

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FROM the character of the debate in Parliament on Wednesday on the subject of industrial unrest we can only conclude that the House of Commons is either insane or desperate. Less interest or less intelligence was probably never displayed by a governing body of men in circumstances calling for all the ideas and courage of which the greatest statesmen are capable. We have just passed through a twelvemonth of gigantic strikes, and we are on the threshold of an era of still greater strikes, each and all of which are forcible demonstrations of the inadequacy of our industrial organisation to modern demands. Yet it was in a House "amazingly empty," according to "P. W. W.," that one of the rare discussions of the sinister phenomena was carried on, and in the end the resolution itself was talked out. As we say, if the House of Commons is not insane, it must be desperate. Parliamentarians, that is, must be acutely aware that in actual fact they have no remedy to offer and no devices for staving off, still less of preventing entirely, the coming catastrophes. Like doomed men powerless before inevitable fate, they simply continue to exist by force of habit. An act of resolution, be it even crazy, is impossible to them.

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Reviewing the suggestions enumerated by Mr. Crawshaw Williams in moving his resolution, we find that our forecast of last week has been pretty well confirmed. Education as a cure for Labour unrest we confess we did not think of; and, indeed, the less said on this subject the better. Certain misguided members of the Labour Party, absurdly self-conscious of a defective education, are proposing compulsory evening continuation schools; but nobody who knows these institutions would expect any advantages, educational or other, from them. As for education in general, technical skill is not nowadays any insurance against either unemployment or low wages; and the more it is diffused the less relatively valuable is its possession. In other words, education by itself is no remedy against the conditions that produce industrial unrest. Apart from education, however, Mr. Williams mentioned no single suggestion that has not already been blown upon in

these pages as well as in actual experiment in one or other part of the world. Compulsory Arbitration has been tried in New Zealand and has failed. A General Legal Minimum Wage has been in force in several Colonies and in several industries with complicated but disastrous effects. As we shall show in a moment, its first trial in England, in the coal-mining industry, has already broken down. Co-partnership on anything like an effective scale has proved impracticable everywhere, owing sometimes to the vices of the masters, but usually to the virtues of the men's unions. Lastly, we may say—and we trust our readers will not be shocked—nationalisation, in the form of State capitalism or Collectivism, has also been weighed in the scales and found wanting. Not one of these suggestions, therefore, can be regarded as offering any hope of a settlement of the industrial problem; though it may be that each will form a part of the new industrial organisation now rapidly forming beneath the sheaths of the present system.

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Clearly as we have proved the partial nature of the foregoing nostrums, each of them still continues to inspire a crowd of flamens. Really, there is no teaching some people; and when, after a tenth or a hundredth demonstration of a particular fallacy, its original promulgator repeats it as if it were a settled truth, despair of reason, or, at least, of fair discussion, is apt to supervene. Lord Robert Cecil, for example, has had pointed out to him, not once, but a dozen times, that his particular scheme of Co-partnership labours under practical as well as theoretical difficulties. Theoretically, Profit-sharing, such as he advocates, has all the vicious characteristics of Syndicalism together with all the vicious characteristics of Syndicalism. This is not merely a matter of opinion, it is a demonstrable fact which we would undertake to bring home to creatures of the intelligence of apes. But this theoretical difficulty is as nothing in comparison with the practical difficulty of persuading Trade Unionists to accept Co-partnership. In France, as a colliery agent has just been elaborately proving in the "Daily Mail," Co-partnership has not only been advocated by French Cecils, it has been attempted to be put into practice; with the only result that, save in a few cases, its practice has been nipped in the bud either by the masters or by the men. The masters fear that Co-partnership would lead to Co-management—a sufficient reason in their judgment for refusing to touch it. The men, on the other hand, apprehend very rightly that the unity of their Unions would be imperilled. Thus both of the prospective partners, to say nothing of the public to whom the proposal is a menace, have good reason for objecting to Co-partnership. How, after this practical as well as

theoretical demonstration, can Lord Robert Cecil continue to regard Co-partnership as "the only hopeful remedy yet suggested"? It should surely be regarded as indecent for a public man to repeat his Mumpsimus.

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From a hint let drop by Mr. Asquith in a letter to Sir Charles Macara we gather that the Prime Minister, on the other hand, is wedded to the remedy of Compulsory Arbitration. Replying to the charge that the Industrial Council proved of little use during the recent strikes, Mr. Asquith affirms his belief nevertheless in its "ultimate usefulness." We hazarded the guess, when the Council was first established, that its design was ultimately to institute forcible arbitration; and we were interested to observe during the coal strike the various feelers put out through the Press for public support to this end. Contrary, however, to official expectation, the public made no demand whatever for the forcible intervention of this new body in the strike; and its attempted intrusion was as ineffective as it was unsolicited. But this incident, it appears, has not completely convinced Mr. Asquith that the Industrial Council is addled. He still believes that the germ of Compulsory Arbitration is alive in it and may one day crack the shell and spread its wings. But the same resistance that makes Co-partnership impracticable will ensure the fruitlessness of the Industrial Council. For the future we may take it that the Trade Unions are not only here to stay, but they are here to increase in power, size and intelligence. And since they have set their faces against Compulsory Arbitration and against Co-partnership, both schemes have all their future behind them. We are, therefore, not in the least perturbed by Mr. Asquith's continued faith in Compulsory Arbitration. Even were the suggestion as free from theoretical objections as, like Co-partnership, it is full of them, Trade Unionism blocks the way with ever increasing strength and resolution.

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In the "Fortnightly Review" for May, Mr. Arthur A. Baumann replies to some anonymous young Tory democrat who has been advocating a Universal Minimum Wage guaranteed by Tariff Reform. With the domestic differences between the sections of the Unionist Party we have, of course, no concern; but we are flattered to be quoted approvingly by so level-headed a critic of political economics as Mr. Baumann. Replying to the young "Curio," Mr. Baumann points out that even the Socialist NEW AGE is aware that the legal establishment of a Minimum Wage is unjust. It is, for the reason that we have often stated, namely, that when society has granted patents of private employment to capitalists it is unjust for society afterwards to impose on patentees conditions which would ruin their business. Needless to say, perhaps, our moral concern is not with the ruin of businesses as businesses; most of them might be dispensed with and the world be no worse off; but society has certainly no right to do by stealth, by trickery, or by inadvertence, something that it has neither the courage nor the intelligence to do openly. Even admitting that a high universal and legal minimum wage might ultimately conduce to their enhanced profit, existing capitalists may very well object to the compulsion merely on the contingency. Suppose that the high wage system thus State-enforced does not increase profits—is the State prepared to compensate? Obviously not. Until, therefore, the State is prepared to take over industry and to impose on itself conditions which at this moment it is vicariously willing to impose on private employers, the latter have a good case in ethics against the legal establishment of a Minimum Wage.

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Ever since 1907, however, we have contended with the evidence before us that the Minimum Wage cannot, in fact, be established, however explicitly and in contravention of justice it may be put on paper. Let us understand, once and for all, that outside of a State industry, the Minimum Wage is impossible in practice. Not writing for fools, we need not explain that wages are to be reckoned in this argument, not by their mintage

nomenclature, but by their purchasing power in relation to production; and in this exact sense we repeat our contention that a legal Minimum Wage is impracticable under private capitalism. True, the State may fix a Minimum Wage and even state this wage in figures, but while private employers retain their monopoly, a hundred devices may be used by them, and are, and will be, used by them to evade the imposition. The year 1907, as we have reminded our readers to weariness, saw the establishment on the Railways of Conciliation Boards, sincerely intended by the public to raise wages and to fix a Minimum level; but in less than three years the Boards had not only broken down, but the total wages paid by the companies had been considerably diminished. The same sequence of events may be seen in the strike and its settlement on the Railways last August. At this very moment the Railwaymen are complaining as bitterly both of the Boards and of the wages-awards as they complained nine and thirty-nine months ago. Experience of the attempts to raise wages by legal machinery under private ownership on the railways, at any rate, must convince anybody that the method is really impracticable. For once injustice is clearly shown to break down in practice.

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But even more clearly is our contention proved by the failure of the new Conciliation Boards in the mining industry. In this instance, a Minimum Wage was not designed to result indirectly from the collective bargaining of arbitration committees in general, but was directly named as the sole object of the new bodies. Moreover, though the figures were excluded from the Act establishing the district boards, the Prime Minister and Parliament generally assured the miners that they might confidently expect to receive not less, at least, than the famous five and two. Yet in the first decision arrived at, this presumptive minimum has not only not been awarded by the arbitrator, but every reason exists for believing that the Government itself authorises the sub-minimum award. Lord St. Aldwyn, we know, took a week to consider his judgment and definitely undertook to consult Mr. Asquith before publishing it. Thus, in contradiction of "P. W. W.'s" statement, we must assume that the Government has authorised, if not actually advised, the particular award. The conclusion certainly is that the Government has been persuaded that, whatever its expressed wishes in the matter, the minimum of five shillings for colliery labourers—though, of course, not too high for men to receive or even for coal-owners to pay—is, nevertheless, too much to expect profiteers to pay under compulsion. The Minimum Wage Act, therefore, exactly as we said it would and for precisely the reasons we advanced, has broken down no less completely than the Railway Conciliation Boards. For these reasons we may dismiss Minimum Wage legislation as a panacea for industrial unrest. Only temporarily would even the large promise of a general Minimum Wage satisfy the clearer-headed leaders of the Labour movement; and, in practice, as we have seen, it would satisfy nobody. After this we shall be safe in describing its advocates as people who are too idle to learn either by experience or by instruction. There remains, among the items catalogued by Mr. Crawshay Williams, the method of Nationalisation, and with this we may briefly deal.

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In advocating Nationalisation of Railways, Mines and Land, Mr. Keir Hardie did so, we may fairly say, with none of the later developments of Socialist policy in mind. For otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have replied to Mr. Lloyd George's criticism quite so ignorantly. Mr. Lloyd George, while disposed to regard Nationalisation as a possible policy, doubted whether Nationalisation would put an end to strikes, and cited the Post Office as a case in point. The objection is perfectly valid to the Collectivist proposals of the old-time Socialists, and Mr. Keir Hardie's reply, that "it all depends on the wage the State pays," shows how old-fashioned he has grown. The industrial unrest of the present day, while it owes its negative activity to low wages, owes its positive activity to the

specific human demand for a share in control. In other words, it is as idealistic in tendency as it is material in impulse. Now the older view of Collectivism affords no scope for this idealism. On the contrary, under State Collectivism of the old type, Tom, Dick and Harry would not merely change one master for another, but a human master (of a kind) for a bureaucratic monster. The recognition of this probable civic regimentation has undoubtedly inspired the labour movement with a disinclination for State ownership; and thus it has come about that the Trade Union aldermen are conspicuous at this moment for their anti-collectivism rather than for their collectivism. If Mr. Keir Hardie would take the trouble to question his Labour colleagues closely he would find that his Nationalisation proposals are as obnoxious to them as to Liberals and Tories (more even than to the Liberals); and they are obnoxious for the simple reason that the Trade Unionists apprehend in the change from private to collective ownership a leap from the frying pan into the fire. Nor is it simply or even predominantly a matter of wages, as Mr. Hardie suggested. It is a matter at bottom of human dignity and human power. The Labour movement is coming to feel responsible; and to the extent that Labour realises its responsibilities, Labour will demand the corresponding privileges of self-management.

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We have ourselves suggested the practical compromise dictated by this condition of affairs. On the one hand, private industrial ownership is breaking down; but on the other hand, for the reasons we have stated, Collective ownership is an object of suspicion among the very rebels of the former system. The solution, therefore, of the problem is the concession of responsibility together with wages; and this, we maintain, is possible if the State has the sense to enter into partnership with the men's unions. If Mr. Hardie had been aware of this better way, his reply to Mr. Lloyd George on the subject both of the Post Office and of the Nationalisation of Railways and Mines, would have been simple and unanswerable. Let the State take the postal unions into co-management with itself, and the question of strikes is settled. The same would be true of the railwaymen's and the miners' unions. Under Collectivism or State capitalism the prospect of strikes, we agree with Mr. Lloyd George, is not much less than under private ownership; but under Socialism, by which we mean the co-partnership of the State and the Unions, strikes would no more take place to-day than they occurred under the predecessor of this form of organisation known as the Guild System. Here again, however, theorise as the Collectivists may, unless they are prepared to concede the germinal demand of Syndicalism for a share of direct control, their plans, like those of the Co-partnerists and the Compulsory Arbitrationists, will be wrecked in practice; since once more the Trade Unionists block the way.

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Unfortunately, however, the Trade Unionists are more willing to block the way than to advance themselves. With a heart to resolve and a hand to execute they lack the third of Gibbon's trinity of greatness—a head to contrive. And this stupidity of theirs is exactly balanced by the disinclination on the part of the governing classes to make a really provocative move. During the last twelve months, as the "Times" openly announced, the Government deliberately pursued the defensive policy of "damping-down strikes," with no other motive or idea than simply to tide things over. According to Mr. Lloyd George, the same policy is to be pursued this year, and we presume, next year and the year after and, in fact, for as many years as the Labour movement permits it. This inactivity would doubtless be masterly in the capitalist classes themselves; but in a Government it is not merely abdication, it is a dangerous piece of treachery. At present it is plain that the peace of the State is at the mercy of Trade Unionists. At any moment these latter have only to strike in combination to paralyse civilisation. Yet against this social threat, the Government not only has no weapon, but declares that it has no weapon. Sup-

pose, however, that the threatening danger to the State were a German fleet, would the public be satisfied to know that the Government had no plan of campaign? We use our language with care when we pronounce a Government that has no plan against the General Strike as criminally negligent. And the crime becomes all the more heinous when it is known that the plan exists ready to be adopted. Under these circumstances, however, the Labour movement has no option in common-sense but to force the Government's hand. If the Government will not under mere threats re-organise industry, the threats must be carried into effect. A solution must be found, said Mr. Asquith, addressing the bankers, of all people, and asking their advice; but we fear the remedy will not be even seriously looked for until the disease has become more evident.

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On the other hand, we must admit that there are Trade Unionists who consider the Government is doing all that mortals can. It is a strange contention, and one which should qualify its exponent for a Home of Rest. Nevertheless, Mr. Appleton, the Secretary of the Federation of Trade Unions, holds it, and in an interview with the "Daily Herald" defended the Board of Trade against the charge of inefficiency. "The best work of the Board," he said (and we can well believe it), "is accomplished without the general public knowing very much about it." "The work of the Board had been speeded up considerably, and it was now doing more effective work than ever." What backstairs information about the Board of Trade Mr. Appleton has or ought to have we will not inquire; but, from a public view, a Department that failed to foresee the last half-dozen strikes, including the two largest in the history of the world, is incapable of honest defence. We shall not be deterred by the "Labour Leader's" fraternal threat to prosecute critics of the Labour Party for libel from questioning the complete disingenuousness of Mr. Appleton's unsolicited defence of the Board of Trade. Mr. Appleton, if we remember rightly, was one of the first of Trade Unionists to herald the Insurance Bill of Mr. Lloyd George. Was not that great Levitical actuary of the Labour Party also an official of Mr. Appleton's Federation? We are certainly not impressed by Mr. Appleton's defence of a Department that manifestly knows less about strikes than mere private observers like ourselves. For rather less than the hundred thousand pounds per annum the Board costs any Socialist of brains could discharge its Labour duties a hundred thousand times more effectively. In plain fact, the Board is incompetent.

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Incompetent or competent—it depends on the point of view, of course. Not being Trade Union officials we naturally judge the competency of a Labour Department by its effect on labour. We do not think it our business to regard its competency from the standpoint of the employers. But from the employers' point of view there is no doubt that the Board of Trade does a great deal of good work of which an ungrateful public hears little, and is being speeded up to do still more. The Railway Bill is to be the work of Mr. Buxton's Department; and excellently, no doubt, the work will be done and in the minimum time. Already, indeed, the prospective freedom of Railway Amalgamation is regarded by the Companies as assured, and on Friday the "Daily Mail" published the "rumour" that the Great Western and the Great Central had come to an "arrangement." These arrangements for reducing wages and increasing profits have undoubtedly been facilitated by the present Board of Trade, and equally certainly they have been facilitated in view of possible nationalisation. Referring to this very question, Mr. Lloyd George on Wednesday announced that if the Railways were nationalised the price paid would have to be a "bit of business." The present dividends would be taken as a basis of purchase, and the interest on the capital sum would have to be paid out of the men's wages. That is the kind of efficiency for which the Board of Trade is admirable, no doubt, in Mr. Appleton's innocent eyes. If not in his, in capitalists' eyes, at any rate.

And the judicious winking of the Board of Trade on the doings of the Shipowners—that, too, counts unto them for efficiency. At the present moment, every British common sailor is registered by the Shipping Combine, and his conduct recorded for the use of any owner. Leaders of revolt, we may be quite sure, are welcomed wherever they apply for work. And the efficient Board of Trade sees that they are!

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Mr. Tom Mann has not been deceived by the technicality of his imprisonment. Not for inciting soldiers to mutiny but for stirring the workers to strikes and Syndicalism (the same crime in the eyes of the employing classes) has he been prosecuted and condemned. The argument he advanced in his own defence on the stated legal offence was, moreover, perfectly valid, as the members of the profession very well know. By merely becoming a soldier a man does not become either less or more than a citizen; nor is a private soldier immune from private prosecution merely because he acts under military orders. A soldier in a riot is in no more privileged position than any other citizen. It is at his personal peril, whether under orders or not, that he commits an assault on another citizen; and if he has to stand a court-martial for mutiny in the event of refusing to fire against his better judgment, equally he must stand his trial as a civil murderer if he fires and kills. But the Army, like the Church, claims certain privileges over those of the State. The Church, for example, occasionally declines to recognise the legal marriage of a man and his deceased wife's sister. In this case sensible people ignore the Church. The Army, however, by recording the sentence of mutiny for soldiers refusing to perform an illegal act, not only claim privilege, but have again succeeded in enforcing it even in a civil court. But again we say that had Mr. Mann been somebody else, the prosecution would never have been begun and certainly he would never have been convicted. We can only say that if he should be allowed to remain in prison, either by the law or by the Trade Unionists on whose behalf he went there, somebody will be disgraced. The transport workers should liberate him if the Home Secretary will not.

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The Bishop of London has been saying strange things—for a Bishop. His demand that Labour should be the first charge on industry has been made clerically familiar by another Bishop, the Bishop of Oxford; but the claim of God over all other claims has hitherto been advanced, practically alone, by a layman, Mr. Croft Hiller. Mr. Hiller has been indefatigable as well as somewhat improvident during the last ten years in preaching his doctrine at the expense of both time and money; but the capture of a Bishop should be some compensation. For ourselves we have always agreed that in the end the only means, save Force, of settling the antagonistic claims of the existing and the challenging proprietors of capital is Justice, or, in its personalised form, God. The alternative to this common submission of all men to a standard external to each of them is plainly merely pull-devil, pull baker. By what right, save force, for example, does the majority command the minority? By what right save force do the existing capitalists maintain their possessions? And by what right, save force (called euphemistically parliamentary, democratic, or what not authority), will the challenging proletariat of to-day take possession of what is now private property? On the other hand, the admission that all wealth, including strength, is the sole property of God carries with it the duty of each to employ wealth in the service of justice. And offences against Justice thus become offences against God directly, and against man only indirectly. The Bishop of London may not be aware how fierceness is likely to be added to the flame of reform when, instead of the formula: "Open in the name of a majority of your fellow-citizens," the formula of "Open in the name of God" is employed; but Mr. Croft Hiller is well aware of it. The name of God is a sword wherever injustice prevails. Robespierre, it may be remembered, began by making the Convention acknowledge a Supreme Being.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN the course of the last two or three years the London Press has received many thwacks. Several writers have been at pains to point out the deficiencies of our great newspapers—Mr. Belloc, for instance, and Mr. C. H. Norman are probably the two most prominent names in this connection; while the Editor of this journal has obviously not been behindhand. I am inclined to disagree with those who hold that the criticisms levelled at the newspapers in question have been ineffective. The most serious problem which has recently had to be dealt with is the labour problem, and I am personally acquainted with two influential London editors who, solely as the result of THE NEW AGE criticisms, have endeavoured to take a saner view of the labour unrest. Good will is not lacking in many instances, but there is decidedly a dearth of journalists acquainted at first hand with important problems.

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This by way of introductory parenthesis, so to speak. It is one thing, I wish to add, for newspaper men to get their heads round the more obvious aspects of the labour question; it is quite another, apparently, for them to deal effectively with foreign affairs. When an important political question arises the attitude of our Press can always be predicted; the style of leaders can almost always be foreseen. It was clear to any student of the London papers that the "Daily News" was bound to assume its present attitude on such a matter, say, as Anglo-German relations, and that the "Westminster Gazette" man would write on the same question with the calm if somewhat indefinite certainty which bespeaks that he had "got the tip" from Downing Street. Morocco, Turkey, India, Egypt, the Russian Alliance—all these are stock questions; and only in connection with points of detail do anxious journalists require to hang round the Foreign Office and the Embassies for the purpose of "getting the tip"—the "tip," indeed, is often sent to Fleet Street in the form of a confidential circular. (I have seen some of them.) But just watch our papers when their experts try to comment on some subject or other which lies rather off than on the usual track!

* * *

I am thinking of the changes at the German Embassy here, of course. Count Paul Wolff-Metternich is going—good. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein is coming from Constantinople to replace him—excellent. What have our papers had to say about it?

* * *

Well, parting tributes to Count Metternich; doubtful welcomes to Baron Marschall. Assumptions that the latter is coming on a mission; hopes expressed by Liberal papers that he may do well; some doubts expressed by Conservative papers, or rather just hinted at; "Pall Mall Gazette" goes whole hog. And that is all.

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Has it ever occurred to any journalist, I wonder, to think for half a minute or so what the duties of an ambassador actually are? He is not a kind of glorified Consul. He has more to do than discuss great and small points of policy with the Foreign Minister of the country to which he is accredited. The main feature of an Ambassador's duties is what Count Metternich should have done here, and failed to do satisfactorily. The Ambassador is supposed to know the immediate and remote foreign policy of his own country, and he is expected to warn his Government of the reception that the intimation or announcement of such a policy is likely to meet with in the country of his temporary residence. To be able to do this the Ambassador must not be acquainted merely with one or two, but with all the political groups, and with the views—the home views—represented by the important newspapers. Now, Count Metternich recognised the distinction be-

tween the Liberals and the Conservatives, and he had a rather more hazy conception of the Irish Nationalists and the Labour Party. But he was not sufficiently familiar with the Radical wing of the Liberal Party, and it was precisely here that he blundered. The story has never been told: let it be told now.

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Last autumn the tension between France and Germany became exceedingly acute. Relying too much on the noise made by our peace enthusiasts, Count Metternich gave his Government to understand that France could not reckon on the assistance of Great Britain; for the advanced Liberals, who were all peace-at-any-price men, could count upon the support in the Cabinet of Mr. Lloyd George himself. And a few days after this Mr. Lloyd George made a speech at the Mansion House to which hardly even the most blood-and-thunder Imperialist was able to take exception. The fact was, of course, that the Cabinet as a whole recognised the danger, saw that it was essential for England to stand by France, and sent Mr. Lloyd George down to the City to speak, so as to commit the advanced wing of the party to the policy of the Cabinet. Cute, eh? Only a few of us saw it at the time; and I believe I am correct in saying that only two gentlemen not directly connected with diplomacy knew how Count Metternich had put his foot in it.

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But another point connected with ambassadorial duties not referred to by the official scribes is this: it is not possible for a new man like Baron Marschall von Bieberstein to come here from a strange country and get to know the English people all at once. His second in command must be largely trusted for a year or two; and why have we not been privileged to hear something about the second in command at the German Embassy? We have had articles and anecdotes about Baron Marschall and about Count Metternich; THE NEW AGE, I think, is the first—as usual—to talk about someone of rather more importance than either of these gentlemen. May I discreetly mention the name of Herr von Kühlmann? He is Count Metternich's second in command, and he is incidentally one of the most intelligent and tactful diplomatists in Europe. He is relatively young, and he will go far. If he were more ambitious he would go farther. Socially he and his wife are charming, quite exceptionally so. I am not anxious to know whether Baron Marschall or anyone else is coming to replace Count Metternich, but I am very anxious to know whether Herr von Kühlmann is going. If he does, we shall lose the best interpreter of the English people to the German Government. His promotion, I am aware, has been casually spoken of in Berlin; but nothing has yet been decided. On the other hand, the change at Constantinople may necessitate a rapid decision.

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The ignorance of our London Press has been shockingly displayed over this ambassadorial change. The "Daily News," for instance, in its leader of May 9, speaks of "Count von Metternich" and "Baron von Bieberstein," which is like saying "Mr. Lloyd McGeorge" and "Sir Grey" respectively. Metternich, in full, is simply Count Paul Wolff-Metternich—there is no "von" about him anywhere. The other party is Baron Marschall von Bieberstein—you are at liberty to call him this or to shorten him to Baron Marschall, just as you like; but you may on no account say Baron von Bieberstein. The corresponding abbreviation in English is quite clear. We speak of Sir Edward Grey, or Sir Edward; but a sub-editor who passed such an expression as "Sir Grey" would forthwith receive a month's salary in lieu of notice (or is it three months?). It is these little things, of course, that distinguish the careful writer from the slipshod writer, or rather the man who knows what he is talking about from the man who doesn't. I look forward with interest to the joint blunders of the "Daily News" and the "Morning Leader."

State Socialism and the Wage System.

THE British Socialist movement during the past twenty years has been an amazing compound of enthusiasm, fidelity and intellectual cowardice. The pity of it is that cowardice has crowded the enthusiasm and vitiated the fidelity. Perhaps, however, it would be as foolish to complain of intellectual cowardice in Great Britain as to complain of the weather. The Englishman will always face facts, but he lives in mortal dread of ideas. He is probably the one member of the European family who fails to understand that a living idea is the greatest of all facts, the most substantial of all realities. He hates mystery, and, like a child in the dark, buries his head in the bed-clothes, shrinking from and ignoring the mysterious power of things unseen. Being a sentimentalist, he revels in vague ideals and misty conceptions; but his mind rejects a definite theory unless it can be expressed in the concrete. "How does it work out in pounds, shillings and pence?" he asks, and plumes himself upon being a practical man. He has satisfied himself that imagination is for to-morrow and the concrete for to-day. Long views are most suitably housed in the comfortable studies of Academia; the short view that increases wages by sixpence a week is more to his taste. This is always the note and tone of the British delegation at an international congress. Whilst the Latins and Teutons vigorously discuss the theoretical aspects of some problem, the Britisher gapes like a gawk, wondering when the cackle will end and the horses appear. This attitude has its strength and its weakness. Its strength, in that it avoids party fissure on academic points (the most prolific source of splits and dissensions in parties of the left), and prompt concentration upon immediate and concrete proposals, such as a small advance in wages, factory legislation and so forth. Its weakness, in that it can never take a long view and work steadily towards a great end. Its weakness, because every new legislative proposal finds it in doubt and uncertainty—the Insurance Act, for example. Its weakness, because it inevitably excludes the intellectuals, who are primarily concerned with the tendency and meaning of party doctrine. The Independent Labour Party exemplifies these good and bad qualities. From its inception down to to-day, it has carefully eschewed doctrine, picking up its ideas haphazard, living on an artificial enthusiasm engendered by political strife. In its ignorance, it has frequently condemned what subsequently it has been compelled to accept and subsequently to reject what in its ignorance it propounded as good Socialism. It has steadily refused the help of the intellectuals, who, if they joined it, soon found themselves isolated and suspect. The result has been a certain small measure of political success, but, for the rest, an utterly barren record. Not an idea of the slightest vitality has sprung from it, its literature is the most appalling nonsense, its members live on Dead Sea fruit. The joyous fellowship which was its early stock-in-trade has long since been dissipated; the party is now being bled to death by internal bickering, dissensions and jealousies. It is the happy hunting ground of cheap and nasty party hacks and organisers, who have contrived to make it, not an instrument for the triumph of Socialism, but a vested interest to procure a political career for voluble inefficients. It would have paid the I.L.P. to have cultivated a few men of ideas, but its leaders were satisfied that their own horse-sense would suffice.

The outcome of this unhappy development is primarily this: That only a handful of Socialists in Great Britain have a clear conception of what Socialism means. How could the rank and file know, when the leaders gloried in their ignorance? Thus Socialism has gradually come to mean the intervention of the State in social and industrial affairs. The origin of this notion is not far to seek. In the earlier days the Socialists had to struggle against the prevailing belief that any kind of State-intervention must necessarily infringe upon the prerogatives of the individual. Individualism was the dominant creed.

What the individual could do, the State must not do; laissez faire was the basis of British life. It was obviously the cue of the Socialists to break down this theory, and accordingly they strained every nerve to increase the power of the organised community. When, therefore, a municipality took over its water or gasworks, the Socialists were quick to acclaim it as a Socialist victory. Gradually it was discovered that certain public services could be more efficiently and economically administered by the municipality than by the individual or the private company, and in consequence the term "Municipal Socialism" acquired a definite connotation.

There is this in common between municipal and State Socialism: *Both are equally committed to the exploitation of labour by means of the wage system, to the aggrandisement of the municipal investor.* State Socialism is State capitalism, with the private capitalist better protected than when he was dependent upon private capitalism. And herein we discover why the British Socialist movement has been side-tracked. It expected that under State Socialism a way out would be found from the exploitation of labour; it has discovered to its dismay that the grip of capitalism upon labour, far from being released, has grown stronger. Nor is that all. The payment of dividends to the private investor is forced upon the workman not only as an economic necessity, but as an obligation of honour. How is it done? There is only one way: by perpetuating the wage system. "Let us nationalise industry," say the political Socialists, "and then we shall control it." "Yes, but you must compensate us," reply the capitalists. "Certainly," is the reply, "we will pay you the full and fair price." "How will you get the money?" ask the capitalists. "By borrowing," reply the political Socialists. "Who will lend to you?" again asked the capitalists. "Oh, we will pay the market price for the money," comes the reply. "In that event, we will lend it to you," the capitalists graciously respond. "You can pay us 3 per cent. and provide a sinking fund and we will be content." In this way the community has gained control of an industry on borrowed money. Next enters the workman. The political Socialist director looks at him and fails to observe any marked elation. The old platform manner returns. "My friend," says the political Socialist, "you must rejoice with me, for this is a red-letter day in the history of suffering humanity; emancipation is in sight." "Very glad to hear it," replies the worker, "I suppose you will do something substantial in the matter of my wages." "Hum, yes, in good time," says the political Socialist, "but, you see, comrade, we must pay 3 per cent. for the money we have borrowed and put by 1½ per cent. for sinking fund and 5 per cent. for depreciation account. Then the Treasury insists upon our paying rent for the buildings and land. I am afraid, my friend, that you must wait." "Hanged if I do," angrily exclaims the worker, "I'll strike." "I am quite sure you won't," suavely says our political Socialist. "You see we are doing all this in your interest, and it would be immoral for you to strike against the State. You would be striking against yourself. Besides, you are in honour bound to pay a fair rate of interest to our good friends the capitalists, who have patriotically advanced the purchase money." Exit workman scratching his chin and completely mystified. *He remains in bondage to the wage system.* His only means of escape is to smash it. It is not rent and interest that enslave him; rent and interest rely for their payment upon the wage system. No wages, no profits; no wages, no rent; no wages, no interest. Destroy the wage system and a complete transvaluation of every industrial factor follows as an inevitable consequence. To lure the workmen, then, into a misconceived agitation for mere nationalisation is both stupid and cruel.

It is peculiarly humiliating that our spry little Chancellor of the Exchequer had to teach this simple lesson to an avowed Socialist. Mr. Keir Hardie apparently does not yet realise that he is dead, although we informed him of the fact some three years ago. His similarium moved an amendment last week in the House

of Commons to an official resolution calling for a thorough investigation into the industrial unrest. Mr. Hardie's cure was nationalisation of the mines, railways and land. Mr. Lloyd George faced this issue quite cheerfully. Did he oppose nationalisation? Not at all. On the contrary, there was a great deal to be said for it. Why? Let us quote from the "Times" report:

He was not combating nationalisation. He thought there was a good deal to be said for it from the point of view of the traders. . . . His hon. friend was very sanguine if he thought nationalisation would put an end to labour troubles.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE: It will depend upon what you pay.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he did not agree, because whatever they paid there would be disputes between the man who offered his labour and the man who made payment for it in which they would take different points of view as to the value of the labour.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE said these disputes would then be settled in the same way as disputes in the Post Office were settled—on the floor of the House.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he did not know that that was quite an encouraging analogy. . . . One of the greatest strikes in Australia took place on a State railway, and the State railways did not escape during the strikes in France. They had nationalisation of railways in Germany, but wages were much lower there than here.

After this enlightening colloquy is there any sane Socialist who does not grasp the fundamental distinction between economic Socialism and the State capitalism which does not frighten Mr. Lloyd George, who quite candidly admits that it may be a commercially sound proposition, but that it depends upon the wage system, with all the troubles associated with it. We seriously ask the I.L.P. if this is the branch of Socialism for which they are struggling? If it is, then the sooner the industrial Socialists realise the fact the sooner will the atmosphere be cleared and we can get to business. If, on the contrary, the I.L.P. does not accept such a crude doctrine as that proclaimed by their veteran leader, why do they allow him and his colleagues to present Socialism in so ludicrous a garb in the House of Commons?

Let us look at Mr. Hardie's suggestion. He obviously believes in the wage system. In this respect he does not differ from his Liberal and Tory colleagues. He wants more money to be paid in wages. So do his Liberal and Tory friends. Who does not? He thinks the floor of the House of Commons the right place to settle wage disputes. This means that he regards Parliament as strong enough to control the economic forces. He probably does not know it, nevertheless he is really a puzzle-headed state-capitalist.

We now see that State Socialism is no panacea for economic servitude. On the contrary, it rivets the chains a little more securely. If it were otherwise, is it probable that both the orthodox parties would commit themselves to it? In the early days of Municipal Socialism some of its warmest supporters were Tories, and its keenest opponents were Liberals. To-day railway nationalisation finds large support from both parties, while numerous Chambers of Commerce have declared for it. Cannot Mr. Hardie be made to see that such support is not tendered because of Labour's beautiful eyes? It is a simple fact that a considerable extension of State-Socialism would be agreeable to capitalists. We are passing through a period of commercial expansion. British capital, more than ever before, is being placed in all parts of the world. These investments are speculative. For every such speculative investment abroad it is not unusual to cover the risk by an absolutely sure investment in home securities. What more secure than lending to the State? Further, our Government securities are always easily liquidated. State Socialism is a gain and a convenience to the private capitalist, who can at one stroke average his risks and keep in his safe script that can instantly be turned into ready cash. Yet this is what Mr. Hardie and his colleagues offer the wage-earner to ease his unrest and render him happy ever after.

We do not think the wage-earner will be deceived by so transparent an imposture. The facts of his daily life will soon teach him that a State guarantee to pay rent and interest is by no means the right way to

abolish rent and interest. The only one guarantee the capitalist can rely upon for the payment of his dividends is the wage system. The only guarantee the State depends upon for the payment of its liabilities is the wage system. Our commercial and social arrangements, in the final analysis, are contingent upon the workmen remaining content with wages. For what does the social-contract imply? Plainly this: that rent in whatever form is a first debenture upon the labour of the wage-earner. That interest is a second debenture upon the same product. That prices are fixed upon the basis of rent and interest remaining as first charges upon labour, which has to be content with a wage that is based upon a calculated subsistence. State Socialism, as we have seen, perpetuates these debenture charges upon the fruits of Labour. Who, then, can forbid the continued imposition of these burdens? The wage-earner, and he only. He has but to make up his mind that his life must take precedence over both rent and interest, to back up his decision by collective effort, and the wage system crashes to earth, bringing down with it everything that lived upon it. We have seen that the wage system is based upon the conception of labour being a marketable commodity. It is for the wage-earner to proclaim the larger truth than his labour is his life, that his life is a sacred thing and not a commodity, that his life must not be subject to any kind of prior claim. By that act of faith the wage system is abolished and the worker stands on the threshold of emancipation.

The Orangeman in Politics.

By St. John G. Ervine.

THE simpler politicians assert with a regularity of utterance and a lack of proof which are tiresome that the concession of Home Rule to Ireland will be the preliminary to a great religious war between the Catholics and the Protestants. They declare that the latter, being in the minority, will be at the mercy of the former, who, we are left to imagine, are incapable of displaying any generous or human feeling; the Protestants will not have any security for their persons, their property, or the practice of their faith, and will in all probability have to choose between embracing Catholicism and being put to cruel death. This seemingly ludicrous account of an Ulster Unionist's political speech is in fact a mild summary of nine out of every ten of the numerous speeches which are no doubt now being made in the province. The professional politician, intent solely upon party welfare, means about one-tenth of what he says, and does not mean that tenth very seriously; but the man in the audience takes most of what he hears from his leaders as the pure gospel. The assertion that Home Rule means Rome Rule may have been simple bosh to Lord Randolph Churchill, a cunning phrase devised for vote-catching purposes; but to the working-class Orangeman in the streets of Belfast it meant and still means something profoundly true and disquieting. When the Marquis of Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson and militant militia men like Captain Craig threaten with a great deal of unnecessary detail to die in the last ditch, most sensible men shrug their shoulders and smile. After all the politician must live. We know that these gentlemen have no intention of dying anywhere else than decently and comfortably in their beds. A Belfast man said to me recently, "Carson'll die in the last ditch all right, but he'll expect us to die in the *first* one!" But when the poor men of the city begin to repeat the phrases of their leaders, then indeed it is time for sensible men to pay heed. Those who believe in Home Rule for Ireland must take Ulster into account; it is idle to treat the Orangeman as a disorderly ruffian and an empty braggart, or to pretend that religious differences in Ulster are of little consequence, and that the Protestant working-man does not honestly believe that self-government for Ireland means religious persecution for him.

It is not hatred that the Protestant feels for the Catholic: it is fear. In Ulster to-day, the theoretic

case for Home Rule is largely conceded. It is admitted that if Ireland were self-governing, the devising of legislative means of ameliorating the conditions of Irish life would be greatly facilitated. The one serious objection which the Ulster Protestants (who are numerically little, if any, greater than the Ulster Catholics) have to Home Rule is the fear that religious freedom will be imperilled by it, and that the minority of Protestants will be ruthlessly disregarded. This fear does not apply to the Catholic laity. In point of fact, both Protestants and Catholics mingle quite freely in ordinary life: men and women of both creeds work together amicably in the shipyards and linen factories. Occasionally quarrels take place into which religion is imported, but these are infrequent, and are seldom so serious in their national consequences as the bickerings between Nonconformists and Anglicans in England. Warm friendships often exist between people of opposite creeds, and there is more inter-marrying, even in Belfast, than is commonly believed. What the Protestant fears is priestly dominance. There literally is not any crime of which he does not believe the Catholic priest to be capable. In most Orange homes "The History of Maria Monk" is regarded with the same amount of awe as the Bible, and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is as well known as the Shorter Catechism. Ex-monks and ex-nuns and ex-priests can command large audiences at high prices if they will undertake to make awful revelations of the wickedness of priestly and conventual life. Quite reputable people in Belfast firmly believe that convents are simply brothels maintained for the priests at the expense of an ignorant and superstitious laity. The fact that most of these ex-priests have ultimately been proved to be persons of scandalous character does not affect the Orangeman in the least: he attributes their disrepute to the taint of the Church still left in them! The normal attitude of the Protestant towards the Catholics is that of a civilised, enlightened man towards a barbarous and superstitious race, much given to the worship of graven images. To such an extent is this maintained that the people of the north of Ireland actually send missionaries to the people in the south! I remember when I was a small boy contributing to a mission for that purpose, and I also remember telling a little Catholic playmate that it was the Catholics who had crucified Christ. I had deduced this from the fact that the trial of Jesus was carried out under the direction of the *Romans*; and that a *Roman* soldier had pierced His side with a spear. In some way, inexplicable to me now, I believed that the use of crucifixes was an act of brag! It is this condition of mind with which the Home Ruler will have to contend and to conquer if he is to bring to Ireland a form of government which will be beneficial to it.

The population of Belfast is mainly one which, if it were part of the population of England, would either be Labour or very advanced Radical in politics. It is a population with a long revolutionary tradition. Many of the Irish rebellions, notably that of 1798, had their origin in Ulster and were headed by Protestants. A Protestant is an assertive man: a Catholic is submissive. A Protestant trusts to his own judgment; a Catholic rests upon authority. At the time of the French Revolution the Ulster Protestants sympathised strongly with the revolutionaries; the Catholics were horrified at the repudiation of the divine right of kings. During the American War of Independence the Presbyterians of Ulster were strongly republican in their sympathies, and made many proposals to help the Americans against the English; the Catholics, despite the great persecution to which they were subjected by the King's Ministers, were loyal to England, and it is undoubtedly due to them that when the English army was fighting the rebellious Americans, Ireland was not proclaimed a republic! Lecky records the fact in his "History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century" that when a Bill to remove Disabilities from Catholics and Presbyterians was sent by the Irish House of Commons to the English Parliament for ratification, the Bill was returned with the clause relating to Presbyterians

eled because of their disaffection and disloyalty during the time of the American revolt.

With such traditions behind them, why is it that the Ulster Protestants to-day are more eager for the union with England than the English themselves? The student of Irish affairs, remembering that the Irish Parliament was exclusively Protestant in composition and that its destruction was bitterly resented by many Protestant men of standing, may wonder at this extraordinary turn of mind. Why, too, he may wonder, should an industrial population like that of Belfast vote for Conservatives when, generally speaking, an industrial population detests Conservatism? In England the population may roughly be divided into two classes and two geographical groups: one, the agricultural class, which is mostly Conservative and mainly resides in the South; the other, the industrial part, which is mostly Radical and Labour, and mainly resides in the North. Why, the student may ask, is it not so in Ireland? Remembering that this characteristic of England is also the characteristic of most European countries, he may consider the Irish state of affairs as a sign of her incurable perversity; for in Ireland the agriculturists, the main Catholic, are almost all Nationalists and supporters of the present Government, whereas the industrial workers, mostly Protestant, are almost all Unionists and supporters of the Opposition. It is the custom of certain Tories to take credit to themselves for this fact. They assert that the thrifty and wealth-producing people of Ireland are opposed to Home Rule. Lecky, it will be remembered, was opposed to self-government for Ireland on the ground that this would mean that Irish affairs would be controlled by the propertyless. Lecky's objection has ceased to have any basis in fact. The great bulk of the Irish people are now owners of property. But, leaving that aside, it is untrue to say Belfast represents the wealth of Ireland. It is safe to assert that the spirit of commercialism has run completely rampant in Belfast, and that in consequence of this there is more poverty in that city than in any other city of the same size and consequence in the United Kingdom. Sandy Row, the historic home of Orangeism, is a slum, and parts of the Shankill Road, famous also in Orange history, are as poverty-stricken as any mean street in the East End of London. The death-rate among children under one year in Belfast is higher than it is in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green. The average weekly wage paid to artisans is relatively low; there is no other city where trade unionism is so weak or the working-class movement of so little account. The last report issued by the Medical Officer of Health recorded so frightful a state of poverty and sweating that the Corporation actually suppressed it!

The explanation of this apparent perversity in Irish politics is simple. The radicalism of the Irish farmer is superficial, and the same may be said of the conservatism of the Irish industrial worker. A man with a grievance cannot possibly be a Conservative; a man suffering from grave injustice is naturally a revolutionary. The Irish Catholics were men with grievances; there was no injustice that the wit of man could devise from which they did not suffer; they were dispossessed of their property; they were subjected to the most shameful brutality, and throughout the history of their conflicts with England experienced treachery from their conquerors such as probably never was exceeded by other conquerors than, perhaps, the Spaniards in the conquest of Peru. The practice of their religious rites was regarded as an act of treason, so that men said their prayers in secret places with sentries posted on the hillsides ready to sound the alarm when the soldiers came. Their industries were legally suppressed when they seemed likely to compete successfully with English industries; their numbers were reduced by half at the time of the Famine, through starvation and emigration at a time when corn was actually being exported from Ireland to England; and when at last the blight left the potato fields, and the Famine was over, and Irish agriculture began to revive a little, the revival was crushed by the repeal of the Corn Laws. In all the relations that

existed between England and Ireland, the one thing that was considered was the welfare of the English manufacturer. America had already been lost to England through his greed: it was not likely that Ireland would fare well where America had fared ill. The great rent in Ireland's side through which her youth and strength poured forth to the United States, at such a rate that her population, which was over eight millions before the Famine, was reduced to four millions after it, was completely disregarded by the English statesmen. These were grievances sufficient to turn any race, however docile, into raging revolutionaries. The desire for security of life, for the elementary human right to practise one's religious faith and for a definite national existence, were the factors which served to turn a naturally Conservative people into Radicals.

In the industrial areas, the people belonged to the race which had conquered the agriculturists. In natural circumstances they would have been absorbed by the Irish people, as many of their ancestors had been, and there would not have been any Ulster problem to consider in connection with Home Rule; but a number of quite artificial causes have served within the past two hundred years, and mainly during the last hundred of them, to keep alive the fear and distrust with which a minority of conquerors regard a minority of the conquered. The Orange institution is one of those causes. The peculiarities of the industrial system is another. The Orange Society keeps alive the obscure quarrel which was fought out on the banks of the Boyne in 1690 between William the Third (the ally of the Pope!) and his father-in-law. The industrial system, in its present unchecked state, permits of a few persons acquiring enormous fortunes at the expense of the bulk of the people, and thereby gives the minority a vital interest in anything which serves to divert the minds of the majority from thinking of their condition. The employing class in Belfast has deliberately cultivated the spirit of bigotry among the working people of Belfast in order to maintain the division between Catholic and Protestant. Whenever an attempt has been made to unite the people in an effort to raise their standard of living, the No Popery cry has instantly been raised by the employers and by the local Press. Labour has never been represented on the Belfast Corporation by more than four or five persons, and at present it is not represented by so many. A Labour member has never been returned for a Belfast constituency, although two popular Trade Union officials, Mr. William Walker and Mr. R. Gageby, have contested working-class divisions. Mr. Walker (personally opposed to Home Rule) is the nominee of the Labour Party, and, so the argument goes, the Labour Party is committed to Home Rule for Ireland; Home Rule means Rome Rule and the suppression of religious liberty and the Protestant faith; therefore vote for the Unionist. That is the argument which has been successfully employed over and over again with the Ulster working-class; and it is this argument which the Home Ruler will have to answer and refute. The people of Belfast are good people. The Ulster working-man belongs to a class which, despite certain obvious defects, is on the whole a strong, forceful, and valuable one. It has qualities which make its retention in Ireland on friendly terms vital to the welfare of the country. There is not any Nationalist in Ireland who would not give a good deal to conciliate that class and win its love. The fact that the workmen in the Queen's Island shipyard maintain their position, despite the fact that their chief employer, Lord Pirrie, is a Home Ruler, denotes a sturdiness of character which is not to be despised. Putting aside the natural Radical tendencies of an industrial people, there is the important fact continually operating on the North of Ireland that owing to the contiguity of Belfast to the North of England coalfields and the Scottish shipyards there is a constant interchange of population between these places. Most of the people migrating to Belfast from Lancashire and Glasgow and Govan and Greenock are Protestant with strong Radical sympathies. In the peculiar atmosphere of Belfast their Protestantism is more likely to be asserted than their Radicalism; and no effort whatever is

made to preserve the same balance between the two states of mind as is preserved in Scotland or in Lancashire. The root fact which Radicals should not overlook is that underneath the Tory aspect of the Ulster people, just as under the Tory aspect of the working people of Birmingham, there is a strong, fundamental Radical feeling. Mr. Birrell is as popular with the people of Belfast as he is with any other section of the Irish race; Mr. Lloyd George is regarded with something like hero-worship; and Labour men like Mr. Keir Hardie cannot utter sentiments too strong for their liking. It has happened frequently in Irish history that Orange and Green have united to remove some common grievance; but such unions have always been between agriculturists. So far there has practically been no union of industrial workers, though in the 1907 Belfast riots a very remarkable union of Catholic and Protestant workers took place and was maintained in spite of the most strenuous attempts, on the part of the employing class, to break it by breeding religious dissension. To-day, among the younger men in Belfast, there is a growing feeling that the grievances of the Protestant workman are also the grievances of the Catholic. It is that feeling which must be developed if the squalid religious quarrels which disfigure the life of Ulster are to be ended.

Two Camberwell Worthies.

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

WERE Aristotle and Plato, then, Camberwell men? They might, as it seemed to many, have been so, if one might judge from the way in which they were talked about by the poet, philosopher, and teacher, the centenary of whose birth is still overflowing into the newspapers. It was in Camberwell that, during the period of the first Reform Bill, Robert Browning, then a London University student, first tried to popularise the Greek mind with the newly born British democracy. Not that, for his own interest in the subject, he owed much to the metropolitan seat of learning, created in 1826 by Brougham, Thomas Campbell, and Isaac L. Goldsmid, but not domiciled beneath his own roof till a year or two later; while it only got into working order on the Victorian era's eve. Then came the parliamentary debates on its first charter: "London University," exclaimed one noble critic, "grant degrees!" "Pray, what is to prevent it?" angrily asked Brougham. "Only," came the rejoinder, "the universal laughter and scorn of mankind."

Browning's earliest Hellenic interests had no Bloomsbury associations. They were entirely an inheritance from both his parents. His father, an exceptionally well-educated Bank of England clerk, had married a Scotch wife of German origin. The two combined to teach him the Greek and German characters almost as soon as the English alphabet. "Before this," he once told the present writer, "my father, as I lay in my cradle, would croon over me an ode of Anacreon to keep me quiet." Some years afterwards, while as yet Robert Browning's name had not been entered on the University College books, his father had contributed a hundred pounds to the new home of London culture. Browning, therefore, had, in his own words, not attended a single lecture, nor written one class exercise, when the groundwork of his acquaintance with Attic authors had been laid.

While the nineteenth century was still scarcely midway in its thirties, Miss Elizabeth Barrett had begun to write some papers in "The Athenæum" on the early poets of Greek Christendom. These had the effect, not only of introducing the poet of "Pauline" (1833) to his future wife, they also did quite as much as subsequent contact with R. C. Jebb at Cambridge, and with Jowett at Oxford, towards introducing him to the Athenian masters. Jowett's father, one of Lord Shaftesbury's secretaries, saw much of the elder Browning. Their two sons consequently became playmates. To the poet, therefore, the later intimacy with the Master of Balliol

seemed rather the renewal of a boyish friendship than the revelation of a world of ideas and learning, now opening on him for the first time. He found, of course, Jowett conversationally and speculatively interesting, but by the early opportunities already mentioned, had no need of looking to him for tuition in the niceties of the Greek tongue or Greek thought.

As regards their social habit and taste, a resemblance might be traced in both men to an Hellenic original. This was well put by Jowett's friend as regards Jowett himself. "The indifference of Socrates," said Browning, "to public opinion, to conventional modes of thought and habits of life, together with a fondness for taking his pleasure in his own way, attracted one set of followers, who in due time formed the nucleus of the Epicurean sect." Socrates, too, welcomed among his disciples the golden youth of his time, notably Alcibiades. On the other hand, the Socratic austerity became a distinctive principle for another set of thinkers—the Cynics. For Jowett, the gentler side of the Socratic character had a special charm. Balliol, therefore, became more than ever a fashionable and aristocratic college. The master of Plato liked to converse with the young men of birth and breeding who supported or opposed Pericles. Jowett was equally in his element when discussing the problems of premiership with a Beaconsfield, or teaching the art of Indian Government to Lord Lansdowne.

Browning, too, in "Pauline," had called himself a Platonist; he took, however, as his exemplar that pupil of Plato who not only founded the Peripatetics, but as friend and tutor of the great Alexander, was noted among the wealth and fashion in the city of the violet crown for the easy grace of his manner and the nattiness of his costume. The court physician's son, who taught in the Lyceum, and the bank clerk's heir, who first saw the light near the "Elephant and Castle," were like each other in being the most in demand and the best-groomed diners-out of the centuries to which they respectively belonged.

Browning began, at least, more in earnest than Aristotle with the message which, apart from his mission in metre, he was bent on proclaiming to his generation. For that deliverance he qualified himself chiefly by his home studies and his marriage with the most learned and tender of English poetesses. He completed his training by long and laborious sitting at the feet of S. T. Coleridge. That was the master, in answer to whose question, "Did you ever hear me preach?" Charles Lamb stuttered out, "I never heard you do anything else." Browning never preached, but by his conversation in fit company, rather than on any platform, seldom failed to teach. Jowett, in 1844, brought the history of Greek philosophy as a study from Germany to Oxford. Meanwhile Browning had thoroughly and consistently worked out and illustrated the place of Greek thought and literature in relation to Hebrew, Roman, and Christian ideas. A corrupt Phœnician medium had, he showed, acquainted the early bards of Greece with the lyrical singers of Israel. The Greek Orphic mysteries were efforts to deal with the sense of sin in, and its consequent agonies to, the individual. Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, or the brotherhoods impersonated by them, derived a religious fervour from the writers of Palestine; to the fully initiated and enlightened of their audience they preached what was in reality a presage of the New Testament Gospel.

Thus, as Browning put it, had the Greek intellect done scarcely less than the Hebrew towards effecting the moral and spiritual synthesis which finds its law in the Book and its organised expression in Christianity. The commerce, whose seats were Tyre and Sidon, was essential to the amalgamating process at its commencement. Equally indispensable for its progress was the influence of Rome. The Latin poets and philosophers lacked originality, doing so, they left their public spiritually unsatisfied. Hence the popular attraction under the Empire of astrology, magic, and divination. The Roman degradation by superstitious use of Greek philosophy robbed it of its value, but did not prevent the

imperial race from protecting and promoting the trade and learning which thus found in the ethical and theological product of Hellas and Syria at once their inspiration and their ward. The orderly succession implied in this arrangement was the secret of Browning's persistent optimism. After the fashion now indicated, the earlier ages, he felt sure, had transmitted to an over-toiling and perplexed posterity far more of good than of evil. Of that the large measure of success which had fallen to Christianity was the proof. And as it had been, so it would continue.

Of other Camberwell worthies, approximately belonging to Browning's epoch, the most illustrious survivor of to-day is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but the encouragement and vigour of the poet's message need no propagandist to enforce them, and will have their best and sufficient heralds and expositors in the experience of the present and of future generations.

To Split the Difference.

By Beatrice Hastings.

SCENE I: The House of Commons. TIME: This year.
(Mr. LUD-JOVE is in his seat. Nothing funny is happening.)

LUD-JOVE (soliloq.): These confident, impudent doctors!
What's to be done?

How easy 'tis to make a pair of wings to scale the sun.
How hard to scale those giddy heights! One blast
Of sceptical, financial indignation
Has melted my aerial aspiration,
And I am proved a Phaethon: to be cast
Upon the pension-list for consolation.
Wales! What a fate! And I this side of fifty!
To take the air at Llandaff, and wax thrifty!
A powerless nobody! O now for ever
Farewell the sanguine mind; farewell Dissent!
Farewell the Liberal whoop, the Tory applause
That make collusion virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the braying ass and the shrill frump,
The trinket-smith from Brum, the laird from Fife,
The Limehouse manner, and all quantity,
Gibe, rot and sycophance of glorious jaw!
And O you mortal pie-plants, whose crude jokes
The immortal Joves sans point do counterfeit,
Farewell! I'm superannuated!
Yet, is all lost? Am I, the Great Concoctor,
To be out-witted by a family doctor?
England, Tom Tiddler's ground for Davy Lawyer,
To drop into the pockets of Bob Sawyer?
Certain—if I can't give my Act a jog,
Henceforth, the medico will be top dog.
That must not be! Now what's the stubborn fact?
If I grant their demands, my precious Act
Will fail in the end—but if I don't, their tricks
Will wreck it now. I'll give 'em their eight-and-six!
That's settled. Now, wherever can I rob
A roost with golden eggs enough to gild this rotten job?

SCENE II: Same. A week later.

(Mr. LUD-JOVE is on his legs. The House is rocking.)

LUD-JOVE: Well, well—there's my reply to scandal-factors—

A surplus of six millions! My detractors,
And they are legion (laughter), bitter-sweet,
Can't wipe those figures off the balance-sheet.
You'll wonder what I mean to do withal,
With all (yells) this cash. I think I'll give a ball
With it—invite our friends the Germans to a dance!
But seriously (sudden laughter), seriously (prolonged
laughter), what?
Oh, you see it—but you nearly lost your chance.
Well, let's not linger longer on this "spot."
Our Admiralty cannon-balls shall make the Germans
hop.

The Navy's all a-leaking, nay, a-leaguering I should say,
Just spoiling for a fight, and crusty rusting for a fray.
We'll give 'em one, and discontent—that's idleness—
will stop.

Six million pounds for naval "defence"—
The Kingdom of Heaven's about to commence!

(Sits amid wild cheers from the Right, cheers and
amens from the Left. Mr. H. W. CROSS-TO engages
Mr. LUD-JOVE in conversation.)

LUD-JOVE: Of course I thought of that! Thought of
that!

What the—do you take me for—a fool?
There, Cross-to, don't be cross! I am a fool,
And the most worried man in England. Help me!
You, I can't do without. Would you were Liberal,
Or I a Tory. I could work with you!
You are the only man besides myself who knows
What's in the Act (that ought to seal us foes!)—
But though at first you swore to see me through,
A little Party opposition made you change your view.

CROSS-TO: Scarcely! You know our side was split
in two.

Over a hundred members threatened mutiny
When your Insurance Bill came under scrutiny.
I did my best. But every Tory journal
Of any force kicked up a fuss infernal.
I had to hedge, not being a Dictator,
When half the field was up with the "Spectator."
And now, the doctors! If you can't placate 'em,
Your seats are lost—you might as well vacate 'em.
Well, our side doesn't want to sit just yet.
We haven't any leader. So do get
To work and pay these doctors what they ask.
Six million surplus simplifies your task.

LUD-JOVE: I thought of that myself, as I admitted.
But 'twould be rankest folly if I committed
Myself. Some Unionist may merrily propose
To-with-the-surplus-bribe the medicos,
And p'raps the country'll stand it. Nothing's lost
That way, at worst, except a resolution.
If I proposed the measure it might cost
The price of almost instant dissolution.

CROSS-TO: I'll get it done—but, David, don't forget
Old Embonpoint's not got his peerage yet!

LUD-JOVE: Next Birthday. Any other little trifle?

CROSS-TO: Well, there's a Bill or two, but these can
wait.

LUD-JOVE: While I the hen-roost rifle!
Thanks be! The English character's so great.
Paddy and Jock and Pat may draft the Bill—
John's noble thirst is all for Honours still!
So, between equals, Cross-to, here's my hand
On any little business you command.
You patch our Acts and we'll patch yours,
And old John Bull shall obey on all-fours!
Get some respected duffer to suggest
That, after all, the doctors may be right—
Though I, as Chancellor, had to contest
Their private claims and keep finances tight:
That though we cannot give them all they need
We might write off a million and a half,
Or two p'raps, from the surplus and proceed
To pay them seven and six—a little chaff,
To smooth the thing, from Opposition benches;
Then I'll get up, as 'twere with awful wrenches
Of my exchequered soul and—on behalf
Of Government—consent—you know the gaff!
A big mass meeting next—the Opera House
For choice, there where the doctors flung their hats—
Must wipe that out! And I'll get up with bows
And prettily apologise for having called them rats,
And offer to split the difference—compromise!
I don't think they'll refuse. They may despise—
Yet few men look quite straight at Monsieur Com-
promise!
So for all I said I wouldn't, then I couldn't meet their
plan,
I don't the least fear telling them that now I think I
can.
So long, Cross-to. Amen!

Unedited Opinions.

The Roots of Sentimentalism.

REJOICE with me, for I have found what I have been long seeking—the roots of sentimentalism. Now, at last, there is some hope that we may pluck it up. But why are you not excited? If I had discovered the bacillus of cancer would you not be elated? Why not, then, rejoice with me over the discovery of the "idea" of sentimentalism?

But you have discovered it so often before that I am sceptical of new discoveries. Nevertheless, I will persevere unto this last. What do you find to be the root of the root of sentimentalism?

Ah, now it is you who are going too fast. Let us skirmish in its neighbourhood at the outset, and only afterwards come upon the secret by surprise. Tell me, have you any general formula you can apply to the disease of sentimentalism; can you distinguish the symptoms in a single phrase? No? Then I will be content for the moment with some examples.

Examples of sentimentalists are sufficiently abundant, surely. Liberal social meliorists I should put first, then the people (if they are not the same) who allow their feelings to carry them away into making false judgments, the people who pity to excess, the people who think man is perfection, the people who think the poor are all virtue and the rich all vice, the people who side with the weak and the oppressed—

Well, from such a heterogeneity you ought, in the Spencerian vocabulary, to be able to induce a general formula. What is it?

I'm sure I cannot say now that you ask me. Like most people, I can give examples, but I cannot generalise.

Are you so sure that you can do one without being able to do the other? Giving examples merely means that you think to recognise them as illustrating a principle; in other words, it assumes your knowledge of the principle. Failing that knowledge, your examples will probably prove misleading and even contradictory. Yours were, in fact.

Dear, oh dear! But name one of my examples that could not live happily ever afterwards with the rest.

Well, "allowing your feelings to get the better of you" is an odd man out in your list. Feelings are sentiments, they are not sentimentalities. Sentimentalism is never based on a pure feeling, and sometimes it has no feeling at all in its composition. I call sentimentalism any theory of conduct which is supposed to be based on a feeling, and may or may not be. To be carried away by one's feelings implies the breakdown of all theories; they are simply ignored. But when the feeling is weak enough to be led by a theory, or when the theory serves as a substitute for the feeling, then we have sentimentalism.

And is that it—the wonderful medicinale root you have discovered?

No, my chipmunk, no. You will observe that so far I have been doing no more than assist you to define the nature of sentimentalism. Its causes and effects we have not yet attempted to define.

I rather feel that the answer to the problem lies somewhere among the words "strong" and "weak." A feeling, as you say, is weak when it allows a theory to lead it about and even in the end to do without it altogether. Consequently, there must be some relation between sentimentalists and people of weak feeling; in fact, they must be identical. Is that not so?

We are getting along very nicely. But you must be aware that your conclusion sounds paradoxical—not to me, but to the majority of persons. They undoubtedly believe that sentimentalists are people, above all, of uncontrollable feeling; people whose emotions gush out on the smallest invitation. You, on the other hand, define sentimentalists as people of weak or mock feelings. But pray go on. I agree with you.

I'm afraid I have nothing more to say. Sentimentalists are weak or humbugs—that is enough for me.

Courage, we have not arrived at their secret yet.

How does this weakness of feeling manifest itself? Let me reply: in the manner of all weakness, namely, by an incapacity for self-restraint. And in the particular instance of sentimentalism this incapacity is revealed by an impatience of judgment and by a refusal to wait upon and hearken to the voice of reason.

Excuse me, have you not now contradicted what we formerly said? Weak feelings, we agreed, manifest their weakness by coming under the control of theories. But now you argue that strong feelings also listen to the voice of reason. What is the difference, since both are finally controlled?

And do you think there is no difference between theories and reason? Reason is obviously a Chronos that devours all its own children. Theories are ephemeral, reason is eternal. A theory is a formula applicable to a given selection of facts. Reason is the formula of all facts. . . . But there, we had better do what you declined at the outset to do; we had better define the "theory" to which sentimentalists are attached—their common characteristic. We shall see then how it differs from Reason, and how, therefore, sentimentalism differs from sentiment, weak feeling from strong feeling.

Well, you had better do it, for I am no more able now than before.

Why, it is simple enough when once you have realised that sentimentalism is weakness. Do not birds of a feather flock together; and will not sentimentalists, therefore, flock with sentimentalists?

Probably, for they are notoriously sheep-like in their gregariousness.

Their habit then will be to associate with sentimentalists like themselves, and naturally to regard themselves and their likes as the right, the good, the virtuous and the strong? You agree? Now, attach this instinctive preference for their own company to a "theory" and you have the formula for sentimentalism.

But what theory?

Why, if sentimentalists are right in their own eyes, sentimentalism is their standard of virtue. But sentimentalism is weakness of feeling. Consequently weakness of feeling is a virtue in their eyes. But weakness of feeling is the outcome or expression of weakness in general. Hence weakness becomes for sentimentalists a synonym of merit. Not to continue the analysis any further, we may, I think, now define sentimentalism as the instinctive assumption that in all cases of dispute between any two parties, one being strong and the other weak, the weak party is right and the strong wrong. Applying this to each of the examples you mentioned and to others, you will see that the formula works. In every instance of sentimentalism you will find that the case is prejudged against the strong. Might is wrong!

But are we to conclude from this that the opposite doctrine is more correct—namely, that might is right? Why, that would justify those blond beasts, the Nietzscheans.

Don't flatter them by calling them blond beasts. They are simply inverted sentimentalists. Because sentimentalists instinctively but wrongly assume that the weak in relation to the strong are right, it does not follow that the Nietzscheans, who merely hold the contrary, are any the less misguided. The negation of one error is very often another error. Because sentimentalists err when they assume that Might is wrong, Nietzscheans do not avoid error by assuming that Might is right. In so doing, they become merely anti-sentimentalists—that is, sentimentalists of a different formula from the first, but of the same nature. Polar opposites are always pairs.

But if Might is neither Right nor Wrong, where shall we find any formula at all?

Why, in Reason! For the assumption that Might is always Right, like the assumption that Might is always Wrong, is a theory, and a theory only. Its advantage lies in the fact, so gratifying to the weak, that it saves the labour of thought. How convenient, for example, your Liberals find it to assume, without any investigation, that little weak nations are always right and big strong nations always wrong. Your blond Imperialists,

likewise, are saved a lot of cerebration by assuming that the latter are always right and the former always wrong. The weakness of feeling which admits the assumption and the theory in the first instance arises itself from weakness—incapacity for sustained thought.

Surely, however, Reason has something to say in these matters?

Certainly. Reason says, first, that you must decline to be bound by a theory: whether by the theory that the weak are right or the strong are right. Secondly, it says that circumstances alter cases. Sometimes, in short, the weak is right, sometimes it is wrong. God can never be safely predicated as on the side of the big battalions or on the side of the small. Reason must look for him wherever he is and join him on whichever side he happens to be.

Notes from Paris.

By Francis Grierson.

DURING the Second Empire Parisian society was cosmopolitan in the best sense of the word; now it is a chaotic admixture of pretentious foreigners and millionaires with bourgeois instincts and impossible ambitions. Society here is now a confused rabble of democrats who ape aristocracy and French nobles who ape the fast sets of London and New York without the wit or the authority to originate anything. Under the present Republic no one seems to have authority enough to impose anything new that is not eccentric. Eccentricity, says M. Arthur Meyer, the well-known editor of "Le Gaulois," has dethroned originality. And he is right.

* * *

On the other hand, M. Alexandre Mercereau, in a book packed full of true and fine things, declares that "never was there a literary epoch more incoherent than ours." And this writer ought to know, for he is a Parisian born and his profession is that of a literary and philosophical critic. He says further: "Never was judgment so obliterated, never were ideas so anarchic, never was there so much disorder in the application of theories, so much confusion in methods, so much pretension in ignorance." The *mot d'ordre* seems to be "let us enjoy to-day everything we think we ought to possess."

* * *

It is interesting to note with what rapidity the different schools and "isms" come and go. I witnessed the rise of Parnassianism when I was living in Paris in 1869. I was in Paris again under the Presidency of Adolphe Thiers. I witnessed the rise of Zola and the realistic school, and I was living in Paris when Symbolism became the fashion, and I remember the battles of the Impressionists, the rise and decline of a certain school of occultism, and the first books of Péladan. In 1889 there existed in Paris many small groups of young writers, poets and artists, and out of these two or three writers emerged who are now well known. The majority have been swallowed up in the ocean of journalism, while some scores have become victims to that common disease known as neurasthenia. The ravages of this complaint in Paris at the present time are appalling. Several writers whom I knew as robust young men in 1889 are now its victims, and their sufferings cannot be adequately depicted.

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I did not hear much of this disease in the days of the Empire. The disease is not difficult to diagnose. When you see a writer with the duelling mania be certain he is a victim. Chronic irritability and cynicism are infallible signs, and envy and vanity are other signs, but the disease does not develop suddenly. It has its stages. Society in Paris, London and New York suffers from neurasthenia, so that writers and artists are not the only victims, and millionarism is a medium for the propagation of a most virulent kind of neurasthenic microbe. The haste to shine in the world of art is no better than the haste to shine in the world of fashion. The foolish victims pay

the price, which is that of the loss of health, the loss of temper, the loss of psychic serenity and even honour, and the end is frequently death or insanity, or both, as in the case of Guy de Maupassant, who passed through all the stages of neurasthenic degeneracy right up to insanity and death. I shall never forget the *frisson* of terror and despair which seized hold of scores of young writers in Paris at the passing of Maupassant; they flocked to the specialists in nervous diseases to find out if possible if there was a cure or even a gleam of hope.

* * *

Incoherence is a disease springing from other diseases, both mental and physical. Paris is a victim of the cheap and hasty maxims of the Revolution, and the Revolution was the last expression of incoherent Paganism. The revolutionary philosophers mouthed theories as dogs mouth bones. As we are victims of the Board Schools the Parisians are victims of incoherent democracy and an Academy controlled by a Voltarian bourgeoisie. According to Pierre Jaudon, French society of the present day is "an expression of Byzantine charlatanism and the inane efforts of degenerate barbarians."

* * *

Byzantine effrontery certainly. I had what I consider a unique experience of cosmopolitan Byzantinism at an exceedingly fashionable reception the other afternoon in one of the most fashionable avenues of Paris. Never before in any city had I seen anything to equal the mixture of isms I encountered here. It was an assembly revelling in wealth, occult delusions and impossible isms, each individual with an axe to grind, one trying to surpass the other, the most ambitious among them being some rich Americans, who are seeking in Paris the kind of thing denied them in cities like Chicago; that is, the ragged edges of a titled society *en décadence*, to which they can cling as drowning men cling to the floating débris of a great wreck. I was amazed at the mingling of Buddhism, modern occultists, independent adepts, society seers, society clairvoyants, society philanthropists and fashionable idlers meddling with the most complex problems known in the world of modern ideas.

* * *

In Paris, the small, easy and insignificant rule in the world of art, as in London and New York. It is the day of the obvious and the facile. There are hardly more than three members of the French Academy who have any clear notion of what is going on outside of Paris, and the majority do not even know what is going on in their own capital. Among the younger writers the outlook is more encouraging. Many of the younger men are beginning to read English and American authors, but it will take another decade before positive results are manifest.

* * *

There is a great awakening of the patriotic spirit and sports of all kinds are fashionable. No doubt, because they are far less difficult than intellectual pursuits. Evidently, M. Maeterlinck thinks he can shine in the athletic world as he shines in literature, for he is engaged to box in public with Charpentier, the French champion. No doubt the Belgian poet is as strong in the arms as he is in the head, but boxing requires something more than muscle. If I were a betting man, Charpentier would be my choice, because he is quick with his fists. I cannot believe Maeterlinck can use his fists quick enough. But what will some of his admirers say? There are thousands of people who think that poets and mystical writers should be dreamers, that they should look hungry, that they should be thin, pale, and filled with fanatical fire. Maeterlinck will do a service to the world by killing a vulgar, middle-class superstition.

* * *

The two best advertised persons in France to-day are Sarah Bernhardt and Maurice Maeterlinck. And I mean by this that they are the best advertised outside of France as well. This leads me to some matter-of-fact reflections—is the selling of poetry and mystical essays

a commercial transaction, or is it not? I believe the selling of poetry, essays and novels is a commercial affair like the selling of cotton and diamonds and tobacco. This being so, artists and poets have as much right to keep their names and their products before the public as any Carnegie, or any journalist like the late W. T. Stead. I know of gifted artists and writers who are not known because they refuse to let themselves be advertised like actors and millionaires. Evidently Maeterlinck has been advised and influenced by someone who is wise in the ways of the world and quite "up-to-date."

* * *

The musical salon has taken the place of the literary salon. In a superficial society it is easier to make music than it is to converse with wit and distinction; it is easier to listen to singing or playing than to the brilliant talk of a Flaubert or a Renan, demanding a response from the listener no less brilliant. Music demands applause, conversation a reply. Paris is still sentimental, and music will always be a safety-valve for the sentimental, but we cannot imagine a literary salon given over to sentimentality; French logic, wit and discrimination oppose it. The best selling novels here belong to the sentimental order. Because the bourgeoisie always see life through glasses which distort sentiment, and in France Utopia is ever present. In this Paris resembles London.

Paris, May, 1912.

A Fourth Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

III.

WELL, Tremayne, I began. I think you have got hold, in Mrs. Foisacre, of the insoluble problem of promiscuity. As there are in mathematics quantities that can only be expressed by symbols, so the proper figure of Mrs. Foisacre is a surd. The square root of 2 is perhaps her sign. You, however, are still optimistic enough to believe that all people can be evenly integrated, given patience in working them out. But my opinion is that Mrs. Foisacre, like many many others, is incapable of ever working out to simplicity; her very nature is irreducibly mixed.

Promiscuity being my text, I proceed to illustrate it by what you have told me of her. Item, she was married young, unhappily, and is now indifferent to sex. Such is the story she conveyed to you and which you believe. But let me ask if the first and last of these statements are mutually compatible. To marry young is in general the proof not of indifference to sex, but of sexual precocity; as the twig is bent the tree inclines. I should need much more evidence than your subsequent story revealed of Mrs. Foisacre's acquired chastity to believe that her last state differs essentially from her first. My impression of her present indifference to sex is that this is a temporary affectation—perhaps for your benefit alone. As I shall observe in a moment, her other friends, her second-rate friends, have probably another view of her. Remember, too, that she was *unhappily* married—what does this involve? Either that her judgment in the choice of a husband was at fault—a reflection on her instincts and taste; or that she was rushed by her friends or by her desires into a marriage which was unsuitable to her—a reflection on her character. An unhappy marriage is, in fact, a proof that each of the parties was a pretentious bungler in the art of life. Doubtless this bungling is a common event, but its existence in Mrs. Foisacre disposes of the contention that she is an uncommon character.

Item, her taste in the matter of poetry is unreliable, yet at a word from you she adopts your view, but only ad hoc; the key you give her she cannot afterwards use by herself. Of the various lights on her nature this, in my opinion, is one of the brightest. For it is clear that we are not here concerned with a character that has been merely badly brought up, but with a character that is incapable of being well brought up. I deduce from your remarks that she seldom ventures in your

presence an original opinion at all, and that when she does, it is only after having done her best to ensure that it shall coincide with yours. Sometimes, however, she makes a slip and on these occasions you are horrified at discovering how remote her taste is from yours. To soothe this shock in you—which, of course, she instantly perceives—she commences apologies, urging her neglected education and her former friends as excuses, and begging prettily for your continued patience and instruction. This humility has the intended effect on you, and, though perturbed and suspicious, you renew your admonitions. But how, I ask, is her character, as distinct from her opinions, being formed by this means? Is it not plain that her character is not being formed at all? In her anxiety to please you she is willing to assume your opinions, to anticipate them as far as she can, and to pretend that they are her own; but the resulting resemblance is superficial and does not touch her real nature. This remains precisely what it was, exactly as the chameleon remains a chameleon, though under the influence of circumstances its colour may change from green to blue and from blue to yellow. In Mrs. Foisacre's case we have to deal with a personality capable of assuming very rapidly a variety of protective resemblances, determined in the first instance by a desire to please and in the second by an adaptability to environment. But neither of these qualities is either positive or elevated in character; and certainly neither of them belongs to a single, simple or integral nature.

I need no more than point out to you, Tremayne, the analogy of such a nature with the Platonic conception of democracy. Under correction I submit that Plato's democracy was control by what we call the mob. And what are the characteristics of the mob, if not the very characteristics displayed by Mrs. Foisacre—the passive reception and docile reflection of external influences together with an utter incapacity for retaining them or for being more than momentarily transformed by them? In the education of Mrs. Foisacre's taste you have set yourself the impossible political task of educating the mob. As you know very well, there is only one way of dealing with the mob—let it never be formed, or, if formed, let it be kept under.

Item, she trails a crowd of second-rate friends from her earlier days of whom she will gradually disembarass herself. But against this proposition I have several statements of fact. In the first place, distinguishing between acquaintances and friends, I affirm that first-rate persons invariably confine their friendships to first-rate people. The world is not so poor that it does not afford in any section of the population a percentage at least of first-rate people. These, it is true, may be without education or opportunity, but at heart and by nature they are still first-rate. Mrs. Foisacre, for example, may have been so unfortunate as to have been thrown into the circle of the comparatively illiterate, but only her own defective judgment accounts for her failure to discover, even amongst these, one or two superior minds. If she had been able to present to you a single integral friend, however raw in speech or unaccomplished in the arts, I should have passed her as fundamentally sound; but not to have discovered one such—the fault must be hers. Again, I doubt if her present list of second-rate friends is in the least degree on the way to being reduced in numbers. Certainly she now has you as a criterion, but she will use you merely as a test of whom she can safely introduce to you. Concluding that none of them would please you, she will pretend to you that she cares for none of them and is anxious to drop them; but either she will not drop them, but merely conceal them, or she will drop the old ones only to pick up new ones of the same kind. A bucketful of her new friends would differ in no real respect from a bucketful of her old friends; and both alike she would be ashamed to introduce to you. Finally, I would venture the prediction that she will like none of the friends you introduce to her. She may admit that her own circle is second-rate, but she will not find your circle of the first-rate to her taste. Her own circle may be dull, but yours will be eccentric. Hers may be stupid, but yours will be fanatical. As little as it would be safe for her to intro-

duce her friends to you will it be safe for you to introduce your friends to her. Your auras are mutually repulsive, and it is only her assumed resemblance which she cannot compel her friends to adopt that disguises this fact from you.

Item, her creative gift is for satire with a compensation in sentimentality; but this sentimentality she will eliminate as her mind forms. Never, Tremayne, never! These are merely two resemblances which she keeps in stock and puts on as the occasion demands. With you, for example, she assumes the mask of satire. She probably discovered quite early in your acquaintance that satire amused you and produced in you a flattering estimate of herself. What more natural, then, than that she should wear satire in your company and forswear sentimentality? But I dare guess that in other circles she forswears satire with as much conviction. Each, in her opinion, is convenient on occasion; nor has she the least realisation that the two are inharmonious. I would not like to deny, indeed, that as she persuades you that she is gradually eliminating sentimentality, so she persuades her other friends that she is gradually eliminating satire; for the first-rate sentimentality is offensive, and for the second-rate, satire. To associate with both minds she must needs vary the proportions of her gifts.

I might continue the analysis of her character, but why should I, since you are probably beginning to be aware of it. But let me conclude my impressions with a sketch and a forecast. At bottom she is, like the feminine nature wherever it appears, whether in philosophy or in flesh, a mere looking-glass of man. Herself and in herself nothing, absolutely nothing, but reflection, she reveals to each beholder that which he desires to see reflected in her. At the lightest wish of one who momentarily takes her fancy she will reproduce a mirage in her mind of what he seeks; but the moment he is gone the mirage fades, leaving not a wrack behind. It is pedantic to charge such a nature with falsity and lies; the truth is that it possesses neither truth nor falsehood; or, rather, its truth is to be always false. To Mrs. Foisacre I would adapt the advice: To thine own self be true—thou canst not then be true to any man. Such is the feminine nature of which Mrs. Foisacre is a good specimen. Promiscuity of reflection, taste, judgment, character and intelligence is her distinctive and peculiar quality. As well try to carve in smoke or construct a cathedral of sand or engrave upon water as hope to form a character out of the material of her mind. All strength she will laugh at; convictions she will mock; sincerity and permanence of conviction she will despise. A rough and tumble with Proteus is the most exhilarating experience you will ever have with her; and at the end of it all she will be unchanged and you will have wasted your strength. She is Lilith, Tremayne—or shall I say Maya!

And now for my forecast of what will happen. You will continue your attempts at her serious education until repeated proofs convince you that she is uneducable. As you display disappointment she will take less and less care to disguise herself. So long as you are deluded she will take pains to delude you; but as you show signs of impatience she will cease to pay you even the compliment of obedience or concealment. She will then allow you to discover that her tastes, when you are not present, are not your tastes, and that her friends, behind your back, are not your friends. I should not be surprised, indeed, to find her putting in your way proofs of her so-called independence of you. In the end, and when she despairs of deluding you, she will tell you to go, and compare you, to your face, unfavourably both with herself and with her second-rate friends. Thus to your disappointment with her will be added chagrin with yourself; and from the *melée* with a shadow you will emerge sore, baffled and defeated.

When I had concluded my diagnosis, Tremayne, who had been attentive throughout, remained for a few moments silent. Then he said: Well, Congreve, if I am to endure all this it will not be for lack of two warnings at least—your own and mine. For I confess that much of what you have said has already crossed my mind. Nevertheless, I have a fancy for seeing the thing

through. Would it be too much to ask you to make her acquaintance yourself? May I take you round one day to see her?

If you think I may be a precipitant, by all means, I said. When shall it be?

Why not at once, replied Tremayne. Excellent, I said.

(To be continued.)

Views and Reviews.*

EXCEPT to the acephalous creatures who persist in attending University Extension lectures, John Churton Collins is not a critic of much account. His moral bias, and his lack of perception of the nature and value of beauty, make him an untrustworthy guide to literature. His eulogies of Pope, for example (luckily, they are not reprinted in this volume), rivalled those of Byron; although he had not Byron's excuse for this extravagance. The only poet with whom Byron could justly have been compared was Shakespeare, and the comparison would not have been favourable to Byron; but by hailing Pope as his master, he diverted critical attention from his real rival, and was thus able to rank with his contemporaries as a great poet, instead of being recognised for what he was, a great personality in poetry. Churton Collins, as I have said, had no such excuse for eulogising Pope; for every reader of taste knows now that Pope and his school, as Emerson said, wrote poetry fit only to put round frosted cake. But THE NEW AGE method and style of criticism have roused so much controversy that I accept any chance of justifying it; and John Churton Collins' own standpoint as a critic is so similar to that of most of our correspondents that the re-publication of some of his lectures as essays may serve as the occasion for more explanation, since that seems necessary.

For what is urged against us, John Churton Collins urges against Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, that they were not catholic in their sympathies. Speaking of Arnold, he says: "We have seen how essentially Greek he was: how penetrated with the influence of Greek: how attracted to what was in the true sense 'classical' in Greek, in Latin, in French, in German, in English—balance, measure, sobriety, 'form'—revolted by what was amorphous, extravagant, coarse, with a genius delicate and finely touched rather than robust and vigorous, with a tendency to reduce and submit everything to the standards and touchstones of a lucid intelligence. Now it is doing the French—and Sainte-Beuve was pre-eminently and essentially a Frenchman—no injustice to say that though on such qualities and on such a temper is based the diathesis of a consummate critic, yet that critic will have his limitations, and they will be serious. Consummate he may be, but it will be within a certain sphere. The moment he is confronted, say, with such rude, elemental forces as Walt Whitman, or such flights as Shakespeare's in 'Lear,' nay, with what is most characteristic of the Hebrew Prophets, of Pindar, even of our own Milton, his touchstones and standards are apt to fail him. And this is strikingly true of Sainte-Beuve. It would certainly be too hard on him to say unreservedly that his insight and success as a critic are in inverse ratio to the greatness of the subjects and authors whom he judges, but it is assuredly to a certain degree true."

It is, or should be, clear, from this passage, that Churton Collins and our correspondents agree on the fundamental assumption that the first duty of a critic is not to criticise, but to appreciate. The critic fails if he cannot, like the Duke in "As You Like It," find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." But this assumption denies the very nature of criticism. Natural phenomena are to be studied by other means than literary criticism; and life itself, as we know it, is in conflict with the "rude elemental forces" of Nature. A critic who opened his arms to Walt Whitman, instead

* "The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins." (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

of calling for the police, might have sympathies as broad as the heavens, but his criticism would be as indiscriminating as the natural phenomena that there originate.

For if literature means anything at all, plainly it cannot mean everything. A man may have "historic knowledge, logic sound, and metaphysical acumen, sure"; but if he have not grace, and the gift of beauty, then is he accursed. Walt Whitman, to return to the example, can only be called a Poet if we first deprive the word of its accepted meaning. If Pope is a poet, how can Whitman be a poet? The types are mutually exclusive; and to apply the old names to the new men is not to link them in lineal succession to the classics, but to deprive the classics of their due meed of honour.

But I do not want to chop logic: I want to show the awful consequences to the critic of this abrogation of the standards. Churton Collins, one would imagine, would have written of some of the younger men, of some of the rude, elemental forces that he, presumably, could appreciate; but he does not. He writes of Samuel Johnson, for example, not as a writer but as a talker; he prefers biography to literary criticism, and the only literary judgment in this essay is the assertion, twice repeated, that "The Vanity of Human Wishes" is "the noblest moral poem in our literature." His essay on Edmund Burke is not a literary criticism, but an exposition of Burke's political principles in relation to the circumstances of his time. This illuminating comment on Burke's supposed desertion of his party is made: "What had changed were circumstances, and the change in Burke was no change of principles and tenets, but in the part he was forced to play—the attitude he was compelled to assume for the conservation of those tenets and principles." William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft were not literary people: both of them were social philosophers; yet they have an essay to themselves, in which, of course, their sexual morality is not approved. He writes on Wordsworth not as a poet, but as a teacher; Emerson, he says truly enough, "is not a classic as a literary artist in verse or in prose. . . . We are in the presence of a seer, of a prophet, of the preacher of a most inspiring gospel." But we have two essays on Emerson, one on the man, the other on his writings. Matthew Arnold's poetry was at least as deserving of critical notice as his prose; but the essay is mainly concerned with the demonstration of his lack of theological scholarship, although the necessary tribute to his critical ability is made. There are three supererogatory essays making comparisons or contrasts between Browning and Butler (the Bishop, of course), Browning and Lessing, Browning and Montaigne. Tennyson has an essay to himself, one again not of literary criticism, but of exposition of his "teaching." The volume closes with an essay on "Popular Proverbs."

It is clear that Collins differed from Sainte-Beuve, for example, in the meaning he attached to the word criticism. Collins was concerned only with the subject-matter, with the consequence that he, like every living person, was interested in almost everything. He was as pleased to ride on a locomotive as to investigate a murder case; and no more keenness of apprehension did he bring to the consideration of literature than he devoted to his other interests. Sainte-Beuve and Arnold emphasised, perhaps over-emphasised, the importance of treatment; manner was at least as important to them as matter. Neither of them could ever have blundered into anacoluthon as Collins so frequently did; for whether matter determines manner, or manner determines the choice of matter, in the work of an artist each is so related to the other that a necessary and vital connection between them cannot be doubted. But Collins could write barbarously of the man whom he described as "A genius delicate and finely touched." "When we say that Matthew Arnold had his full share of sharp and bitter domestic sorrow in the loss of loved children," he writes, "that his services as a public servant met with the most niggard recognition, and that in his applications for posts which might have relieved him from repulsive drudgery and given him leisure for more congenial, he was always disappointed; that during the

greater part of his life he had neither fame nor authority nor influence, filling a subordinate position, and, if not actually poor, always grazing embarrassment; that his literary work was not easy to him, but that it was the result of very severe labour; that he felt and acknowledged that he had not been what men call a success in life, though he would gladly have shared life's honours, rewards, and vantage-grounds, for he was neither an enthusiast nor recluse, but quite a man of the world and of society, or at least affected to be such; yet, for all this, he was never other than cheerful, genial, playful, and uncomplaining, the most delightful of companions, affectionate of husbands, of fathers, and of friends." Collins had evidently gathered the whirlwind to his bosom, with disastrous results to his syntax; and the "awful consequences" argument against all embracing sympathies may succeed where all others have failed.

A. E. R.

Present-Day Criticism.

It would seem useless trouble to notice Mr. James Stephens' illiterate communication, but that he echoes a complaint very often made by writers of his sort, and occasionally by some who must know better than to suppose that that complaint has any foundation. We do not doubt that Mr. Stephens, poor man, is quite on the surface with all his motives for defending Mr. Yeats as a poet, for himself is a Yeats-cast on the poetical lawns, if ever there was one. Moreover, no one might read his letter and see him disendow Milton, Shakespeare, Addison and Dryden all in the cause of Mr. Yeats, and not be indulgent. We apologise to Mr. Stephens for having attacked his Master with "this gratuitous effrontery," and we avow that Mr. Yeats' poems have not "done anything" to us. We wish they had. We wish they had done something like the verses of Milton and the rest whom we will not now mention for fear of again provoking Mr. Stephens. We will get on to the sentence in which he complains that we chose from the Master's play "sentences which, when rudely snatched from their comrades, must appear weak." We assume that to mean "when taken from their context." Now it is certain that we shall never convince Mr. Stephens that the method of comparative criticism is the correct one. No matter what we might say, he will have it that we must quote the whole of a work or none. We might quote, as we did quote, for comparison lines that poets and critics have chosen as exhibiting precisely the qualities by which poetry stands, whether those qualities are encompassed by one line or by a whole poem: Mr. Stephens would find them "humbly craving pardon of the mighty dead . . . in this dismemberment, sheer unredeemed bathos . . . turgidity, flatness as ever came from the jaded brain of a poet"—and all sorts of things that he knows to be the stock-in-trade anathema of a Harmsworth critic adverse to the Muses, and himself with a ballade to sell. So we must abandon him in this province, only promising, after dismembering the great poets by quotation so as to mollify him, "to again quote," as he writes, and "to fully quote" some other day a poem of Mr. Stephens' own.

Really, there is only one reply necessary to the silly persons who complain about lines being snatched, rudely or any other way, from their context: that, to those who are fitted to judge, true poetry will stand *stand* this, and that the highest poetry will stand it even though, in quotation, a sentence may not be completed. There is, as we all have felt, so much inspiration in a half-phrase as to communicate complete meaning, while an uninspired stanza will try in vain to make the same meaning alive. By the nature of these inspired phrases and half phrases, we can only compare them with their own like. For the purpose of criticism they may be contrasted with lesser verse, and such contrasts have always been employed by critics. But for the moment we are not intent so much upon criticism as upon showing that great poetry stands. When we repeat some of these great lines and phrases we know at once that they

need no context for support. How complete is not such a phrase as Wordsworth's :

Light that never was on land or sea ;

or are not these :

Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers. (Milton.)

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas and faery lands forlorn. (Keats.)

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. (Shakespeare.)

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost.
(Coleridge.)

Such lines and half-lines will never complain of being taken from their context. Nor these, though of the second order of inspiration (we remember that we are discussing poetry, and nothing less, and that some critics might dispute whether we may speak of any second order of inspiration) :

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade. (Arnold.)

Whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. (Shakespeare.)

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. (Milton.)

O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth. (Shelley.)

I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
(Wordsworth.)

In all these lines, though they are great, there is, in our opinion, a quality that is certainly not the gift of inspiration : there is a quality of sophistication. The reader, to understand them, must have learned something already from other sources. He must know a little of Greek mythology, and some geography and even science. The first selections are instantly open to all imaginative minds. Let us note, further, at how much greater length we need to quote for coherence, even if we have, in fact, taken enough to satisfy those who may not know the poems. For such a circumstance, however, we cannot be blamed. Clearly (and here is the unnecessary justification of this method of criticism) the whole poems cannot be given. In criticising Mr. Yeats' play we selected by no means the worst of his verses, but the best. There are dozens in the play too hideous to quote, too raw and bald for any critic to notice. We quoted finally the senseless refrain of a song wherein platitude and stereotype fill up every line :

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart are withered away.

Flatly, the wind never withered a heart yet, however lonely.

While the fairies dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air.

Anybody almost could write this asleep. Milk-white belongs to everyone who cannot find a less downright common adjective, and to repeat it is unpardonable. The wind laughs and murmurs and sings

Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue.

Tags, nothing but tags ! Then another repetition :

When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung
The lonely of heart is withered away.

It is just Buncombe ; and those inclined to yearn over

it might profitably run to a well-known passage for the humour of it :

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

"Why, so can I, or so can any man ;

But will they come when you do call for them?"

In Shakespeare's "daffodil" lines the poet makes a reality seem magical. Wordsworth's line, "The light that never was on land or sea," is an extremely delicate perception ; yet we may all check it. Mr. Yeats, in mantraming "milk-white" feet and "milk-white" arms, is attempting to make magical things realistic ; and we are not convinced. *We think that some fairies' feet are green !*

One or two correspondents disagree with our suggestion that Mr. Yeats' bad example is responsible for half the versifiers of to-day. William Morris, Coventry Patmore, and Robert Browning are respectively charged with having set that example which attempts to finesse a victory in verse. We hold, for the moment, to our opinion that the young men of to-day who publish, mostly at their own expense, such dreadful rubbish, are encouraged directly by the success of Mr. Yeats. That success was a fluke. It is over. It will not be repeated. Young eighteen-to-day-and-nothing-done will have to wear the immortal laurel or none at all.

A Book of the Week.*

By Jack Collings Squire.

It looks as though the propaganda of William Morris were beginning to have some genuine practical effect. One cannot class as such the so-called "revolution" in designs for stuffs and furniture that has been witnessed during the last generation. In the first place these changes in design have had a bearing only upon the lives of the prosperous minority, and none whatever upon those of the masses or the general social life of the nation ; and, in the second place, change in this respect has not generally meant improvement. Morris's ideas—as commonly happens—have been degraded in adaptation and, save in regard to a very narrow sphere, we have merely seen a change from one kind of bad and stupid design to another. But Morris's artistic gospel had a far wider scope than mere suggestions for improving the appearance of our domestic conveniences. If he revived tapestry weaving, he also wrote "News from Nowhere." Over and above everything else he stands for the transformation and development of our public amenities. Here, in fact, we have the key to his Mediævalism. It was not so much the handicraft of the Middle Ages or their Chivalry or their Faith that attracted him, as the variety, colour, and energy of their social life. His objection to modern conditions took its rise not so much from ethical or economic theory (though with these he was incidentally concerned), as from his objection to ugliness, gloom, and uniformity. "Merrie England" to him was more than a Christmas-card phrase ; the words embodied a contrast and a protest. He detested "six counties overhung by smoke," and the appalling sameness of modern dress, the absence of green from our cities, of colour from our streets, and of sports from our countryside. He dreamed of an England pastoral and agricultural, sprinkled with small towns where the traveller could find things curious and beautiful and new, instead of things noisily monotonous and aggressively tedious. Others, of course, have shared his views on the matter, but no one has voiced them so eloquently as he. And, thanks chiefly to him, the Revolt against Uniformity has begun.

We have never entirely succumbed to it. We have never quite let Merrie England go out of mind. She has been kept, as it were, like a beautiful lady in the cupboard whilst all the skeletons are at the feast. Occasionally when we have felt it our solemn duty to be

* "The Recovery of the Picturesque." By Professor William Pigott-Jones. (Chadwick and Hopkins. 10s. 6d. net.)

festive we have shown that we still have a half-idea of what we really ought to do. I do not suggest that we ever entertain the idea of pulling down London, of seriously modifying the big results of laissez-faire politics; and Professor Pigott-Jones believes that we have most to gain just now by keeping off the largest problems. But whenever we have a ceremonial holiday, we furtively draw out some of the symbols of an earlier and better civilisation. For example, during the recent Coronation festivities, the occupants of offices in Lombard Street revived the ancient sign-boards. Bankers and wholesale merchants disported themselves with brand-new and cheerfully-coloured Eagles and Leopards and Three Old Cocks, and so forth. But as though ashamed of our temporary lapse into sense we remove these delightful ornaments directly the immediate cause of their fabrication has been removed. Coronation over, Lombard Street became its old and dull self again.

It is with apparently small matters like this of the signboards that Professor Pigott-Jones busies himself. He believes that here and now he can do most good—whilst never losing sight of his ultimate Utopianism—by studying how in small ways we can improve things as they are. "Granted," he says, "that London, as we know it, must in its essentials remain; granted that commercialism continues, and that the arrangement and design of houses and streets remains what it is. How, whilst ignoring fundamentals, can we touch up, or, as it were, trim the superficies of our modern bustling city life in such a way as to invest it with some of those qualities, the absence of which was so rightly and justly deplored by the great poet-craftsman who was so recently in our midst?" He proceeds in a most fascinating book of five hundred pages to outline his own suggestions for amelioration.

Now, it must be frankly admitted that some of his suggestions are quite unlikely to be adopted; some, in fact might, by a cold-blooded person, be called fantastical and fanatical. Occasionally his exuberance and enthusiasm run away with him and he advocates things that could no more be grafted on our present-day civilisation than an elephant's tusks could be grafted on a mollusc of the slime. But, generally speaking, he is as practical as he is inspiring. He urges changes in small detail so numerous and so excellent in their cumulative effect that, were they all achieved, they would certainly do a great deal to render modern London tolerable to a sane human being.

The signs above referred to are one of the ancient novelties he would reintroduce. Englishmen never, to do them justice, abandoned these things voluntarily, or because they had ceased to appreciate them. The reason why they disappeared is that one day a certain too venerable and decrepit sign fell upon the head of a passer-by and killed him. The small clique of busybodies who at that time ruled England forthwith introduced an Act making projecting street signs illegal. Even to-day there are rigid restrictions as to the size, height and construction of such sign-boards. Whether on the whole it is not advantageous to retain such excellent things, even though they may be a little dangerous, does not seem to occur to any of our rulers. Lives, they think, may be wasted in the making of wealth but not in the making of beauty. It is right and proper that coal-mining and the running of railways should go on, even though thousands of men should each year lose their lives in those occupations. But not one arm or leg should be sacrificed for the sake of what are called "non-economic goods." Should a stray water-wagtail by chance peck a baby's eyes out, they would at once start a campaign for the extirpation of water-wagtails. "Let us," says the Professor, "see every business street in London gay with bright signs which will restore to us in large measure both our colour and our symbolism. Let the Pig and Whistle and the Goat and Compasses be something more than mere names. Let them be a tonic to our adults and an inspiration to our young folk."

Separate chapters are devoted to various special departments such as Paint, Bunting and Uniforms. Whilst reluctantly admitting that the stage has not

been reached at which we can expect the ordinary private citizen to alter his costume, he points out that it would be easy to begin with public servants and other persons upon whom some "regulation" attire is enforced by orders from above. It only needs to get the sympathy of, say, the Postmaster-General or the City Corporation or the Chairman of Directors of some important railway to transform at once the appearance of a large body of men who, speaking visually, may be termed prominent men. He disclaims any idea of going to the Morrisian Extrême of Golden Dustmen. He sees that all that we can hope for just now is the adoption of official costumes which may be more æsthetically pleasing than those now in vogue and at the same time equally suitable for working purposes. Why, he asks, should postmen, policemen, and railway servants wear three of the most hideous forms of costume that ever defaced the form of man? If policemen must have helmets, he inquires, why should they not have gracefully modelled shining helmets of brass or white metal, instead of "melancholy blue tumuli with poker-knobs on the top"? Without, he argues, going to the extreme of equipping postmen with the cap and rod of winged Mercury, cannot we supply them with something which will bring a little brightness and joy into our dingy streets, and which may even counteract the depressing influence of the unpaid tradesmen's bills that they are delivering? As for the railwaymen, he frankly suggests that the men at the different underground stations should bear on their persons some emblem representing the places to which they are attached. "I do not go to what would seem the grotesque length of saying that at Blackfriars the ticket-collectors should be garbed with rope, rosary, and friar's gown, or that the men at the Temple should wear the robes of Greek hierophants. But I do say that, whilst retaining the form of garment in general use to-day (I refer to the coat, the waistcoat, and the trousers), a great improvement in colour might be wrought and the colours varied for the different stations; and that at each station some little badge or token might be worn which would remind one of its particular associations and greatly relieve the tedium of our journeys."

It is perhaps in the chapter on nomenclature that Professor Pigott-Jones gets most interesting. He inveighs with earnest eloquence against the naming of our streets, our churches, and our theatres, our modern public-houses and our shops. He points out with great force the viciousness of the custom of calling our public-houses after the streets in which they are situated (as the "Albert"), or by some supposedly patrician name lifted out of a cheap novelette (as the "Beaumont Arms"). "Let the names of our public-houses grow once more," says he, "out of the soil of the human heart." He gives specimens, including the "Man Laden with Mischief," at Madingley, and the "Live and Let Live," which graces the crest of a Somersetshire hill. In olden days, he observes, it was the custom to name streets after some genuine local association. "If a street was small and ran by the Thames, men called it Little Thames Street; if the builder of an alley had this attention attracted by a limping cur, we got the Dog Alley, and the neighbourhood of a vixen could procure for a thoroughfare the name of Scolding Mary Lane. To-day it is nothing but John Street and George Street and Westminster Road and Ladysmith Avenue. The imagination that used to go to the making of local names is no longer present. We have banished the natural man. Fancy, caprice, and spontaneity are no more with us; or, if they are with us, we keep them well locked up under our hats." He gets most lyrical when he throws out the quite original suggestion of a plan which might invest even our motor-buses with something of romance. The passage is, I think, worth quoting at length:—

With good will and a few buckets of paint our very motor-buses could be turned to good use. At present I feel an angry aching at the heart whenever I see one. For why? They are all exactly the same! With few exceptions, their colour is red, and the word "General" is splashed across them in large letters. I walk along the Strand and there they pass in endless, irritating iteration—red General after

red General—never a change for the eye, never a variety for the mind. Surely, now that almost the whole of our omnibus traffic has passed into the hands of one great company, the motives (advertisement, distinction from the 'buses of other companies, etc.) which may have prompted this sameness of name and colour in earlier days are no longer valid. Generally speaking, if we see a 'bus we know it is a General, and there's an end on't. It would cost the company scarcely any trouble or loss, whilst at the same time adding immensely to the amenities of our streets, were the 'buses on each route given a distinctive colour and name. We had something of the sort in the old days of the horse-buses; I believe that the "Monster" 'bus and the "Favorite" 'bus are still with us, although I have not had occasion to use them lately. It might, perhaps, be confusing to call each individual omnibus by a special name as we do each ship in the Navy—though that would be a very desirable consummation were it attainable. But there could certainly be no inconvenience in giving one name to all the 'buses on a particular route. I conceive that such names might be at once picturesque and symbolic; they might be at once classical in their flavour and peculiarly modern in their implications. Why, for instance, should we not have the Vulcan or the Thor running to Hammersmith? I hope I shall live to see the day when I may go to Battersea by the Xerxes and by the Pandora to Canning Town. What more suitable name than that of the fair metamorphosed Daphne, god-pursued, could be bestowed upon the 'bus which should take us to Turnham Green? And how intimate might not be the association of goat-foot Pan with Tooting? For the 'buses on the Ealing route I choose as by impulse the name of Æsculapius; for those which go to Peckham that of Leda, mother of beautiful children. The Styx should run to Mortlake, the Polyphemus to Wapping, the Amazon to Holloway, the Dionysus to Fulham, the Sisyphus to Crouch Hill, the Actæon to Hornsey, the Persephone to Bloomsbury, the Vitellius to Eaton Square, the Cleopatra to Purley, the Cerberus to Barking, the Trojan Horse to Walworth, the Prometheus to Liverpool Street, the Bucephalus to Hackney, the Rhadamanthus to Chancery Lane, the Cræsus to Westminster, and the Tantalus to Whitechapel? Think of it—a London ablaze with moving symbols and ringing day-long with the names of the gods and heroes of old time!

It is impossible in the short space at my disposal to do justice to this fascinating and stimulating book. It is a book that may well initiate a great movement that will leave permanent marks upon the face of our country. Once one has taken it up it is exceedingly difficult to lay it down. It cuts through shams and deep into the flesh of humanity. It has the stuff of life in it. And it possesses that rare thing, that elusive quality, charm.

Art and Drama.

Drama Dispensaries.

By Huntly Carter.

I REFERRED some weeks ago to Ireland's drama patches. Dublin and Ulster, with their overpowering smell of peat that strongly warned us of the presence of bog. From other places come indications pointing to the growth of local drama without spiritual power, taste, or æsthetic refinement. Some of these indications come from Glasgow, a city which, though given over to whisky, tobacco, and a Municipal Art Gallery with a cathedral organ, has of late manifested a public spirit with a view to bettering the condition of the drama. In this way a drama dispensary has been established and a number of plays, more or less local, produced which are deemed worthy of publication. (Repertory Plays, Gowans and Grey, 6d. each.) I gather from the prospectus printed with these plays that the aim of the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre is "to throw off an allegiance to London's despotic sway," and that the venture was not a success till "the shareholders, all Glasgow men, reinforced the finances."

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From such sources, however, come the six plays. They may be divided as follows: Three, dealing with the newspaper or detective theme, one in which people take sides in a capital and labour squabble, one showing the relation of dangerous trades to love affairs, and one wherein Mr. Bernard Shaw is called a fool and a new social panacea is suggested. All these plays faithfully represent the lives of unimportant people, their failings, errors, bad habits—people who follow the dictates of primitive instincts and common impulses.

Everything concerning them is minutely recorded. In fact, the way these Glasgow dramatists pry into the private lives and antecedents of nobodies and the brutal and indelicate way in which they refer to their personal appearances and surroundings in columns of detailed analysis should be made a matter for legislation. It is cruelty to animals.

* * *

Though I have referred to these plays as Glasgow plays, they are not really all local. Some have only made their way to Glasgow, hoping, no doubt, to make a reputation in a decent Scotch community. No. 1, "The Last Man In," by W. B. Maxwell, was a discovery by Mr. Frederick Whelen. It is just the sort of thing to appeal to hard men and tradesmen and stage directors who are after something sensational and "catchy." The playlet is based on a situation, and owes its production to its possibilities of character acting. It introduces us to an innkeeper and his wife who are expecting the return of their sailor-son. The inn is just about to close for the night, and we learn from the customers of the dastardly murder of a sailor in London. A stranger enters who, instead of leaving with the others as the "pub." closes, conceals himself. This causes the situation. He suddenly confronts the startled innkeeper and his wife, declares he is the expected son, goes off in a stage trance, describes how he committed the murder, and dies. The day when this stage-stuff was commercially valuable is gone by, and the sooner Repertory Theatre directors realise this and cease from diverting Grand Guignoles from the "Daily Mail" the better. No. 4, "Augustus in Search of a Father," by Harold Chapin, is also a curtain-raiser based on a situation. An Americanised criminal accepts the hospitality of a night-watchman. After revealing his character to the old man, the former discovers that the latter is his father. He manages, however, to escape without revealing his identity. Crisp dialogue and expectation mingled with uncertainty are the main features of this play. The audience is led to say, "Will the truth appear? If so, what will come of it?" But Mr. Chapin should aim at higher game. He has, I believe, a taste for fantasy. No. 6, "The Probationer," by Anthony Rowley, has a detective story to tell, of self-sacrifice and Scotch slobber. The Probationer is a man who has been dismissed from his employment as a bookseller's assistant and is given another chance. During his probation some valuable books disappear, with the result that at the end of the month he gets the sack and also two months' salary. The latter curious circumstance is surely new to Scotland. But this does not complete the play, for in that case it would merely be a police-court anecdote with the bathos left out. Besides we have a vague feeling of sentiment hovering in the air roused by the inconsistent conduct of a youth earlier in the play. This youth, who is a friend of the Probationer, is preparing for the ministry. He has a taste for costly bound books, and is in love with the Probationer's daughter. What more natural than the Probationer should discover the books packed away in his own cupboard, and, finding that his employer means to be relentless, should seek to shield the youth by declaring himself to be the base criminal. Such a situation is bound to cause a thrill of admiration to run round a Scotch audience. Then comes the climax. The youth has written in one of the books. The bookseller recognises the handwriting, and is so overcome with the discovery of the self-sacrifice of the Probationer that he calls him a noble liar (in Roman Capitals) and gathers him to his bosom. The action of "A Weaver's Shuttle," by Anthony Rowley, turns mainly on the invention of a useless shuttle by an employer of labour. The play opens with signs of a squabble between master and men, in which the shuttle plays a large part. And what is the triumphant conclusion of this magnificent theme? Why, of course, the obstinate capitalist has to kill the product of his fertile brain and adopt the invention of his foreman instead. There's a victory for labour. "The Price of Coal," by Harold Brighthouse, is a Lancashire dialect play which has been translated into Lanarkshire. Jock, a miner, wants to marry Mary.

One morning he declares himself, but Mary prefers to defer her answer till he returns from work. Again we have an expectancy and uncertainty scene, and the calling forth of the question, "What is going to happen?" by the device of leaving two women to discuss the dangers of mining. The inevitable pit accident happens, and Jock is brought home disabled to talk to Mary "about pittin' up the banns when ma airn's set." Are we to believe this is exactly the sort of scene pit-head people require for their demonstration of affection? "The Fountain," by George Calderon, is not Glasgow. It contains a preface wherein the author puts his critics right. His "hero is not an exponent of orthodox Socialism," neither is the author "a disciple of Bernard Shaw." On the contrary, his play was written to expose the stupid theory of "Widower's Houses," and his aim is to damage and defeat the argument of that play. His theory is that good is the cause of wit. In order to expound his thesis Mr. Calderon packs off a number of well-meaning fools to Whitechapel where they go in for private pawnbroking and other enterprises in the interest of the poor, that would make interfering bodies like the C.O.S. blush. The author manages to demonstrate that the poor are not to be touched with a barge-pole, and the good are the quintessence of stupidity. Though the play is not written for Fabians, it may be read by persons afflicted with the Shaw mind. The review of these dramatic materials from Glasgow points to one thing. The growing penury of ideas is not confined to the commercial drama; it has infected the so-called truthseeking drama, and has launched it in a region of dulness, where there is neither breadth, depth, nor height.

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The penury of live and exalted ideas is not confined to the Glasgow Repertory Theatre plays. It has also taken possession of the dramatists of the Royalty Theatre, London. "The New Sin," by B. Macdonald Hastings (Sidgwick and Jackson), is a case in point. Mr. Hastings' play has just been put in the night bill of the Criterion, and this important event is made the occasion of an interview of the author by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. To be interviewed by Mr. Fyfe for the "Daily Mail" is to touch the pinnacle of fame. Mr. Fyfe can always be relied on to muddle your case sufficiently to make it immensely popular. The following extracts from the interview, "as we sat at supper," will illustrate my meaning. "A few weeks ago Mr. Hastings was unheard of. A few months ago he had no idea of writing a play." "The two pieces running are the only two he has ever written. It sounds incredible—all the more so because he had no connection with the theatre, no influence, no 'pull' of any kind. He had acted a good deal with an amateur club, the Vaudeville, so he knew a little about the technique of the stage. . . . So far he has studied little the art of dramaturgy. He wrote 'The New Sin' straight away as it stands. The idea came to him that there might be circumstances which would make it seem a sin to be alive. He has a vast deal to learn, etc., etc." We agree with the latter statement. The fact that Mr. Hastings possesses a bottle of ink, a desire to write plays, the knack of getting these produced instantly, does not entitle him to any particular respect from thinking persons, or any claim to fame. It is true he may go on making £2,000 a year from plays like "The New Sin," but that is because the public have been prepared for years to receive and even demand such a brutal, callous and out-of-date theme. The theme is that of a criminally-minded draper who bequeaths his millions to be divided equally between his children, except one. The latter, a scapegrace, is not to benefit by the will, nor are his brothers and sisters to receive their portions till he is dead. He is thus placed on the horns of a dilemma: he is either to live to the pauperisation of his brothers and sisters, or to die to enrich them. In fact, the will is a direct incentive to murder or suicide. How does Mr. Hastings work out this pretty theme, which he confesses is not new? He makes one of the brothers commit a brutal murder. The disinherited brother is present and accepts the responsibility. He is tried and sentenced to death, and implores everybody to

allow him to be hanged. Nevertheless, he is reprieved, and the old situation is re-attained; and one may confidently expect one of the weak-minded members of the family to murder him. But what is the New Sin? Is it the father inciting the beneficiaries under his will to commit murder? Or the disinherited son to commit suicide? Is it the latter compromising with murder? Or the Home Secretary reprieving a murderer? The play has been praised on account of its life and character drawing. But no one appears to have condemned the author for exploiting the idea that it is a sin for a vital man to live because his father has condemned him to death. Such themes of violent intentions and slaughter are to be met with in the Newgate Calender, where they are also discussed in second-rate journalese.

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"Rutherford and Son" (Sidgwick and Jackson) is another play that has found immediate acceptance and immediate success. It is not clear whether it is a first play. The fact that a one-act booby play by the same author has just been produced leaves the matter an open one. Miss Sowerby has also been telling the interviewer a few booby things. "She has no views, no objects, no plans. She has done verses and short stories and a book of little plays for children. No, she did not write and rewrite. Like Mr. Hastings, she wrote the play straight off." This, no doubt, accounts for many things. The stupidity of the plot and the inconsistency of the characters, the amateurishness of the construction, the coarse, theatrical dialogue. The amazing idea exploited by the play is that an industrial concern is of far more importance than the individual. The exposition shows that Rutherford has sacrificed everything to his business enterprise, and his son and son's wife, the pair he treats so brutally, actually sacrifice their child to the firm and the man they despise. The son deserts his wife and child and runs off with the contents of Rutherford's cash-box, while the wife makes a bargain with the enemy whereby she agrees to hand over her child, body and soul, to Rutherford at the end of ten years in exchange for food and shelter. The author, like most beginners, began her play without knowing how to end it. It is all loose ends. It exists for the sake of Mr. Norman McKinnel, and but for "Strife" probably would not have been manufactured.

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If I have dealt solely with the "plots" of the aforementioned plays it is in order to demonstrate that the Repertory Theatres are not serving their true purpose. They are fostering morbid materialism instead of high-souled drama, glorifying the egoist instead of illuminating the Ego. In no single instance is the "story" worth telling, nor does the dialogue rise to a lyrical level. It is true that here and there the dialogue is good. But who wants sugar-coated pills? If the directors of the Repertory Theatres were artists and symbolists there would be no need to talk of drama as a drug for degenerates.

Pastiche.

ANOTHER VIEW OF G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Yus," said the old woman with whom I had scraped an acquaintance in a certain village, "yus, I've spoken to a real, live prince. I 'eard as 'ow 'e was a great man, and, to be sure, 'is size was tremend'us. And mighty queer 'e was as well. Everythink I said 'e turned 'im upside down, and fair' puzzled me. Yer see, I found 'im on this 'ere doorstep, scribblin' on a bit of dirty paper.

"'Must be 'ard to write there,' says I.

"'No,' 'e says, 'it's 'ard to sit 'ere.' So I gave 'im a doormat to sit on, which I've kept since as a curiosio.

"'Never was any good at writin', I was,' I says. 'Never was edicated enough.'

"'Don't mention to me,' 'e says, 'the edication of the masses. I want the edication of the upper classes. Democracy talks about "paintin' the town red": that's poetic. But aristocracy can only talk about paintin' the map red: that's priggish.' (It was like turnin' somersaults with words, 'is talk was.)

"'Oh,' I says, 'then you think women are good enough for votes?'

"'No; votes are not good enough for women.' (I never

'eard anyone speak so topsy-turvy-like.) 'Yer needn't 'ave an idea for votin', but yer must 'ave an ideal for women.'

"'Garn,' says my old man; 'don't yer tell my wife she's got to be idle. Our squire says all that's Radical. And 'e told me 'issself—'

"'What?' shouted the Prince, jumpin' up. 'I'll see to your squire.' And 'e rushed off to the Hall, swearin' awful."

"And who was this Prince?" I inquired.

"They told me 'e was the Prince of Paradox. Somewhere in Russia, isn't it? Funny name is Paradox. They say they're always a bit queer what 'ave anythink to do with the place."

E. H. DAVENPORT.

BALLADE OF THE SUPERMAN.

(Strayed from a weekly contemporary.)

I.

Why is it that my grocer soon will fail?
Why has my lady's baby straight black hair?
Why is there so much sugar in my ale?
Why do we waste our stock of cash and share?
What is the history of the recent scare?
Why is Caillaux at present under ban?
Why are the Balkans just now all aflare?
I really think the Jew's the Superman.

II.

Really, my lord, your race I don't assail—
Why should the hound be harried by the hare?
And then the libel laws—and, after, jail,
And Justice Hoggenheim is too severe.
Then there's that wretched I.O.U. affair
I cannot pay however much I plan;
Quarrel with Mr. Moss I shall not dare.
I really think the Jew's the Superman.

III.

Far be it, then, from me to twist the tail
Of Mr. Aaronstein—Lord Marchmont's heir.
My reverence for my betters shall not fail,
Virtue shall triumph though my back be bare.
And in the lodge we hear things "on the square":
Binks told me once the whole of Rhodes' plan,
And why the democrats were dumb—so there,
I really think the Jew's the Superman.

ENVOI.

Prince of the City and of Belgrave Square,
You've dunned the Duke and done the Artisan;
You rule the world from Moscow to Mayfair.
I really think the Jew's the Superman.

H. P.

THE GASTRONOMIC SCHOOL OF POETRY.

The "Epicures' League" held its first international dinner at the Hotel Cecil on May 4. The most important feature of the gathering was the introduction of a new dish, "Fraise Sarah Bernhardt," to which Mr. Gringoire has written and recited an ode. The following lyrics are attributed to that distinguished bard of the cuisine.

THE EGG.

(With acknowledgments to William Blake.)

Little egg, who laid thee?
Dost thou know who laid thee?
Gave thee strength to kick and yell
In thy addled little shell,
Packed thee in thy wooden crate,
Stamped thee with a later date,
Styled thee "fresh" and "newly laid,"
Worth the price I blithely paid?—
If I knew who laid thee
I would not upbraid thee!

THE EPIC OF THE EPICURE.

(Lines written in dejection to a bisected sausage.)

O, thou who art the soul of mystery!
What was thy genesis—and what thy history?
Thy origin Teutonic mere abuse is—
But *was* your secret solved at far Eleusis?
Or did'st thou, nursling of the tender breeze,
Sport joyously whence Cam flows to the seas?
Yet, whether on thy yielding form be found
The brand of "Cambridge (one-and-two per pound),"
Or whether thou wert fashioned 'midst the gloom
Of primitive creation—not thy doom
In Hall Egyptian to be branded "Spook,"
Tho' half thy subtle charm be owed to "Cook."

As when some gourmand at an "A.B.C."
Broods o'er the tariff—orders ham and tea—
Then sinks upon the marble to support
His weary vigil—soft his sense is fraught
With fumes ambrosial from a burnished keg

Where coyly lurks the lately poached egg
Couched on a decadence of buttered toast—
The gourmand pauses, lately all engrossed
With porcine longings—now in frenzy torn
Twixt wild first love and fervour newly born;
'Tis Scylla now, and now Charybdis calls—!

So pause I as thy doubled charm enthral
My gastronomic vision. I must choose
One section first or all thy savour lose.
Avant! I could not leave one charm forsaken;
Go! loving pair—I'll cleave to eggs and bacon!

W. HUGH HIGGINBOTTOM.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

III.—THE FREEWOMAN.

FREEWOMEN IN POLITICS.

With reference and on account to and of what making exception leads us poor women as we though not so bad as it might be are to deal with politics at all is this that and we will brook no, for none is fitting, denial when all the facts are known. Be this as it were our readers will instantly agree within all such limits being the same. . . .

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Chancing to enter an ironmonger's the other day at five o'clock in the afternoon, we demanded half a pint of milk. Judge of our surprise when the young man's reply came, "Our business hours are from eight to seven, and our pay one shilling a week. The 'boss' is a brute." Then we realised how . . .

THE INDEFINITE INDESCRIBABLE.

O, I was a naughty pirate man
Until the Lord—O—taught me, as He can,
His eternal verities,
Abstract ideas and ascetic austerities.

E. H. VISIAK.

ME AND JANE.

A SHORT STORY.

. . . "Jane," I said, "you may have a bath after all."
"Gawd bless yer, ma'am," she said, smiling.

THE PROSTITUTE AND PARNASSUS.

BY I. N. K. STAYNES.

. . . And so, once more I say, . . . the lower stratum
of society . . . walking the streets . . . bare subsistence
. . . disease . . . death.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOOD AND POPULATION.

Madam,—Please allow me to contradict my wife's statement in last week's issue. I do not eat cheese with a spoon. My youngest son is prepared to bear me out in this on oath.
The Husband of "An Ordinary Mother."

UNMENTIONABLE DISEASES WE HAVE KNOWN.

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

Madam,—...

THE ACCURSED.

. . . "Cursed be she," I cried, "be she,
Who would not be a Freewoman like me."

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

THE SIAMESE SINS.

"Two gooboo (blacks) don't make a boogoo (white)," said I, oogooob (tying on) my oogooog (peaked hat fastened with a yellow riband). . . .

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WAGE SYSTEM.

Sir,—The writer of "Notes of the Week" has no forgiveness for the sin of shareholding, but he does not help his case by suggesting that railway shareholders really get 30 per cent., and that they are not entitled to dividends at all.

The temperate and sympathetic paper in your last issue on "The Great Industry and the Wage System" is far more convincing, and makes an honest claim on behalf of the wage-earners for emancipation from the hopeless position imposed upon them by modern economical conditions. I have been trying to apply the remedy advocated in THE NEW AGE—i.e., the association of the men through elected representatives with the representatives of capital. The men find labour and skill, and the capitalists find cash, and it does not appear unreasonable that both interests should be represented in the management. Your object is twofold—firstly, to raise labour from the position of a mere element of the cost of production; secondly, to give labour a larger share of the profits of industry, and so make life better worth living.

In practice, Labour would say to Capital: "After paying for materials and outgoings other than labour, there is a margin of profit which is divisible between labour and capital, and the proportion in which this margin shall be divided must be fixed; but labour requires for maintenance weekly payments for services rendered, and these payments must be regarded as instalments of the share of profits due to labour upon the annual stocktaking." There will be many complicated details in respect of each business, but probably with goodwill and a spirit of sweet reasonableness these will not be incapable of adjustment. The crucial point will be what are to be the respective gains of capital and labour. Small figures by way of illustration are less cumbersome than large ones, so I will assume a business employing a capital of £100,000 and paying at the commencement of the co-partnership £30,000 per annum in wages, and making a profit of £8,000. As services would be paid for week by week, capital would claim to rank next for a fair rate of interest—say 5 per cent.—and there would then remain £3,000 for division on some equitable principle between capital and labour. If capital were so liberal as to assent to the whole of this amount being paid to labour it would only give an additional 10 per cent. on existing wages, or to a man earning 30s. per week a yearly bonus of £8. The sharing of profits would raise the status of labour, but would the increased gain effect any material improvement in the men's outlook on life? Figures are a sordid test for aspirations, but I am satisfied that any share of profits which the men could obtain, though it might increase their self-respect, would not do much to advance their material prosperity.

O. HOLT CALDICOTT.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS FROM CANADA.

Sir,—I am deeply interested in the Australian articles of Mr. Grant Hervey, for I see that he has been considering the same problems in Australia as I have been trying to work out in Canada. Like all Colonials, Mr. Hervey has a tendency to mistake rhetoric for thought; but he has the great advantage of living on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, which will be the centre of world politics for ages to come.

Mr. Hervey wishes the European Powers to give up quarrelling with each other and devote themselves to the more sensible task of protecting Australia against China and Japan. The difficulty is that there is no logical reason why Germany and Austria should do anything of the kind. What they want is to get some of the world for themselves, not to help the English to hold all the world against the Chinese. Australia, under her present Government, is as useless to the Germans and Austrians as she could be under any government. She imposes enormous Customs duties, which would probably be less under a Yellow government. True, the Germans and Austrians can at present emigrate to Australia; but their Governments are not anxious that they should do so. Besides, it is very unpleasant to emigrate to any country where a foreign language is spoken. Only extreme economic pressure or political tyranny will make men do that, and it is the height of folly to imagine that Continental nations will ever be satisfied to regard British Colonies as a natural outlet. It would pay Germany better to get a country like New Zealand to herself than to help the British to hold all Canada and Australia.

When the Yellow races sweep down on the British Empire, Continental Europe, far from desiring to help the British, will dance with delight. The mere pleasure of seeing the most unpopular nation in the world severely pommelled will be enough, without any thought of ulterior conse-

quences. But it will also be a glorious chance for the Continental nations to get something for themselves. While China and Japan are grabbing the lion's share, Germany, Austria, and Russia will be making off with the jackal's share. Britain has everything, and all the other nations have nothing. That all nations should combine against Britain is as inevitable as that the miners should combine against the mine-owners.

If the Australians have any foresight there is one thing they will do at once. They will throw Australia open to the Yellow races without a moment's delay. Australia is inevitably destined to become Chinese, and the more peacefully the change is made the better. Let the Asiatics pour in and become Australianised as quickly as may be. Let them have the vote and intermarry with the Australians, and they will soon be as good Australians as anybody. Possibly the Chinese may be a little more advanced intellectually, for four women have just been elected to the Provincial Legislature of Canton, and Australia has not yet reached that stage. Perhaps, too, a nation of mere money-grabbers like the Australians might feel a little mean in the presence of a people with so magnificent a history as the Chinese. But slight inequalities like these would soon disappear. Australia will spare herself much bloodshed and sorrow if she accepts the facts at once, instead of wasting time over pipe-dreams.

R. B. KERR.

* * *

BANKING.

Sir,—If Mr. Donisthorpe is in favour of free banking, and agrees with the Banking Reform League that serious social inequity arises from State interference with credit operations, I fully concur that it is unnecessary to take up space in THE NEW AGE with discussion of such points as to whether a token, the use of which is gradually being superseded in commerce, shall or shall not be termed a more primitive one than its substitute. I trust that Mr. Donisthorpe will give the support of his pen and purse to this League.

To turn to other matters, it is interesting to me to notice the revolt of the writer of "Notes of the Week" against the Marxian "Barrack" Socialism. It was such a revolt as this which led to the Krapotkinian communist secession. But I contend that there is no possible half-way house between free competition (in which I assume freedom of credit) and barrack Socialism. Krapotkin assumed sufficient ability and unselfishness in the ordinary wage-earner to enable and induce the latter to organise industry without seeking to impose upon his fellows. Modern Socialists reject this assumption, and declare that the professional organiser must be retained and must be offered a higher salary as inducement to exercise his abilities.

Then we have a modified form of communism in Syndicalism, which retains the organisers, presumably at higher salaries than the ordinary workmen, but, still protesting against barrack Socialism, proposes that the various trade unions shall act as independent organisers of industry. This system virtually establishes a number of small governments within the present State. Your leader-writer protests, and I think rightly, that these unions are likely to be unable to organise industry to meet the demands of the whole nation. He accordingly proposes the retention of State control over the unions.

But, as Mr. Balfour points out, a definition of the precise nature of this control is highly important. Let us suppose, for instance, that when the public is no longer able to choose between various makers of boots, owing to the abolition of competition, there arises dissatisfaction with the quality or form of the boots provided, or dissatisfaction among the workers with their treatment at the hands of their union officials. Will the State have the power to depose certain of the boot-factory managers and set up rules of production? If the answer is in the affirmative it will require a remarkably delicate perception to distinguish between this system and barrack Socialism. If the answer is in the negative, I am of opinion that the system is in most respects decidedly inferior to the present one.

No, sir, Socialists must choose between barrack Socialism and freedom of exchange.

HENRY MEULEN.

* * *

"CRIMINAL LAW AND LAWYERS."

Sir,—I do recall that Mr. Pott is, or was, interested in the subject of capital punishment. I remember that, when I was up to the eyes in working the petition for Dickman, Mr. Pott called about it and kept me talking for an hour. Mr. Pott was quite willing to sign the petition—in fact, had signed before he called on me. Yet, since he now supposes that "you, sir, will know, even if Mrs. Hastings does not,

the true value of signatures to a petition," I am driven to conclude that he signed with some frivolity. He accuses me of being unfair to the poor suffragettes and the clergy, to whom it is useless to appeal against the blood-penalty: but how would he justify his own contemptuous words to the hundred and fifty thousand signatories of Seddon's petition? I fancy that the hundred and eighty-eight Daimler employees who signed it alone would make him uncomfortable. Mr. Pott's experience teaches him that those who consciously refrain from signing exhibit virtues of caution, self-restraint, and humility woefully lacking in many of the "quarter-millions, thousands, or hundreds, as the case may be, who do sign." How very slighting! The subject of murder or judicial murder, he says further, only excites and inflames certain types of mind! Mr. Pott may fling as much as he will of that kind of aspersion: it will not stick to people who have done nothing against either Gospel or humanity. The clergy who encourage judicial murder defy the Gospel, as the self-centred suffragettes defy humanity; and to both these I feel applies Dante's opinion of the friar in the ninth circle: "Ill manners were best courtesy to him." If I might advise canvassers for a petition against judicial murder, I should say: "Never waste a minute on opponents. They have long since heard all the arguments. Denounce them in two words and leave them to gape. One out of every three persons is waiting to sign." There are, of course, a few clergymen who consider bloodshed to be un-Christian, but they do not say so to all Galilee, so Galilee must not be blamed for concluding that the whole Church is disobedient to the Gospel. But this Gospel that does not seem able to die and that is, as everyone who studies it sees, the stone in the corner of humanism and true science, is now linking humanism and science to religion—and a really religious movement may even yet profess us all Christians. The Catholic Church will probably reap that harvest. But where is Mr. Pott? He is making some sort of joke about the Battle of Hastings, and replying to my remarks on the clergy and the suffragettes by saying that he knows a lot of suffragettes and has relatives in the Church. If I should reply, in my turn, that I also have relatives in the Church, one quite by way of being a Pot, since he is a Canon, and that I know more suffragettes than I should care to be better acquainted with, that reply, I suppose, would be in order and, at any rate, after his own style. He compares, for the purpose of indirectly calling me "cattish," my emphatic plea for Seddon with my implied plea for the imprisoned suffragettes. But I believe Seddon to have been innocent of murder, and the more I find out about the case the stronger I feel that he himself was wilfully murdered. I felt that the suffragettes had arranged a self-advertising outburst at a moment of great danger to the country. Seddon's sentence was death; the women's a short imprisonment with much self-glory. The two do not compare, in my opinion. As to being "cattish," I recall in self-defence some very neat cat comments I have heard: for instance, a wonder why Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who at twenty vowed by Joan of Arc and the Amazons, now circulates photographs of herself with the simper of sixteen; and why Mrs. Pethick Lawrence wears a copy of a hat created by La Grande Berthe, the Marigny cocotte—or does not she know, and is it just her taste? I should not know how to say things like that. I am afraid that I should be heavy and hope that someone au fait would tell her which hat it is, because, of course, she does not do it on purpose, and with that taste will be left wondering! Mr. Pott had better leave the suffragettes to defend themselves. He seems to be as heavy at defence as I am at attack. Who would credit his assertion that the abolition of capital punishment is part of the W.S.P.U. programme? The evidence is all the other way. They seem to have neither a moment of time nor an ounce of energy to spare from their one and only cause. Their filching of subscriptions from charities and the anti-vivisection movement, their suppression of all prison grievances except their own, their enrichment from advertisements of garments made from seals, ermines, and ospreys—we know these things; but, except that they want a vote, what else do we know of them? The last three years of politics have taught me that a vote is not worth having, so Mr. Pott is not even correct in supposing that even so far the suffragettes and I are "working for a common end." I am completely indifferent about the vote. I oppose the suffragettes as reactionaries. So little need we expect savage punishments to be condemned by these stone-hearts and sulphur-brains that a slight acquaintance with "woman's rights," as they preach these, shows that their programme will urge death, flogging, and imprisonment in cases where civilisation has long abolished these penalties. These women would turn England into America if they had their way. There the result of the mad kind of feminism is that one State imprisons a wife-deserter for ten years and another retaliates by hanging women.

Finally, I do not mind in the least distressing persons who

wish to think me "a thoughtful reformer" but object to effort beyond a little discussion. I never set out to be a reformer. But I hate living in a world where it is impossible to feel civilised. While the hangman is busy we are all, for the time being, decivilised.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

* * *

THE "TITANIC."

Sir,—It is repeatedly stated in the Press that this ship was the last word in naval architecture. As far as ridiculous luxury is concerned, it is to be hoped it was so. But to say that in point of construction this ship was the best that human brains and skill can produce is an insult to human intelligence.

It is not generally realised that these huge ships compare very unfavourably, in point of strength, with a cucumber. This sounds a drastic statement, but it is, nevertheless, a true one. A cucumber can be supported at both ends, in the middle, or held horizontally by one end without breaking; but one of these ships would not withstand a test far less severe than the slightest of these. On the contrary, they have to be supported most strenuously, throughout their entire length almost, during construction. This is owing to the fact that the framework of the ship consists of parallel ribs, the plates being called upon largely to lend rigidity to the structure. The primary function of the plates is to keep out the water, and they should not be called upon to do anything else. The ribs should pass diagonally across the bottom of the vessel and diagonally up the sides, being crossed by ribs passing diagonally in the opposite direction. With this construction the hull would become a huge hollow lattice girder, with considerable rigidity of its own, without any assistance from the plates. In this way the same weight of metal could be made to give many times the strength.

Although it would not be practicable to construct a vessel which could be run end on against a vertical cliff, it would be quite possible to build one which could give a glancing blow at an iceberg without going to the bottom.

It stands to reason that the flooded portion of a ship is kept afloat by the unflooded portion. At the point of juncture of the flooded and unflooded portions the strain on the structure is enormous; the plates are strained, and the water finds its way into the next compartment. This process goes on till the remaining unflooded portion of the ship becomes sufficiently light to be raised in the air, the vessel ultimately going down end first. This is no wisdom after the event, but a matter which has been discussed over and over again. In the case of the "Titanic," however, it would be interesting to know whether the water commenced coming in only at the point where the ship struck the iceberg, or whether the effect of the glancing blow was to start the seams throughout a considerable portion of the ship's length. It must be realised that, in spite of the apparent strength of these huge vessels, they are decidedly flabby. This is evidenced by the creaking of the wooded panelling even in a moderately rough sea.

By spending less on luxury, and appropriating some of the thirty per cent. dividend which these shipping companies pay, a far more seaworthy vessel could be produced.

W. H. MORGAN.

* * *

VIVISECTION AND ITS ABUSE.

Sir,—The original subject raised by "M. B. Oxon" was the desirability and the legitimacy of sheer abuse as a method of discrediting vivisection in particular. The legitimacy your correspondent is prepared to admit, since, in the absence of logic, emotional methods of attack alone remain, and abuse is one of them. But its desirability and efficacy he still doubts—in theory, at any rate. In practice, nevertheless, I observe that, under stress of feeling, he himself resorts to this method; for what else but abuse is his epithet of "crooked" as applied to my defence? I shall not, however, follow his example of protesting against the abuse. I prefer to leave your readers to draw the moral.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

THE CHAINING OF DOGS.

Sir,—I can point to a fruitful source of the regrettable and increasing bitterness and animosity felt by the poor towards the rich.

In game-preserving districts poor people are usually or very commonly terrorised by landowners, their estate agents and gamekeepers, who order! them to keep their dogs chained up, threatening that unless they obey that order! the dogs will be shot or they will not be allowed! to keep them at all!

Some protest (at their peril) against the infliction of such terrible cruelty upon their dogs; the majority, however,

fearing to lose employment or be turned out of their cottages, obey the cruel, preposterous, and absolutely indefensible order! but deeply and bitterly resent it.

They feel—justly and with reason—that it is utterly unjustifiable tyranny, and that, as they pay the same heavy tax for their dogs as do the rich, and as the dogs are their licensed property, they have an equal right with the rich to allow their dogs health, happiness, and liberty, and as much right to enjoy the pleasure they expect to derive from the society of their dogs as the rich have to enjoy their birds, preserved only for the pastime of shooting them down. This is very strongly felt.

They feel—justly and with reason—that their dogs are their own, and that they have every right to make them companions and friends, leading natural, happy lives; but that is impossible when the poor dogs are condemned to unnatural, barbarous captivity, and they themselves are pained and distressed by the sight of them dragging and straining at the cruel chains, by their pleading looks and piteous barks, whines, and howls for release from their misery. They feel—justly and with reason—that they have in this a great and quite uncalled-for grievance. They say: "It is no use for poor people to have dogs; they must be chained up or the keepers will shoot or trap or poison them"; and this is ruthlessly done.

The injustice, cruelty, tyranny, and selfishness of it all are very strongly felt, and an enormous amount of sore feeling and ill-feeling is the result.

If a dog does damage compensation can be claimed; but further than that no one has the right to go. Landowners may forbid trespass by dogs in their woods and fields, but have no right to dictate what steps shall be taken to prevent such trespass—most certainly no right to order! other people's dogs to be chained or in what conditions they shall be kept. Unquestionably, keepers have no right to destroy dogs, thus depriving people of their licensed property; neither have landowners or their estate agents any right to order! or sanction their destruction.

If game-preserving landowners would but think, would realise the great suffering and wretchedness of chained dogs and the grief and indignation of their owners, who love and pity them, if they would be careful not to go beyond their rights; if they would be less selfish and more considerate in their so-called sport and their pleasures, and would

recognise that the preservation and shooting of game is not the only or the most important thing in the world, and if they would put a stop to the system of tyranny towards dogs and dog-owners pursued by their agents and keepers—a great deal of the bad feeling and friction between rich and poor would be removed.

AN OWNER OF DOGS.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND POETRY.

Sir,—Recently re-reading Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" (Italian version), I was much struck by the aptness of the following passage to the situation as between your reviewers (particularly of poetry) and their subjects and critics. Young Lorenzo replies to his father's remark, "How abjectly your poetry is ranked in general opinion," in these words:—

"Indeed, if you will look on Poesy
As she appears in many, poor and lame,
Patch'd up in remnants and old worn rags,
Half starved for want of her peculiar food:
Sacred invention, then I must confirm
Both your conceit and censure of her merit.
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit, with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought:
Oh, then how proud a presence doth she bear.
Then is she like herself, fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes
Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
That such lean, ignorant, and blasted wits,
Such brainless gulls, should utter their stol'n waves
With such applauses in our vulgar ears
O that their slubber'd lines have current pass
From the fat judgments of the multitude.
But that this bawen and infected age
Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits
And a true poet: than which reverend name
Nothing can more adorn humanity."

F. R. B.

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