THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE do not envy the miners' leaders their task of persuading beaten men to return to work without satisfaction. But our analysis of last week proved that the leaders have only themselves to blame. It was they who provoked defeat in the very moment of victory, and who are now pretending that the defeat is a victory. A little open confession that they have failed and a clear statement that the result is a defeat would ease the present situation a good deal. But, on the contrary, with every new sign of their men's perception of the defeat, the leaders are redoubling their asseverations of victory. These have culminated in the monstrous dithyramb of Mr. Stephen Walsh, who declared at Wigan that the Act which the miners had obtained was "the best piece of legislation ever devised in the history of the world." This language reminds us of the pæan sung by Mr. Webb when the stony Conciliation Boards were offered for bread to the railwaymen in 1907. "Surpassing the men's wildest dreams" was the phrase Mr. Webb used, we think, on that occasion. It is very unlikely under any circumstances that an Act extracted by forceps from the present Cabinet would be a "great victory" for anybody, still less for wage-earners; and the fact that the miners' leaders voted against the Third Reading of the Minimum Wage Act, together with the ocular evidence of the Act itself, make it certain that not only is the result of the strike no victory, but the men's leaders knew and know that the result was defeat. Why with this knowledge they should attempt to impose the contrary on their men is only to be understood when their position of real peril is examined. The Conference with Mr. Asquith and the coalowners was something of a torture to them, but their conferences with their deluded constituents are a torment. Any lie that promises to spare them the righteous indignation to which their men are entitled is eagerly grasped; and thus it comes about that Mr. Stephen Walsh and Mr. Ashton, the famous citizen and the incompetent secretary respectively, go about throwing up their caps in desperation and shouting that the result is a victory.

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It is a pity that the members of the Labour Party who secured the men's defeat in Parliament by voting for the Second Reading of the Act could not be compelled to share the toil as they hoped to share the spoil. We should like to see that "intellect of the Labour movement" (as Mr. Keir Hardie once described Mr. MacDonald) doing penance for his political blunders before an audience of the men who starved for a month to provide his party with a weapon. But, courageous as he is in Parliament—when the Government is quite safe—his courage does not rise to the occasion of facing the angry miners to explain what he has done for them. Silence or press-notices are his alternatives now that the real trouble has begun. He will sit tight and wait for a new wind and a new power, when, once more, he will sally forth—in Parliament or on Mr. Asquith's doorstep—and knock Labour over the head with his political brickbat. Mr. Philip Snowden, on the other hand, has not even sense enough to keep his mouth shut. Speaking while the ballot was still taking place, he accused the miners' leaders of "cowardice." Cowardice in what circumstance? In refusing to give the men a lead in the ballot. But this policy, weak and shifty as it was, does not compare in cowardice with the action of Mr. Snowden's own group to which he was a party. If there is any talk of "cowardice," the men's leaders may well say that the boot is on the other leg. They and their men did stand out for a month; but Mr. Snowden's little gang of jeremydiddlers, when their turn came to make a stand in Parliament—walked into the Government lobby instead. The charge of cowardice, therefore, does not come with much force from Mr. Snowden's side of the fence. The less criticism, indeed, he indulges in of either the men or their non-parliamentary leaders the better for the remaining rags of his reputation.

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The situation as now created by the result of the ballot of the miners has this disadvantage for us, that it will in all human probability be settled before these notes can be published. But we confess that if we were in instant touch with the men we should have regretfully to associate ourselves with the appeals of their leaders. In other words, there is nothing for it but that they should temporarily return to work. The obligation to do so is humiliating, and the bitterness of defeat will not be sweetened by the examination of the

polling figures of South Wales and Scotland. What a character in these national areas the vote for the resumption of work reveals! And South Wales, too, on whose behalf the great strike mainly arose. There is considerable danger that this fact and the manifest disinclination of many miners to vote at all, may, if the strike is continued, split the Federation in pieces. This would be nothing short of a calamity compared with which the defeat of the strike itself is a trifle. It is true that the Federation, despite its unity, has won none of the fruits of strength; but the strength is still in unity. On another occasion, perhaps, when the present leaders are on the scrapheap, the Federation will be led to success. No success in any event can come from disunion. As we strongly suspect that Mr. Asquith would be only too glad to see the Federation split in addition to seeing it defeated, we hope that the miners will be on their guard. If we saw the smallest use—even moral use—in continuing the strike, we should rejoice in urging its continuance. But we fear there is no use. Opportunity that is bald behind has gone by.

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Among the worst results of the fiasco of the strike is the inducement to continue asleep which it offers to the public. Especially during the early days of the struggle while the miners were announcing that "they were the government"—and proving it—the general public turned on its side and half awoke to the fact that its industrial institutions needed repair. At one moment, indeed, the decision had been made that not merely repair but a clean reconstruction would be necessary. A natural interval for meditation on this decision followed, during which it was the business of the miners' leaders to clinch the matter and drive the half-taught lesson home. But at this moment Parliament administered to the miners by the hand of Mr. MacDonald that fatal draught of poppy and mandragora; the men's leaders were either lulled to sleep or driven temporarily insane; and taking advantage of this respite from the fatiguing task of decisive thought, the public dropped asleep again. And nothing now will wake it save a new trump of a threatening doom. We count this permitted apathy of the public, we say, as one of the worst effects of the strike's collapse; an effect as bad for the public as for the men who suffer by it. Mr. Stephen Walsh may win the applause of employers by declaring himself to be a citizen before he is a trade unionist; but it is not to the real interest of the public to allow themselves and their indirect servants, the wage-earners, to be bulldosed by capitalists. On the contrary, as we said before the strike began, the interest of the public in the success of the strike was at least as great as that of the men. The public, of course, does not see that; but dimly the public feels it. There is no greater patriot among wage-earners than he who raises his wages; and the patriotism of a trade union like the miners in attempting to raise their wages by a general strike is manifested in the disappointment everywhere felt at their failure. For we repeat that, disguised as the Press has made it out to be, the disappointment of the public is profound. Like a giant suffering from sleeping sickness and relying upon a friend to wake him and to keep him awake, the public positively welcomed the great strike as an excuse for a compulsory attention to social and industrial reconstruction. The permission the men's leaders gave it to resume its fatal sleep was a dereliction, friend Walsh, of real citizenship.

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We noted during the course of the strike the resolutions registered by the Press to inquire thoroughly into the industrial unrest so soon as the strike was over. The few weeks, indeed, of the actual public trouble saw such a crop of suggestions as only a period of public attention can produce. What was a desert before of sociological discussion became, we will not say a garden of blossoming roses, but at least a verdant champaign. Everybody was discussing both the strike and the means necessary to end and mend it. The Press itself was driven, as we say, to join in the procession and to talk what has usually been regarded as the exclusive language of Socialists. What we need, said one, is a thorough overhauling of the relations of Labour and Capital. Never again, said the "Daily Mail," referring to the strike. We must listen in future, said the "Times," to constructive suggestions from every quarter (including, we suppose, even The New Age). We must keep an open mind, said the "Morning Post." Our industrial institutions, said another, are in the melting-pot. Differing in details—in which respect they were shockingly sparing—all agreed that, whatever else was done, attention to the problem must be given and radical changes would be necessary. But contrast that efflorescence of suggestion with the bare boughs of the Press to-day. It is impossible almost to find in the Press or in Parliament at this moment any sign that society has within the last few weeks been proved to be so crazy as scarcely to float. Syndicalism is still discussed, but only by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in the "Daily Mail," and as for the rest of the promising proposals, having served their purpose and the miners being no longer peremptory, they are put away like toys for which the childish public has no further use.

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This attitude was faithfully reflected in Mr. Asquith's reply to Mr. Crawshay-Williams's question in the House on Tuesday. Mr. Crawshay-Williams is one of those busybodies who seizes every opportunity of asking Ministers pre-arranged questions in the hope of sharing their limelight. On Tuesday he demanded to know of Mr. Asquith whether the Government had any intention of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of Labour unrest. Mr. Asquith, in reply, gently deprecated the suggestion on the ground that a Royal Commission was useless, and, furthermore, that the Government already had the matter under anxious consideration. We know that anxious consideration! It was the same that allowed the miners' strike to steal, with at least six months' notice and the most ample warning, on the unsuspecting public and then professed to be unable to devise measures during a panic. It is the same anxious consideration that allows the Government to remain more ignorant than the printers of this journal of the coming events in the world of labour. That anxious consideration which the Government bestows on industrial problems is confined to discovering, first, how they can be ignored; secondly, how they can be postponed; and, finally, how they can be shirked. If the plans for dealing with the miners' strike are all that arose from the anxious consideration of the Cabinet and its Labour advisers, the sooner their anxiety ceases the more profitable we shall find it. The fact is that the Government's anxiety is moonshine in relation to labour problems; its study is of labour troubles, as these may affect the political fortunes of its members.

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We have no option, however, but to agree with Mr. Asquith that an inquiry into the causes of Labour is unnecessary. It is unnecessary for the simple reason that everybody knows very well what the causes are. They may be described in a single phrase—the lowering of already low wages. This single economic fact is so well known that the very politicians have now become aware of it; and though Royal Commissions are usually appointed to discover an open secret, even this excuse is wanting for a Commission on the causes of Labour unrest. To the fact of a 17 per cent. decrease in actual wages may be added the more political causes of unrest afforded by the cynical attempts of the present Cabinet to head off progress by measures like the Budget and the Insurance Bill, and the colossal failure of the Labour Party. The collapse of the Labour Party, indeed, has done more to exacerbate the economic decline of the last few years than any other event. Mr. Lloyd George and his fake Bill might be endured, since no member of a Trade Union ever expected help from him; but the acquired Oxford drawl in conduct of his own fellows and paid spokesmen in Parliament has turned every intelligent Trade Unionist from a sheep into at least a potential wolf. If we have appeared intemperate in our criticisms of the Labour Party, and of Mr. MacDonald

in particular, our excuse is that by their betrayal of the Labour movement they have embittered the working classes. The whole problem has been made infinitely more difficult by the fact that a party, sent to Parliament with a solution which they swore and were paid to apply, have scarcely so much as opened their mouths save to pour abuse on their clients' solicitors. We have seen how Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, for example, rose to the great occasion of their party for declaring their secret by solemnly assuring the House of Commons that the nationalisation of mines was not practical politics. To this somewhat stale example (for it occurred a whole fortnight ago) may be added the freshly caught remark of Mr. Barnes in the House last week to the effect that the municipalisation of public-houses was also not practical politics. But if none of the planks of the Labour Party are practical politics, what the devil are the Labour members doing in Parliament at all? They are no ornament, and if they are of no use they are doubly superfluous. The conclusion is only strengthened that their continued vegetable existence is a danger to the Labour movement, and, through the Labour movement, to society. The open enemies of Labour are never depressing. On the contrary, Labour needs them. But its false friends of the Labour Party are leeches applied to Labour's heart.

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Turning from this loathsome spectacle, let us look at the problem once more that presents itself for society—when it re-awakens—to solve. It is the problem, first, of low and then of lowering wages. Of these two problems the second is undoubtedly the more urgent, though the first is more fundamental. How can wages be raised? Now let us say at once that the mere enlargement of industry will not raise wages. On the contrary, it is highly probable that the greater the industry the greater the sweating. Nor is it simply more production that we need. The decline in real wages has been most marked, in fact, during the years of unparalleled trade and in precisely those trades in which production has been greatest. The advertised remedy of increased production may therefore be dismissed as a patent, a quack tonic that would do more harm to wages than good. Other pseudo-economic remedies are equally fraudulent as applied to the disease of low wages from which we are suffering; and their inadequacy, to say the least, to the need is plainly involved in this single axiom of economic science: as industrial organisation is perfected under private ownership the demand for human labour, and consequently wages, will tend to decline. Nobody can dispute this proposition with any chance of making any change in it. It is fixed and final; and it marks the boundary within which the economic problem of our private ownership system is already for intelligent students settled. For the mere passage of time, human nature remaining the same, will produce a condition of things when the number of unemployed, unemployable, overworked and underpaid among our proletariat will by their very mass break down this iron ring and liberate by bloody revolution the reconstructive forces of society.

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Against this rumbling earthquake, slowly but surely approaching our nation, Lord Robert Cecil and his Unionist and Liberal friends are devising a pill. The eyes of the fool, said the proverb-maker, are in the ends of the earth; and the Cecilian Jellybies, when they are not legislating for Borioboola-ga, are equally distant from home in their domestic suggestions. In the "Daily Mail" of Tuesday last Lord Robert returns to his mutton of Co-partnership, and without a single word of reply to any of the criticisms levelled against his pet, repeats, like a Bourbon who cannot forget, the childish lesson he with an unwonted effort once learned. It is necessary, he has grasped, that the workman should himself have some share of proprietorship in his industry; and how can this be done better than by giving him a share in the profits? But this, as we have said until our pen was hoarse, is not co-partnership in the form in which the unions either demand it or can accept it. What on earth is the use of Lord Robert Cecil taking Lord Northcliffe's guineas for placing this dead proposal before the working classes? "Mother," said a little girl, holding up a dead cat which she had found in the dust-hole, "somebody's thrown away a perfectly good cat!" In bringing to the public his Co-partnership proposal in the form in which he states it, Lord Robert Cecil is holding up just such another perfectly good cat. The scheme is dead, and not all the Cecilian party can breathe life into it. Let Lord Robert take that as a settled fact. But, on the other hand, there is a form of Co-partnership which, if not yet alive, is on the way to being born. In our article last week on "Wages and Employment" we suggested what it was: it is the association in co-partnership, including co-management, of the trade unions with their employers. Now we explicitly say that this suggestion is not a Socialist suggestion, nor is it even by way of being Socialistic. On the contrary, the co-partnership on responsibly equal terms of men and shareholders might easily endanger the State more disastrously than their present antagonism. But if the system of private ownership as distinct from public ownership is to be retained, at least we might be spared the impoverishment of one of the parties. Between labour and capital at this moment the public, like most third parties, suffers as the field of contest of the two protagonists; but it has the additional mortification of having to assist one of the parties of its own discomfiture. The men come crying to us that they are always being defeated, while at the same time the victory of their masters raises prices against us. Suppose these two were to combine, however, in joint and equal partnership and thus bury the hatchet between them, the result, however efficacious in settling labour troubles, might easily be the beginning of new troubles for the public. Syndicalism, whether of men alone or of masters and men in harmonious monopoly, would be Syndicalism still; and Lord Robert Cecil, when the present troubles were over, might be compelled to ask in an even louder tone than he now employs: Where do we (the public) come in? As Mr. Hamilton Fyfe cautiously suggested in his double-tongued article on Syndicalism: Syndicalism will destroy the State unless the State destroys Syndicalism.

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Sceptical as we are, nevertheless, of Co-partnership, even in the form of co-partnership between the unions and the employers, we say that it is the only form for which there is the smallest chance of success. Co-partnership between employers and individual workmen is impossible, since it ignores the something not themselves in workmen that makes for trade unionism. Co-partnership between unions and the employers is, therefore, the line of least resistance. But why should not this co-partnership, instead of being loaded, directed and ultimately fired against the public, be directed against the enemies of the public, which are poverty, overwork, and the production of rubbish? Why should not the public take the unions into partnership, supplying the capital and the distribution in return for the labour and the management? Why, in short, should not the whole herds of heterogeneous private shareholders be co-ordinated into the homogeneous body of the nation and own the instruments of its own production? At this point we are met by the solid resistance of the existing bodies of shareholders who threaten to wreck society rather than abandon their present privileges. Having procured by our neglect patents of employment authorising them to inveigle into their factories hungry men without capital to produce profit for them in return for a bare subsistence, they find their anti-social position so comfortable that nothing so far has moved them. The question is: How are we going to get this inferior species of citizen out of the way? Are they to be persuaded to their own transformation, or must they be exterminated by force? The conclusion for us is certainly that one of these means will be necessary, and necessary in England before this century is out; for the fact is that Society, with these parasites of profit sucking ever more ravenously from it, cannot continue for more than another generation or two. Whole masses of our people are already anæmic, and other

areas of citizens are rotting in the refuge of the blood-drained, our workhouses, casual wards, and slums. The suction of the capitalists has only to reach the solar plexus, let us say, to arouse a berserker rage which will —but we have said all that! The alternative, however, to compulsion is persuasion; and the question is still, despite much evidence to the contrary, open. The "Times," for example, made on Tuesday last an mission which we hope it will not forget: "We may keep so open a mind as to admit that industry might be successfully carried on upon the new basis [Socialist reconstruction], and yet perceive that the sudden upheaval apparently to be forced upon the country does not give the new basis itself a fair chance." Come, come, the upheaval is not so sudden that its proposal need take Old Maid England by surprise. The Labour Party has been in existence (if no more) for nearly twenty years, and Socialist discussions have even a longer history. If persuasion is likely to have any effect, the will is not lacking in us. But is it likely? Our propositions are that for the reconstruction of industry we need to place part of it, at all events, upon a collectivist basis—say, the mines, the railways and the land to begin with. But how shall we persuade the existing private owners to retire? Buy them out at the market price we certainly cannot out of taxes. Nor do we think we can persuade them to leave their shares and their properties to the State instead of to their own private relatives. Except by special levies, therefore—a sort of danegeld—it will be impossible to buy off, still less to persuade off, the Danes already settled on our industry. But once more we say if the "Times" and its friends are open to persuasion, we are prepared to plough the sands again. On the other hand, persuasion must not be the only bright weapon in our armoury. After all, persuasion has not yet accounted for many conversions.

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Whilst labour is attempting alternately to persuade and compel, capital steadily pursues the settled policy of strengthening its defences. The "Never Again" which the "Daily Mail" applied to the coal strike has been already brought home to the railway directors by the events of last August. If the railwaymen learned nothing by that disaster—and the retention of their then leaders proves it—the companies, on the other hand, learned a good deal. The panic of the strike itself was scarcely the moment for experiments in normal economy; but profiting by the recent coal strike, the companies have carried on during the last few weeks a series of rehearsals of panic conditions for which, when the time comes, they will now be fully prepared. Nobody, we suppose, can guess why the railwaymen did not come out with the miners, still less, why they consented to the curtailment of their wages and services at the discretion of the companies. To have "downed tools" in sympathy with the miners would have been not only to assist Labour in general, but to have anticipated the partial lock-out of their members which the companies proclaimed. But these obvious and simple tactics never enter the heads of the present generation of Trade Union leaders. The Wardles and the Thomases would be as horrified at the suggestion as "P. W. W." himself. Yet the effect of their antiquated policy will be seen when the next trouble occurs on the railways. They will then be surprised to discover how well-oiled the wheels of the companies are for defeating a second time a general strike. If there is any doubt in our readers' minds that the curtailment of services on the railways has been due to policy and not to the coal strike, the article in the "Times" on Wednesday should dispel it. We there learn that since 1908 a movement of co-operation has been taking place among the companies with a view to mutual and joint economy. At the present moment for all practical purposes the railways of the United Kingdom are a monopoly—or shall we say a Trust?—and, after the experiments of the last few weeks, they are a Trust that will effect the usual economies at the cost of wages among other things. So certain is this new policy of raising dividends that the "Times" bids shareholders to look forward with great hopes and to realise that the coup de grâce has been given to nationalisation. In other words, nationalisation might have been welcome while dividends were falling; but now that the recent experiments have taught the companies how to combine effectively, dividends will rise and nationalisation may recede into "unpractical" politics. We only wish that a Committee of Public Safety existed to keep an eye on these things and occasionally to use its feet!

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Writing just before the strike began, we remarked that if there was to be no sabotage on the men's side, there should be none on the employers' side. Lord Dudley, for example, should not be permitted to carry out his threat to close the Saltwells colliery for ever if the strike took place. Yet a single line of print in the papers on Tuesday announced that this had been done: "Saltwells Colliery has been flooded and has been abandoned." What, we ask, would have been said by the "Daily News," which printed this item without comment, if instead of by Lord Dudley, the mine had been flooded by the men? Doubtless we should then have had "P. W. W." turned on to preach to the men the duty of respecting the national resources and of preserving their reputation for responsibility. Lord Dudley, however, can play the pup-in-the-manger with safety. Indeed, there is nothing in law to prevent him, if he should suddenly become rather more anti-social than he yet is, from closing, by flooding, all his mines and putting an eighth of our national coal resources beyond national reach. The present Government certainly would not dispatch troops to prevent him; nor, we believe, would the "Daily News" utter a word of protest. The irony of the action of Lord Dudley was dramatically pointed by an observation made by his wife on the very day of his anti-national sabotage. Speaking at Kidderminster on Tuesday Lord Dudley's wife said: "If we have noble traditions, these are the days when the national needs demand that we should live as close to these as possible." Why was this directed to Kidderminster? Why not at home?

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Mr. Lloyd George's decision to reserve the Budget surplus of six millions for unnamed contingencies has aroused every form of interest save protest. Pee Wriggling Worm of the "Daily News" mentioned on Tuesday, "with all reserve," the "daring suggestion" that part of this sum might be employed to temper the wind of the Insurance Act to the shorn lambs during the first six months of its proposed operation. These six months, it is expected, will form the period of "maximum peril to the scheme," when wage-earners will be paying without benefits; and it is now proposed that "benefits" should begin on the date of the initiation of the Act. Such a piece of wholesale bribery is well within the compass of the mind of Mr. Lloyd George. Bribery, in fact, has been, as we know, the chief means of bringing the Act to its present state of prospective activity. But, on the other hand, this form of bribery cannot, like its predecessors, be concealed or explained away. Even the blindest of the Act's supporters—Mr. Chiozza Money, for example—must be aware, if this suggestion is adopted, that the Act can only be swallowed when it is saturated with palm-oil. But we are still quite confident that, with or without oil, the Act cannot be made to work. All reason is against it, and has been from the very first. The memoranda issued by Sir Edward Brabrook on Thursday last prove that the Act is actuarially as unsound as economically it is rotten; and the increasing determination of the doctors and of the employers promises a strong resistance to its attempted operation. To these forces may be added the railwaymen, the miners, and the transport workers, any one of which would be sufficient to wreck the Act if they felt—as we believe they do feel—so disposed. Their leaders, with some exceptions, have doubtless approved of the Act and will attempt to force it on their men in Mr. Lloyd George's interest; but these leaders are now so discredited that the opposite of their advice is likely to commend itself to their men. In short, the Insurance Act has not at this moment a dog's chance of coming

into operation; and with its failure England, we hope, will be rid of its malicious author.

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We cannot pretend that the refusal of the Court of Appeal to order a new trial of Frederick Seddon on the ground that the verdict of the jury was unreasonable or that Mr. Justice Bucknill was guilty of miscarrying justice, caused us any surprise. There has been no case under the Appeal Act in which the capital sentence has been reversed; and in our opinion there never will be. Public criticism of the judges has merely produced in them a determination to hang together as well as to hang separately, and they now fight as strenuously for their collective rights to hang at the discretion of the police as the police, we understand, fight for pieces of the hangman's rope. To reverse a capital sentence passed by one of their own number would be, in their minds, to admit the thin end of the wedge of the abolition of the capital sentence altogether; it would involve also the admission that one, at least, of their number was more homicidal than just. This perfectly natural human attitude, common to the man-in-the-street, was revealed quite shamelessly in the first day of the hearing of the appeal. Each Justice in turn, led by Mr. Justice Darling, turned the Appeal Court into a pothouse debate by interrupting Seddon's counsel with comments proper to a horse-deal. "Everybody," said even the "Daily Mail," "could see that the decision of the judges would be against Seddon," and Mr. Marshall Hall was "struggling all day against a Bench which clearly disagreed with him." But the climax of the scandal was reached when Mr. Justice Darling announced that there was one law for women and another for men, and that the verdict of "Not Guilty" for Mrs. Seddon might mean no more than "Not proven." "There is no getting over it," said Mr. Darling, "that the present judges, and juries too, do judge a woman more leniently than a man. They may be wrong, but they do it." But surely this is to admit, what is actually the fact, though so often denied, that judges are like the rest of men, creatures of prejudice and personal partialities; in consequence of which, like the rest of men, if commonsense does not save them, they become dangerous pedants. For, admitting their communion in the prejudice that favours women, they cannot escape the influence of the general prejudice that enveloped Seddon. Prejudice, in fact, as Mr. Marshall Hall said, was the chief determining factor in the jury's verdict on Seddon as well as on Mrs. Seddon; only in the case of the latter it was a favourable prejudice and in the case of the man an unfavourable prejudice. But it is exactly the office of judges to discount the prejudices from which their juries are supposed alone to suffer. We do not pay our judges ten thousand a year for life to share and reflect the prejudices of any dozen ordinary citizens. True, they do reflect these vulgar prejudices and often in a fanatical form; but the theory, we maintain, is that they should at least profess and strive to weigh and to discount them. The manifest eagerness of the Appeal Court to demonstrate their agreement both with the verdict of the jury and the sentence of Mr. Bucknill on Seddon strips their criminal office of its last shadowy title to respect. They have declared themselves no longer judges, but men, and a very inferior sort of men at that.

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For it is clear that in the public mind there are now three great strata of opinion regarding capital punishment by hanging: one stratum, the lowest, consists of people who would hang on the smallest provocation. Indeed, hanging is much too good for this section, and with the utmost readiness they would at a word restore all the horrors of barbarian punishments for such citizens as in their opinion are guilty of crime. To this section belong, we have discovered, more women than men and more scoundrels than either. It is very fortunate indeed that this type is submerged in the remaining two; otherwise we should still be in the dark ages. Of the other strata in the general mind the middle stratum consists of those who are for the most part indifferent, but who, as each occasion arises, take one side or the other according to their view of the weight of the evidence. Unlike the lowest stratum of our population, they do not delight in hanging as a good in itself, and merely seek an excuse for it; nor are they like the highest stratum that is convinced to its very core that capital punishment is more blood guilty than murder. Nevertheless, their disposition is always more and more towards finding excuses and good reasons against the death sentence; and they take advantage of every doubt in any given case to plead for at least a reprieve. This section and the section above it compose between them, we have no hesitation in saying, not only the best but also the most numerous part of the nation. From the experience of New Age writers, who in three recent cases of hanging on circumstantial evidence have canvassed many thousands of ordinary citizens, we may safely say that one in every three of our population is *always* opposed to capital punishment, one in every three is *usually* opposed, and only the remaining one-third is for hanging in itself. If, therefore, our judges are to share the prejudices of the ordinary citizen, let them at least share them in the proportion in which these prejudices exist. If they are not to be as good as the best of our population, let them at least be better than the worst. We shall be quite satisfied for the time being if our justices merely consider each case as the *average* citizen considers it. Without demanding heroism or rare intelligence, let us merely ask for a reflection in our judges of the judgment of the average mind. It cannot be denied that in the Seddon case they have reflected, not the average mind, but the mind of a coster in melodramatic fiction: one who slobbers about a woman and who stabs a mere man in the back. And they have reflected this attitude as if it were a credit to them. On the contrary, however, it is not only no credit to them, either as men or as judges, but it is a degradation of their office. The office of the law is above all its occupants in value; and will and must be maintained in dignity if civilisation is to remain. But the present justices have more than threatened to lower its value in men's eyes; they have actually lowered it. By their prejudiced conduct not only in social but in criminal affairs they are rapidly bringing the law into disrepute; and not the least of their means is their exhibition of determined homicide in the case of Frederick Seddon. A Home Secretary with any sense of the value of an uncorrupted and incorruptible legal system would liberate Seddon as a mere lesson to his judges.

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In the "Daily News" of Friday last Mr. C. H. Norman drew attention to another dangerous aspect presented by the Seddon case. It is the march of the doctrine of the sufficiency of suspicion in criminal jurisdiction. Strong suspicion only, Mr. Norman points out, was the final cause of the execution of Dickman. The ancient doctrine of "reasonable doubt" was whittled down still further in the Morrison case, and now, in the present case, Sir Thomas Bucknill, with his accessories after the fact in the Court of Appeal, has whittled it away to almost nothing. When we remember the ease with which suspicion is created and the pains the police will take to create and intensify it against a person whom they have once fastened upon, the duty of judges in maintaining the doctrine of "reasonable doubt" is imperative. Unless the judges insist on giving prisoners the benefit of the doubt, as of old, the lives of none of us are safe; for suspicion, as we say, can always be manufactured, and in the prejudice that results from it we are lost. We doubt if the cleverest lawyer in the land could have cleared Seddon of the charge of murder even if he knew that Seddon was perfectly innocent. Without an alibi, impossible under the circumstances, no rebutting proofs of innocence could be adduced. But for each if against him Seddon could name one if for himself; yet the counter if was disallowed, while the former was allowed. Mr. Norman puts his finger on several other defects in the administration of the Criminal Appeal Act. Its most serious defect is that it has created new forms of injustice.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

OUR attention is once more directed towards Central Europe. The dispute between the aged Emperor of Austria and the Hungarian Cabinet would have become of European interest if Francis Joseph had actually carried out his threat to resign; and even now it is seriously said in quarters which are usually well informed that he may do so at any moment, in spite of the fact that the Cabinet in question has bent to the Imperial will. Considering the Emperor's great age, this is by no means unlikely. The alleged curtailing of his prerogatives was a trifling matter and would not of itself have led to such a grave threat; but there is no doubt that the Austrian Emperor is irritated by the constant opposition with which he has met in Hungary during the last few years. It is openly declared in Vienna Court circles that this opposition has been fostered by the heir-apparent, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand; but in spite of the Archduke's many bad qualities, I am not entirely disposed to agree with this statement. He is reckless, daring, impetuous; but hardly a sneak. He intrigues, so to speak, in the open; and he respects the Emperor, though they are often at variance.

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I could not help being amused at some of the London Press comments on this affair. One of the Government organs here (morning, halfpenny) thought that all the Hungarian trouble would be ended if "the people" got the vote, power being thus withdrawn from the "dominant Magyar classes." How often do we find the Magyars thus dragged in! Their only fault is that they are an aristocratic people and that they consequently exhibit certain aristocratic qualities. They know themselves to be the noblest people in Hungary, and they feel that they have every right to rule the inferior beings by whom they are surrounded. And they do. Perhaps in the process they show a certain amount of contempt for their fellow-creatures; but, then, so do the whites towards the blacks in the United States, and in other places also. Furthermore, they detest the Germans and all signs of German arrogance—a feeling which they share with all classes in Hungary. The attitude of the Hungarian Cabinet towards the Emperor may also be partly explained by this fact; for in Hungary the Emperor Francis Joseph is regarded as a mere tool of the Wilhelmstrasse. There is some excuse for this view, though the Emperor himself would be the first to repudiate it. The dispute, so far as can be gathered, has now been smoothed over for the time being, but this does not mean that some new cause of quarrel may not arise at any moment.

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The Turco-Italian war has entered on a phase which may be as nearly final as anything we are likely to see. The Arabs are waiting for the weather to become thoroughly warm before they make a move. The Italian troops are in the meantime becoming demoralised. More than 35,000 of them are now time-expired men, and should be sent home. They are being retained in Tripoli in the meantime, to the accompaniment of much grumbling. And, even with their assistance, the sixty or seventy thousand remaining troops find it difficult to maintain their footing on the narrow strip of coast-line which they now "hold." With the exception of entrenchments, a short light railway line, and a small fort, Italy has so far left no signs in Tripoli of either occupation or conquest.

It is recognised in Rome that this sort of thing must come to a stop, but the Government does not quite know what to do. The Italian nation is smitten with what we know here as Imperialism, and a remarkable amount of enthusiasm for the army and the war is still being shown. The Italian Government took the plunge when the annexation decree was promulgated; and this decree has now been ratified by both Houses—and ratified almost unanimously, even the Socialist and Republican Deputies voting with the Government on this occasion. So a definite withdrawal cannot be thought of: it would mean a vast loss of prestige, the utter annihilation of the Government, and, such is the fickleness of the people in these matters, perhaps also the ruin of the royal family.

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On the other hand, the Turkish point of view is what it was. The Committee cannot yield Tripoli, for that would cause an enormous amount of ill-feeling throughout the Ottoman Empire. Nor do the War Office authorities see precisely why Turkey should take any steps at all. Even if the Porte concluded peace with Italy to-morrow on the basis of the Italian annexation the natives in the unfortunate Turkish colony would still give the invaders a great deal of trouble. They would no longer be subject to Turkey, and it will certainly be a long time before they are conquered by the Italians.

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So the position is a difficult one—not for the Arabs, for they are enjoying themselves; not for the Turks, for they are amused, when they forget for a moment to think of their own internal problems; but for the Italians, with a hundred thousand of their best soldiers locked up on the other side of the Mediterranean. The authorities at Rome have, of course, already taken what steps they could towards bringing peace about: they have asked Germany to bring pressure to bear on Constantinople. This has put Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter in a rather awkward predicament. Turkey is now, for all practical diplomatic purposes, Germany's close ally, a closer ally even than Italy, though not on paper. Italy is just a unit in the Triplice, and can be disregarded. Is Germany to please her old ally, so as to be able to count on her assistance in the event of its being required, at the expense of the new one; or shall she assist Turkey to the best of her ability and let Italy go to the deuce? For it is difficult for her to remain neutral. This matter is still being discussed in Berlin; and suitable Notes will be sent to Rome and to Constantinople as soon as a "formula" is found.

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Muley Hafid has signed the Treaty acknowledging the French Protectorate over Morocco, so the Shereefian Empire comes to an end as an independent State. It is worth while bearing in mind one of the clauses of this Treaty, viz., that the French Commissioner-General shall be the sole intermediary between the other foreign representatives in Morocco and the Maghzen. This clause, in view of the privileged position which France has long striven to occupy, was almost inevitable; but I shall not be surprised if it leads to disputes and bickerings, particularly if the Mannesmann Brothers decide to push their claims. There is no love lost between the French residents in Morocco and the other Europeans there.

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Negotiations are still proceeding between France and Spain. They are slow, but a satisfactory agreement is bound to be reached, if only because French financiers can, at the bidding of the Government, lower Spanish credit on the Paris Bourse. A few minor concessions will be made for the sake of Spain's dignity—indeed, it is already stated that the French Government is prepared to give up its claim to Cabo de Agua. And a railway is to be built and jointly managed by French and Spanish firms. One shudders to think of impetuous Frenchmen and easy-going Spaniards doing anything in common—it is almost enough to lead to another Peninsular War.

Ireland.

The introduction of the Irish Home Rule Bill must necessarily concentrate the Empire's thoughts upon the problem of Ireland. We write "Empire" advisedly: for it is an Imperial even more than a national question. It is one of the commonplaces of British politics that there can be no permanent organisation of the Empire until the Government of Ireland is satisfactorily settled. But, important though the problem is to the Empire as a whole, it is vital to Ireland itself. No doubt the Imperialist will approach the discussion from his own particular standpoint (and who shall blame him?), but the democrat must primarily have regard to Ireland's peculiar conditions and particular claims. Let us then take a general survey of the events that have created modern Ireland.

It is eminently true of Ireland to affirm that she has been more profoundly affected—adversely affected—than any other country by its particular past. Mistakes and blunders not a few have been perpetrated by English statesmen in their treatment of English questions, but so complex, so varied is English life that whilst this or that interest may have been injured by political errors, the main current of English life has remained largely uninfluenced and has wound its way to the open sea, its destiny largely fulfilled. Unhappily this has not been the case with Ireland. For two predominant reasons: First, because English legislation has dealt largely with Irish agriculture, and agriculture is Ireland's main industry; and, secondly, because in the eighteenth century English legislation was purposely and successfully aimed at the death of Irish industries in the interest of their English competitors. It is a shocking and disgraceful chapter in the history of the relations between the two countries. It may be said that this is a long time ago. To Ireland, her recuperative power exhausted by excessive emigration, the time has been almost as short and quite as poignant as a nightmare.

The real tragedy of Ireland can easily be traced to this source. The Irishman is at heart an artist and a craftsman. In the very dawn of its history, as Mrs. Stofford Green has proved, Ireland's sons and daughters sought honour in the skill of their craftsmanship. Their early tombstones were graven with the emblems of their trade, emblems that were the honoured mark of their calling. At the end of the eighteenth century and for years afterwards, Irish workmanship stood high in the estimation of Europe. Perverted function is at the root of the bitterness which Irishmen feel when they see themselves estopped from their true vocation and thrown upon the land for a toilsome and precarious livelihood. Lord Dufferin, after tracing the brutal English legislation that despoiled Ireland of its skilled trades, thus summed up: "What has been the consequence of such a system, pursued with relentless pertinacity for two hundred and fifty years? This—that debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself back upon the land, with as fatal an impulse as when a river, whose current is suddenly impeded, rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilised."

This bitterness of perverted function has been accentuated by an abiding sense of ravished nationality. The principle of nationality is not inconsistent with the idea of a large and comprehensive empire. All to the contrary: the richer the national output, whether in material wealth, in art, literature, or the finer spiritual qualities, the more enhanced in beauty and strength is the imperial commonwealth. However we may regard it, this fact stands out clear: the intellectual and material impoverishment of Ireland has left the British Empire infinitely the poorer. It is an essential factor in the psychology of nationality that so long as it remains unhealthy or unsatisfied, it becomes a pre-occupation, an obsession, so that all other problems remain unconsidered until health is restored to the body politic. The patient thinks only of his malady until his health is restored. This holds true of all oppressed nationalities—Poland, Finland, Hungary, Ireland. In conditions of national health, what would these countries have contributed to the world's storehouse? Indeed, we may go further: it is to-day the small nationalities that are painting our pictures, writing our books, and preserving the finer traditions of the old world. We confidently affirm that the right policy for England to pursue is not to restrict but to open out the bounds of Irish nationality. In any event, it is certain that Ireland cannot prosper whilst her thoughts are concentrated upon her ailments and discontents and not upon her great destiny in the world. In this connection it is extraordinarily interesting to observe that already the mere prospect of England's recognition of Irish nationality in producing an intellectual and economic renaissance in Ireland that is not only significant in the circumstances but immensely valuable in itself.

This renaissance points another moral. Protestant England is at bottom afraid of Catholic Ireland. The argument is universal—Home Rule is Rome Rule. But to-day young Ireland is strenuously anti-clerical and anti-Vatican. The priest is receding into the background in Ireland. He can only hold his own if he be intellectually equal to the new spirit that has expressed itself in the Gaelic League, in the Plunkett Co-operative movement, in the Sinn Fein cult, which, though numerically weak, has a pervasive influence. The Irish Local Government Act of 1898 was in certain quarters expected to aggrandise the priest. Experience has proved beyond cavil that an exactly opposite result has been achieved. The local politician has asserted himself, just as he has done in England and Scotland, and the priest remains nearer the altar and further from the tumult of public discussion. There is not the slightest fear of clericalism controlling Irish life.

The English Unionist does not now deny that Ireland needs curative treatment. He admits the follies and blunders of the past. But he argues that Ireland can get all she wants through the English Parliament. With Ireland's national aspirations he has no sympathy. He thinks them incompatible with English safety. But on the purely practical plane his argument is pulverised by the existing facts. The English administration of Ireland is not only ineffectual but scandalously wasteful and oppressive. In every department of Irish life waste is the order of the day. One or two facts prove this. Compare Ireland with Scotland in the matter of official salaries:—

	Scotland	Ireland
Number of Government officials with incomes of £160 a year and over	944	4,397
Amount of income	£319,237	£1,441,131

Here we see a million sterling annually wasted upon overpaid officials and sinecures. Take again the constabulary charges:—

Ireland: £1,300,000. Scotland: £400,000.

Another million is wasted here. And it runs all through English government in Ireland. The claim that English government in Ireland is efficient cannot stand the slightest examination.

But the case for Irish autonomy, apart from national sentiment, is founded upon arrested development. Of the importance of a sound domestic economy there need be no argument. Ireland's economy is as wasteful in its commercial sphere as it is in its governmental. Its railways are a scandal; its banks drain it when they should fertilise it; its waste lands cry aloud for reclamation; its rivers overflow, causing annual waste; its labourers are grossly underpaid; emigration still proceeds with tragical periodicity—even prosperous Ulster and the prosperous linen industry are being drained by

bad conditions at home and the fata morgana of the West. The horrible problem of the congested districts—the continuing sequel of the great famine of 1845-1848—remains in all its squalor, a menace not only to Ireland, but to the Empire. How can five hundred Englishmen, sitting in Westminster, chivied from pillar to post by exigent home demands, even approach, much less solve, such pressing problems? If the British Parliament had ten clear years in which they need do nothing but legislate for Ireland they could not overtake the arrears. And it would take twenty years before they could understand or appreciate the task that lay before them. Irishmen are neither angels nor dolts; they have, at least, an average supply of commonsense; they must shoulder their own burden and win through their own slough to solid ground. And that is all they ask.

Two interesting aspects of the Home Rule question call for immediate consideration. One is finance, and the other is Imperial Federation. In regard to finance, we range ourselves without hesitation upon the side of those who demand Ireland's control of its own Exchequer, including Customs. Irish revenue is about £11,420,000 per annum. Of this amount, Customs and Excise account for nearly £7,400,000. How could an Irish Parliament seriously face its responsibilities without definite and authoritative control over seven-elevenths of its income? We think the Irishmen would be very foolish to undertake the work unless they obtain control of their own purse. The main objection in England to handing over the Customs is that the Irish Parliament would discriminate against England. The fear is groundless; even if there were substance in it, Great Britain could easily protect itself by a governing clause in the Home Rule Bill. But there is an even greater financial issue. It may be summed up in the one word—"restitution." The Financial Relations Committee definitely admitted that for nearly one hundred years Ireland has been systematically over-taxed—probably to the tune of £2,500,000 annually. This means that, on balance, Great Britain equitably owes Ireland a sum of £200,000,000. This, be it remembered, is over and above the official plundering of Ireland by English officials. What they took was most of it spent in Ireland, but the over-taxed amount was money drained out of Ireland into England. We are convinced that the case for restitution has been made out, and all that remains is for Great Britain to pay up. Perhaps part of the surplus in this year's Budget may be reserved for this purpose.

In regard to Imperial Federation, we retain an open mind. But it is certain that no British Colony would consent to enter into any representative arrangement until Ireland is brought into its true focus in the problem. The ending of the Irish imbroglio will be the beginning of true federation. Taxation must go with representation; there can be no representation on a satisfactory basis until the true financial quota of each separate part of the Empire is fixed in representative assembly, and the quota can never be paid until the money has been voted by the representatives of the taxpayers. It must be obvious that it is a condition precedent to Imperial Federation that the English hierarchy must give up its pretensions to absolute control of Imperial finance before any effective federation is possible. The beginning of this will be found in the Home Rule Bill.

The New Age is not, as a rule, deeply concerned with purely political questions. We believe that the key to most situations is to be found in economic conditions. If Irish Home Rule were only a political question we doubt if it would particularly interest us. Nor do the political antics of the Irish Nationalist Party attract us. Their cynical support of the Insurance Act and their even more cynical opposition to the Conciliation Bill stamp them as time-servers of the most unblushing type. But the cause they represent is greater than they; it is not even primarily a political cause; it is the embodiment of the spiritual and material aspirations of a nation in pain and travail; and for this reason we hope for a generous Home Rule measure, and look to its enactment in the near future.

An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs.

By Grant Hervey.

(President of Foreign Affairs Section Young Australian Movement.)

III.

Seeley and Jebb, the former in his "Expansion of England," and the second in the well-known "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," have recognised and laid stress upon the shifting of the world's battle-ground, first from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and finally from the latter to the Pacific. But thus far there has been no perception—or at all events no action arising as a corollary to the perception—that Europe's part on that battle-ground, if it is to be played at all, must be played unanimously, and not with Power pulling against Power in worse—far worse—than suicidal rivalry. Only a consolidated, only a unified and amalgamated Europe can fight in that arena with any prospect of success. What success connotes, too, is worth thinking about. The first need of Europe, with her human aggregate of almost four hundred millions, with her discontented myriads turning hither and thither in search of a prophet, is elbow room. And yet the Powers, as they stand, are between the devil and the deep sea. They have too many people for the subsistence that their lands afford, and still too few for the upkeep of so many disunited armaments of war. Germany, therefore, with her population of sixty odd millions, crowded together on an area of about two-thirds the size of New South Wales, and increasing at the rate of a million per annum, dare not permit her surplus citizens to emigrate to Australia. The Australian Commonwealth, argues the German statesman, is a part of the British Empire; and Britain, confronting Germany across the North Sea, is an ever present rival; therefore, to allow German settlers to depart for Australia, there to be converted into citizens of that Imperial adversary, would be sheer madness. So, too, with England. The United Kingdom now begins to protest. To Australia and to Canada she can spare no further share of her vanishing yeomanry. Ireland's population, in a little over fifty years, has fallen from over eight millions to but little more than four; and although the population of the United Kingdom as a whole has increased by seven millions in the last nineteen years, that of Germany, lifting from forty-nine to more than sixty millions, has increased twice as fast. "Therefore," argues the British statesman, "England must retain what population she has. Australia and Canada, to make no mention of the other Over-Seas States, require tens of millions of emigrants, and here, in the United Kingdom, are the multitudes that would be better off in some wider and less crowded land. Still, Germany confronts us—Germany, the colossal rival, is ever present, and therefore this emigration must stop. It is our heart's blood that is flowing from us, and unless we prevent the leakage—unless we coop up the whole nation within the confines of the British Isles, we shall be unable to hold our own." Such are the simultaneous arguments of English and German, as well as of other European statesmen. They are like the person who could not see the wood for the trees. Given a United Europe and the difficulties of each Power, with regard to surplus population, automatically disappear. With England and Germany as component States in a new Continental Commonwealth, the faster the citizens of those crowded lands, together with those of Scandinavia, France, Finland, etc., departed to Canada or Australia, there to be incorporated in the fabric of new and vital nations, the better. Also the vast load of naval and military expenditure, beneath which the back of Europe now sorely bends, would simultaneously be lifted. An expenditure of about one-third of the amount that is now sunk each year in preparations for war, would provide the United States of Europe with a fleet that, on the world's new "Pacific" battle-ground, could strike with titanic force. As for the odd £200,000,000, the greater part of it could be spent in providing Europe, not with machinery for blowing out French and German, or

British and Italian brains, not with slave-like Old Age Pensions, Sickness and Unemployment Assurance systems, but with real apparatus for the alleviation of human woes. Who, then, in view of the difficulties that may thus be solved, the burdens lifted, the peoples liberated, the Over-Seas Dominions filled with prosperous citizens—who, then, in face of all this, will say that the time has not arrived for International Reorganisation?

Between this—between Unification and perhaps half a hundred years of conflict, filled with blood and flame and sweat of death, lies Europe's choice. Which shall it be? Europe, it is well to remember, is but the microcosm of ancient Greece; is simply the replica, on a larger scale, of that Hellenic peninsula wherein Spartan and Athenian, Bœotian and Theban, were opposed to one another in constant and—to us—apparently senseless strife. The diplomatic genius and fighting strategy of Themistocles, who brought the Lacedæmonians into line with the Athenians at Salamis, and against a common foe, saved Greece from the consequences of its own political disjointedness. That temporary union, with its result, gave Greece the breathing time to gather strength for a final struggle with Persia. The rise of Macedonia was imperative, but still more so was the united action of all Greece. Under the compelling hand of Alexander a consolidated Greece accomplished that which otherwise would have been impossible. The interval between the battle of Salamis and that of Chaeronea—a matter of nearly one hundred and fifty years—it is well to note, splits into two unequal portions: the one (and by far the larger) in which the Greeks, instead of entering into an amicable and self-consented Union, struggled through the endless conflicts, the alternating victories and defeats, of the Peloponnesian war; and the other, in which the Macedonians, first under Philip and then under Persia's ultimate conqueror, brought into compulsory existence a United States of Greece.

Now, history, as Professor Seeley has said, while it should be scientific in its method, ought to pursue a practical object. But can history have a more practical or more useful purpose than to demonstrate for us the parallel between the Greeks before Chaerona and Europe at the present day? The present writer submits that it can have no better. For, reading Britain for the Peloponnesus, and Germany for Attica—with France, Austria, Italy, etc., for Thebes, Bœotia and Eubœa—we perceive that historic peninsula in a condition almost identical with that of modern Europe. What Greece was Europe is. The scale is larger, but the proportions are essentially the same. England and Germany, the Peloponnesus and Attica of to-day, instead of bending their efforts towards a free and perfect Union; instead of drawing all the secondary Powers into the same combination—England and Germany, instead of making united preparations for the new Persian peril, for the impending struggle in the Pacific, are threatened with the mutual menace of another Peloponnesian war. The folly of Greece was unspeakable, but what are we to say of that of Europe? For while the population of all Europe, at the death of August—14 B.C., or about three hundred years after the overthrow of Persia—amounted merely to some 23,000,000, to-day a Continental community of four hundred millions stands, as it were, upon the brink of the whirlpools of war. Is this Christianity at work? Or is it some demon-goaded land, spurred into periodic madness, that lusts for the shedding of its own world-precious blood?

We perceive, as we glance across the parallels of history, that the Olynthiacs and Philippics of Demosthenes, however interesting as literature, are not illuminated with the flash of finer sight. Demosthenes cursing Macedon is one of the saddest spectacles of all time. It means that the greatest publicist of pre-Chaeronic Greece, like the present-day publicists of Europe, had no perception of the One Way Out. For Greece, as for Europe, unification was the road to world-supremacy; consolidation the secret of success. Attica and Sparta were pre-occupied in their struggle for the mastery of the Ægean—the North Sea of that particular period in history; therefore, since free consent was unthinkable, compulsion became the only choice. Macedonia—here, it is true, the parallel runs a trifle wide—did for the Hellenic peoples that which they should have done for themselves. And Germany will do the same for Europe—*must* do it, unless the Powers abate their present attitudes and convert their war-gear into a common shield. As Macedonia emerged from Northern Greece, first as an insignificant principality, then as a widening province; then as a Power, and finally as the Dominator of the Hellenic peninsula—as Macedonia thus emerged, so emerges the modern Germany. Insignificant Brandenburg, growing Prussia, North-German Confederation, German Empire, gathering Austria as an ally—here at each stage is the complete analogy. Whether the parallel is to be yet further prolonged is for all Europe—but most especially for Britain—to say. If the Powers are blind, if there be no other alternative, then must Germany, the greater and newer Macedon, come Philip-like to grips with the consolidator's task.

The British Empire has known many glories in the past. Could it hope ever to win a greater glory than that of having provided a basis for a United Europe? A few more battles won, a few more temporary additions of territory—what are these in comparison with the splendour of having created, without conflict or bloodshed, a United Continent? An achievement of that sort were something to be proud of, something to dazzle men's eyes and stir men's hearts while history lived. And Britain could do it. Britain only. Germany, with the sword and the strong arm, in perhaps half a hundred years; painfully, with clashing of vast armies and the shock of mighty fleets, indeed may do it; but Britain, by an appeal to reason, with the open offer and the strong call to commonsense, may do it *now*. Britain may point to her Over-Sea States—may point to Canada, to South Africa, to Australia, and say: "Here is the basis for a union of Briton with German, of Austrian with Frenchman, of Italian with Scandinavian, at once and for all time." And these lands, that have need of Europe's best, that require from England and from Germany millions upon millions of craftsmen and toilers—these lands, with an eye to the greater peril, will be prompt to say "Amen."

(To be continued.)

Rights and Right.

By Wordsworth Donisthorpe.

To say that a spider has a right to the fly he has captured, is to talk nonsense. To say that he has no right to it, is also to talk nonsense. There is no meaning in either statement. But if I capture a hare, and someone says I have no right to it, there is meaning in the words, whether he is speaking the truth or not. Either I have a right to the hare, or I have not: whereas in the case of the spider both statements are meaningless. How is this? The explanation is not that I am human, while the spider is not. Because Robinson Crusoe's right to the fruit on his island is quite as meaningless an expression as the spider's right to the fly. Rights do not arise in connection with a solitary. A right is obviously a relation between the one and the many—between the individual and the State. But what relation? Is it one of contract? Certainly not: rights do not necessarily arise from contract, or from implied contract: though it may satisfy some people to say that all rights spring from an imaginary Social Contract.

If a Swedish gypsy, landing on these shores, attacks and overpowers an English citizen, he soon finds himself overpowered, not by the citizen himself, but by a whole crowd of citizens or their agents, and off he goes to prison. Being stronger than his victim, he saw no reason for *not* taking advantage of his own superior forec. The spider does: so does the tiger: and so does the solitary man on the island: why should not he? Just so: and so he may—if he can! A single wolf has a "right" (if you choose to misuse the word) to a stray

sheep on the hillside; but he has no "right" to any one of the sheep in the flock, simply because he cannot take it, the flock is too strong for him. After summoning the rest of his pack, he and they have a "right" to as many sheep as they can take—just so many and no more. But this is to trifle, as usual, with the word "right."

We have seen that when the gypsy takes something which "belongs" to a weaker person, say, a doll from a little girl, he has no right to it; because he cannot keep it: it is taken away from him and restored to the so-called "owner." Here we are in the presence of a new force. *If* the State deprives the gypsy of the doll, and restores it to the little girl, then she has a right to the doll, and the gypsy has no right to it. Bodies move in the direction of least resistance. If you will to do a certain act, in the absence of external force, you do it. If that external force is the stability of a wall, or the strength of a wild animal, or of a fellow-man, your movement is deflected, perhaps totally neutralised. But if the external force is the will of the organised community (the State), that force operates in one of two ways: (1) It may effectively oppose the act which you contemplate; in which case you have "no right" to do it. Or (2) it may neutralise the efforts of other individuals opposing your will, in which case you have a "right" to do it. This right, being a positive power based on the co-operation of the State, is quite distinct from the mere absence of resistance in the case of the spider and the fly.

A dozen dogs were playing on the lawn. I saw a mastiff sidle up to the basket of a toy-poodle, and turning up the cushion, purloin a bone. A lady at my side immediately waxed wrath. "That big brute has no right to the bone," she cried, "it belongs to little Boffin; I gave it to her myself." "I don't understand you," I replied, "the mastiff has got the bone; both his paws are on it and he is licking it; I think he means to enjoy it." "But it is not fair: it is not right. "Let us wait and see," I said; "if little Boffin takes it back, or if the other dogs interfere in the interest of justice, I shall agree with you; but I see no signs of it." "Don't be so stupid: you know what I mean: you ought to take the bone away and give it back to Boffin." "If you mean that the mastiff has butted up against an external force strong enough to overcome his will, and that Boffin will come by her own again, then I am with you." Here an outside higher power was on Boffin's side, therefore she had a right to the bone, and the mastiff had no right. There is no English word for a "no-right," it may be rendered by "obligation to refrain."

It is a pity the word "right" has so many meanings quite unconnected. We have a right line, a right angle, a right hand, right and wrong, and rights and obligations.

> The rule of the road is a paradox quite
> As your carriage you're driving along;
> If you keep to the left you are sure to be right;
> If you keep to the right you are wrong.

It may be right to do what you have no right to do; and it is certainly often very wrong to do what you have a right to do—to crimp a cod, or put a live lobster into boiling water, or vivisect your dog in the interest of science. We must beware of confusing the ethical word "right" with the juristic word "rights." There is no connection between them, any more than between either of them and a right-angle. It may be right as a rule to do that which you have a right to do, and it is right as a rule to have your walls at right angles to the floor; but there is no necessary connection between the ideas. Our rights are those powers which we exercise by the will of the State (including, of course, possessory and proprietary powers).

Those acts are right which tend to conduce to the eventual welfare of the agent. Those who dispute this are so hopelessly belated that it is a criminal waste of time to wait for them. With tears and pain we must wait for them to come up along at their leisure. Is it right to eat a quantity of unripe fruit? Probably not; because it may give you colic or cholera, and the pleasure of the eating is no sufficient compensation. Is it right to kill your neighbour? Let us consider this question without prejudice. On a raft, with one day's starvation rations and a certain three days' journey to land, it is probably right. But, as a rule, in this country it is probably wrong. To begin with, you will most likely be hanged. Is that the only reason? Certainly not; it is one of the least effective of the reasons. If you happen to be a tiger or a devil, you will derive no pain from the thought that you have caused suffering to a sentient being, and even greater suffering to survivors. But if you happen to be a human being with well-developed sympathies, this will be a sufficient deterrent without any other. And even when this sentiment is overbalanced by feelings of hatred or jealousy or lust of acquisition, you may be deterred by inherited dislike of the process of killing; so that, though you may be delighted to hear that someone *else* has committed the murder, you would shrink from committing it yourself. Even when restrained by none of these considerations, you will, if you are a cultured student of character, hesitate to perform any act which, if frequently repeated, would weaken your habit of conforming to the will of the community. For each step in any direction makes the next step easier. Finally, apart from fear of active reprisals, you will, if you inherit civic instincts, flinch from arousing the passive dislike, disgust, or antipathy of friends and neighbours. For all these reasons and several others you will find that man-killing tends to entail self-hurt out of all proportion to the expected advantage. "Thou shalt do no murder" is sound advice from the point of view of your own eventual welfare. As a rule it is wrong to kill your fellow man. As a rule it is wrong to run counter to the will of the community. As a rule it is wrong to blunt your own sympathies, and your own conscience. As a rule it is wrong to contract a bad habit or thought.

To take special kinds of immorality, it is wrong to get drunk, and so weaken your constitution; it is wrong to lie, and so weaken your credit; it is wrong to gamble, and so weaken your sense of proportion between effort and satisfaction; it is wrong to butt your head against a wall; it is distinctly wrong for a rabbit to attack a bull-dog; and it is sometimes wrong for a bull-dog to attack a rabbit. Upon such foundations as these rests the noble superstructure of Virtue.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

The Patron of the Stage.

By T. H. S. Escott.

The recent opening of a Christian church at Khartoum lost the English theatre one of its earliest and most loyal supporters. The Duke of Fife came from a stock pledged by family tradition to an intelligent interest in art of all kinds, letters in every department, as well as workers in each who have made their names known. Before his transformation into Queen Victoria's grandson-in-law and by adoption a royal duke, he was, as Lord Fife, not only one among the prettiest and most charming young men about town, but the most hospitable Mæcenas and Amphitryon of London stage and pen. In that capacity he had been preceded by both his parents. These, at their Scotch country house, were the first who introduced into the smart patrician circles of their time the chief players of the period, as well as other varieties of intellectual workers, who, till then, knew a good deal less first-hand about the fashionable world than do their successors in this new Georgian era. More than half the nineteenth century had passed before, after the great masters of the novelists' and the actors' crafts, fiction and the drama had any representatives more widely

notorious than Edmund Yates and E. A. Sothern. It was in the drawing-room of the late duke's mother, the fifth Countess of Fife, that the rudiments of their polite education were acquired by the actor who created Lord Dundreary and that particular disciple of Charles Dickens concerning whose best performance, "Kissing the Rod," his master expressed himself, "You will not find it hard to take an interest in the author of such a book." A little later the eighth Duke of Beaufort distinguished himself by the patronage of clever or amusing people like Lady Fife's *protégés*, but his condescension was not always so comprehensive or discriminating as Lady Fife's. They included Dundreary, but omitted the writer, whose talent Dickens did not exaggerate, and whose stories, in this age of reprints, would probably repay reproduction. The illustriously connected and amiable nobleman who sacrificed his life to the cathedral founded between the White and the Blue Niles had inherited many of his mother's interests as well as some of her gifts. Aspirants to the social part he played are now plentiful enough. None of them possess exactly his qualifications for the *rôle* or the hereditary training that he had received.

The dramatic affairs and personages that had so much attraction for the dead duke, and that, on the whole, owed not a little to his goodwill, were very generally ignored by the rich and great when his father and mother first opened their doors to the rising promise of their epoch. Albert Smith's forgotten writings about the London of his day or the less deeply buried back volumes of *Punch* point with graphic instructiveness the contrast between the place in public opinion filled by the stage when the Princess Royal's husband was of an age to know anything about it and the consideration as well as popularity that he lived to see it claim.

Throughout the nineteenth century's first quarter respectable citizens and their families identified the London theatres' chief and typical *habitués* with Albert Smith's gent, often the same person as the medical rowdy from the hospitals who escorted a lady in yellow satin from the purlieus of Leicester Square to the play before joining comrades of his own sex at the Cider Cellars. The temple of the drama *à la mode* had in fact become an Augean stable before Macready took in hand its purification. In that work he received encouragement from the late duke's Duff ancestors. Born towards the eighteenth century's close, and surviving in retirement until 1873, long before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing the playhouse a resort to which *pater familias* could take his wife and daughters without danger of anything, before or behind the footlights, causing them to change colour. Meanwhile the good work done by this contemporary of Edmund Kean—roughly speaking, of John Kemble, too—was being carried on by Kean's son. Charles Kean's Shakespearean revivals at the Princess's not only made the modern fortunes of that house, but quite cleared the Thespian cart of the miry rut in which its wheel had sunk. Macready had been at Rugby. Charles Kean, when an Eton boy, had many of the first men of the time for his contemporaries. Both men, like some of their colleagues, such as Samuel Phelps, consorted with the best intellect and rank of their day, on the same terms that had been done by Garrick. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt in their generation were only some among the clever and cultivated men who expended their knowledge and breeding on dramatic criticism in the daily and weekly Press. Macready, now settled at Cheltenham, was teaching English clergymen the art of elocution, when John Forster, to some extent at Dickens's instigation, made his theatrical notices in the *Examiner* not only features for his paper but models for subsequent writers on the same class of subjects. The alliance of Theodore Martin with Helen Faucit marked another stage in the same upward progress. At a date much nearer to our own day, the Bancroft management and Tom Robertson's works produced under it at the little theatre in Tottenham Street made the mid-nineteenth century drama as much the pleasant and profitable reflection of realities, "which give delight and hurt not," as Thackeray's or Trollope's novels.

Other manners and times, other patrons. The gentleman with glossy jet-black hair, thick vermilion lips, hooked nose, glittering with jewels, who waited nightly at a stage door to drive home Miss Corisand Montmorency to her home in St. John's Wood had for the best part of a generation been as well known in the *coulisses* as the scene-shifter or prompter. He now gradually disappeared—not, indeed, that among his successors there ceased to be known the enterprising man about town, generally a fashionable lawyer or an hereditary legislator, also glorying in a brougham with a particularly fast-stepping horse, who had a keen eye for feminine charms, and whose interest in dramatic art took the form of starting some comely wench in the career of manageress. This æsthetic philanthropist may not be yet extinct among the latter-day patrons of the stage, but he is no longer a type of the time. The player's friend, distinctively redolent of the fresh dispensation, is a rather invertebrate gentleman, who has lived much abroad, and only, for a permanence, resettled himself here some years ago, when a first night at the Lyceum or at the St. James's had begun to acquire something like the same importance as a Parisian *première*. He has dabbled in politics, probably sat at St. Stephen's, could not stand the waste of time or the bad manners, has then turned to journalism or fiction, but has now, for a time at least, given up both in favour of the stage, in which he sees a power greater than the pulpit and at least equal to the Press. Birth in a good station, a public school, a college training, and a competence, absolutely at his own disposal, disqualified or disinclined him from the first for any regular profession, but he had shone in private theatricals during holidays; a good cricketer, as well as a burning light of the Shooting Stars, the histrionic company to which he belonged at Cambridge while keeping his terms, he won all the honours in the field and before the curtain during the Canterbury week. He was something of a melodist, too, as well as of a mummer. Several of his school or college friends had gone to grief on the Turf. For himself, he would add to his diminishing capital by turning his natural aptitudes and tastes to remunerative account on the public boards. An attractive young lady, an Anglo-Indian general's daughter, as she said, but resolved on being independent of the niggard paternal allowance, was introduced to the stage-struck young man about this time. Gradually the two entered upon a partnership, domestic as well as theatrical. An expert, himself both a member of the profession and a man of all work on the Press, obligingly counselled the pair in their speculations. Before a year had passed this general utility gentleman had considerately relieved our stage patron *à la mode* of the lady he had taken for better or worse. She did not leave her deserted spouse by way of memorial any one of the precious stones, the costly furs, or other countless articles of value with which he had testified his devotion. Thus, when just crossing the threshold of early middle age, Roscius Lyte found himself adrift upon the world, not only without a home, an occupation, or a real interest in life, but almost without a sixpence in available cash. Then came a series of descents from various sorts of shuffling and unsteady industry to absolute need and criminal blackguardism. Eton and Cambridge friends were sued for signatures never affixed by their own hand to oblong pieces of blue paper. In one or two cases they bore with it because of a kindly feeling for poor Rossy, who had made for himself so terribly hard a bed on which to lie. But Mr. Lyte would not be warned. He is therefore at this moment enjoying the free hospitality of his sovereign, and asking himself whether, in this twentieth century, the "poor player" is not so well able to take care of himself as to dispense with any patron at all.

Unedited Opinions.

Devil Worship.

FEW Western thinkers have arrived at the simple truthfulness of the ancient Hindus who said: Pain is an evil, an ineradicable evil, and therefore an argument against existence. What magnificent realism!

That was in the days before anæsthetics, of course. With the progress of science we may look forward to an existence on this earth without pain. At least it seems possible.

Not while we have our so-called artists belauding pain! From Aeschlylus to Hardy an unbroken succession of considerable artists has paid homage to pain, with the result that the chain of pain is more securely fastened on us than ever. The dark side of the nature of these artists has glorified and therefore perpetuated pain. They have worshipped the Devil.

But you know that there are philosophical, biological, sociological, physiological, as well as artistic justifications of pain; and, therefore, as you say, of the Devil. "When pain ends gain ends," said Browning, putting the case for the Devil in a nutshell.

Oh, Browning, that earnest Philistine! He was wrong, of course. When pain ends the *desire* for gain ends, not gain itself. Indeed, gain and the desire for gain are incompatible. Pain, I grant, stimulates the desire to overcome it, and the effort itself may be looked upon by Browning dolts as resulting in gain; but actually it merely fills up the hole that pain has made. But, there, how typically Western to admire exertion for its own sake! You endure pain—admirable, says the Western stoic. You fight against it—admirable, says the Western Philistine. You overcome it—ah, there the Westerner pauses, with his "When pain ends gain ends." Don't you see he wants pain to continue in order to draw him to perpetual exertion?

Well, biologically he is right. All evolution has resulted from the spurring of pain. Read Myers' beautiful apologia of Pain in his "Human Personality." Or Carpenter's "Secret of Time and Satan," or——

Or Swinburne's morbid and pathological "Our Lady of Pain," or a thousand and one similar maudlin glorifications of pain and cowardly sycophancies of the Devil. No, I will not read any more of these slaves' songs to their brutal master. Wells' "Island of Doctor Moreau" has made them sufficiently repulsive (what a pity he withdrew it). I hate them all; besides, I deny that the evolution that results from pain is evolution; it is degradation.

You would have to apply degradation, then, to the whole scheme of things.

Not at all. Quite otherwise. Of all the experiences of mankind I can very well believe that the pleasurable only contribute to evolution; the painful contribute to degradation. From this point of view, evolution is the result of pleasure alone. Pain is a drag.

But is it not under the whip of pain that we pursue pleasure?

Rubbish! We pursue pleasure because we like it. Evolution is a continual delight. Pain, on the other hand, is our bugbear, and ought to be. It merely impedes us in our progress, causing us to double and twist and, in the case of the weaklings, to lick the hand that strikes us. I conceive of the various human pains as malicious devils who beset our path for no other purpose than to gratify their lust. Don't tell me we should not be better off without them. They are worse than useless.

But you are now in the philosophical, not to say the theological, region. Presumably the Creator knew what He was about when He created both pleasure and pain.

Did He? I put the question again: *Did* He? I can conceive that the universe of worlds other than the earth might have a different tale to tell. Loyalty, of course, to our planetary ruling-family demands that we should speak with respect of our own king; but I am a Republican in cosmic as in political government. It is not only conceivable, but I have heard a rumour, that our particular demiurge was among the creators a bit of a duffer, and a somewhat pig-headed one as well. Ignoring the advice of his fellow creators, whose planets, I understand, dispense with pain, the creator of our earth fancied that by the employment of pain he might produce something very marvellous in cosmos. He therefore called in the Devil to his assistance. But the Devil, once in, refuses to go out again. Our cosmic Vortigern found that Hengist and Horsa were not to be bought off. Long after he had discovered his mistake, all his efforts to turn out the Devil proved fruitless.

You know, of course, that you are indicting God?

And Man, too. For the original mistake of our terrene creator (for which, I believe, he is now repenting) has been perpetuated by man himself. The demiurgos' first blunder has been repeated in the human demiurgi—I mean artists—who take after him. Thus we have the line of tragic writers and poets who employ the devil's pains to produce their effects, exactly as their first Master did. They each melodramatise Eden by the introduction of a perfectly unnecessary Serpent—and lose Eden thereby!

But, surely, it is only a recognition of fact that inspires them. An artist may regret the introduction of the Serpent, but he must take things as they are, not as they perhaps ought to be.

Do you know I fear that these wretched artists positively love the Serpent? The fact is that like their Master they want a little excitement, being themselves morbid. Eden without melodrama would bore them, precisely as a serene and quiet life of meditation bores your modern restless man. Without the Devil they would be miserable. Thus it comes about that they offer all the resistance possible to the Devil's abolition. They sentimentalise, poetise, philosophise, prettify pain until their deluded readers positively go in search of pain. Damn them, I say, for a race of Devil-worshippers.

What would you have artists do?

First, let me say, there are exceptions. Thank goodness, there have always been artists who have refused to bow the knee to Baal. The ancient Hindus refused. In their epics and upanishads you will not find ugliness and pain called by pretty names; no "Lady of Pain" for them, no purification, ennoblement of man for them by pain! They give pain an ugly name wherever it appears. Homer, too, hates pain like one of the elder gods. So did Epicurus, so have the whole line of pure, dainty and charming artists ever since. Remember that, when you hear me denouncing the second-rate artists who grovel before pain and ugliness. A model has been set them which they decline to follow! Secondly, I would have critics to sift the divine from the devilish in all our literature. Critics, critics, it is critics we need. All literature may be divided into two classes, the divine and the devilish; but of this latter two divisions, again, can be made—the more and the less devilish. "Don Quixote," for example, is only devilish in a few places. Cervantes there forgot his usual level and condescended to extract pathos from the representation of pain: doing evil, you see, just like our demiurgos, that good might follow! There are many other books of the same mixed character, and criticism would winnow them. But then come the brutes of artists whose whole stock-in-trade is pain. Their glimpses of beauty and charm are secondary in their intention to their desire to depict pain; they positively employ beauty to make pain attractive. The bloody horrors, murders, rapings, ravings, diseases they thereby make "interesting"! Why, nine out of ten of our modern writers do nothing but glorify madhouses, lock-hospitals and ugly accidents. For them there is only one thing.

And what is that?

To make them appear as ugly as they are.

Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

THE striking success which attended the administration of the Reinhardt-cum-Greek mixture at Covent Garden Theatre has brought forward other people in this patent medicine line. Such persons doubtless believe that if they are lucky enough to strike the Reinhardt method of producing Greek plays they possess veritable gold mines. I infer this from the representation of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides at the Kingsway Theatre, where the Greek and his modern understudy are competing for public favour. It will be observed, however, that Mr. G. B. Shaw has assumed a farcical character. Still we must not forget that he has achieved his most notable dramatic triumphs in political rationalism of the Euripidean brand, and his false dialectics have been the ruin of the modern theatre.

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Professor Reinhardt captured public opinion with sensationalism. It is not surprising that an English management has been tempted to repeat his experiment, though, for my part, I believe that Greek drama can never be appropriately represented in modern times. The manager who produces Greek drama has to fulfil certain difficult if not impossible conditions, and he has to look for support from two classes of spectator. Either he must make it appeal to the historian of antiquity or to the general public. If he caters for the archæologist, then he does not cater for the public, and vice versa. If he strives to throw a gleam of light on the archæology of the play, then obviously he must gather a quantity of dry bones and construct therewith a huge skeleton resembling something with which the archæologist is acquainted. If he caters for the public then he must give the public sensationalism and a great deal of material which the public cannot possibly understand.

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When that gentleman of the museumy mind, the archæologist, attends a Greek performance, he has a preconceived notion of what he wants. He is like the man in "Iphigenia" who rushes on, clamouring for the King. The archæologist has ransacked the British Museum, has seen what has happened and comes on demanding it shall be reproduced exactly.

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He wants a dramatic period reconstructed when plays were written to be produced in the open air before thousands of spectators. He wants the things that favoured such productions, the blue skies overhead, the widespreading, richly tinted environment, the festival spirit, and no doubt he would like to indulge in the intoxicating air-bath. He wants the devices employed to help the actors and acting, the building up of the actors to attain essential proportions by means of masks, draperies, cothurni and megaphones. He would put forward the plain interrogatory: "How can the actor attain the right Greek expression, if he depends for his finest effects on his own unaided physical equipment?" The knowledge of these accurate historical facts would be pre-supposed; and a review of them, as well as other features, found in an indication of a very mixed race, the undramatic representation of the tragedies, and the faithful representation of the mythology which was intimately woven with their customs, traditions and fictions, would be expected.

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Likewise the public would make its demand: the demand, probably, that the Greek drama should be rewritten for a public possessed by the "tit-bits" mind. An ancient Greek writing for the modern theatre is bound to be misunderstood, if not pooh-poohed. Can the public be expected to understand the divine form of art of the Greeks, the war of the deities, of giants and heroes? To them there is no meaning in the vital mythology found in Grecian poetry. Has not the marvellous stream of mythic fiction flowing from the hill of truth ceased to flow in this country, damned long ago by the "tit-bits" Press? Ask an ordinary average person who has seen "Iphigenia" to translate the myth of shipwrecked mariners put to death. He could not do it.

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Obviously, then, no one derives advantage from the Greek drama unless it be the dramatist. He may study it for the elements of style, simplicity and unity, but not for playcraft. The one great thing that remains of value to him is the poetry. The Greek drama was interwoven with poetry, as indeed the whole public life of the Greeks was. This poetry was conspicuous for a harmony and purity of taste devoid of excrescences, a wonderful play of imagination, a clarity and a beauty of form beside which the formless word booming of to-day is a pestilence. There is also the internal harmony to which the Greeks attained, and which they expressed by a corresponding external rhythmic harmony.

* * *

Looked at squarely, the modern representation of Greek plays is ridiculous. It can only be justified on two grounds: the perfect delivery of the incomparable verse and the expression of harmony. I submit that from these points of view the Kingsway Theatre production is a failure, and ought never to have been attempted. There is not one of the cast that has a proper appreciation of the verse. The Herdsman and the Messenger are grotesque. They have no sense of metre, and they act their parts as though these had been written by Walter Melville. How often must it be repeated that the Greek plays were not written to be acted, but declaimed? The change of metre denotes the increasing or decreasing tension in excitement and preserves the rhythm. But here the rhythm of the verse is ripped to pieces. In the first place the verse suffers the penalty of being rhymed. Rhymes cause the sensitive actor to stumble, and they keep the attention of the audience absorbed watching for them. The "Iphigenia" company, however, made it a go-as-you-please affair. The Herdsman twined his verse into non-stop lines, while the King stopped each line with great respect. It was the same with the movements. They lacked harmony. The Maud Allan choric dancers were doing one thing, trying to imitate the rhythmic, free and animated movements of the body and members which the Greeks excelled in, while the warriors and others were throwing themselves about the stage with the angularity of the drawing-room actor. The real Greeks, on the contrary, were brought into harmony with music and every species of exercise, and not left to degenerate into unrhythmical beings.

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The setting for "Iphigenia" will not bear examination. Plainly, it is a highly diluted imitation of "Œdipus Rex." There is the front of a temple, with gilt doors, steps, square columns, an altar, and the stage built out to the level of the first tier of boxes. Lighting is got from a square aperture covered with gauze in the roof of the portico, by lights through the side columns, and by two strange contrivances hung over the proscenium arch. They look like the tops of funnels of Atlantic liners. The newly established convention of savage warriors, florid with grease-paint, hot with a sprint from the box-office and sultry with body odours, dashing through the startled audience, is maintained also.

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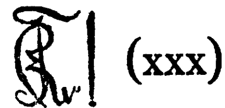
The conception of colour and line is not intelligent. Iphigenia should have been the central motive and the rhythm suggested by her character, "a haggard and excited woman, eating out her heart in two conflicting emotions," harmonised and expanded with "lyrics that are full of sea-light and the clash of waters." This would give us divers rich blood-reds, strong greens and yellows, rhythmical waves of light to suggest the sea, and zigzags to suggest the conflict. But neither the lines nor colour are rhythmical and dancing. The walls and columns are a dirty red covered with yellow footprints, as though Man Friday had been walking over them. The only piece of pleasing colour is worn by the King. He is dressed in red and gold, with a zigzag motive.

Haedrich,  (xxx).

By Carl Eric.

FRIEDRICH HAEDRICH was sent by his father, a country doctor in Bavaria, to a large boarding-school at Gartz-on-the-Oder, where, by sacrificing health and pleasure to work, he succeeded in obtaining regularly two promotions a year, the most that the State allows. Thus, when he was eighteen, he had been already one semester in the Oberprima, the upper first, and was permitted to enter for the Abiturium, the entrance examination for the Universities. By enormous labour he passed, to the delight of his tutors, who would otherwise have had to juggle him through at the second attempt. The only recreation for which he had had time was his Corporation, which was composed of various members of his form. They came together every Thursday at half-past five in the village café, and held a Kneipe until a quarter to seven, when they escorted one another back to the school. A few months before he left, he umpired a pistol duel between two of his friends. The challenger, who had playfully called the other " a swine," and had immediately received a blow on the nose, was shot through the left hand. The wound was treated by a sympathetic doctor, and nobody except the six people concerned knew anything of the affair. When Haedrich came to the university he wrote to his father's old corps, the Marchia, and a representative called, who asked his religion, birthplace, school, age, and his father's full name and profession; then, learning that the father had been a member, invited him to the next Kneipe. He went, and sat with the Chargierten. His ability to swill beer and some salacious but fictitious reminiscences made a very favourable impression, which was increased by an ingenious Bier-Mimik that he and one of his new friends acted. In a moment of inspiration, he introduced into the dialogue an epigram which has become famous. " Drunkenness does not come all of a sudden," he said, " it commences slightly with the first glass." As it is proper to press a Keilfuchs to become a member only when he is sober, Haedrich was invited to lunch the next day. There he sat beside the president, and was treated with great politeness. Afterwards, at his neighbour's instigation, he wrote out a formal application for membership. An E.B.C.—Extra Burschen Convent—at which a single black ball would have disqualified him, was held in the committee room. When he was called into the room, the president passed him a glass of beer, and said, " Herr Haedrich, it gives me great pleasure to say that we have decided to enrol you among us. I trust that you will enjoy yourself, uphold the dignity and honour of the corps, and prove yourself a pleasant companion. Prosit ! " The two emptied their mugs, and the ceremony was finished. After shaking Haedrich's hand, most of the committee hurried downstairs to play cards. The Fuchsmajor gave him a blue cap (the red were worn only by the Burschen) with a glittering black peak, and showed him how to fasten his red and blue band over his waistcoat. His eight Confüchse received permission to escort him to the café in the square, where they allowed him to pay for coffee and cherry-tarts with whipped cream.

That evening there was a Fuchsenstunde, at which the Fuchsmajor had to instruct his pupils, three of whom had recently joined. When they were all comfortably seated, drinking and smoking, the Fuchsmajor demanded threepence from each, which went to their fund, the Fuchsenkasse. Then, taking a long drink, he said, " Füchse, it is your chief duty as members of the Corps Marchia to cherish and venerate it, and to take every opportunity of upholding and adding to its honour. It was founded fifty-two years ago by, I do not conceal my pride, my grandfather. We have altogether four hundred and forty-eight members, of whom one hundred and fifty-five are already dead, two hundred and forty are Alte Herren, twenty-five Inaktive Burschen (that means, they have been Burschen for more than three semesters, and are excused most of the official duties), twenty Aktive Burschen, and eight of you Füchse. You become a Bursch after two semesters' active service, by passing an examination, on the proposal of your Leibbursch. He, as you probably know, acts as your patron, advising you in any difficulty and speaking for you at the Burschen Convent. At the Allgemeine Convent you ask through me for permission to speak. You are expected to choose a Leibbursch as soon as possible after the first fortnight; any Bursch will do, unless he has already three Leibfüchse. The idea is to create close friendships between the two, and if possible between their families. In fact, in a large number of cases, the proportion of pretty sisters and cousins determines the proportion of Leibfüchse. You rank in the Corps relationship as the son of your Leibbursch, and thus families are formed, going back to the four original members. Three of these are so-called ' silver ' families, and the fourth, my grandfather's, to which, of course, I belong, is ' golden.' The distinction is shown by the clasps of your watch-chain medals. I, for instance, may only wear gold. You see it on my Beer Zipfel, the largest of the three. It was given me by my Leibbursch to seal our relationship. I gave him in return a liqueur-glass with his crest on it. That is customary. The other two, the Wine-Zipfel and the smallest of all, the Champagne-Zipfel, I got by exchange with close personal friends. Another way of showing your friendship for a Corpsbruder is to arrange with him to dedicate beer-glasses to one another, decorated with the Corps' arms and colours, and inscribed with your names. Or you may give one another a sabre or, if you have all these things, a fencing-glove or a mask. Presents are also exchanged at the big Christmas Kneipe; an ashtray, a walking-stick, or even a book, for your particular friends, and something humorous, worth about twopence, for anybody else. On the largest clasp of the Zipfel, on the back of which is the dedication, you will see the Corps' ' circle ' or monogram. It is made up of the letters *M* for ' Marchia ' and *V, C,* and *F,* standing for ' Vivat, crescat, floreat ! ' These last three are found in the circle of every Corporation, and explain the exclamation mark after it. You are supposed usually to write the circle after your signature. Your ordinary duties in the Corps are as follows : Every Tuesday and Friday is an official evening, either a Kneipe or a Spielabend, when you play cards and billiards or arrange a little Kneipe among yourselves; every Monday and Wednesday evening, from eight to nine, there is a Fuchsenstunde, just as you are having now, and after it we sit here and drink a glass of beer comfortably together; you have to lunch in the house at least twenty times a month, unless you live with your parents, but even then there is no reason why you shouldn't—you get a very good lunch here from one till three for a shilling; last, and most important, there is fencing practice upstairs every afternoon from three to four. First of all, however, you will have to arrange a course of twenty lessons at Aschenkrug's, next to the Rector's house, opposite the main entrance to the University. During the three weeks that you go to him, you have also to watch the fencing in the house. If you intentionally provoke a quarrel with another student, you are liable to expulsion. If you have a Ramsch you must immediately report it to the Fechtwart, who will call an E.B.C. to deliberate upon it. But I shall devote many Fuchsenstunden to telling you how to conduct yourselves in such affairs of honour. Absence from any of the official functions without a good reason, such as important family affairs or, sometimes, a very important lecture, is punished with a fine of ten shillings for the first time and twenty for the next. An application for permission to be absent must be written in a special style, which I will describe another day, and must be handed in at least twenty-four hours before the official time of commencement. No Fuchs is allowed to go to any café after a Kneipe, except to three that have been specially

selected for their respectability. The penalty for such an Exkneipe is twenty shillings. Your subscription to the Corps, which must be paid regularly on the first of the month, is eight per cent. of your income, and, of course, all the beer you drink is extra. You will kindly remember that you are strictly forbidden, under pain of severe penalties, perhaps expulsion, to wear your Corps' cap and band in any but the most select surroundings. Also you must attend every morning at ten o'clock beneath the fourth pillar on the right of the chief Aula of the University. This is, by the way, probably the only time you will be in the University. I suppose that, being Füchse, you all intend to hear a large number of lectures. Let me warn you in advance that it is extremely unlikely that you will have time to attend a single one, so you had better book as few as possible."

When the hour was over, the waiter brought in some song-books. As the Fuchsmajor tuned his lute, or Laute, he remarked, "By the way, Füchse, please don't go about singing 'Gaudeamus igitur,' to show that you are in a Corps and not Freistudenten. You will notice that whenever butcher-boys or young bargees want to sing anything over their beer, they sing 'Gaudeamus igitur,' hoping to be taken for students. So, although it is a fine song, we sing it extremely rarely, only when a Corpsbruder is dead; which is really the only time it ought to be sung. Now let's have 'Burschen, heraus!' It's the most popular of all, I think. Si-lentium! The first verse!"

> "Burschen, arouse!
> Let it ring out from house to house!
> When the mavis' silver song
> Hastens May's first dawn along,
> Then arouse, and shun delay,
> Fresh with song and Laute-play!
> Burschen, arouse!"

A few more Marchians joined them, and the entertainment continued until six o'clock in the morning, when the Fuchsmajor broke his last Laute-string, with which he had industriously accompanied several songs.

Haedrich refused to go home, and as he would not give his address, there seemed no way of discovering it, except by knocking up von Alten, who had paid him the visit of investigation. Accordingly the whole party chose a few streets at random, and brought the inhabitants to their windows by singing, shouting, and whistling. A policeman tried to arrest the more noisy of the students, but, as they produced their student-cards, he could do no more than take their names and addresses and, when they disregarded his warning, threaten them with heavier fines. As at last it was clear that von Alten would not be found—indeed, he lived in another part of the town—they took an early tram to a café near the University for breakfast. At ten o'clock the eight Füsche presented themselves in the Aula, utterly worn out. The Fuchsmajor tried to make a conversation for ten minutes, and then sent them home to bed.

Haedrich was awakened soon after midnight by a flash of light. He opened his eyes, and saw von Alten lighting the lamp. "Hallo," he said. "Hallo," answered von Alten, who was a thin, dark-complexioned, spectacled medical student, with a scar running across his lips from under his small black moustache. "I've come to see how you're getting on. Your landlady was pleased enough to let me in. You missed fencing this afternoon." "I know. I'm awfully sorry, but I didn't get to bed until half-past eleven this morning." "That's no excuse. I haven't been home now for three days. What's to-day? Thursday; well, then, not since Monday morning. Monday night we had a big Kneipe, the Kaiser-Kommers, at the Philharmonic. Every Corporation was there, except, of course, the Catholics and the Jews. We were all turned out at twelve, but I went with two or three people to the Palais de Danse, and from there to a cabaret. Then I had to lunch with some relations about ten miles away, and in the evening there was a Kneipe at the house. You went early, but we made a champagne-bowl, and did a little wrestling, and then I had to go straight to the hospital and hear some lectures all day. Last night there was a big ball at the hospital, and all day to-day more lectures. I went in to see our fellows to-night, and they told me about you, so I thought I'd have a look at you. Not such a bad piece of work for an Inaktive, eh?" "I say," said Haedrich, "have you any Leibfüchse?" "Yes, one, but he's gone to Jena. He wants to take a degree as doctor of philosophy. He paid ten pounds for a thesis on something or other, and tried to get it accepted, first here, then at Cöln, Heidelberg, Leipzig, München, and now at Jena, which is supposed to be the easiest." "Well, will you take me?" "What, already! I've only known you a day or two. Besides that, you can't choose me officially until after a fortnight." "Yes, I know. But will you act as my Leibbursch now, and, after a fortnight, we can announce it?" "Very well; shake hands." "Now, then, Leibbursch, what shall I do about not having been at fencing to-day?"

With two such able instructors as von Alten and the Fuchsmajor, it is not surprising that Haedrich made very rapid progress in the Corps. After ten months the B.C. allowed him to prepare for his Reception. He had to show his knowledge of the Corps' traditions and regulations and of student etiquette. He passed so successfully that he was elected "third official" and treasurer for the next semester, a title which permitted him to write three crosses after his signature. When his semester of office was over, his conduct was carefully examined, and as it was satisfactory, he had the right ever afterwards to bracket the crosses. Had he behaved improperly he would have been deprived of them, and disqualified from holding another charge in the Corps. His early reputation as a humorist was revived when, in a Mensur, which was fought only a month before his Ramsch with my Corpsbruder Weber, he happened to slice off the tip of his Jewish adversary's nose.

Although his condition when he reached his lodgings for the first time after joining the Marchia gave the landlady a severe shock, it is only fair to say that never, from that moment until he left the University three years later, did he cause her a further alarm by relapsing into sobriety.

Present-Day Criticism.

THE so-called "realist," being a creature of the Almighty, and living in a skin, can no more than another man escape the limits of his own personality, and the boasted self-detachment of the realist school is nothing but boast. People of wit will see in the realist a man of wide but shallow curiosity, a man of eyes, with small emotional and thinking powers; a Pepys, ready to note everything and to betray all the world, unconscious that he is giving himself away at every scratch of his pen. The modern realist would have us believe him a democrat, but we see him as a pseudo-democrat. The democrat is always a reformer. He wants equality, but equality of the best; he is only interested in vile things in so far as he may reform them. To your realist Everything is Interesting—all that there is of vast, lovely, wicked, ill-smelling existence is Interesting; he would not have a thing altered. Utterly worthless for its own sake, a short study of a realist sketch may serve criticism.

We will take Goliath for choice out of all the flat-spreading giants. We hope we are right in supposing that the author of "The Matador of the Five Towns" considers this sketch as almost, if not quite, his best work. In any case, it is a late work and one that has attracted much notice for its realism. It is not very clear why Mr. Bennett, a realist, and desirous of showing the world what the STAR literary critic might call "a slice from the raw," should adopt the well-known device of romance writers and make one of the characters describe the events of the story as having actually happened under his own eyes. "A British Museum expert in ceramics" introduces himself as paying an unofficial visit to the Five Towns,

having been "drawn to that astonishing district and its astonishing inhabitants." With the astonishing family, his hosts, he is at luncheon when the lady, "factitiously calm," suddenly remembers that it is "grandma's birthday," whereat Mr. Brindley strikes the table violently and says quietly, "*The* deuce!" The expert in ceramics notes the effect: "I gathered that grandma's birthday had been forgotten, and that it was not a festival that could be neglected with impunity. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brindley had evidently a humorous appreciation of crises, contretemps and those collisions of circumstances which are usually called 'junctures' [sic] for short. . . . Mrs. Brindley in particular laughed now; she gazed at the tablecloth and laughed almost silently to herself; though it appeared that their joint forgetfulness might result in temporary estrangement from a venerable ancestor who was also, birthdays duly observed, a continual fount of rich presents in specie." Our expert is not, of course, a literary expert, so that the syntatical mould of the above paragraph need not be counted against him; but Mr. Bennett might have revised it, for it is rather more than a collection of clichés, the whole paragraph is a stereotype. One might apply the construction to almost anything: "I gathered that rent-day had been forgotten, and that it was not a date to be neglected with impunity. . . . Both Mr. and Mrs. Brindley had evidently forgotten it. Mrs. Brindley, in particular, was disturbed; she gazed at her plate and sighed, almost silently, to herself; for it appeared that their joint neglect might result in temporary difficulties with a venerable institution that was also, rent days unduly forgotten, a continual drain upon earnings in specie."

The Brindleys decide to go to grandma's with their realistic children, who have "been ladling the messy contents of specially deep plates on to their bibs." What is to be done with the expert? He notices that the whole house is "dadoed with books." Natural idea—he will stay in and read. "Rot!" replies the owner of the books to this preposterous suggestion from a student, and the lady declares that he shall be "put on to Dr. Stirling." That is agreed; while we are allowed to sense the delicate domestic atmosphere. Mr. Brindley says "'The truth is the birthday business . . . might easily cost me fifty quid and no end of diplomacy. If you were a married man you'd know that the ten plagues of Egypt are simply nothing in comparison with your wife's relations.' '*I'll* give you ten plagues of Egypt!' Mrs. Brindley menaced her spouse as she wafted the boys from the room." Since the expert was an old friend of these people, we may not suppose that he was particularly rejoiced when they took themselves off, even though thereby he remained free to study the astonishing Dr. Stirling. The doctor is something of a gentleman. He does not instantly become friends. The expert is not "offensively affable." Dr. Stirling suggests a run in his motor, and the expert has an opportunity of noting hundreds of details of Five Towns life. We will only study one little scene which indicates how Loring would have us realise himself. Two seedy men, nipped by the wind, attract his attention by their sinking melancholy. "As for me," he says, "I savoured it all with joy, as one savours the melancholy of a tragic work of art." Note that "savour"—we shall hear more of it. One of the charges against realism is that it gives us little besides a photograph of objects, the little besides being words for the various feelings which enable us to preserve our life even amidst the disintegrating mass. But the use of words in a vital style belongs to genius. Our expert, being no genius, cannot be expected to convey much sense of vitality. So if we possess rather more complex feelings than that one of "savouring" existence, we actually lose something and do not gain by being dragged along in his literary car. We are limited according to his limits. When Gissing describes a crowd we realise how his personality, from which he cannot escape, supplies what alone is satisfying in the description: "How characteristic of a high-spirited people that nowhere could be found any amusement appealing to the mere mind, or calculated to effeminate by encouraging a love of beauty." There are conveyed irony, contempt, hopeless pity, and a high ideal. Gissing is too truthful to pretend to be one with his mob, nor does he imagine himself into a condition of infantile ecstasy, content with crowing delight at all that passes by.

Our Loring, in giving us a hundred details of men in a newspaper office, "an old man and a youngish one and a boy—the editor in hat and muffler—age about forty—Scotch accent—certain courtliness—shone no brighter in small talk than his visitors"—tells us far less than we might have discovered for ourselves. But here, at least, we do begin to be somewhat astonished. The results of a "great and terrible football match" are coming in—an event of "importance almost national so that the entire district was practically holding its breath"—an event that the "vivaciously talkative" townsman, Mr. Brindley, had never so much as mentioned. We have to swallow some romantic condiments with our realism! Myatt is playing, Myatt, whose wife none but Dr. Stirling is due to attend, if called upon, through her confinement that very night. The "secretive Scotch doctor" who neither has mentioned Myatt nor the match—"but all doctors are strangely secretive"—blurts out this information in the midst of the office. We rush now to the match with Stirling and the expert, whose imagination sees in Myatt a matador with scarlet ribbons, though he is realistically a football player in a jersey. Arrived, the unconscious narrator's personality claims its dominion. While all the world is watching the match, he "exercises a vague curiosity" to which we owe innumerable details of this, and any, football field. He is "genuinely frightened" at the yells of triumph or disappointment and "involuntarily made the motion of swallowing." Fortunately for his tremors the match ends tamely in a draw; but before the end Myatt, with really romantic opportunism, comes into conversation, highly useful to the story, within earshot of the narrator. "The little man nodded. 'How's missus like? . . . I've bet Watty half a dollar as it inna' a lad.'" Myatt thereupon offers to bet him "half a quid" that his wife's expected child will be a lad. That developed—home again with the doctor through the same streets, visiting once more the same newspaper office, for dinner and chat until, just about the time when the Brindleys are expected to call for their guest, Jos Myatt raps for the doctor. The Brindleys are expected! What happens now we venture to declare never happened in any romance, never happened at all, not even to our imbecile expert in ceramics. Myatt is a publican, but closing hour is past. Yet Loring, in reply to the doctor's polite—"What am I to do with you?" replies, "I'll go with you, of course." He replies that he will, of course, intrude upon a stranger whose wife is being confined! But why? Why not go decently home with the Brindleys? But let us not "savour" the why of it—we might be driven to employ a different word, or, rather, to hold our nose altogether. "Still joyous—but silently," the narrator gets into the car. "The mission solemnised us." Us! At Myatt's door the doctor significantly says: "By the way, Loring, hand me my bag—mustn't forget that." Loring, even he, suddenly realises that he is an outsider, and employs himself in an enumeration of all the things in the bar. Every object catalogued, he next turns his eyes upon Myatt, who has come in. "He did not speak at first; nor did I. He avoided my glance." However, Loring does not let him off, and the doctor's friend receives a sort of hospitality. In the course of hours, the expert in ceramics refers to some silver mugs of Myatt's as "pots," but we doubt whether the term was used as familiar slang or should be accepted to vindicate the ceramical claim. Meanwhile Loring "could not dispel from my mind pictures of what they (the doctor and nurse) were watching and what they were doing." He feels ashamed of Nature, this realist, she "aroused my disdain. I wanted as a philosopher of all the cultures to feel that this was a majestic crisis, to be so esteemed by a superior man. I could not." His superiority, however, does not prompt him to take a cab and get off home; he sticks it out with the aid of a few hours' sleep on the sofa. "As

a faint chilliness affected my back, I drew my overcoat up to my shoulders." He wakes at a sound of knocking. No other person but the little man from the football field enters, and Myatt, whose feelings are conveyed by the fact that he is "extremely dishevelled," informs him and the open-mouthed Loring that twins have been born and the "missus is bad." Follows a wrangle about the bet, during which the nurse comes down to say that the mother has died.

The tragedy demands some expression. Life has mysteriously deserted the woman in her act of producing new life. It is not a moment for action. Nothing can be done. It is a moment for the feeling of grief and its expression, the mute expression, or tears, or the desolate cry. It is a moment when men would probably go without a word from whatever company, to their dead. Mr. Bennett's realistic characters stay conveniently within eyeshot and play out a drama. The little man gives up the money they have been loudly wrangling over.

"'Here!' he murmured faintly. Jos flung the coins savagely to the ground. Another pause followed. 'As God is my witness,' he exclaimed solemnly, his voice saturated with feeling, 'I'll ne'er touch a footba' again.'"

The curtain is apparently considered too good to be touched, so we do not hear what the hero thereafter did, how he looked, or what he said, though the expert we are convinced missed nothing. Loring delightedly goes home in the car. Everything has happened as if in a novel.

"I enjoyed all this. All this seemed to me to be fine, seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savour of life. I would have altered nothing in it. . . . Not a house in the hundreds of house past which we slid but possessed rooms ennobled and made august by happenings exactly as impressive in their tremendous inexplicableness."

The only romantic aspect we can divine is that the enthusiastic Loring had not seen anything! He went deliberately to a house where childbirth was expected. He expected to savour that—to no purpose: he was not allowed upstairs. He went to sleep. What a stupid story! What a public that could stomach it! It is written as if told by a man in dream, who unconsciously tells unpleasant truths about himself and, awaking, would still have you believe him a superior fellow. But what a revenge Life takes upon the impudent of mind! What a revenge Art takes upon the impudent of style! Blindness and confusion come upon them; and the harder they stare the less they see, the more boldly they stretch their little plots the bigger the holes appear, the tighter the tangles run. A man may set down a million facts and shout to the housetops how finely they rejoice him, and that he would alter nothing—but we shall not turn to his book when Life is confounding us through them, when we want to know what to do, how to keep possession of ourselves amid the awful hail of unseen influences upon our common existence. Neither in our sad nor our joyful hours have we any use for the mere savourist. In our joyful hours we do not "savour" Life. The mean term will not do at all. We feel joyfully, we act joyfully, we may become inspired through joy; and the effects of joy may influence us to gentle ease and lightness for many days, so that we win through difficulties that before seemed hopeless, and afterwards we take our feeling as a symbol that the spirit of happiness is a reality. So with fortitude, a gift more men have known how to accept from Life than joy. But neither will narrow nor specialised terms serve here. We want vitalised words; and we have them. When the divine Homer made Sarpedon reply: "Ah, friend, if once escaped from this battle, we were to live forever, ageless and immortal, neither would I fight myself in the foremost ranks nor would I urge thee to enter the battle, but since ten thousand fates of death beset us, and these no mortal may avoid—now let us go forward, whether the victory be given to us or to our enemies"—there the poet used words that can fortify men to this day. We get therein an intimation of an obtainable gift from Life.

In reading, even for criticism, such stuff as "The Matador of the Five Towns," we profess to have suffered an injury. We have had to read stale writing, to consent to study ugliness of all sorts, to follow the unrelieved narration of an individual of low manners, no ethics and a foolish pose; in the end to find ourselves challenged to discredit an exhibition of heroics. However, as things are, such criticism is a duty—and there is always, for us, an antidote to the poison close by.

Eupeptic Politicians.

By J. M. Kennedy.

V.—Protestantism.

I HAVE more than once referred in these columns to the close connection existing between Liberalism, pseudo-Socialism, and Christianity, and, on the other hand, between the spirit represented by the Catholic Church (which is not exactly a Christian church) and Toryism. The "Church" and Christianity represent, in my opinion, very different principles and types of mind. The aristocratic, hierarchical spirit of the Church forms a distinct contrast to the levelling, revolutionary spirit of Christianity itself, this latter spirit being found, of course, in Nonconformist and Low Church circles. In the same way, the aristocratic and hierarchical spirit of Toryism is very different from the equalising spirit of Liberalism, though from this point of view there is little to choose between Liberalism and modern Conservatism.

It is gratifying to observe that Mr. David Irvine fully appreciates the distinction—there are comparatively few modern writers who do. In his "Metaphysical Rudiments of Liberalism" he emphasises the point in every chapter, though at the outset he parts company with Tory Democrats. His sympathies are not with the hierarchical spirit but with its contrary. Kant, as I have already said in these columns, and as has been emphasised by Dr. Oscar Levy in a recent article on Shaw, represents the extreme Protestant type of philosophy, the dried bones of Nonconformity in things intellectual. Hence Mr. Irvine regards Kant not merely with approval, but with adoration. He translates whole chapters from his works, refers to him in the course of his own remarks, and drags him in again among the footnotes. One single extract from the book will show what importance Kant has for Mr. Irvine:—

> In 1756 Kant published an essay of some forty pages, called "An Attempt to Introduce the Conception of Negative Quantities into Philosophy." Mainly on this essay, and on two shorter ones constituting Part II of this volume, it is meant to found our philosophy of Liberalism. The fundamental principle is that of contrasts and opposites. Under the name of correlativity, this principle has been carried out from one end to the other in the philosophy of Schopenhauer. The necessary theory is complete in Schopenhauer. It is now the duty of Protestants and Liberals to apply this theory practically in the interests of their common cause, as opposed to that of Roman Catholics and Conservatives.

It sounds bewildering at first, does it not? Yet Mr. Irvine has grasped the problem rightly. "Protestants and Liberals" are opposed to "Roman Catholics and Conservatives." As these two phrases occur in this extract, so they occur as a rule in the remainder of the volume. Mr. Irvine does not speak simply of "Liberals," he always refers to "Liberals and Protestants." Again, he does not tell us about "Conservatives," but about "Roman Catholics and Conservatives." But for all that he cannot meet with our approval. His views are those of a somewhat non-human German professor. His merit lies in the fact that, unlike so many of his contemporaries, he can distinguish between the good and the bad; his defect is that he enthusiastically chooses the bad. He chooses

"Liberalism and Protestantism," and he explains why he does so in truly German phraseology. "One opposite eternally creates another opposite. To carry on philosophy by any rectilinear process on an unending horizontal line is only to let despair seize on one," he says in his introduction—an introduction, by the way, sixty pages long. "Liberalism," he says again, "to conform with its opposite Conservatism in respect of unity of forces, must be regarded in a threefold aspect. It is made up of religious Protestantism, political Radicalism, and philosophic Rationalism. These are opposed to State religion, to political exclusiveness, and to Dogmatism, on the Conservative side. Under one name these on each side run into Philosophy and Theism. Scratch the Conservative, and the Theist will always be found. . . . Theism we know to be the enemy of Liberalism, and, since this enemy is most dangerous within the camp of Liberalism, the first and most pressing business is to thrust it entirely over to the camp of Conservatism, where it is mentally at home."

Think of the mind that can swallow and digest religious Protestantism and philosophic Rationalism! We know, of course, that they spring from the same root; but Mr. Irvine is, I believe, the first writer to come forward from the Liberal side and claim this as a natural principle, as something to be taken for granted; as an essential ingredient in the elements of Liberalism, in fact. It is for this reason that I refer to Mr. Irvine's book at all. As a serious contribution to political science I cannot conscientiously recommend it; though as a literary curiosity it is cheap at the small price of five shillings asked for it. But its bewildering, over-German atmosphere will act as a soporific on the average red-blooded man. A normal human being will want to tie a brick to the book's neck, so to speak, and drown the thing in a bath. For at least an hour after reading it I suffered from spiritual cramp; and the suggestion which I have now put forward as regards the book was one that I dearly longed to apply to the author himself. But now I am ready to forgive him; for he has at all events amused me.

It will now, I hope, be clear why I have headed these few articles "Eupeptic Politicians." They concern writers on political questions who can digest anything. Mr. Irvine merely typifies thousands of electors in absorbing at one time Protestantism and Rationalism; Professor Hobhouse sees no harm in recommending an alliance between Liberalism and its mortal enemy, Labour. The extremes of wealth and poverty prompt Mr. Masterman to write a book summing up different characteristics of the English aristocracy, the middle class, and the working class; and there he stops. Mr. Asquith professes himself to be at once the servant of the King, the Constitution, and the will of the people.

It may be unfair to judge a statesman by a political speech in the House of Commons; but one must ask, What is the will of the people? If it is shown by the election returns, then there are two wills, almost equal to one another, so far as mere numbers are any guide. But if he means what Burke would call the national will, then no political party in the House at the present time knows what it is or even takes the trouble to find out. We know, though not perhaps too well, the will of the Cabinet, which either reflects, or is reflected by, the will of the party Caucus, which in turn reflects the will of the largest subscribers to the party funds. But what is the "will" of the people? What, indeed, does the word "people" mean? The Conservatives take it to mean the working classes, the Liberals take it to mean the lower-middle classes, the Labour members take it to mean the workmen in their different trade unions. In short, there is no national will just now, for "Liberalism and Protestantism" are in power in more than one direction, and a national will is not compatible with individual thinking such as Protestantism presupposes. So I cannot look with a loving eye on the eupeptics who are able to swallow all the contradictions I have referred to in the course of these articles. I wish them all a severe attack of intellectual indigestion.

Views and Reviews.*

After Waliszewski and Merejkowski, an English writer on Dostoieffsky is almost unbearable; and as their works are printed in English, Mr. Lloyd's book is really unnecessary. What can Mr. Lloyd have to say of Dostoieffsky? Mr. Lloyd is, presumably, an Englishman; and Dostoieffsky was a Russian writer, an interpreter, as Mr. Lloyd says, of the mystery of the soul of Russia. The anti-European faith of Dostoieffsky must be almost unintelligible to one who is not of the same nationality; so much so that Waliszewski says of "The Brothers Karamazov": "The book contains an immense wealth of psychical ideas. It is a complete symphony, which touches every chord of the human soul, and a most invaluable treasury of information concerning the contemporary life of Russia, moral, intellectual, and social. But I doubt whether this treasure is accessible to the average European reader." The consequence is that Mr. Lloyd is not pro-Russian: he is anti-English; and instead of Merejkowski's fervent proclamation of the coming of the Russian Christ, we have only some trite observations about English conventionality. Dostoieffsky is a dustbin to Mr. Lloyd.

It is difficult to understand whether this book is intended to be a biography or a literary study. If it is intended to be a biography, the enormous number of quotations from Dostoieffsky's novels is not valid evidence; nor is there any attempt to prove their biographical value. Mr. Lloyd assumes that Dostoieffsky was writing autobiography whenever he wrote of epilepsy; for example, he says that the hero of "The Idiot" "is so veritably an incarnation of Dostoieffsky himself." How an imaginary character could be an "incarnation" of a real being, I leave Mr. Lloyd to decide; but Waliszewski, who is quite as authoritative as Mr. Lloyd, says only that "there is a curious autobiographical touch about this." But if the book is intended to be a literary study, the absence of judgment and of the tracing of literary sources and influences makes it practically valueless. It is Waliszewski, not Mr. Lloyd, who says of the Russian novelists: "Their art resembles the architectural style affected by the builder of the church of St. Basil, at Moscow. The visitor to this church is astonished to see five or six edifices interlaced one with the other. There are at least as many distinct stories in 'Crime and Punishment,' all connected by a barely perceptible thread. But this peculiarity is not exclusively national, and I should be inclined to ascribe responsibility for it to the English school. Observe George Eliot's 'Daniel Deronda.'" One might search Mr. Lloyd's book in vain for a similar passage of criticism. True, he talks about Flaubert; but as he argues that Flaubert "became in a sense the apotheosis of Balzac. But the very antithesis of Balzac is the author of 'Crime and Punishment,'" the passage is obvious padding.

But if it is difficult to understand what this book is intended to be, it is equally difficult to understand what it is intended to prove. Merejkowski was clear enough: Tolstoy and Dostoieffsky were, to him, equal and opposite; and he prophesied the coming of the third person of this trinity, who should reconcile in his own person the antagonism of these two natures. The Russian Christ was to be the Ibsenite Messiah born in Russia. Waliszewski admitted that he knew little of mysticism; and in writing his "Russian Literature" he only attempted the work of a biographer and literary critic. To him, "except in matters of psychology, Dostoieffsky is nothing of a realist. On the other hand, he belongs to the Romantic School by his predilection for excessive and exceptional situations, and yet more by his incessant

* "A Great Russian Realist." By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

subjectiveness, which leads him perpetually to bring his own personality forward, even as an object of medical observation." As an artist, he ranked Dostoieffsky a step below Tolstoy. But what Dostoieffsky means to Mr. Lloyd it is almost impossible to discover. That he was not an Englishman, needed no telling: that he was a realist, needed to be proved. Mr. Lloyd prefers assumption to proof. He says, for example, that "Dostoieffsky's creations are always consistently interesting"; although Waliszewski has shown that "Eugene Aram has more psychological consistency, and a great deal more moral dignity," than the hero of "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Lloyd says that melodrama has no place in Dostoieffsky's psychology; although melodrama is constantly charged against Dostoieffsky by Waliszewski. As for psychology, what does Mr. Lloyd know about it? He trots out his "duality of Dostoieffsky" just as he did the duality of Turgenev and Tolstoy; so now there are not two incomprehensibles but three incomprehensibles.

It is precisely this matter of psychology that discredits Dostoieffsky as a novelist. As an artist, he is damned by Waliszewski in the phrase: "He made no attempt to endue the Russian with any beauty." As a psychologist, surely he is condemned by the fact that he knows nothing of mental health. "He considered that the phenomena of moral degradation and depravation," says Waliszewski, "which he delighted to analyse, existed in his own person, and this in virtue of the principle he was constantly proclaiming—that every man has something of the murderer in him; and he was just as convinced that every man was at heart a ruffian and a thief." At least one quarter of his characters are madmen, said an expert; and of the rest, it is practically impossible to find one who would be accepted as a normal person outside Russia. He had no standard of sanity but insanity; and his "Russian pity" was simply an emotional expression of his madman's fancy that we are all alike.

I need only quote Waliszewski once more to prove that Dostoieffsky, far from being a psychologist, only adopted the criminal point of view. "He did not believe in his own martyrdom, just as he had no belief in the infamy of the common thieves and murderers who were his companions in durance. This confusion arose in his mind naturally, as the result of a general tendency which leads his fellow-countrymen to place the moral law and the political law on one and the same conventional level, and to ascribe the same relative value to each. In their eyes, infractions of either of these laws possess the same character, are of equal importance, and may be paid for by a system of forfeits, just as in a round game. Once the forfeit is paid, the individual is clear, and neither crime nor dishonour remains. . . . The common law prisoners whom he met never dreamt, on their side, of giving him the benefit of a superior position from the moral point of view. He had broken one law, and they had broken another. In their eyes it was all the same thing. This fact made a deep impression upon Dostoieffsky."

For all real understanding of Dostoieffsky we are indebted to his countrymen, not to Mr. Lloyd. It was Merejkowski who noticed that Dostoieffsky was a master of dialogue, not of description. "The story is not quite a text," he says, "but, as it were, small writing in brackets, notes on the drama, explaining the time and place of action, the events that have gone before, the surroundings and exterior of the characters; it is the setting up of the scenery, the indispensable theatrical paraphernalia—when the characters come on and begin to speak, then at length the piece begins." But Mr. Lloyd only mumbles about psychology and pity, without any perception of the artistic faults, or the philosophic errors; and he avoids the only sound psychological judgment, that Dostoieffsky was a degenerate, by stating that Nordau did not include him in his book, and that Nietzsche called him "master." He has written a book that only amplifies the biographical detail offered by Merejkowski and Waliszewski; for all other purposes it is not only useless but misleading.

A. E. R.

An Englishman in Portugal.*

By V. de Braganca Cunha.

Quite recently Sir Arthur Hardinge, the British Minister in Lisbon, visiting Beja, a small town in Southern Portugal, asked a policeman to direct him to a church. But the policeman, so deeply engrossed in the absorbing occupation of watching the movements of the so-called "conspirators," promptly arrested the British Minister. Sir Arthur Hardinge was not a native, it was clear. The motives, however, which could have induced him to visit a church far exceeded the policeman's power of divination. To the Portuguese rustic the distinguished diplomat appeared the soul of a conspiracy. With an apoplectic countenance and an injured demeanour the despot declined to listen to his victim's appeal to reason, and carried out "orders" by arresting the British Minister and charging him with nothing less than "conspiring against the institutions of the country." This comedy was, of course, highly amusing, and would merit nothing but laughter were it not for the fact that Sir Arthur Hardinge's case was one of hundreds in which men of gentlemanly appearance have been arrested upon any flimsy pretext. These thoughts crossed our mind as we read Captain Granville Baker's "Winter Holiday in Portugal," where the author describes with the pen, pencil, and brush, his tour, and gives us his itinerary. Had the Portuguese policemen known that Captain Granville Baker's book would contain references to the King and his eldest son, "foully murdered in Lisbon," or to the Republican Press, "that describes in words and shows in pictures how bombs are manufactured, how even the unlettered may fashion formidable weapons to defend their new-born Liberty against Law and Order," they were not likely to lose so splendid an opportunity. The author's visits to some Portuguese towns, replete with historic interest, but singularly deficient in guardians of the peace with human brains, might have involved him in suspicion, and his situation might have been very unpleasant, which, of course, would have deprived us of the collection of studies and sketches brought back from his journey by the author to illustrate his book.

Captain Granville Baker is undoubtedly an artist first and a writer afterwards. His drawings are in harmony with the glorious scenery amidst which he spent his holiday. They show with what interest and care he studied Portugal as a winter resort; for "the river scenery of Portugal recalls the far-famed Rhine, its mountains have an Alpine grandeur, its harbours vie in richness of beauty with those of Naples and Constantinople, its valleys and moors sport with all the colours of the rainbow, the flora of Portugal being the richest in Europe." The thirty-two sketches are certainly very well worth seeing, especially that of Cintra and her castle, where the details are selected with judgment and taste and thrown into a vivid form by artistic powers of rather unusual order. But the interest would have been greater if the book had not been overloaded with historical facts, laboriously collected, but which might have been easily avoided—a fault arising from an exaggerated confidence in everything the author has read on Portugal. We miss, therefore, throughout his work both the independence of judgment and the clearness of view which are essential to the arrangement of such materials in an available form. The writer commits himself to a multitude of facts of no importance whatever or which seem much to advance the purpose of the book. His references, for instance, to the arms of King Manoel I, which "were so long that when dropped by his side his extended fingers reached below the knee," or to the Royal personage "who fell sick of a fever before setting out for Varatojo and died in the room in which he was born, surrounded by his family," are confessedly anæmic in every way. Nor would anybody interested in Portugal, as a winter resort, care to know that John VI "sought consolation in frequent pinches of snuff."

* "A Winter Holiday in Portugal." By Captain Granville Baker. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

V. DE BRAGANCA CUNHA.

The author has indeed so largely devoted his book to Portugal's exceptional and varied history that he actually complains that "the history of Portugal is unfortunately silent on the subject of John V's triumphs," for he adds, "his country was at peace with all the world during this reign of forty-four years, and was rich and prosperous owing to the colonisation of Brazil." Never was anything more destitute of foundation. It were better that the author, instead of paying his compliments to the gorgeous appearance of the Royal coaches, which date from the reign of that improvident monarch who died leaving a debt of three millions sterling, he had examined a little the life of the King who, in the Convent of Odivellas, had a copy of the Parc-aux-Cerfs. It would have been profitable if the author had observed the ill effects of the luxury, the waste, and the frivolity of the Portuguese Mormon on the architecture that became depraved to the last excess of ornamentation. It was not, therefore, "the triumph of the arts of peace which had to be celebrated in processions of triumphal cars." It was the deification of power. Portugal, inflamed to madness by the wealth of Brazil, became a nation lost to all self-control, and her aberrations drove her to destruction. But if the author, nevertheless, discovered his own judgment to be right he might, at least, to preserve consistency, not to have said that Marquis de Pombal, the Minister of John V's successor, "inaugurated many reforms necessary to his retrograde country."

The book seems to aim at giving a history of the nation. But Captain Granville Baker appears to feel but a slight interest in a subject which we should have thought familiar to every Englishman—the campaigns of the Peninsular War, when English and Portuguese soldiers fought side by side to free Europe from the shadow of the French Empire. The chivalrous part which Portugal bore in that contest so bravely sustained, and so gloriously concluded, cannot be ungratefully forgotten. The author has served in several campaigns in the British as well as the German Army. But he does not attempt what would be particularly interesting to the student of current events, or, shall we say, future possibilities—an estimate of the topographical features of Portugal which in the past have presented peculiar facilities for defensive warfare, and of her geographical position, which renowned British generals considered "very advantageous for more than one line of offensive operation."

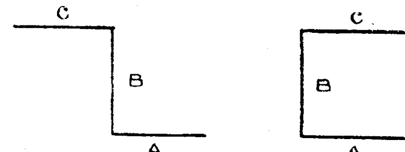
The author shrinks from talking more than he can help of Portugal's internal affairs. He indulges in no predictions concerning the prospects of Republican government. But he regards the situation as critical, and he speaks of "troubles of which the end is not yet in sight, despite the well-meant efforts of poets, lawyers, soldiers, and other dilettante statesmen now in power." And due stress should be laid on these words because of the daylight it throws upon the optimism of a section of the well-meaning British public.

Pastiche.

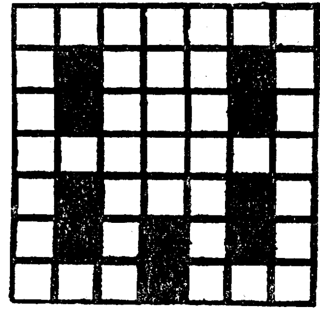
No. XXVII.

Last week, boys, I showed you how to "construct a circle," as it is called, with the aid of an ordinary pair of compasses. This week, I propose to explain to you how to cheaply and usefully design a house ready for the builder. For this you must make a slight addition to your tool-chest. Go to the nearest stationer's and ask them if they sell "set squares." Be sure to get the name right, as otherwise they may be puzzled. When they give it you, ask them to mark the "right angle" with a black-lead pencil. As soon as you re-reach your workshop, take a quite clean sheet of note-paper and a ruler, which you must make a point of possessing, and draw in pencil a line seven '' in length. It is better to have these marked on the ruler, as with guesswork mistakes may occur. Then, taking the "set square," let the corner on which the "right angle" is sit on the completed line, as it were. Then run your pencil along the side pointing up for some distance, and with your ruler again measure off seven ''. This will make the lines the same length. Then, making the "right angle" (about which term

there is, by the way, an extremely amusing pun), again sit upon the new line, go through the same construction. There is a little confusion here which I will proceed to simplify. Calling the first line *a*, the second line *b*, the third line *c*, and so on.



I trust this point is now clear. With a little practice, success is certain. Now join the two loose-ended lines, and you will have a "perfect square," in fact, the last and joining line will be found to be practically equal in length to the others. So far, so good. Now take your ruler again, and, placing it along the four lines, divide each of them by elimination and contradistinction into seven equal parts. For clearness's sake each of these parts may be called after the corresponding day of the week. Thus, taking the two lines that are standing up, and beginning from the top, join Sunday to Sunday, Monday to Monday, Tuesday to Tuesday, and so on to Saturday. Then, taking the two lines that are laying down, do do. Then, taking your pencil in hand, proceed to black out square Thursday longways by squares Friday and Saturday upwards for the door, and squares Thursday and Friday upwards and squares Monday and Tuesday do. by square Monday longways for two windows, and squares Thursday and Friday upwards and squares Monday and Tuesday do. by square Friday longways for the other two. Then your house will probably look something like this:—



The design should then be sent to the nearest builder with a stamped addressed enevlope, and the rest may safely be left to him. Another favourite method, boys, is the triangle on square country cottage, and I will describe this next week with full particulars how to make same.

C. E. B.

TO CHLOE SINGING.

(A Poem in Eye-rhymes—and an echo of Herrick.)

When as my Chloë's song I hear,
Then, then (methinks) the trees must bear
But golden fruit thro' all the year.

Her song hath straight to heaven gone;
In sooth, there giveth only one
Whose voice hath such a silvery tone.

When I did hear her first, she wove
Around me silken cords of love
(Her song the very stone doth move).

She singeth as the lark, and though
Haply at times her voice be rough,
Then, then I know she hath a cough.

And when (as oftentime she does)
She to a Suffrage meeting goes,
No voice rings higher out than Chloë's.

E. W.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time, during a dearth of good fish, some unscrupulous people hired a shop in the main street and distributed bills announcing that they had secured a supply of fine, large, well-flavoured whales. Just as they were about to open the shutters a Government inspector, with more nose than brain, examined the stock and said: "See here! You promised us whales, and you give us sticklebacks, gods and you give us little fishes, essence and you give us putrescence. This fish is in such a horrible state of decomposition that I will not allow it to be sold. I shall, in fact, cover the shop front with a screen." This was done, but the smell escaped, and was so prodigious that the townsfolk, not unpleased, and thinking that the fish would surely be large in proportion, used to pay six shillings a time for permission to stand outside the shop and sniff. One day the owners became very irritated (which was only natural, considering the proximity of their wares) and invited several members of the crowd into the shop. These critics, being mostly short-sighted, hungry, and thirsty, were given nose-bags and glasses, whereupon they declared the putrid tiddlers to be balmy leviathans. Only one refused to be bribed, and told the townsfolk the truth, holding his nose and chanting, "Stinking fish." At this the proprietors rushed out, crying, "He never saw no fish, and we'll never, never show him another!"

C. E. B.

AT A RECENT MATINEE.

First Installed Goddess (dark, thin, and thirty, reading in an undertone to her companion from the note by the producer inserted in her programme): "There has been much discussion, it is true, as to whether Macbeth was a brave soldier in whom ambition and conscience were at war, or whether he was a black-hearted villain who had plotted the murder of Duncan before he met the weird sisters." (Stops—perplexed.) . . . "The weird sisters? Who are they, Amelia?"

Second Installed Goddess (fair, fat, and forty): "I don't know, my dear. Look at the cast."

First Installed Goddess (referring to the cast, and reading slowly from below upwards): "'Third Murderer, Second Murderer, First Murderer, Attendant to Lady Macbeth, Third Apparition, Second Apparition, First Apparition, Third Witch, Second Witch, First Witch, He-cate, Macduff's Son, Gentlewoman, Lady Macduff, Lady Macbeth.'" (Stops—inspired.) . . . "Were they sisters, Amelia?"

Second Installed Goddess (thoughtfully): "I don't know, my dear. It is some time since I've read the play."

Morgan Tud.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DINNER TO MR. UPTON SINCLAIR.

Sir,—A dinner to Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," etc., who is at present in London, is being arranged for Friday, April 12, at the Hotel Previtali, Arundel Street, Coventry Street, W., at 7.15 for 7.30 p.m. Would those of your readers who would like to be present kindly communicate at once with Mr. Frederick Temple, 8, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.?

Morning dress will be the rule. The charge for the tickets is four shillings, and ladies, of course, will be welcomed.

Gaylord Wilshire,
Frederick Temple.

* * *

THE LAW FOR THE POOR IN PRACTICE.

Sir,—Let us hope the self-glorification indulged in by the Right Honourable John Burns, M.P., P.C., President of the Local Government Board, etc., etc., on his administration of the Poor Law is borne out by the facts. If he has accomplished what he claims to have done, then we will place it to his credit as part justification for the desertion of his class and the acceptance of service under the enemy.

But no method of administration, even the most perfect, should allow us to tolerate the existence of workhouses in our midst; they degrade and destroy the bodies and souls of those who have the misfortune to enter them as paupers and corrupt and demoralise those who come in contact with them as administrators.

To illustrate the putrid nature of this national sore I will set down here a few items, gathered at first hand, which will show what the poor and the ratepayer get in return for the millions spent annually under the administration of the self-satisfied Very Right Honourable John.

A few years ago, in connection with the South Shields Workhouse at Harton, there appears to have been a falling out between certain Poor Law Guardians and Guardians of the Poor (a distinction that, with a tremendous difference). And then hints, innuendoes, dark suggestions, and veiled charges began to circulate amongst the community. After a time things began to take shape and finally resolved themselves into something like this. The workhouse at Harton has been converted into a week-end retreat where the officials entertain their friends and relations from Saturday evening till Monday morning. The workhouse at Harton has become a holiday resort where Poor Law Guardians send their children to spend their school holidays. The workhouse at Harton has become a place where high jinks and jiggings are held, the Guardians being there till all hours—10, 11, and even 12 p.m.

Now, being of a naturally inquiring turn of mind, I took a notion to inspect the ladies and gentlemen who had the

power to rate me and the privilege of spending my money; so, on February 6, 1908, during the monthly meeting of the Guardians, I walked into their board-room without as much as "by your leave." Had someone shouted "Mad dog," or "Man with the small-pox," the consternation caused could not have been greater than that occasioned by my entry. The chairman stopped the proceedings. A junior clerk rushed at me and demanded, in an insolent voice, "Are you a reporter, sir?" "No," replied I sweetly; "I'm a ratepayer!" Off he rushed to the chairman to report that a mere ratepayer had had the impertinence to enter their august presence. In the meantime, I had spotted a seat, walked round the room and occupied it, took out my notebook and pencil and prepared for business. The chairman: "Ladies and gentlemen,—a most unusual thing has occurred here to-day; a gentleman, who says he is a ratepayer, has entered our room, which is contrary to our standing orders. The public are not allowed to witness our proceedings; but, as the gentleman is here, I will take a motion as to whether he be allowed to remain or retire from the room." A member: "I move that he be allowed to stop." Another member: "I second that." Chairman: "All you in favour—against—carried." Having arranged that little matter without the aid of the police, we now settled down to business. The first item on the agenda was a proposal to borrow £15,000 from a certain bank, at 3¾ per cent. interest, for workhouse extension.

It soon became evident, from the tone and manner of those who supported and those who opposed the proposition, that neither side were discussing the matter on its merits, but were actuated by something which they did not put into words. One old member was so anxious that the loan should be effected that he became quite nasty, on which another member retorted: "Don't take any notice of what that gentleman says, because he is a large shareholder in the bank who are so anxious to lend us the money." I was mentally contemplating the pretty picture conjured up by this revelation when another member chips in. "Is there any thumb work about this loan, Mr. Chairman? There is something behind this opposition, some of which is known outside already, but of which more will be known yet." "Thumb work!" What's that? I wondered. Is thumb work in South Shields identical with the phrase "touch" as practised in West Ham? I am still wondering.

The next item was a letter from a contractor. It appeared that he had tendered for and secured the supply of "boxings" for the workhouse pigs. But, unfortunately for him, since the date of the contract "boxings" had increased so much in price that he was supplying them at a dead loss; he therefore wished the Guardians to pay him the difference between the market and his contract price. He felt all the more justified in asking this because, although his contract was to supply 60 sacks only, he had already delivered to the workhouse 158, and the period of his contract had not yet expired.

Now, being innocent of all knowledge of the business methods of Poor Law Guardians, I was astonished at the mean estimate which they had formed of the capacity of a public pig. And, as a lover of animals myself, I felt consoled that we had a workhouse master who appreciated more accurately what was due to the "gintlemen of the house" than the stingy Guardians. I was still feeling rather elated at the rosy situation of the porkers when a medical member of the Board rose and moved the rejection of some suggested re-arrangement of the medical staff at the workhouse. Amongst other things which he stated in support of his argument was the following: "Last July, on inspecting Harton Workhouse, Dr. Fuller, Local Government Inspector, discovered a female patient in the workhouse hospital lying on filthy sheets and a *maggoty mattress*, whilst the tone, discipline, and administration of the Harton Workhouse was the lowest in the country!" But what could you expect when Guardians were going in and out of the house at all hours of the day and night?

Not a word of contradiction was offered to this terrible charge, and yet this gentleman's proposal was defeated. I heard it suggested afterwards that the maggoty mattress (the maggots, I was told, were up to two inches long) was kept for the special purpose of killing the old women off quick. As soon as they were beyond physical resistance they were flung to the maggots to be worried to death. This, as you will observe by the date, occurred during the Right Honourable John's presence at the L.G.B. Whether it came to the Right Honourable John's notice, or what notice the Right Honourable John took of it if it did so, I know not.

PETER FANNING.

* * *

SOMERSET SMALL HOLDINGS.

Sir,— It is nearly a year since the County Association for Small Holdings in Somerset was formed. Sir John Barlow, Bart., M.P., was elected president, and Mr. Harold Hicks secretary. It has collected a certain number of subscriptions. It held one meeting at Radstock and collected information upon certain housing questions at Middlezoy. The committee has met twice at Bridgwater. This is all. It has not obtained small holdings for anybody. It has not helped anybody, so far as can be learnt, to use or enjoy small holdings already obtained. It has not touched the co-operation of small holders at all. A society which hopes nothing, believes nothing, and does nothing had better vanish. The only account it can give of itself is an account of its funds, which should be rendered before its demise or execution comes about The vice-presidents must feel a trifle foolish, and so certainly do those of us who hold that soil should be beneath the feet of small holders and not cast as dust into the eyes of reformers. The societies which we represent will have none of this association, which promised so much and does nothing but get in the way of active reform. We withdraw, therefore, from any connection with it.

ARTHUR P. GRENFELL,
GEOFFREY A. RAMSAY,
Radstock. LESLIE A. TOKE.

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THE TRUST IN CRIME.

Sir,—Long ago I warned you that it was of no use for your humanest contributors to attack judges, that the salaried judges would only reply by being openly, instead of covertly, evil. Look at them now! They are clearly intent on bringing us all to the pass of decadent Rome whereof old Gibbon wrote: "Suspicion was equivalent to proof, trial to condemnation." The day is at hand, believe me, when any suspected Englishman may be proved guilty, tried, and condemned as a matter of course—so near at hand that we might as well seize it in a perfectly friendly spirit and try what may be done with it by means of calm and unprejudiced reason. Do let someone—not Mrs. Hastings, whose sentiment against cold bloodshed really does amount to a prejudice—let someone who could breakfast with a judge himself without loss of appetite tackle this matter, for I really am beginning to wonder how long I shall be safe. To-day my wife and children gambol at my feet; to-morrow—where may I not be? Some person may die, be drowned, shot, or poisoned in my neighbourhood. I shall be the only person unable to prove an alibi to the police. I shall be hanged for it. Under the new jurisdiction nothing I may say will avail, nor anything that anyone says for me. Judge Coleridge no longer disguises his private contempt of evidence for the defence. He has made it public. He has queried "the legal presumption" that a prisoner on oath is speaking the truth. Of course, we all knew about this judge long since. But think what a state the country has got to when a judge can have the insolence to query that! Oh, sir, do set somebody on to reason with him! Even if I got off I should still be a marked man, for henceforth "Not Guilty" is not to mean not guilty, but only not proven. Suspicion, sir—a charge made by the police, who will first assure themselves that circumstanaces are at least as black against me as they were against Beck and a score of others, including the chap identified by twenty-one witnesses—I say a mere charge, sir, may hereafter leave me suspect for life! Damn, sir! I cannot endure it. Something must be done! I am just off to business now, and who knows whether, before dinner-time, twenty-one persons will not swear I picked someone's pocket? Even if I got discharged, through the aid of forty-one other witnesses, I have been charged! Not proven—that's all. I have borne an unblemished character, but that won't help me. Mr. Justice Darling will retort, cynically: "I have tried too many people of unblemished character." By Jove! he has—and has sent them to penal servitude and the gallows! An unblemished reputation won't stead a man in days when suspicion is equivalent to proof, trial to condemnation. Oh, for some single soul to reason the thing! We are all doomed. Cannot some calm soul point out, too, that sobs and tears have notoriously distinguished the most perverted judges? Jeffries was noted for his hysterical bursts of weeping when exhausted by hours of brow-beating accused men. Oh, to think I may be sobbed over by Justice Bucknill and that my despair and disgust may be photographed by the "Daily Mirror" and called "nonchalance" by the "Daily Mail," and all the rabble set on to hoot me in the Black Maria! Black Maria! In the very Appeal Court! At Seddon's appeal a man in the court imitated the hangman's act, chuckled, and pointed to the dock. Not a single official noticed him—though everyone else saw. That's the scum that is being dragged to the surface by our theatrical trials. It will be loose upon us soon, all for the want of a little reasoning!

T. K. L.

* * *

Sir,—In reading the account of the Seddon trial in the "Daily Mail" I was amazed to find the following:—

"Counsel contended that the judge ought to have warned the jury not to be prejudiced against Seddon's evidence

because he was the prisoner. It was a legal assumption that prisoners called as witnesses spoke the truth.

"Mr. Justice Darling smiled. 'It has only lately been supposed that prisoners could tell the truth,' he murmured."

This delicious piece of humour of the debating society type is only excelled by another example.

"He [Mr. Marshall Hall] suggested that, on the stifling night before she died, Miss Barrow, tortured by the thirst which accompanied her sufferings, might have drunk the fly-paper water.

"'Surely,' said Mr. Justice Darling, 'that is a violent assumption.'

"'Isn't it even more violent,' was Mr. Marshall Hall's riposte, 'to assume that a man of unblemished character should have murdered her?'

"The judge raised his eyebrows. 'I've tried too many persons of unblemished character to pay much heed to that.'"

The above dialogue was reported in the "Daily Mail" without comment. Well, it is something in these days that it was reported. In the "Daily Express" there was not a word of this, much less comment. In the "Morning Leader" it is partially reported, but, again, without comment. The "Daily News" makes no comment, but does contain a half-hearted appeal in its leader columns against the verdict.

In your journal, at any rate, it is unnecessary to make any comment, except to be thankful that we have on the bench a judge with such a keen sense of humour that neck-breaking has been elevated to an amusement, and cases in which men are tried for their lives are treated with the charming levity of a one-act farce.

A. W. GREGSON.

* * *

Sir,—Here is another specimen of the Harmsworthian cad. In an article, headed "Seddon's Appeal—Composure of the Prisoner," the rotter comments upon the exhausted man slumbering. "He is not nearly so alert, though, as at the Old Bailey. He sits back apathetic. Once or twice for a few moments he even falls asleep. Amazing! Here is Mr. Marshall Hall pleading all day for his life. And he goes to sleep!"—"Daily Mail." You see the inference? He is composed, "nonchalant," as another paragraph states. A prisoner so wracked that he sleeps while appeal is being made for his life and a cad with full liberty to make copy of such a sight! Amazing indeed! Are these fellows really given orders to write in that semi-human style, or do they write so in ignorance that they sound like criminal lunatics chuckling over some horror? There was a brute in the court who mocked the wretched man. No doubt even he would be so far human as to think Seddon's slumber "amazing." But he, neither, would know human pity.

JOHN HICKSON.

* * *

VIVISECTION.

Sir,—With the fundamental proposition of the writer of "Notes of the Week," that the question of vivisection is one outside logic, I would entirely agree, and I do not think that he has strengthened his case in any way by his argument to the Inquisition, for the parellel seems to me rather a topsy-turvy one. But this proposition does not really touch my objection to the emotional method of attack, as I will try to make clear by considering his second argument.

It is true that human vivisection is contrary to our moral sense; but so, too, is murder. The belief in the sanctity of human life, whatever may have been its origin, is of great antiquity, and the taking of human life, except within the limits of certain conventions of equal antiquity, is now almost impossible for a "normal" man, unless he be rendered abnormal by the yet more primitive passions of hate or fear.

In the case of animal life it is quite otherwise. From a far more dim and distant past no sanctity has been attached (with a few very localised exceptions) to animal life. Men have killed, and do kill, animals almost as a matter of course, either for food or to preserve other food, or just because they spoil the lawn or make noises on the roof at night, or chase game. And my contention is that as long as this indiscriminate taking of life continues—whether rightly or wrongly makes no difference to the question—the outcry against vivisection is—to put the pleasantest construction on it—a case of the pot calling the kettle black. But I do not think that it goes beyond the bounds of fair controversy to point out that, as a matter of fact, the underlying cause is pure selfishness. The sentimentalist does not see that there is any "good" in vivisection; he does not realise how entirely surrounded he is with benefits and safeguards derived from vivisection; he has no hunger for knowledge to be satisfied; and, as long as he has beef in his belly, the other man's mind may go hungry, while he himself enjoys that pleasant glow which comes of vicarious benefits bestowed.

Whether we should all be better if we were vegetarians or frugivors or nucivors I do not know. Many people certainly would be. But I fear that I incline to the ancient heresy that men are not all alike, and that, as Sir Pompey Bedell remarked, "What is extremely beneficial for one individual may be highly deleterious for another differently constituted." And this applies both to body and mind.

From all which I would deduce that if the outcry against vivisection—as, too, the subscriptions in support thereof—was carefully confined to people who had given up hunting and shooting (not from natural infirmities), and eating meat, and wearing sea-gulls' wings in their hats (when it happens to be the fashion), and docking their horses' tails so that they cannot reach the flies and putting bearing reins on them (so that the ignorant may think they cost five times what they did and the coachman may sleep more undisturbed), and indulging in any other entirely good-natured cruelties which save a little trouble or give a little satisfaction—then, well, it would be more seemly and, perhaps, more effectual.

M. B. OXON.

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MURAL PAINTING SOCIETY.

Sir,—Thanks are due to Mr. Huntly Carter for enlightening the readers of THE NEW AGE as to the character of the proposals of the Mural Painting Society. It is evident at once that the promoters are theorists, unacquainted with the practical needs of mural painting. They have established no reasons for their action, which is discredited at once from the fact that it is found moving in the old vicious circle of philanthropy, private patronage (left to select its own artist), and unenlightened officialdom, with, I am sorry to say, log-rolling for a particular kind of art (which has officialdom, and the critics for the moment, at its back) thrown in!

We were told by the chairman that both allegory and symbolic treatment were deprecated, and that "the free breakfast-table"—no, it was the "dinner-table"—was the ideal subject! Yet, in the case of the paintings for Middlesex Hospital, we are now told that subjects "should be symbolical." Who is to guide? Mr. MacColl, who entirely objects to symbolic treatment, or Mr. Davis, the donor, who probably desires it? And if the unhappy student, thus left between the devil and the deep sea, chooses to plump for Mr. Davis, what is to prevent his being thrown over by Mr. MacColl?

But it is amid the dismal formulæ intended for instruction that we reach the lowest depth. I had thought these were really dead. That when the brains were out the man would die. Yet the whole wardrobe of Mrs. Grundy, including books of etiquette and deportment, are again trotted out—to be loaded on to the shoulders of the officially edited art students, who, "assisted by their art masters," are to replace the trained and qualified artist working independently, who is not so subsidised nor willing to work in a strait-waistcoat. And this is the means through which the epic forms of mural painting are to write the bible of democracy on the walls of our public buildings. Might not the very jackasses weep!

Mr. Carter has done well to expose the source of the influences dominating the movement, which emerges from the Slade School and its affinities, the N.E.A.C., the Chenil and Carfax Galleries. For such to assume to represent wall-painting is not well, and if allowed to capture our public buildings will be a national disaster. Because, by draining the nourishment from the good work being done independently by artists who know the falsehood of this artificial official-promoted scheme, the nourishment of the former will be withdrawn, and the Alfred Stevens and Blakes of our own time will suffer as before. We do not want these aids to art, which are always at the cost of the best artists. Is it possible, I ask myself, that Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon can really endorse such a movement—and yet their names remain on the committee?

REGINALD HALLWARD.

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