merits of their goods in a way calculated to allure the customer. As may be gathered, the results did not meet with approval.

He picked up a pile of circulars belonging to rival drapers, with a hope of gaining ideas from them. These, too, he flung aside.

"Nothing in 'em," he went on, finding comfort in voicing his griefs. "Same old catchwords that don't catch. 'Genuine Bargains,' 'Marvellous Value,' 'Unrivalled Excellence.' People won't look at these things. Stick notices on their gates, 'No circulars.' What I want is something that will make all London talk, that'll be mentioned in the papers. Damn!" he concluded, as the ink went over through a hasty movement of his arm.

It was while mopping up the ink that the idea came to him, and he left a pool to take care of itself while he tried to grasp the extent of the notion.

For a few minutes he was motionless, then, clutching a copying pencil in his fat hand, he began to write.

Far into the night wrote Mr. Theobald, flinging his papers right and left, stopping only to give a chuckle or to rub his hands. Morning found him stiff, but victorious, gathering up sheets of scribbled matter. He pounced in on his astonished typist before she had taken the cover off her machine.

"Get three copies of this typed to be sent to the

Press. Hurry up! What? Can't read that word? It's 'approach'—no—'value'—no—anyone can see what it is! Get on and don't talk so much about it!"

The typist, though she followed the letter of the MS. too much to catch much of the spirit, was startled by its contents, and when Mr. Theobald called the buyers together and gave them their orders they were staggered. They said little before him but made up for it when he was gone. One or two of them tapped their heads, and "Poor Mrs. Theobald!" they said.

The day of the sale came and Mr. Theobald's wish was realised beyond his wildest hopes. Everyone talked about his circular, more than one paper wrote about it, hundreds of people flocked to his shop.

What was this marvellous idea that had set the world by its ears? It was so absurdly simple that it seems strange to have to mention it. Mr. Theobald had told the truth. Realising the impossibility of telling bigger lies than his rivals, he had gone in the opposite direction.

He gave his goods no quality they did not actually possess, and mentioned all they did. He removed the veil and let all men see what lay behind. This was the style of it:—

### GREAT WINTER SALE OR SELL.

Messrs. Theobald, Marris and Co. beg to announce their GREAT WINTER SALE. As usual, people will think we have greatly reduced the price of our stock, though this is not the case. A few of the things are genuine reductions to create the impression that all are, but as a rule there is a good reason even for this. In the case of furs the moth may have been at them, other things are old-fashioned or faded. Besides, the chances are that any possible bargain will be snapped up long before you get there.

We have bought special lines which we shall pretend to sell almost at cost, getting a handsome profit on them all the while. This is a very common device.

And so on. Then followed details:—

LADIES' WOVEN NIGHT-DRESSES.—These look very cosy, but after the second or third wash you won't recognise them. They shrink and get hard, while the lace drops to pieces. White, pink, and natural coloured. 3/11.

LADIES' DAINTY HOSE.—At the end of a couple of days they are practically without heel or toe. Plain or ribbed. From 8½d.

TYMIDETTE COATS.—Supposed to be rain-proof, but just wear one on a wet day! Still, they are all right when the sun shines.

SMART MILLINERY.—Paris models. Nothing of the sort, of course, but our milliner really has faked our last year's hats rather well.

In this manner the book went on for pages, with illustrations of the things when bought and after a few weeks' wear. It might seem as if such candour would be its own undoing, but somehow it was not. At first the sheer novelty made people buy, and then, as they argued, they knew Theobald's goods were not really different from other drapers'; only others had not the courage to speak the truth. It became "the thing" to have bought something at Theobald's, and by the end of the week the firm was minting money.

His rivals first stamped with rage, then followed his lead, and gradually a great change was wrought in the commercial world. Whereas before all men competed to tell lies, and the biggest liar made the most money, so now all competed to tell the truth. Smart young advertisement writers, who proudly produced certificates from American Advertising Colleges, proclaiming their power to foist anything on anybody, now found that the humblest certificate of good conduct from a Sunday-school teacher availed more. Old habits cling, and it was with the greatest difficulty that tradesmen could bring themselves to give an honest account of their things.

In despair people turned to the Church for tuition, and here a staggering discovery was made. The

Church was as affected as the community. The clergy, for the most part, did not believe all they taught and their congregations knew it, as the customers knew that the shopkeepers did not believe what they said. The clergy was staggered at the sight of their churches crammed to overflowing with people clamouring to be made truthful. A congress was called hastily to which clergy of all sects were asked, religious differences being sunk in the common predicament. It was a notable gathering, and though it sat with closed doors, rumours of its doings leaked out. An archdeacon paved the way by declaring that he never had believed the Thirty-nine Articles. That was the signal for one after another to declare his share of unbelief. Finally it was resolved that each must preach what he really believed, and that therefore a common creed was impossible, as no two men believe exactly the same. Thus they went back to the anxious laity.

But even with this clearing of the ecclesiastic air the Church could not meet the demand made on it. For one thing it was overworked. Bishops were run off their gaitered legs and curates had to forego tennis and tea drinking. Then it was that another man had a brilliant idea, for brilliance is infectious.

He was the Principal of a Correspondence College, and had told his share of lies like the rest, although in private life he was an honourable man. He had, moreover, a literary turn of mind, and one evening he was reading an essay on "Truth-Hunting" by an ex-Cabinet Minister. The writer suggested that someone should undertake to give instruction in Truth itself. "I will be the one," he cried, and hastened to draft out a prospectus. Again and again the old lies rolled off his pen, but he tossed them aside till he had produced a faithful account.

"Would you succeed in life?" began the prospectus, "then you must speak the truth. Leonard K. Stevenson begs to announce that he intends opening a new branch in his College, i.e., a department for the telling of truth. He has hitherto told lies like his colleagues, but now he intends to speak the truth."

The great problem was the tutors. He had trained his staff to lie like himself, so they were as much at sea in the matter as he. Finally he sought out sundry shy little old maids in country towns. They were mainly ladies with small but certain incomes, who had lived apart from the great commercial and professional world and therefore had never felt its temptations. Apart from a little dissembling about their age (and that they gave up) they told no lies. The men tutors were of a different make. Certain rather scatter-brained social reformers who had made a cult of calling a spade a spade, and rather gloried in shocking people, were found to meet the case. These helped the Principal at the start, and he soon developed ideas of his own.

"Your faces still wear the lines of cunning and deceit," his booklet told the business man. "Try our course of massage to remove those lines." "Let us return to Nature," he besought them further down; "she alone is true. Away with the artificialities of an effete civilisation." Nobody quite understood the meaning of that last sentence, but that is no uncommon thing in prospectuses. The Principal showed by example what he taught by correspondence. Callers found him reading Mrs. Hemans, a bowl of primroses at his elbow, while a canary trilled in the muslin-curtained window. He re-christened his College "The Washington," and took for its crest a cherry-tree and a hatchet, with the noble words, "I cannot tell a lie," for motto.

Of course, his rivals were soon hot on his heels, but he had a good start, like Theobald, who had now retired and devoted his days to aeroplaning. The "Veritas" College ran the "Washington" pretty close. The motto of this was, "Speak the Truth and shame the Devil"; the crest a very white angel in the centre of the field, with a very red devil crawling into the corner. The colour-scheme was considered effective. The "White Flower College" had, naturally, a white flower for its crest, and as motto, "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life." The manager's trump card was a real maiden aunt, who sat in the office and knitted; her

accompanying parrot was a trial, but he was trained to utter copybook maxims.

With all these valuable aids Truth spread like wild-fire. It went upwards to the professional and downwards to the working classes. Then one said boldly, "We must be truthful in deed as well as word. We will make only good, sound things." So cloth and other woven goods were honestly made, boots were made of leather, jam of fruit, as in the old days. A new suggestion came from the Washington College, it is thought from one of the young reformers, who had found favour in the eyes of the Principal. "Is it fair," he asked, "to take the whole of a man's life and give him twenty shillings a week in return? Obviously not." The whole question of wages came to the front and was thrashed out. Some said industry should be put under the control of the State, the country trembled on the brink of Socialism—when something happened!

It followed that all these changes meant great disorganisation of the labour market. Various classes of men were displaced and could not readily find work again. The lawyers were unemployed, for no man tried to cheat another now. Half the medical profession was displaced when candour reached the consulting-room. Doctors boldly told their patients that if they lived clean, natural lives there would be less need to patch their bodies up with drugs. As goods were made of good material they lasted longer, and therefore fewer were required. This displaced workmen.

The usual schemes for dealing with unemployment were put into work, but failed to meet the case. At last the leading professional and commercial men among the unemployed held a meeting. Then it was that a man who had been a distinguished lawyer in past days expounded his ideas.

"We all know," he began, "that fifty years ago people made money by palming off inferior stuff on the public. They did all they could to make people believe that their stuff was good, and they succeeded more or less. Then came a reaction and all men spoke truth. They continue to speak it, so that when they say things are of good quality they really are. Now what I propose is this; that we set to work to make things of poor quality, but continue to say they are good. People are so accustomed to the truth that they won't question our word, and as we shall sell goods at the same price as other people, we shall make huge profits. Government will give us a grant to start our factories as they know something must be done for the unemployed, and people will buy from us out of pity. That's the idea in the rough. I leave you business men to shape it."

Numerous objections were raised and met. "What about Government inspectors?" "Bribes." "How keep it secret?" "Give all the employees a share of the profits."

One of the greatest troubles was that everyone had forgotten how to make inferior goods, much less to adulterate, till one remembered that seeds for raspberry jam were made of wood, and after that ideas flowed in.

Factories were accordingly opened and for a time were a huge success, but detection was bound to come. A cartload of turnips was seen outside the gate of a jam factory. The man made stealthy inquiries and found these were used in the making of plum jam. His first impulse was to speak out, then wiser thoughts prevailed. He, too, began to adulterate his goods. Gradually others came to do the same as the secret oozed out, though they still advertised their goods as pure and sound. Then men began to accuse each other of adulteration, and the lawyers got to work again. The "Washington" College coyly withdrew from public notice for a little while, then burgeoned forth as the "Get on or get out" College, and had an entirely new staff. The "White Flower" became the "Hustle" College, and the office saw the aunt and parrot no more.

Slowly things worked back to their former state. Shopkeepers sent out lying circulars, clergymen dogmatised once more, doctors pandered to paying patients and left the others to manage as well as they could, the talk of wage reform died down to a fretful murmur, till all things became as they were before Mr. Theobald had his great idea.



MORNING.

## Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

WITH the spread of the Repertory Theatre movement has come that of the Literary Theatre. Dublin, Ulster, Manchester, and Glasgow are each making plays with a local value, and not reflecting London. Beyond this, each centre is publishing a series of repertory plays, apparently convinced that England ought not to be without an index to the character of its dramatic offspring. The index is not exhilarating. It shows the nation what an unimportant thing this local play-making business is as yet. It recalls, in fact, the picture of a number of toy-makers at work producing drab-coloured puppets, straw-stuffed and wooden mannikins. With reeling brains they strive to vitalise them, to give them souls. But their efforts to discover an elixir of life are in vain. They cannot make their puppets live because they have not discovered their own souls, and therefore have no soul-elixir to put into their dolls.

\* \* \*

Apparently, there are two sets of play writers—those who think this life a great thing, so great and serious indeed that it is everything to them and they never seek to find their souls in it, and those who, like Thomas Hardy, think this life a little thing, and who accordingly are concerned only with finding their own souls in it and weighing and measuring its wants with them. The repertory playwrights, almost without exception, belong to the first set. They do not project their own souls into space in search of the great event and seek to test it by some inherited quality of mind or soul—that is, by the sub-conscious memory. They do not, in fact, have moments of revelation of Fate, its greatness, complexity, blindness, power, meaning and its effect on the national or cosmic conscience.

\* \* \*

Life for the artist-dramatist should lie beyond the surf of common experience. Drama is contained in the indeterminate something that flows and ebbs behind all common experience. It is the primal Something of which the dramatist is the sequence, and the beauty, joy, tragedy of which can only be felt and expressed in a state of primal felicity. Drama is, indeed, the sub-conscious illuminating the sub-conscious. But life for the repertory dramatist is largely external, and his inner memory is obscured by those multitudinous concrete facts which represent to most people the ebbing and flowing of life. His work reveals no large dramatic intention of putting upon the stage the soul that lies behind matter, so using matter to outline essence. With him "externals explain externals, whereas the ephemeral should merely indicate the eternal."

\* \* \*

At one time there was a hope that the Dublin Literary Theatre might develop on spiritual lines. Here we had a group of modern writers apparently united to symbolise the adventures of the soul of Ireland in time. It looked as though we were to be present at the evolution of the national conscience, and to witness individual light thrown upon its many-sided aspect. To begin with, there was Mr. Yeat's "Shadowy Waters," with its suggestion of the birth of the spirit of Ireland in rich poetical surroundings centuries ago. Then the spirit passed out of the theatre out of sight in the dim background of events evolving during seven and a half centuries of political blunders and gross stupidity. Then in "Kathleen ni Houlihan" it emerged in the theatre, once more fully burdened with its accumulated heritage of wrongs and consumed with a bitter hatred for those who had created them. But the vision was badly interpreted. Kathleen was a decrepit old woman instead of being vital, says a Muse.

\* \* \*

In Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" we saw the Ireland of to-day and the national type seemingly crushed, distorted and degraded beyond recognition by oppression and elimination of the finer stock. Beyond this there is a suggestion in Lady Gregory's plays of the coming rebirth of the spirit and its recapture of

the national irresponsibility and sense of humour. The Dublin Literary Theatre might have had this uniformity of design, and its work, being thus harmoniously composed of parts which separately and together embody all the dramatic experience of the central figure, Ireland, would have risen to the height of great national drama. But it has no such uniformity of design. Its characters are isolated in little groups, not a part of the whole, sloshy, passionless and infected with sex-mania. They in no sense conduct us to a revelation of the great events, the passing of Destiny, unless nightmares and sick men's fancies may be said to do so.

\* \* \*

It is the same with the Ulster Literary Theatre playwrights. Their outpourings have no definite and unified national or cosmic form. They reveal no psychic vision. They are the excrescences of the objective consciousness feverishly aiming at a series of little effects. For instance, Mr. Rutherford Mayne's outlook on life is blurred by the concrete trivialities which cross-hatch the ordinary dramatist's soul. One can see that he thoroughly believes in the existence of externals, and seeks for an explanation of such things in things that have no explanation to offer. He is actually concerned with kitchen stuff. All the characters in "The Drama and Other Plays" (Maunsell, 3s. 6d.) are kitchen stuff. They are odds and ends of humanity, peasants, little people who spend their lives in kitchens and have kitchen "souls." If they were ordinary people face to face with extraordinary experiences, if they provided the big sensation of human souls expanding or contracting, passing to the heaven of success or the hell of failure on the wings of such experiences, it would not be so bad. But there they are, small people, talking and acting in a trivial way.

\* \* \*

When I saw "The Drone" played at the Royalty Theatre I was struck by the fact that it was essentially a play for little "character" actors. There was Mr. Whitford Kane as Daniel Murray, "The Drone," a mild-featured, fine-faced, little old man, with a touch of age and as gouty as can be, who seemed to have walked out of "Sunday." And there was Mr. Alec F. Thompson as Donal (?) Mackenzie, the Scotch engineer, a hard-featured, undersized man with a little stubby moustache sticking on his upper lip like a bit of Scotch furze, and who has a characteristic incisive way of getting out his questions and answers. Reading the play also reveals there is nothing big in it. It shows that the Irish of Mr. Mayne's acquaintance are a stupid, vegetative lot, whom it is possible to deceive with the transparent imposture of The Drone's claim to inventive genius. The Drone himself is, in fact, nothing more than a parasite nurtured on slushy Irish sentiment.

\* \* \*

This exploitation of Irish sentiment is continued in the three other plays, where we find it converting men into drivelling idiots like Robbie John of the second play, or conspiring with violent circumstances to pervert them into gallows-birds, as in "The Truth." The Irish Literary Theatre revels in the rustic. It mistakes putrescence for essence. Some London critics are convinced that England should follow its example. But there is very little danger of that. For if Ireland has found the clod-hopper, England has found him out.

### "TO THE MOON GODDESS."

The Moon's pale Goddess through the boundless night  
 Seeks for Endymion whom 'tis sweet to find;  
 And yet her soul, with silvery sorrows bright,  
 O'erfloweth heaven and earth on every wind.  
 Blue Neptune's realm in silvery silence moans,  
 The Dryad-haunted forest sigheth deep;  
 And, while the stars fade from their trembling thrones,  
 The Goddess smiles on him she cannot keep.  
 The crystal-mantled mountains coldly gleam  
 Like jewels in the lonely silence vast;  
 The soul is gazing on a living dream  
 Of Love's lost kingdom and its glories past.  
 Night is all silver from Love's last caress,  
 The classic coldness of Greek loveliness.

A. J. WILLETTTS.

## THE MODERN VIKINGS.

WITH sagely nodding bowsprit that has cleft  
 Unnumbered billows of the Northern sea,  
 Of all her pageantry of sails bereft,  
 The schooner nestles by the moss-grown quay.  
 Four stalwart Swedes are chafing at the crank  
 Against the straining of the stubborn winch,  
 They turn the spindle with a woeful clank,  
 And raise the shimmering ice-clods inch by inch.  
 Bent o'er the furbished timber of their boat,  
 They roar a swinging chanty of the North,  
 Whose music with its harsh and grating note  
 First filled the inlet whence they journeyed forth.  
 The heat upon their cropped and hemp-hued hair  
 Flows from the furnace of the August skies,  
 The dazzling sun-rays fill the drowsy air,  
 And dance and glint within their twinkling eyes.  
 And from their brows the pearly sweat pours down,  
 The harvest of the mighty midday blaze;  
 Their brick-red faces, lacquered o'er with brown  
 Upon the harbour clock intently gaze.  
 They listen for the striking of the chime,  
 The tidings that the toil of morn is o'er.  
 They foot the threshold of the blissful time  
 When they for scarce an hour are men once more.  
 The skipper in the shaded hatchway stands,  
 Watching the toilers thro' the galley smoke,  
 And if they seek to rest their blistering hands,  
 Curses in Swedish at the flagging stroke.  
 But when he bawls the long desired behest,  
 The lusty thews are slackened for a space,  
 The sturdy, brown-limbed giants sink to rest,  
 Staggering to their narrow resting-place.  
 Their frugal fare a grinning ship-boy brings,  
 It savours of the bitterness of waves.  
 O hardy scions of the ocean kings,  
 Ye are requited with the meed of slaves.

P. SELVER.

## Present-Day Criticism.

No critic, over majority, and of the taste that regards a bad book as a violence to the mind, would study more than a dozen pages of modern poetry for any reason but, by criticism, to hold the atmosphere against the next poet's arrival. He may be already singing somewhere; but the world does not yet hear him; and if he be of the greatest order, he will almost certainly sing at first so as to sound very odd to ears accustomed to those versifiers, whose metrical operations go so near to kill some of us. It is a grand age that can bear the challenge of a poet. Ours is not a grand age. Ours is an age when Mr. Bernard Shaw may tell us that he writes with more facility "in blank verse" than in prose: and scarce a soul will reply that he has no notion what blank verse is. Shakespeare and Milton knew what blank verse is: and both ceased too early to give us more of it than about a couple of hundred lines each out of their whole works. It is no doubt harmless for Mr. Shaw himself to suppose that the decasyllabic lines he can write are blank verse; but it is not harmless that a great number of persons should suppose the same, since, thereby, the difficulty is intensified of creating an atmosphere fit for a new poet to breathe. He will vex the age, this new-comer: he will restore the old good rules that we have broken, and he will break some that we respect; he will awake the life in things we see only as dry bones, and he will destroy some monstrous embryos; he will shock us with his familiar talk of Muses and such influences as all poets have known, but not in our time—and we shall have to look on helpless while he strangles our pet serpents and soars on eagle wings over new heights of epic and lyric and dramatic and odic ranges whose peaks we had supposed all comfortably measured and ready to be funicularised. But however ill we submit to him in person who must end the victor, we shall—for that is fate!—prepare a place where such an one may sing. And clearance is our first duty; clearance by criticism of the versicular weeds and clipped yews and exotic

monkey-trees that now flourish on the very borders of the Muses' retreat. These grotesque products have no stronger hold than in the soil of the "Poetry Society," and we shall therefore betake us thither with such tools as good critical gardeners should carry.

This curious collection of persons, with an actor for their president, and for vice-presidents no fewer than fifty-five individuals ranging by profession from criminal judges to pedagogues, including besides Sir Ernest Shackleton and Mrs. Mosscockle, Miss Lena Ashwell and Madame Melba; and who are patronised by the Countess of Warwick and Miss Marie Corelli, Sir Arthur Pinero and Lady Mond, and a few dozen other notables—this society has set out "to encourage the public and private reading of poetry and to develop the art of speaking verse." What a noble aim! How disastrous! "The public reading of poetry—develop the art of speaking verse." Who is to develop this art in himself under these auspices? No rhapsodist has need of my Lady Warwick or Miss Marie Corelli. One gifted to speak *poetry* in public could learn nothing but false tone from Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Martin Harvey; and Mr. Forbes Robertson, whom we once heard read "The Ancient Mariner," can only show how a poem should not be read, for he reads like an actor, and a London actor. But we need pretend no longer our innocence of this parochial affair. The society publishes a monthly magazine called "The Poetry Review," the latter quarter of which is devoted to recording the development of the art of speaking verse: everyone is to speak it, or to try to, at least. Hampstead, Putney, Kensington and Glasgow and all amateur England must speak verse. Disastrous! Pindar himself could not conquer such an atmosphere.

But perhaps we go too fast. Let us see what sort of verse is to be the medium of our multitude of ions. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Arnold—these are some of our great masters of English. They have the tone which is our tone: here, in speaking English verse, a born English rhapsodist would find his highest medium. One can scarcely credit that Hampstead and Putney would reject such for Euripides: but that is the fact! And secretly we cannot be too thankful. Under the direction of Mr. Galloway Kyle, the Poetry Society has "undergone a lengthy training by an experienced 'didaskolos,'" and we may rest relieved that it will not hastily abandon such an absorbing form of contortion. The menagerial performance of "Medea" at the Savoy, so enthusiastically carried through as it was by all concerned, will doubtless be repeated again and again: but English, meanwhile, is safe from the chanting parakatologists. The Poetry Society, it appears, chose Euripides to help them develop the art of speaking verse because he is "rendered in glowing English verse in the version we have been permitted to take up." Needless to say, the frivolous Professor Murray's. The "Review" quotes from someone—we are not ashamed to admit our ignorance of the minstrel:—

"Our Euripides the human,  
 With his droppings of warm tears  
 And his lifting of things common,  
 Till they rose to touch the spheres."

Risum teneatis amici? "The Poetry Society"!

"He was not of an age, but for all time!  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth. . . ."

—Jonson.

One should never leave doggerel ringing in the ear.

The Poetry Society is not solely concerned with teaching Putney by the aid of a didaskolos. A well-known composer (unnamed) states in the editorial column that he is open to consider verse like Mr. Galloway Kyle's so-and-so, published by so-and-so. Can you keep from frowning, friends? Before passing to the criticism of an effort by Mr. Maurice Hewlett that graces the March number of the "Poetry Review," we are fascinated by an exhortation which shouts from one of the pages: "Poets of the modern world! Study no more ancient episodes." That may be fair advice indeed in this place. It would not have been very useful to the

authors of "The Iliad," "Prometheus Bound," "Œdipus at Colonus," "The Æneid," "Metamorphosis," "The House of Fame," "The Faerie Queene," "King Lear," "Paradise Lost," "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"—but we must not drive dwarfs with the sword of Gabriel.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has unfortunately studied an ancient episode. He writes about Helen of Troy. We have searched vainly in the little prefatory recommendation of Mr. Hewlett by Mr. Harold Munro for a chance word explaining the opening lines of the verse about Helen:—

"This is she, the Source of light,  
Source of light and End of it."

Whatever does it mean? Mr. Hewlett later calls her "a starry wonder," but that cliché is surely nothing to the point. We have overhauled our mythology to no advantage. One possible meaning occurred as to Helen being indirectly, very indirectly, the subject of the "Iliad," the dawn of known Greek literature; but Mr. Hewlett's lady was also the end of it: an impossible conclusion, as it were. Mr. Munro protests that if the ancient Greeks can be satisfactorily represented in modern poetry, then Mr. Hewlett has achieved their representation by reason of . . . "the naturalness of his metrical diction." We are probably unlucky, then, to have struck these two obscure lines. Let on onward.

"Argive Helen, the slim, the sweet,  
For whose bosom and delight,  
For whose eyes, those wells of peace,  
Paris wrought, as well he might,  
Ten years' woe for Troy and Greece."

Homer makes the old men of Troy say: "No marvel is it that Trojans and Achæians should suffer hardships for such a woman; for like is she to the immortal goddesses. Yet even so, let her not stay to vex us and our children after us." That is natural diction which not even divorce from the original metre can make vulgar. And if Homer had conveyed in his manner that Argive Helen was slim and sweet and that her eyes were wells of peace, no doubt but he would have charmed us to conclude that it was so. But "slim and sweet," said like that, smacks to us of the parlour cliché, and we are not prepared to accept a detailed description of Argive Helen (why not Ilion and Hellas?) from the man who could stodge it into a verse.

"Watch her bosom dip and swell,  
Watch her nostrils fan and curve  
At his touch who loved not well,  
Who loved too much, who broke the spell;  
Watch her proud head stiffen and swerve."

Mr. Munro assures us that Mr. Hewlett, "while indulging his imagination unrestrainedly in prose, was nevertheless quietly practising his poetic measures." But why did Mr. Hewlett chop Shakespeare's very good line:

"One that loved not wisely but too well"

into such intolerable mincemeat? We should have been no readier with the prototype if he had said boldly, instead of "Who loved too much," etc.,

"Who loved not wisely but too well."

And another rhyme might have been vouchsafed by the Muses. Unable to endure those dreadful nostrils fanning and curving, we hurry past Helen's stiff, swerving head over a flat score of stereotypes, from "Past the tongue of man to tell" and even beyond "Menelaus like a ghost," to Atreides' address to his spouse while she stood "gazing grave as a lonely house."

"By thy glimmering eyes,  
By thy burning cheek,  
By thy murmuring sighs,  
Speak, Helen, O speak!

'Ruinous Face, O Ruinous Face,  
Art thou come so early,' he said,  
'So early forth from the wicked bed?'"

Glimmering eyes, burning cheek, murmuring sighs—what epithets of the helpless amateur are not these? Ruinous Face, O Ruinous Face! It may well be capitalised. It has never been said so before.

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" can no way be held responsible. In the "Odyssey,"

when Helen repeats, perhaps too glibly for the bard's patience, the tale of her ruination, he reports Menelaus replying courteously but with a hint of a hint: "Verily, all this tale, lady, thou hast duly told." But neither from that nor any other speech that we remember can Mr. Hewlett have gotten his notion of a spluttering Menelaus: one of the gravest of characters, he who rebuked Paris thus: "For young men's hearts are ever up-bounding. But wheresoever an old man entereth, he looketh before and after."

"Ruinous Face, O Ruinous Face!"

How forlorn is our plight if, indeed, we are at Mr. Hewlett's mercy for our modern representation of the Greeks!

The mania for literary spying, so aggravated in these modern times, passes with the ignorant for psychological faculty. Mr. Hewlett relentlessly tracks Helen and Menelaus through every instant of their meeting. Menelaus has "marked the glow, he felt the thrill,

"He saw the dawn new in her face." While—  
"Within her low voice wailed the tone  
Of one who grieves and prays for death:  
'Lord, I am come to be alone,  
Alone here with my sorrow,' she saith."

(Mention of everything is impossible: briefly, the grammar here is absolutely necessary on account of the rhyme.) Having induced her to "speak," Mr. Hewlett's Menelaus presumably recognises in her the Homeric b—— that no one is bold enough to translate, and he abandons the glimmering, burning, murmuring vocabulary:—

"False wife. . . .  
"She rocked, moaning, 'I was beguiled.'  
"Ten years' woe for Troy and Greece  
By her begun, the slim, the sweet,  
Ended by her in final peace."

Except for a refreshing, and not unneeded, stimulus, we have done; praying earnestly with Mr. Harold Munro that "the poet will descend (as the novelist has descended) out of the past into the present." The octosyllabic line is naturally seized upon by versifiers, its "fatal facility" is unevitable to them, its facility apparently offers an ideal vehicle. We append two or three classical examples and leave the reader to make his own judgment upon Mr. Hewlett's specimens of this metre:

"Ther herde I pleyen on an harpe  
That sownéd bothé wel and sharpe,  
Orpheus ful craftély,  
And on his sydé fasté by  
Sat the harper Orion  
And Eacidés Chiron  
And other harpers many oon."  
—Chaucer: "House of Fame."

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out."  
—Milton: "L'Allegro."

"And if aught else great Bards beside,  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments drear  
Where more is meant than meets the ear."  
—"Il Penseroso."

"Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed  
And drank the milk of Paradise."  
—Coleridge: "Kubla Khan."

"The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky  
And spangled heavens, a shinning frame,  
Their great Original proclaim."  
—Addison.

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides."  
—Wordsworth: "The Solitary Reaper."

## Views and Reviews.\*

THE republication of "Success" and the issue of a new volume of sketches offer an opportunity for a short consideration of Mr. Graham as a writer. The "Athenæum," in one of those judgments that make such good publishers' advertisements, has said that Mr. Graham "stands out from among his fellows, since Stevenson died, as the embodiment of one thing in literature . . . that rare thing, charm." The judgment is so obviously intended for use that the publishers reprint it on the covers of these two books; but a critic may well ask what it means. That rare thing, charm, is very common to-day. Grierson has it, Benson has it, Lucas has it; in fact, every publisher can quote a reviewer who says that some essay or sketch writer has "that rare thing, charm."

The reference to Stevenson is amusing, and one wonders what he would have thought of it. For he cursed what he called "the damned particularity" of fiction; and after satirising it in this passage: "Roland approached the house, which had green blinds, and there was a scraper on the top step," exclaimed, "To hell with Roland and the scraper." The very method that he denounced is the method of Mr. Graham. His style is that of an auctioneer's clerk: his method is cumulative, his description is an inventory. A horse has to be "thin, dirty, overworked, castrated, underfed, familiar from his youth up with blows and with ill-treatment" before the tragedy of its broken leg can be described by Mr. Graham. But before he arrives at the horse, he has to tell us that it was raining, that hats and umbrellas were wet, that the trees dropped inky showers, and the drops splashed on the stones, that there was mud on the ground, that there were carts and carriages and motor-omnibuses splashing pedestrians with mud, that there were prostitutes at some street corners and policemen at some other street corners, that it was Christmas Eve, that the animals were oppressed by man, that the triumphal arch opposite St. George's Hospital is a sham, that Wellington called his soldiers "blackguards," and a thousand and one particularities whose only connection with the horse is that he was injured within sight of them.

The method is that of the famous ditty beginning:

"There was a tree in the ground,  
And the green grass grew all round, my boys,  
And the green grass grew all round."

There are those who imagine that that song is a work of art, and they may call Mr. Graham an artist. They may feel "that rare thing, charm," in this recital of self-evident facts; and, indeed, there is a real conviction, an unmistakable finality, in these statements. Charm itself could do no more than make us believe that if it rained there would be mud on the ground, that the rain would trickle off the hats and umbrellas of the pedestrians, and that if the drops fell from the trees they would splash on the ground. But the artist knows that no recital of details can have charm. "Would that I were a painter—to be grouping all that a poet drags into detail," exclaimed Byron; and his forte was, as he said himself, description. Yet Mr. Graham offers us nothing but these uninteresting trifles.

If the purpose of art is to produce "apparent pictures of unapparent natures," the mere recital of the

external and obvious details is not art. Stevenson, to quote him again, has argued that the circumstances of a situation should only become apparent by the illumination of events; that, for example, it does not matter to us how many staircases may rise from the quadrangle of Edinburgh University, or by how many lamps the quadrangle may be lit, unless some vital matter depends on those facts. Therefore, the descriptive pen-picture is necessarily a failure, and is to be regarded as so much padding. Yet we find Mr. Graham writing long prefaces to mere anecdotes. He must mention every scrap of furniture in a room, give us the family history of at least one person in the story, describe the state of the weather with all the concomitant details, and tell us its effect on the company, before he can get to the story. Sometimes he has no story to tell, but he does not omit a single detail on that account. "The red-roofed town, wild sierra, and the shepherd with his sling, his *angarina*, knotted quince-tree staff, his gnarled, brown hands, rough hempen sandals, his sheep-skin jacket, and his clear-cut features, shaded by a broad hat, such as was worn in Thessaly when the world was young, and men and gods so near to one another that goddesses came down and left Olympus, finding the love of men more satisfying than the serene embraces of their kind, all formed a picture of that Spain, now so fast passing." So we read, and wonder what unity of impression can result from the statement of such heterogeneous details.

But if we turn from Mr. Graham's method to his subject-matter, we are equally baffled in our search for the source of his charm. Is anyone allured by the assumption that foreign affairs are simply the competition between countries to sell gin and gunpowder to natives? Has prostitution piquancy for any but the furtive Philistine, even with the suburban addendum that the existence of prostitutes shows "how much has been achieved for women by our faith, in the last thousand years"? Does anyone care a damn for the pampas, or for the scabby-eyed inhabitants of Northern Africa? Is mere contempt for civilisation the secret of literary magic? Is a cowboy necessarily more charming than a clerk, a whore of more interest than an ordinary woman, a semi-savage on a horse more enchanting than a sententious humbug on a platform? All these assumptions are made by Mr. Graham. His reaction against Christianity is no more than a secularist gibe at an established hypocrisy; his cult of the cowboy is on a par with the worship of Buffalo Bill; and praise of prostitution is the subject-matter of so much musical comedy that one can only place Mr. Graham among the stable-yard humorists of that class.

We are told by the "Athenæum" that Mr. Graham has "all of pleasing whimsicality." Voltaire, defending himself against the academical charge of having made Shakespeare popular in France, protested that he had only picked pearls from a dunghill. The defence was whimsical enough, for no one had previously looked for pearls in such a quarter; but it cannot be urged in defence of Mr. Graham. The dunghill is unmistakable, but the pearls are not forthcoming. Even in his preface to "Charity," he introduces his readers to a brothel. If he goes to a club, a French cook tells him a tale of fornication in South America; if his friend takes a walk through Knightsbridge, he meets a French prostitute who is suffering from congestion of the lungs, and so has leisure to tell her love story. If he goes to a bull-fight, "blood, harlotry, sun, gay colours, flowers, and waving palm trees, women with roses stuck behind their ears, mules covered up in harness of red worsted, cigar girls, gipsies, tourists, soldiers, and the little villainous urchins, who, though born old, do duty in the south as children, form a kaleidoscope." Pimps and prostitutes are everywhere. His "Christie Christison" loses his wife, and finds her in a brothel: even on his damned pampas incest is only avoided by murder. So all his "literary distinction," his "quaint ironical philosophy," his "pleasing whimsicality," is to be sought in the fact that he tells smoke-room stories to a mixed audience in a jumble of languages, in a style that is distinctive only by its utter ineptitude. A. E. R.

\*"Success." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth, 1s. net.)

"Charity." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth, 6s.)



## REVIEWS.

**The Woman Without Sin.** By Pharall Smith. (Stephen Swift. 6s.)

What is the mysterious power that turns so many embryonic dramatists into novelists? We could understand a person starting late in life to express himself in written words, shrinking from the stress and strain and glittering glare of the theatre, scorning the lure of untold gold, and seeking the seclusion of the study and the comparative calm of work produced in book form. But we could not understand why youth should prefer to make novels rather than plays. The secret is out at last. Youth is being seduced from the flowery path by its designing and jealous elders. Here, for example, is Mr. Pharall Smith on fire with a subject which must appear to those who have made the stage what it is an especially desirable one for dramatic presentation. He is in love with a neurotic, sexually obsessed person named Imogene, "a child of the Free Future floating on the choppy sea of the present." We are a little uncertain how the free futurist floats on choppy seas. But no matter. He works out the sex problem in this person, "not as a novelist's problem, but as an irresistible fact of emotional evolution." We are also a little uncertain what this means. Apparently the author is working along the lines of a certain feminist publication run by sexually-starved females. Mr. Smith has taken the trouble to work out his subject, and then he has turned to a popular dramatist for advice. We may assume that, as he believed he was not handling a novelist's problem, he also believed it was a dramatist's problem. In any case, he went to Mr. Bernard Shaw and the sequel is related in the dedication. It seems that Mr. Smith met Mr. Shaw on the heights of Hindhead, and, casting himself on his face, began "Master!" Having "mastered" the great man for fifteen consecutive minutes—what time, no doubt, "the Master" chuckled and grinned—Mr. Smith got to business. He communicated to Mr. Shaw that he had a quantity of ideas in stock which he was reluctant to hand out in four-and-sixpenceworths. What should he do? Mr. Shaw gazed at the speaker and replied: "You are original. Why not put your ideas into novels?" Obviously, Mr. Shaw did not want Mr. Smith in the theatre in spite of the fact that Mr. Smith was pregnant with theatre stuff and not with "novelists' problems." The advice of Mr. Shaw was, in fact, equivalent to saying that he—Mr. Shaw—is a jealous god of the sex-theatre of which he is the presiding deity. He permits nothing to enter its portals but what is up to the Shaw standard. Anything that falls below this standard may go into the novel. In this way the author is pretty sure to find himself among congenial souls—stupid persons hard up for ideas and particularly hard up for the elements of true literary style. Thus the picture of Mr. Pharall Smith, face downwards on a cowslip bank, being blessed by Mr. Shaw strongly resembles the picture of the damnation of Faust.

**The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm.** By Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This book opens in the idyllic fashion. Barbara and Baby, and the wind and the apples dappled with sun-spots, are all seated in the fancy garden. There are two gardens, one is for use only. Barbara is wearing her best lilac-colour summer frock, the wind is flirting with the apples, and Baby is exercising the back muscles of his fat little legs. These muscles show "underneath his tiny knickerbockers and his blue-print overall." If Sandow only knew. Presently Edward calls to tell Barbara's father "about the rifle club." How sporting of him. But, of course, he has not come for that really. He has come to chatter with Barbara and to tell us about the plot of the story just as the two stupid servants do in the old farces. Then we hear a lot about adjoining estates, investments, shortness of cash, and so forth. Oh! then there is the mystery. We almost forgot that. It is the old mystery of someone who disappeared many, many years before the story opens. The mystery, which is discovered as the curtain rises, and which never fails to be re-discovered in the

last act. Such a faithful old mystery. Well, Barbara and Edward disclose things so nicely in the first chapter that do you think we would insult them by reading the remaining fifty-five chapters, even to discover what becomes of Little Willie, who is swallowed up by the wicked marsh? Not if we know it.

**Between the Acts.** By H. W. Nevinson. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

If "The Readers' Library" is "a series of volumes of individual merit and permanent value—the work of authors of repute," as the advertisement says, this volume has no place in it. Mr. Nevinson is a journalist, and his work cannot be distinguished from contributions to monthly magazines. One might waste half an hour on his short stories if one had nothing better to read, but his verses are only fit for the birthday books of suffragettes. Babies, visible or invisible, real or prospective, are the subject of most of his stories. He may write of the South African war, of Brunswick Square, of Ireland, or Germany; the perambulator is always in the offing. They are all tales of tender hearts, and high ideals, and promised or postponed fecundity; and one wonders why this genius of the go-cart, this nursery-maid novelist, should find a publisher for the fourth edition of this book in Messrs. Duckworth.

**The Activities of Lavie Jutt.** By Marguerite and Armiger Barclay. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This book belongs to the "Great Thoughts" Library. Great Thought 1. The determination of Lavie Jutt to come to London as a paying guest. Great Thought 2. The determination of Lavie to act in the capacity of boomster-in-chief to her hostess's son, Lord Loamington, while standing for his reform, enlightenment, enrichment and his title. Great Thought 3. The determination of the aforesaid Lavie to promote Loamy's interests in the hat-trimming line. Loamington happens to be an aristocratic failure, who tells people he "doesn't mean to be shirty." When first discovered he is running a hat business in the basement of the Loamington ancestral mansion. Later, inspired by the trumpet-blowing ten-thousand-a-year Lavie, he opens a millinery establishment in Bond Street. But finding himself more or less hard up for ideas, and particularly hard up for cash, he invites the aid of the Star-spangled-mannered American. Lavie responds with a notion showing that she is determined that Loamy's business shall be permanently established not only as an artistic venture, but also as a financial one. Her notion is that Loamy shall run round to the Wallace collection and copy the hat designs on the ancient bits of pot what time the keeper is regaling himself in a more congenial atmosphere. She tells him, "For your framework you want a design in the Chippendale or Adam style, or even Grinling Gibbons . . . trimmed after Wedgwood or Spode." There's 'Arty art for you! The bonnet bureau is an enormous success. Bond Street goes delirious over it. It is patronised by all the nobility and gentry. Mr. Winston Churchill does himself proud in a reproduction of a seventeenth century Dreadnought, and so forth. There are many more plums or Great Thoughts wrapped up in slosh and American vulgarity. But we are not permitted to give more than three shillingworth of a four-and-sixpenny novel.

**The Love Affairs of the Vatican.** By Dr. Angelo Rappoport. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

We are not sure that there is any peculiar need of such a work as this. Long before Dr. Rappoport appeared with his bulky and conscientious volume under his arm many worthy persons had in imagination converted the Vatican into a brothel. They were aware of what must inevitably happen in the case of men, many of them possessed by delirious sexual passions, who are condemned by their religion to practise sexual abstinence. Intrigues of the sort described at length by Dr. Rappoport are bound to occur. Most persons are aware, too, that the history of great men is also the history of certain women, who have shaped great men and through them great events. We realise everywhere in history how wide and varied are the influences that are exerted

indirectly by women, from Aspasia and Theodora onward, upon spiritual and temporal affairs. Look how the great drama played by Napoleon was so influenced; look, too, how Alexander I of Russia was so influenced and the far-reaching effect on the wording of the Act of the Holy Alliance. It must also be obvious to anyone who knows anything about Popes that, if Popes are accustomed "to preach abstinence and contempt for women" because it is their business to do so, they have also the bad habit of not practising what they preach. Indeed, they are notorious backsliders in this respect. The fact is so well known that there is little danger of Europe being convulsed by the shock of the news. Nor is Europe likely to be much affected by Dr. Rappoport's apology which he adds by way of a preface to his volume. Centuries ago it might have been prudent for an author to plead that, "whilst exposing the intrigues of the Papal Court, he has not hesitated to do justice to Popes who were worthy Vicars of Christ." In those dark old days people were credulous enough to believe the latter statement. To-day it is different, and there are quite worthy persons who will demand to know upon what reliable evidence such a statement is made.

There is none forthcoming in Dr. Rappoport's story of sex and religion. It reveals, on the contrary, that the Catholic Church, so far from containing Vicars of Christ who possess a Christ-like contempt for women (Christ, it will be remembered, denied his mother), has always been under the rule of women. "Woman seduced man in the Garden of Eden." "Seduced and captured by the Catholic Church," woman has in turn seduced and captured the Catholic Church. "Man's weakness and passions—woman's charm and subtlety—voilà tout le secret since the days of Eden down to these of Trafalgar Square" (doubtless meaning Piccadilly Circus). This interchange of seduction is the keynote of the book. The story of the Popes and their mistresses is told in pale green and crimson, answering to the colours of the human seed touched with passion. A number of typical examples are given: "The Story of Pope Jean," "Gregory and his Favourite," "Pope Clement VI and Joanna of Naples," and so on. The troubles of the Popes in the forbidden-fruit growing district are described, and accounts are given of the situation, political or other, created by the carnal appetite.

The volume is not a creative one. It is the product of an investigator who is accustomed to deal with the materials that he takes from "sources." He has drawn upon specialists, and as a result has produced a work of secondary assimilation, instead of what we need so much to-day—a work of primary assimilation. Authors should learn to exercise their own digestive apparatus and not live upon the products of the digestive apparatus of other mammals.

**Carnival.** By Compton Mackenzie. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

When we saw the title and chapter headings of this book and read the first few lines poetising dingy Islington, we imagined we had chanced upon that *rara avis*, the charming literary fantasy. But no such luck. "The Birth of Columbine" and "Fairies at the Wedding" proved to be nothing more than a long, neatly-written description of the birth of a young person answering to the name of Jenny, and the visit of Jenny's three maiden aunts, who are also religious fanatics of a peculiarly dreary type. The further activities of Jenny in the world of theatricals and ballets are described in a more or less photographic fashion. An examination of these activities convinces us that the book is mainly one of those amazingly foolish attempts to exploit the gentle art of seduction. The author, evidently believing the British public cares for nothing so much as sport, whether it is of a sexual character or otherwise, treats us to long scenes between Jenny and Maurice, containing a deal of jargon strongly reminiscent of that recorded in medical case books gathered from the lips of adolescents suffering from sexual mania. Maurice wants to seduce Jenny, and Jenny wants to be seduced, preferring that Maurice shall do it if it is done at all. But she has scruples in another direction. Her mother is alive, and she cal-

lously calculates on her mother's death to enable her to throw her arms round Maurice's neck in the face of the world, as Jenny would doubtless say. For the purpose of indicating the atmosphere of these scenes we cull the appended priceless dialogue. Maurice has been working up to his point and says:—

"Jenny, are you ever going to be more to me even than you are now?"

"What do you mean more?" she asked.

"Well, everything that a woman can be to a man. You see I'm an artist, and *an artist longs for the completion of a great work*. My love for you is the biggest thing in my life so far, and I long to complete it. Don't you understand what I mean?"

"I suppose I do," she said very quietly.

"Are you going to let me."

"Someday I suppose I shall."

The scene continues, and Jenny expresses her willingness to become Maurice's mistress, but "not while my mother is alive." The italics are ours. We have no reason to complain of the author having his own notion of the artistic completion of a great work, but we must protest against the expression of this sort of completion, which has been exploited for some years by phonographic novelists with, we believe, considerable profit to themselves, and all the paragraphers and hangers-on who fatten on this fare. We are more than sick of it.

**Two Worlds.** By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

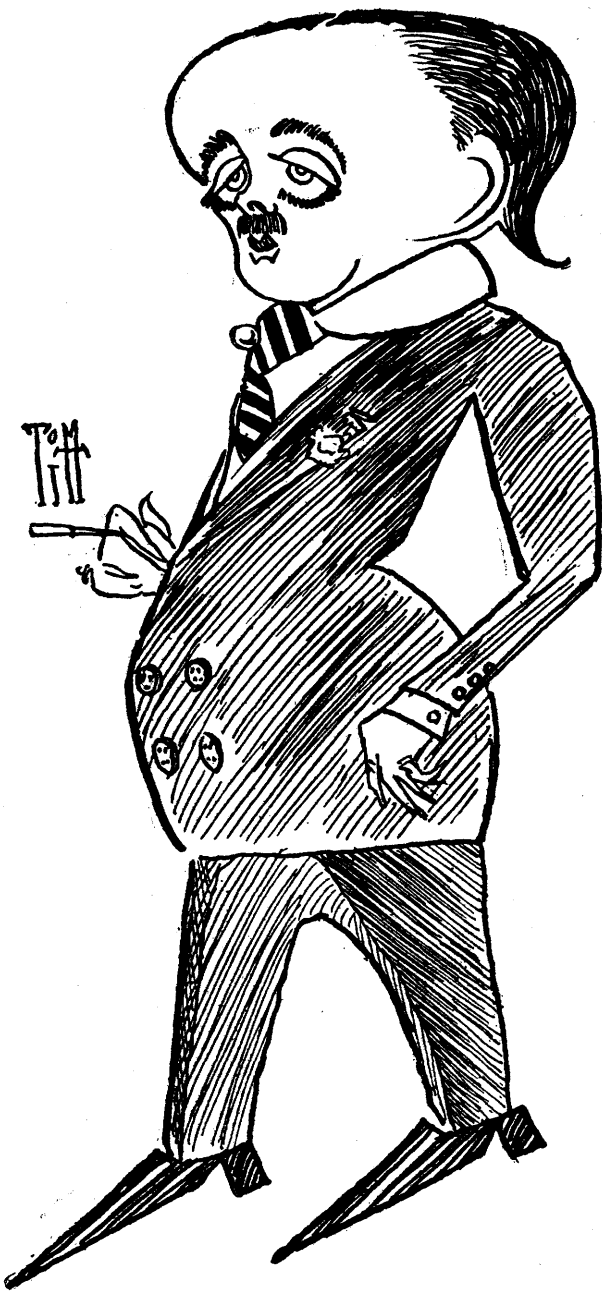
This book is stuffed with strange things of varied character, which, it seems to us, are expressly designed not to transplant readers of intelligence into that exclusive region, the seventh heaven of delight. The principal man, Jack Courtney, Cambridge-trained and of aristocratic lineage, makes his way to British Columbia for the purpose, it seems, of building himself a "shack" and indulging in occultism and a lot of theosophical twaddle with the principal woman, Constance Saint-Quadra. Before Courtney meets Connie "her heart has been fed by a semi-French mother till it is rotten with the teachings of Voltaire and materialism" of the Comtist brand. Courtney, who says he is an agnostic but a truth-seeker, and talks like a village curate, cannot understand Constance's point of view any more than she can understand his. From Courtney, we are asked to believe, Constance, however, imbibes such a spiritual impulse that she develops an astral body. After this it becomes merely a matter of exploiting each other's astral body in the midst of primitive backwoods and salmon-fishing and slaughters of wild animals and comings and goings of half-educated Colonials. Then one day a weird thing happens. Connie's astral body leaves its shell and departs on a mission of inquiry, and while the spirit is absent a huge pointed stake penetrates the rock and settles the shell. When the astral part of Connie returns, lo and behold! it is homeless. Poor astral! The remainder of the book is made up of the quest of another wife, sensations of all kinds, including an over-sea flight of an aeroplane, capture by Corsican brigands, violent deaths, and hodge-podges of gabble about Christian science.

**The Story of a Ploughboy.** By James Bryce. (John Lane. 6s.)

This book reeks with whiskey and resounds with "damns." It is also maculated with other words which look still more startling in print. There is a great deal of it, but it holds the attention. In what is apparently a genuine autobiography the life and the conversation of Scottish hinds are photographed without reticence. Not a spark even of boorish humour or of the pawky national wit lightens the fetid air; but some of the descriptions are strong even to nausea. The author rambles on—episodically—from ploughboy to songwriter, and the book is cut off rather than concluded.

**Floor Games.** By H. G. Wells. (Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.)

A full description of the patriotic games with bricks, tin soldiers, and clockwork railways played by Messrs. H. G., G. P., and F. R. Wells, for whom alone it can have any interest. When we find references to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and rigor mortis in a children's book we suspect that the author is showing off.



MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

## Max Beerbohm.

TURNING over some pages of a literary work of Max Beerbohm, we stumbled upon a biography of this well-known artist, whose name needs no introduction to the readers of *THE NEW AGE*—a biography containing appreciative records of his private life and his public career, where we read that he sailed on July 16, 1895, for America, with a view, it is said, of establishing a monarchy in that land. No very special motive for this journey appears in his biography, beyond the vague desire to restore institutions that have been swept away and traditions that have been abolished. We were struck by the significance of this. For only a man possessing self-reliance bordering on audacity and a never-failing readiness to stake all on the hazard of the die, could, of course, resolve to resign the ease and refined enjoyments of a good position in his own country for a monarchical adventure in America, where he would probably be assailed with hisses by an infuriated republican mob and—who knows?—perhaps assassinated by a political fanatic hired by some Tammany Hall politician. But, fortunately, or unfortunately, as one may choose to think, Max Beerbohm found in America no conflicting interests to reconcile, no pretensions to

abate, or armed rebellions to subdue. On the contrary, having introduced himself to the American public with a bow and worked the dandy with phenomenal success, his visit called forth no howls, curses, or even controversy. So enchanted were the Americans with the artist that he was photographed in all attitudes and stenographed in all moods of mind. The cause of monarchy was, of course, lost. Max Beerbohm's social success, however, was marked. His worst enemy could not deny him the qualities of the *homme d'esprit*. But his blindest admirer could scarcely venture to claim for him the praise of the *homme serieux*.

All this constitutes, of course, a mere episode in Max Beerbohm's life. The matter was, perhaps, of little consequence to the artist, except that the American newspaper reporters stimulated that personal vanity so inseparable from the artistic nature. But such a propensity could hardly flourish along with devotion to the profession to which he returned in England.

Putting aside a few cartoons, it may be said that the prevailing note in the work of Max Beerbohm was politics. The political action of a nation is doubtless the index of its character, for—to use a commonplace—history is made up of politics, and wherever there are politics there is passion. It was within these fields that Max Beerbohm strove for fame as a caricaturist.

In no country, except Germany, where caricature had its cradle, had there been more force, originality, breadth and freedom in treatment of caricature than here in England. In the days of Charles I, which gave birth to the English political caricature, the outspokenness of the caricaturists, whether they happened to be Malignants or Roundheads, was unparalleled. Their satire was not in feeble strain; the age, though full of animosity, was vigorous, and its humour rang true. Again, the days when English society was noted for that chivalrous gallantry and an aristocratic freedom of manners, produced Gilray, the greatest of English caricaturists. His prints on Rodney's victory (1782), where every incident and detail conspire to point the general moral, and his bold caricature of George III, entitled "a connoisseur examining a Cooper," which might have produced some results unfavourable to the artist's personal comfort, show Gilray as a political caricaturist. But in caricature, as in other realms of thought and action, it is only a nature of rare independence that can assert itself against the sway of established opinions. Genius works against the public and rarely along with the public. But when you must sail in a ship, it is, of course, a pity to make enemies of nine-tenths of the crew. However wise this decision of Max Beerbohm may be thought, it damaged his reputation as a political caricaturist. We may as well put it in the words of Max Beerbohm himself. "When Punch was young," he wrote, "he had the courage of his own levity." "No more does he bob wickedly from side to side banging everything with his cuddled stick." "He wants to become a national institution." And Goethe says somewhere, that as soon as a man has done something uncommon there seems to be a general conspiracy to prevent him from doing it again. He is feasted, fêted, caressed. Such seems to have been the fate of the artist who produced the "Twenty-five Gentlemen of England," which remains in the opinion of his admirers the standard work by which Max Beerbohm's title to a position among English caricaturists was fixed. Nor did he ever rise above the height which he then attained.

"Well! hero worship is a very good thing. It is a wholesome exercise which we ought all to take now and again. Only let us not strain ourselves by overdoing it. Let us not indulge in it too constantly. Let hero-worship be reserved for heroes," wrote Max Beerbohm in his work "Yet Again," criticising Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*—observations perfectly just which we hope will come home to the consciences of those who by their blind hero-worship prevented artistic powers of so high an order as possessed by Max Beerbohm from being devoted to the better uses of Society.

V. DE BRAGANCA CUNHA.

## Pastiche.

## RHETORIC AND SOCIALISM.

WALKER, one of the most stodgy anti-Socialists that I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, waved his fat hand indifferently and interrupted a very smart little piece of argument that I had been keeping up my mental sleeve for the benefit of the little party. "Socialism," he said, "is damned clever rhetoric; that's what it is—nothing more." Marshall, who sat next to me, gave a nervous cough and extended his thin legs into the fireplace. Pierpoint, the cynical wit, laughed loudly and filled his little pipe with one of my cartridges. "So's everything else," he remarked; "everything's rhetoric, you can't get away from that; why even your argument against Socialism is rhetoric, and pretty rotten rhetoric at that, so shut up!" (Pierpoint delights in hurting people.) Walker grew wild. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "Socialism is more rottenly rhetorical than anything else"; he turned abruptly to me: "You're always running down the 'Mail.'" I nodded and smiled. "You run down the 'Mail,'" he continued, "just because they say 'the Government *must* stop the strike' without informing the Government *how* to stop the strike. Now, you're very clever, but how would *you* stop the strike?—tell us that; what would *you* suggest to the Government?" He leaned back in his chair and glared round angrily.

"I would use the military," I replied.

"What," shouted Pierpoint, "use the military! Oh, come off it, Arthur—"

"The military," sneered Walker; "ha! ha! why that's exactly what the Tory Press suggests."

"I know," I replied, "but I *would* use the military nevertheless." Marshall plucked my sleeve. I shook his hand off. "I would use the military," I insisted, "and, furthermore, I guarantee that my method of using it would prevent the strike, satisfy labour, assure peace upon earth—and all without spilling a single drop of human blood."

They all laughed. "Impossible!" said Walker; "you are mad." "Listen," I continued. "In the first place I should get a Government order for thirty maxim guns and dispatch them to the various strike centres; then I should obtain from the Government warrants to arrest every coalmine owner in the country; I would then procure as many Minimum Wage forms as were necessary and arrange the coalowners in sections, provide each with a cheap fountain-pen and a little table. I should then draw up the maxim guns, loaded, to a distance of about 25 feet from the coalowners and suggest to them that if the Minimum Wage forms were not signed in less than two minutes the maxims would be immediately involved in the process of strike settlement. The mine-owners would then sign their respective forms and become full-blown Socialists at the same time, for Socialism, mark you, is nothing more or less than an increased consciousness of the value of human life. Thus would be averted a 'a ghastly national calamity, etc., etc.' and all without the spilling of a single drop of blood." Walker reached up for his brown trilby and went out. Pierpoint knocked out his pipe. Marshall burst into a wild giggle. "Poor old Walker!" said Pierpoint, struggling with another cartridge; "we'll have him, body and soul, one of these days—mark my word!"

ARTHUR F. THORN.

## THE SHAMROCK IN "PALL MALL."

I.

OH, I met with J. L. Garvin  
In the 'eighties, down the Strand,  
And said he, "Good brother Fenian,  
Shake my most explosive hand."

(Twenty years elapse.)

II.

I met again with Garvin.  
I was poor and lone and meek,  
And I said, "I've lost for Ireland."  
But *his* tongue was in his cheek!

III.

And I would have roared with anger,  
But he saw it, and he said,  
"Well, I couldn't beat him fighting,  
So I fool John Bull instead."

IV.

Then he whipped a bowl of bathos  
With an adjectival rod,  
And, for flavour, added in the names  
Of F. E. Smith and God.

V.

"So, my Garvin, here's a bumper!  
Sure such painting ne'er was seen,  
For you blacken your own Ireland  
Just by keeping England *green*."

D. L. KELLEHER.

## THE DEMON LOVER UP-TO-DATE.

This is the story that they tell  
At the Royal North Parade Hotel.

A bride and bridegroom came to stay,  
She was so fair, so fair to see;  
He was insufferable, they say,  
As many bridegrooms be.  
The raven fringe upon his lip  
Was lifted with a haughty sneer,  
His nose was beaked, his cheek was pale,  
His eye was cold and clear.

She was a little fluffy elf:  
A sunbeam dancing in the light  
Of her small world; around herself  
Revolved the hours of day and night.  
He was a disagreeable man—  
A fact she had not noticed yet;  
Part of the universal plan,  
She was his love, his dove, his pet.  
And oft they paced the Lovers' Walk  
'Mid golden glammers of the west,  
And oft returned for tea and talk,  
And sparkled 'midst the other guests.

"Oh waly, waly up the bank,  
'Tis weary walking here":  
Thus sighed, thus cried the three-weeks' bride  
Unto her lover dear.

"The distances so distant are,  
But if we had a motor car,  
With this mechanical assistance  
We might annihilate the distance.  
We'd fill with dust the footmen's eyes,  
Pedestrians I much despise;  
Let them by means of household soap  
With such a nuisance haste to cope.  
What matter? We'd alone outfly  
The winged herald Mercury.  
Skiddoo! Skiddoo!  
Get out or I'll run over you!"  
Thus wailed the little elfin bride  
Unto the lover at her side.  
Her social consciousness as yet  
Was undeveloped. I regret  
To say I've noticed 'tis a way  
That most young ladies have, whose gay  
And careless life is passed apart  
From those who grunt and sweat and smart.

"Now busk ye, bound ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Hark to your winsome lover  
And I will take you a motor ride—  
A ride in a reckless Rover.  
And I will take you a motor ride  
About the braes of Yarrow,  
And you shall sit beside my side,  
And I will take you a motor ride  
That will harrow up your marrow."  
She busked and well she bounded eke,  
They were a pair of bounders gay,  
A bounding pair that far you'd seek  
To match the like on a summer's day.  
And he hath put on his motor-coat,  
And she hath tied her veil 'neath her chin:  
He looked as hairy as a goat  
And she as neat as any pin.  
Now in the motor they've ta'en their stand,  
This pair of bonny bounders twain,  
And he hath ta'en the wheel in his hand  
As ye take a horse by the rein.

She waved her hand. Off flew the car  
And passed where wheels the western star;  
Beyond the zenith's utmost rim  
They passed. I've never heard of him  
Or her since then: but old men tell,  
What time the owlet hoots in dell,  
They've heard that motor hoot as well,  
And smelt a most sulphurous smell—  
Bouquet d'Enfer, the scent of Hell.

Long, long may the landlord sit,  
With his bonnie bill in his hand,  
And in the intervals of fits  
Your sympathy demand.  
"Did you ever meet such a rascally pair  
As the fairy bride with the fluffy hair  
And her demon groom with the haughty stare,  
Who ran up a bill beyond compare,  
Then scooped my motor in broad daylight  
And vanished for ever from mortal sight  
To the never-never land?"

ARI LIGLIO.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## AN APPEAL.

Sir,—You will have seen in the Press the prosecution of Guy Bowman and the brothers Buck for printing and publishing the leaflet advising soldiers not to fire on men on strike. These prosecutions are being undertaken, it appears to me, in a panic, but it is quite certain that the Government is serious and intend to push matters to extremes.

Under these circumstances it is very necessary that public opinion should be aroused throughout the length and breadth of the country. There has been no time to consult with others on the matter, so Mr. Wedgwood, M.P., and myself have undertaken to see that the prisoners are adequately defended. We hope that in a day or two this may be taken out of our hands by the Labour Party, the I.L.P., and the B.S.P. together.

In the meantime, however, we must have money for these men's defence, so I make this urgent appeal to all comrades to send along small or big subscriptions at once either to myself or Mr. Wedgwood at the House of Commons. It would also be well if at our public meetings resolutions of protest were passed and sent to various members of Parliament, the Prime Minister, and others. Any influence we can bring to bear on trade unions, friendly societies, brotherhoods, or any assemblies of men will be useful.

Let everyone remember that the offence these men are charged with is simply asking soldiers to refuse to fire on unarmed men and women.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

House of Commons.

\* \* \*

## BEER-DRINKING AND MINERS.

Sir,—Living among mines and miners, I know many of them are fond of beer, and I know, also, many of them to be total abstainers. Given a thousand magistrates from any area in Britain and a thousand miners from any group of pits, subject each class to medical examination for alcoholism, and I venture to assert the magistracy would show a preponderance of sufferers from over-indulgence in alcohol. A cultured Picassoic person like Mr. Douglas Fox Pitt (I take it a person with a name like that belongs to the "kultshawed klawwses") probably does not know that cock-fighting is practically unknown as a sport in South-West Lancashire, at any rate, one only hears of it as a pastime of a past Lord Derby. He was not a miner. True it is the miners indulge in sport; they are men, not scented drawing-room puppets. Other pursuits engage them in addition to sport and beer-drinking. I know quite a number who spend their spare pence in the cultivation of flowers; any choral or band contest will reveal numbers of miners following the score, musically sensitive enough to wince as with pain at discord or faulty phrasing.

The present tendency of the Press and the superior person to foster the idea that the miner is a bestial brute-man is unjust. He is as good "a mon as anny on yo, and feights fur his reets" without whining.

FRANK JOHNSON.

\* \* \*

## "FINANCE AND THE PEOPLE."

Sir,—I gather from Mr. Thorn's letter that he is a stalwart Socialist, who objects on principle to all rich or comparatively rich persons, whether "idle" or otherwise. Therefore I will ask Mr. Thorn to state a process whereby the present wealth of this nation can be transferred, without loss of volume, from the few to the many, and in conditions which will ensure the immediate creation of fresh industries to replace those which now depend upon supplying the wants of the more or less monied classes. If Mr. Thorn can furnish a financially sound solution of the problem I have suggested, then I will at once bow to his contention as to the possibility of eating the cake and having it—or, indeed, accept almost any other views he may choose to advance.

As regards the "idle rich," whom Mr. Thorn credits with ability to eat and retain the cakes of luxurious living, there are of these, I imagine, two classes—(1) "wasters," who live wantonly until they have run through their fortunes, and (2) lazy but otherwise virtuous recipients of dividends from investments, who, needing not to work for their living, further decline to employ their leisure in public life. Representatives of the former class do little harm to any except themselves, until they have eventually joined the "idle poor," and thus become a burden on the community; while those of the latter merely fail to do all the good they might. But both are either temporarily or permanently useful in their generation, because employment for workers results from their expenditure upon themselves. I hold no brief for either class, yet I confess to a selfish preference for the "idle rich" as compared with the "idle poor," because I am taxed for the support of the latter, whereas the former are contributors to the public revenues.

It is all very well and quite easy to abuse the wealthy, and to cry out for their extinction; but it is not quite so simple to explain from what alternative source wages are to be supplied. Moreover, assuming a successful nationalisation of wealth and entire State control of all industries, the fact remains that overseers, as well as workers with their hands, are indispensable, and that an obvious consequence of nationalism is the substitution of salaried parasites for the present owners of works who now seek to make, to increase, or to keep fortunes. Even trade unions have real need of officials, and these are by no means ill-paid for work which allows them to keep soft hands, never stained with aught but ink, and whose chief instrument of toil is the tongue.

(Lieut.-Colonel) A. W. A. POLLOCK.

\* \* \*

## A QUESTION OF MOTIVE.

Sir,—I regret that Mr. Norman should have marred a fine letter by the sentence: "The Pankhursts have certainly raised their standard of living since this militant agitation came into being; and the passage of the Conciliation Bill would have deprived them of a substantial income."

The usual way of dealing with indirect charges of this kind is, I believe, to "treat them with the contempt," etc.; but from a pretty close acquaintance with Mr. Norman's many letters in THE NEW AGE I judge that he thinks there is some truth in the sentence or it would not have been written. Now for the facts as I know them. First, as to the original "standard of living," had the late Dr. Pankhurst not been so devoted to the cause of Labour in the days of early struggle his family might have been left a heritage of comparative wealth, instead of a heritage of work, when he died fifteen years ago. (Not that the actual inheritance was a bad one for any family; I instance of purpose.) I heard a good deal about this aspect during my campaign in Lancashire from many of the old guard of Labour who knew and remembered Dr. Pankhurst, and who honoured his memory. At the commencement of the militant agitation Mrs. Pankhurst was registrar of births and deaths for one of the Manchester divisions. This post she risked and finally resigned in order to devote herself wholly to propaganda. Since then Mrs. Pankhurst has received her expenses as have many other speakers and workers in the W.S.P.U.; but she has not been a salaried worker. Lately she has earned money by lecturing in the United States and Canada, which everyone will allow is as sensible a proceeding for her as for members of Parliament who do likewise. As for Christabel Pankhurst and her "substantial income," she, Annie Kenney, and I formed the group of "senior organisers" in the W.S.P.U. We drew salaries (none of us having means of our own), and our salaries were equal. We received Income Tax forms regularly from considerate authorities, but did not become liable during my official connection with the W.S.P.U., not passing the exemption limit till 1911. By this time I had "broken down" and was undergoing sundry repairs. In view of the amount of work and the quality of work done by us and other organisers, I am quite sure we were worth, commercially speaking, the Government scale for members of Parliament at least. (I speak with a long experience, stretching behind Suffragette days, of what men organisers regard as a good week's work!) Well, whatever the failings of the Woman Movement, individual rapacity is not one. We did not look much at personal material returns. For one reason we had not time for anything but campaigning; for a greater reason we were in the movement to give, and we gave ourselves, literally and figuratively. From direct personal and official knowledge I know this to be as true of Mrs. Pankhurst and her family as of the rest of us.

The charge of "getting something" out of public movements is timeworn. It has no doubt been proved true in many an instance. In the present instance Mrs. Pankhurst needs no defence of mine, but it is just as well to give information like the foregoing now and then; and I testify all the more willingly in that I have not always seen eye to eye with Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst. This I do know: they have proved themselves a hero-family, and posterity will attest it.

MARY GAWTHORPE.

\* \* \*

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—The hon. secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment leaves me wondering what minds he hopes to persuade to assist him in "rationally" altering the law. Needless to say, I am on his side, though I do not regard his method as the only one or even the right one. It is too inhumanly slow. While we stand persuading people—who know all we can tell them about the matter—these people are calmly carrying on their horrible work! Mr. Tilly suggests that an appeal to sentiment for reprieve is wrong; no man in the condemned cell would endorse that; nor, I venture to say, would Mr. Tilly carry his "rational"

idea to the rational length of ordering a man to be hanged, although public sentiment had snatched him from the gallows. The appeal to sentiment is the only appeal we have left against this cruelty—it is an appeal to the imagination. All the rational arguments are known to every judge in the land, to every member of Parliament, and to the Government: yet the number of those whose imagination has come to give life to reason is so few that the S.A.C.P. is still reminding the country how, forty-eight years ago, a Royal Commission advised alteration of the capital law. That is too slow in a matter of life and death! And it is time we let the law officers understand that their failure to move begins to be scarcely distinguishable from the lunatic insensibility of some murderers. That there are persons controlling the law who are as mentally brutalised as any vagrant watching for the black flag cannot escape the mind of anyone who has followed the murder trials of recent years. It has not escaped me. Horrible levity, an inexplicable appearance of hate and abandonment of recognised moral and social rules of behaviour, are frequent in all courts—and are absolutely certain with some judges and public prosecutors. The manner of Mr. Muir and of Sir Rufus Isaacs towards prisoners is a deep disgrace to the community. Lord Alverstone's deprecation to the jury of Crippen's astonishingly spirited gratitude to the American police was a wilful misdirection which no psychologist will omit from his lordship's biography. These things are small compared with the great evil of judicial murder; but they, in their scores, indicate the spirit which maintains this evil. (Such things done in the public courts suggest what may be done in camera. Atrocious sentences and prisoner-baiting are the rule, according to accounts. With the exercise of proper restraint by the Press in publishing unfit matter, all prisoners should be tried in open court. The insolent temper which spurs a man to become judge of his fellow-creatures, and the degradation of mind which no one can escape who engages in the perpetual infliction of punishment, make judges the last persons to be entrusted with private powers.) No appeal, either of reason or sentiment, will avail with these people: they must simply be prevented! And the way to prevent their detestable exhibitions is by marshalling the outraged public sentiment which is already alert in some persons in every city, town, and village in our country. We shall not be making our appeal to sentiment without reason: the reasons are known! Science, physical and psychological, has applied these reasons and borne out the sentiment of the host of imaginative persons who have denounced judicial murder. Poets who can never have seen that horror have turned sick from its imagined wickedness as poor Elizabeth Fry, martyred with the spectacle of the condemned. It is all so shut up nowadays that one rarely hears a single word of what goes on. The public is led to suppose that living men, lately considered fiends below mercy, pass by their open graves like the noblest heroes. Those who seem to do so are gone imbecile with grief! We hear no raving as Elizabeth Fry heard, we do not see the doomed, living man, straitly pinioned, dying—how many times?—before the day; but they do go mad and they are pinioned, just as when that noble woman—loathed of lawyers and persecuted for her service to prisoners!—went from the demented creature whom even a strait-waistcoat could not keep bound while he and his wife, an expectant mother, sat waiting for a violent death. We do not do such things now? We do not hang expectant mothers. We do not hang men for theft. But we occasionally hang them for nothing! And we hang them mad! Of two young Jews, hanged in 1909 for a murder committed by one single blow, one was clearly hanged for nothing. They were hanged about ten days before their time, and I was told that both were taken out imbecile. It would be strange if young men of their ages—19 and 25—should sit between the walls of the death-cell without going mad. This is, indeed, a matter for appeal to sentiment as well as to reason. There your man sits, shrinking out of himself under the death-watch, back out of manhood, past the age of hopes and dreams, past childhood, past the threshold of savage consciousness, past the brute—into imbecile submission beneath the gallows. Mr. William Archer says truly of this routine of prisons: "It is no part of the functions of society." We need a hundred pens to drive home this "sentiment."

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

#### BANKING AND CURRENCY.

Sir,—On the front page of the typed copy (it is not yet printed) of the revised Statement of the Banking and Currency Reform League its aims are summarised as "the abolition of the Bank Charter Act and such laws as now interfere with freedom of banking." On page 7 it is stated that a comparatively sound system of banking might have been developed had the State withheld its hand from directive interference with bankers. It is elsewhere remarked that, previous to State interference, people were

actually using notes guaranteed by no other power than the reputation of the issuing bank; and, finally, the League actually formulates the demand for freedom of banking in so many words on page 8. Yet Mr. Donisthorpe "presumes that the State is to be the guarantor" of the note issues proposed by the League. I refrain from labouring this point, as I imagine that even among those who have read nothing more than my letters on this subject in previous issues of THE NEW AGE, Mr. Donisthorpe is in a minority of one in this presumption.

Equally must I be excused from debating the question as to whether the exchange medium might not preferably be made of leather, tin, or bone. When next Mr. Donisthorpe opens his cheque-book he will be able to answer his own conundrum.

The League *does* confine its entire energies to the advocacy of free banking. The context of the paragraph quoted by Mr. Donisthorpe clearly shows that a purely paper exchange medium is only regarded as the ideal system, and I repeat that this view is supported by practically every economist of note. The League expressly points out that State interference with banking has barred the road towards this ideal. I have written again and again in THE NEW AGE that when the administration of justice is poor, when mutual trust is weak, the medium of exchange must be a valuable commodity. But as civilisation advances gold and silver tokens are gradually supplanted by paper promises to pay these metals on demand. The case for reformers to debate is the League's contention that when the governments of civilised countries prohibited (1) the means adopted by eighteenth-century bankers to protect their gold reserves against unforeseen foreign demand, (2) the free issue of circulating paper promises to pay gold on demand to bearer, i.e., banknotes, it enormously increased (a) the instability of banking gold reserves, (b) the world's demand for gold as exchange medium. The fact is uncontested that it is chiefly the danger of unforeseen drains of gold which prevents the modern banker from extending his loans in such a manner as to enable the wealth which now stagnates in the hands of producers to flow into the possession of those who are capable of using it in fresh production; and I affirm that the universal prohibition of free issue of banknotes, and particularly of small notes, is mainly responsible for the danger of sudden drains of gold from the banks. Hence glut and unemployment. I had hoped that Mr. Donisthorpe would get to the discussion of the main contention of the League after his array of definitions, but, apparently, we must still wait for someone to come to grips with this question in THE NEW AGE.

HENRY MEULEN.

#### COSMOGENETICS.

Sir,—Mr. Cosmo Hamilton shrieks like a whipped school-miss because he is badly hurt. He does not like to have his offensive conceit punctured nor his market value reduced. He finds it galling to be proved dull and stupid—and this by his own hand—while believing himself to be highly intelligent. He is anxious to make known that we have nothing in common. Alas, how true! For I am concerned with drama; Mr. Hamilton is concerned with sex. Of course, rightly considered, Mr. Hamilton should be concerned with cosmogenetics, but he has only reached anthropogenetics as yet. How infuriated Mr. Hamilton will be at the further evidence of his dull stupidity contained in "Q.'s" admirable letter! Fancy any person claiming intelligence who supports the droll practice of arguing from botany to human beings. It cannot be done. Are plants instructed by their parents in the "facts of sex"? Do they require pedagogues and Little Theatre "reformers" to warn them of the risks of the blindness of virtue? If not, how do they come by their knowledge? How do they know—and escape? And yet, having, so far as we know, received no parental or university training in sex, these lower orders of life are brought forward to instruct the high order of intelligence. This is arguing that the high order is in fact much lower than the low order—at least, in knowledge of sex matters. And it is really amazing that Nature, who is responsible for this sad state of affairs, makes no attempt to remedy it. If it has taken the trouble to endow every plant, fish, bird, and member of the lower orders with organised protective and sex instincts, why does it leave human beings at the mercy of chance and interfering citizens like Mr. Hamilton? Why does it not supply the plants with voices and so transform them into Cosmo-Saviours? The silence of Heaven is bad enough, but it seems the silence of Botany is criminal.

HUNTLY CARTER.

#### HUNTLY CARTER AND "THE 'INNOCENCE' OF VIRTUE."

Sir,—Is there anything more painfully sad, more truly tragic, more damaging to one's morals than to find an

art and drama critic gaily ignorant of that very "life" which it is the function of art and drama—whatever little private theories we may hold about him—to criticise, to interpret, to beautify? The beloved Huntly (whom I gladly (tripping!) follow down the winding ways of modern O-so-dreadfully-aesthetic æsthetics) would have us believe that a girl of nineteen, ignorant of the relationship of sex with sex, must be "an imbecile, grossly defective as regards penetration and observation, unprotected by the commonest mental attributes—the instincts that are born in her and the qualities she would inherit after birth." And later on he says: "Women know these intimate things quite early in life and are protected by the knowledge of instinct"—and on these assumptions he proceeds to criticise "The Ignorance of Virtue." The merits of this work of art qua art I pass by. But in Mr. Carter's psychology (if he has any) what is an instinct? Is there a kind of self-protective sex instinct as well as the instinct of sex? And is not the instinct of sex a strong impulsive force (witness the laws!) far from protective?

May I bring to Mr. Carter's notice a few cases taken from experience? First, take the girls in the Northern universities. Probably no class of women is to be found in this country in which the individual is more "on-her-own," more free from strict convention, able to come and go when and how she likes (rules as to being back in "digs" by eleven are, of course, a kind of feeble joke of the authorities), living a full life of daily intercourse with men and women, energetic, self-reliant, "proving all things" (including men), sowing her wild oats, it may be, entering not only into the mixed life of her college, but into that of the city, being educated by life for life in the broadest and best sense. Would Mr. Carter call such women "imbeciles"? And yet, sir, I can assure him that more than one of those of my own intimate acquaintance (for whom nineteen is already a fading memory, however sweet) was as ignorant of "the relationship of sex with sex" and of feminine physiology as the day when she was born. I remember vividly a woman standing up in the union and declaiming against the "White Slave Traffic," and pointing the moral in language that was painfully straight to the men present—a woman who had not the vaguest idea of a relationship, a physical relationship of sex—and, what is more, many besides myself, and in particular those women who were her friends and tried to take care of her whilst "preserving her innocence" (ye Gods!), knew that she had no such idea! It is a fact that women can grow up, and do grow up, many of them actually come of age and marry—often with tragic consequences—having attained full possession of all their functions without understanding that there is any physical relationship of sex. And very many of these could outline strange "tales of passion and of love" and get "firsts" in Shakespeare. . . . Anything to do with the puzzle of sex they thrust aside: they will not think about it; they observe and will not reason from or apply their observation; and I know from all-too-uncomfortable experience that their notions are often laughable beyond belief.

Again, I am at this present moment teaching in a well-known co-education boarding-school of the most advanced type, where I myself was educated, and I know that experience here runs utterly and directly counter to Mr. Carter's ineptly masculine assumptions.

Girls do not push their investigations in this matter of sex and the sex function as boys do. As to whether it is from fear or from repulsion or delicacy of feeling or what not, who shall say? Probably from any and all of these motives. Further, parents like to keep their girls "innocent" and shirk the difficulties of talking with them.

The facts cannot be denied. I am sure women will agree that, if any generalisation is to be made, it must be just the opposite of the natural conclusion of the male mind—Mr. Carter's unwarranted assumptions. Will Mr. Carter try and explain these cases away?

And, further, will our obliging if somewhat cocksure critic give us his grounds for believing that a girl does not need educating in the matter of the instinct of sex, when she admittedly requires educating in regard to her other fundamental instincts (especially in æsthetics by the beloved Huntly!)—and carefully educating at that!

C. JONGAN CLARKE.

\* \* \*

#### THE "BLUNDERS" OF VIRTUE.

Sir,—The letter that you published in your last issue from Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is, indeed, delicious reading. It is splendid to find that Mr. Cosmo Hamilton still imagines that all persons who find his superficial writing tiresome and dull spend their time blaspheming "on a tub in Hyde Park." As a matter of fact, practically all that Mr. Carter said of "The Blindness of Virtue"—and said so well—in your columns had been said before by writers in

the daily papers. The play is another proof of the fact that a serious human motive handled superficially always becomes appallingly tiresome and vulgar. The "moment" of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's play depends on the idea that a father, supposed to be a tolerably decent person, finding his daughter in a young man's bedroom at seven o'clock in the morning, must assume that she is the young man's mistress, and I am bound to admit that, in a long and weary experience, I have never seen anything in the English theatre so unspeakably vulgar and nasty.

There is a large measure of common horse sense in the letter of your correspondent who signs himself "Q." I also possess a daughter with whom I am on terms of intimate friendship, and I also should entirely decline to give her "sex lessons." The girl of average intelligence who lives with people who are not prudes and who is allowed to read whatever she wishes to read (no normal child would ever read a "nasty" book, even though her father were idiot enough to have it on his shelves) will know everything it is necessary to know about her sex functions by the time she is adolescent. If she does not a lunatic asylum is obviously the place where she should spend the rest of her days.

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

\* \* \*

#### "THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE."

Sir,—Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's letter constitutes a curious psychological document. Incidentally it is a high tribute to the acumen of Mr. Huntly Carter's criticism. I believe Mr. Hamilton is popularly accepted as a humorist. Only a particularly well-directed shaft could have caused a humorist to make himself ridiculous in an outburst of hysterical English that falls far short even of the "sub-urban" standard. If "all intelligent people" were really exercising their minds about a purely conventional and artificial problem manufactured for the purpose of a three-hours' entertainment in a theatre, then the pessimists would be fully justified in their worst forebodings as to our national decadence. But, after all, one's estimate of other people's intelligence is often only a measure of one's own. "Q.'s" eminently sane ideas on the subject are in pleasing contrast to this puerile ebullition. But, really, was it quite fair to readers of THE NEW AGE to devote over half a page of criticism to a piece of this calibre?

ARTHUR T. COLMAN.

\* \* \*

#### VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

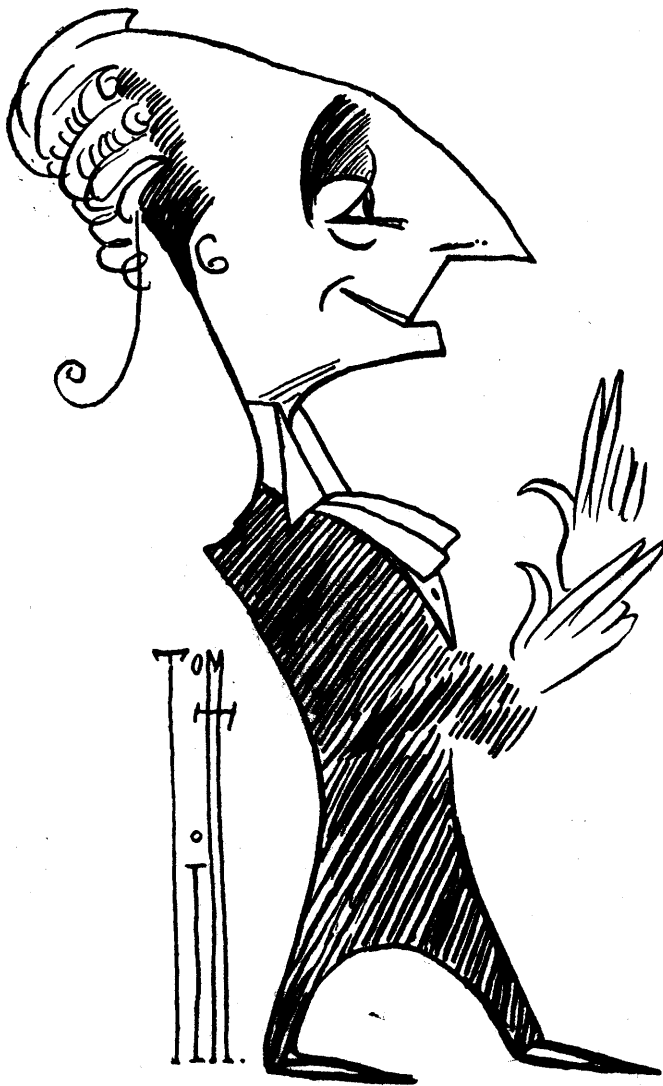
Sir,—May I, merely as an Oxford man, take exception to A. E. R.'s manner of criticism in "Views and Reviews" of your issue of the 7th inst.? I happen, unfortunately, only to have read as yet the first book mentioned, on De Retz, but his criticism seems to be based on principles in direct violation of Mr. Ogg's attempt at biography. Your reviewer starts from the angel and works down to man fallen from Grace: I take it that the study in question works—as, indeed, all modern thought—on the principle of an upward evolution from a lower basis.

The point on which I wish to lay real stress is A. E. R.'s evident ignorance of "university essays" and their fate. If he had had the same experience as myself of judging these essays, historical or classical, he would have realised how far above the average is Mr. Ogg's, and how courageous is Mr. Ogg in printing it in its present form. Usually, sir, the winning essay resembles the scrag end of a neck of mutton, is published by a local stationer, and remaindered at 4d. in the course of a few weeks. Has A. E. R. ever attempted even to gain admittance to the library of the Foreign Office in Paris? If not, he cannot appreciate, like myself who have attempted, the first difficulty in the way of historical research. That he should declare De Retz's memoirs and Sainte-Beuve's essays the only authority is a proof that he has never even read Mr. Ogg's bibliography, which "shows intimate acquaintance with the subject-matter."

Finally, A. E. R. regrets the lack of Mr. Ogg's psychological faculties in presenting De Retz as a man. May I be permitted to hazard the remark that, if the book is an historical essay, De Retz might quite naturally be presented merely as an historical entity? For my own opinion, I can only say that De Retz does appear as a man, in all that irresponsibility that is a mark of every man, even your reviewer, more particularly, perhaps, in his reviews.

With regard to his quotation from the Preacher, A. E. R. does not seem versed in modern ideas at all, else he might have remembered R. L. Stevenson's dictum that "to be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life." It is absurd, sir, for THE NEW AGE to criticise a new historical essay in the terms of a rhapsodist some thousands of years out of date.

PERCY H. H. VANNE.



SIR RUFUS ISAACS.

## THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME IX.

Bound in Linen, 624 pages, and Supplements,

Including many Drawings and Cartoons

MAX BEERBOHM,

WALTER SICKERT,

"TOM TITT," and others.

Price 8s. 6d.; post free, 9s.

A few copies of Vols. II. to VIII. are still to be had.  
Price 9s. each, post free.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, LIMITED,  
38, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### FREETHOUGHT LECTURES

(Under the auspices of the Secular Society, Ltd.),

SUNDAY EVENINGS DURING MARCH.

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.  
March 24, Mrs. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER,

"Charles Bradlaugh and the Myth-Makers."

Music 7 to 7.30. Chair taken 7.30.

Seats 1s. and 6d. A few Free Seats. Discussion cordially invited.

### The IDEAL Policy

ISSUED BY

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.,

PROVIDES

Life Assurance without Medical Examination.

Prospectus and Terms post free.

AGENTS WANTED—EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

M. GREGORY, Managing Director, 6, Paul St., Finsbury, London, E.C.

### DELICIOUS COFFEE

## RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

## IMAGINARY SPEECHES

And Other Parodies in Prose and Verse.

By JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE.

PRICE 3s. 6d.

STEPHEN SWIFT & CO., 10, John St., Adelphi, W.C.

### MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

	One Insert.	6 Insert.	13 Insert.	26 Insert.
16 words	1/-	5/-	10/6	17/-
24 "	1/6	7/6	15/6	25/6
32 "	2/-	10/-	21/-	34/-
40 "	2/6	12/6	26/6	42/6
48 "	3/-	15/-	31/6	51/-

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEE, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

"ASHLET" SCHOOL-HOME, Addlestone, Surrey. Reformed Diet. Individual Instruction. Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References.—Apply PRINCIPAL.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL  
By the Spirit of Revelation in ZION'S WORKS.  
Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.

OCCULTISM.—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Enquiries answered through the post.—VEGETARIAN, Waterloo Hotel Wellington College.

OLD FALSE TEETH.—We give highest possible prices for above; offers made; if unacceptable, teeth returned. Dealers in Old Gold or Silver in any form. Bankers' references; straightforward dealing.—WOOLFALL AND COMPANY, Southport.

READ "PROGRESS AND POVERTY." Settles Social Problem.—Send 5d. to JOHN BAGOT, St. Annes-on-the-Sea; or Book-sellers.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hopps), "Eternal Punishment" (Stoford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARMY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

## The Simple Life in the City

Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in tasteful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

### The Home Restaurant

31, Friday Street, . . . E.C.

(Between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street)  
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men