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clearly as we have proved the partial nature of the
foregoing nostrums, each of them still continues to in-
spire a crowd of flammis. Really, there is no teaching
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demonstration of a particular fallacy, its original pro-
mulgator 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 at-
tempted 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
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, there-
fore, can be regarded as offering any hope of a settle-
ment 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.

All communications relative to The New Age should be
addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

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 in-
sane 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 demonstra-
tional system of the inadequacy of our industrial organisation
in modern demands. Yet it was in a House "amaz-
ingly empty," according to "P. W. W.," that one of
the rare discussions of the sinister phenomena was
conducted on Wednesday, 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.

Reviewing the suggestions enumerated by Mr. Craw-
shay 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
have not expected. A practical as well as theoretical difficulty
is not nowadays any insurance against either un-
employment 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
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
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Co-partnership. How, after this practical as well as

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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 that in its "immature" state it will be the only possible machinery for the present. We hazard 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 invention of this new body 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 awards of conciliation 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.

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 by the result indirectly from the collective bargain 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 attempt, on the one hand, is wedded to the remedy of Compulsory Arbitration. Even were the suggestion as far from theoretical objections as the Co-partnership impracticable will ensure the fruitlessness of the Council. For the future we may take it that the Trade Unions are not only here to stay, but are here to increase in power, size and intelligence. And since their face 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, the Co-partnership, it is full of them, Trade Unionism blocks the way with ever increasing strength and resolution.

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 see how level-headed a critic of political economics as Mr. Baumann is. Replying to the young "Curio," Mr. Baumann points out that even the Socialists are aware that the legal establishment of a Minimum Wage is unjust. It is, for the reason that the state, namely, that while 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 variously willing to impose on private employers, the latter have a good case in ethics against the legal establishment of a Minimum Wage.
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 idea. 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 a leap 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 pride. 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.

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. On the other hand to execute the Federation of Trade Unions, 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 do to-day in the predecessor of this form of organisation known as the Guild System. Here again, however, as in the case of the Collectivists, unless they are prepared to concede the germinal demand of Syndicalism for a share of direct control, their plans, like those of the Co-partners and the Compulsory Arbitrators, will be wrecked in practice; since once more the Trade Unionists block the way.

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—head to contrive. And this stupidity of theirs is naturally judge the competency of a Labour Department or the Federation of Trade Unions to herald the Insurance Bill of Mr. Lloyd George. Was not that great Levitical threat, was not the Department that mani-festly 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.

Incompetent or competent—it depends on the view of, 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, too, 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 will be facilitated in the 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 for the price of the capital stock; and 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 inno-cent eyes. If not in his, in capitalists’ eyes, at any rate.

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, said in his 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 public being 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 the 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 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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And the judicious winking of the Board of Trade on the doings of the Shipowners—that, too, counts unto them for efficient service. 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.

Mr. Tom Mann has not been deceived by the technicality of his imprisonment. Not for inciting soldiers to murder, or assisting the 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 perform an illegal act, his betters in command, equally bound to 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.

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 is certainly so advanced, practically alone, by a layman, Mr. Croft Hiller. Mr. Hiller has been indefatigable as well as somewhat imprudent during the last ten years in preaching his doctrine; it is only his conviction that the 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.

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 be remembered, began by making the Convention acknowledge a Supreme Being.

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 the Pall Mall Gazette 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 criticism, 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.

This, I am thinking of the changes at the German Embassy here, of course. Count Paul Wolf-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.

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 long, 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 in the Court of the country to which he is accredited. 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.

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, at that Mr. Lloyd George do wn 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.

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 the 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.

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 sharp rap on the knuckles” would be lucky not to be retained (at least 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 vitiates the fidelity. Perhaps, however, it would be as foolish to complain of intellectual cowardice in Great Britain as it would be 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 mysteries, 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 prompts 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 life. In its ignorance, it has frequently condemned what subsequently it has been compelled to accept and subsequently to reject what in its ignorance it pronounced 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 volatile incompetents. 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? (or, if they knew, it was 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 Socialism. 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 claim 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 made for the worker 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 works upon the worker 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," says the political Socialists, "and then we shall control it." "Yes," says the capitalist, "but who shall control us?" reply the capitalists. "Certainly," is the reply, "we will pay you the full and fair price." "How will you get the money?" asks the capitalists. By borrowing, reply the political Socialists. "Who will lend to you?" asks 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 for 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 we 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. 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 rent. You have the interest of 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 fact and value consequent. To lure the workman, then, into a misconceived agitation for mere nationalisation is both stupid and cruel.

It is peculiarly humiliating that our spy little Chancellor of the Exchequer had to teach this simple lesson to all the hoodwinked Socialists. Mr. Keir Hardie has not yet realised that he is dead, although we informed him of the fact some three years ago. His similiarum 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. Is the chemotherapy, there was public sympathy 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 plan was not to go out of business; it was thought nationalisation would put an end to labour troubles. Mr. Keir Hardie: It will depend upon what you pay. The Chancellor of the Exchequer of this State-Socialism was not against nationalisation 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 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 the strikes in France. They had nationalisation of railways in Germany, but wages were much lower. 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 better to form an industrial Socialism outside the State, but that it is not a solution of the proposition, but that it depends upon the wage system, with all the troubles associated with it. We seriously ask the I.L.P. is this 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, who has always been in favour of presenting 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 capitalism 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, in his safe sheds, that normally 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 hide the apparent fact that he shall 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 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 and the wage system. What is 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. The wage system abolishes rent and interest. The only guarantee the State has 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 that 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 put to cruel death. This seemingly ludicrous idea of a religious war is actually contained in the account of an Ulster Unionist's political speech in a pamphlet which was published in the last year and which has been referred to in this paper. The pamphlet is a small boy contributing to a mission for that purpose, and I also remember telling a little Catholic playmate that the Orangeman, being put to cruel death, 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 that 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 population of Belfast is mainly one which, if it were to Home Rule and the Protestant working-man does not honestly believe that self-government for Ireland means religious persecution for him. It is the Protestant who 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 fear that it does not honestly believe that the Protestant working-man does not honestly believe that the Catholic, after the concession of Home Rule to Ireland 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 point of fact that they demand any generous or human feeling; the Protestants will not demand any generous or human feeling; the Protestants are a disorderly ruffian and an empty braggart, or to threaten with a great deal of unnecessary detail to die in the last ditch, most sensible men shrug their shoulders and wave a bosh to Lord Randolph Churchill, a cunning phrase which I also remember telling a little Catholic playmate 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 to 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 1708, 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 Presbyterians, despite their later adherence to the compromise which the Ulster Protestants (who are numerically little, if any, greater than the Ulster Catholics) have to Home Rule is fear that it does not honestly believe that the Protestant working-man does not honestly believe that the Catholic, after the concession of Home Rule to Ireland 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 point of fact that they demand any generous or human feeling; the Protestants will not demand any generous or human feeling; the Protestants are a disorderly ruffian and an empty braggart, or to threaten with a great deal of unnecessary detail to die in the last ditch, most sensible men shrug their shoulders and wave a bosh to Lord Randolph Churchill, a cunning phrase which I also remember telling a little Catholic playmate 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.

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eled because of their disaffection and disloyalty uring 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 of England with the English themselves? The turning of Irish affairs against the country in which 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, may wonder, how the population of Belfast which is now the historic home of Orangeism, is a slum, and parts of the poverty-stricken as any mean street in the East End of London. 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 historic home of Orangeism.

In England the opulation may roughly be divided into two classes and geographical groups: one, the agricultural class, which lives and works among 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 industry. The war of 1812 forced the Irish agri-cultural revolution to come 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 revivify, 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 had 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 returned for a Belfast constituency, although two of its members were returned for Whitechapel in London. 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 perversion 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 because of their disaffection and disloyalty. The Irish Catholics were suffering from every injustice that the wit of man could devise. They were subjected to the most shameful brutality, and throughout the history of their conflicts with England they were the aggressor, never the conquered, 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 industry. The war of 1812 forced the Irish agricultural population to come 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 revivify, the revival was crushed by the repeal of the Corn Laws. In all the relations that
made to preserve the same balance between the two states of mind as 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 was the 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 entertain sentiments too strong for their liking. It has happened frequently in Irish history that Orange and Green have united to remove some common grievance. It has happened frequently in Irish history that liking. It has happened frequently in Irish history that liking.

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 tenantry 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 working-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 squallid religious quarrels which disfigure the life of Ulster are to be ended.

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 to turn from 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 origin. This was well put by Jowett's friend and tutor, the Master of Balliol. "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, at the same time 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 touring 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 dinners-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 delivery he qualified himself chiefly by his home studies and his marriage with the most learned and tender English poetesses. He completed his training by long and laborious sitting at 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 dinners-out of the centuries to which they respectively belonged.

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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-tolling 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 Cambrewell 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.

The Navy's all a-leaking, nay, a-leaguing 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 proposed the measure, and might think it so 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 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 I wouldn't be rankest folly if I committed Myself. Some Unionist may merrily propose To-with-the-surplus-bribe the medics, 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 offer to split the difference—compromise. And prettily apologise for having called them rats, I don't think they'll refuse. They may despise—Yet few would look quite straight at Monsieur Compromise!

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? Until 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 who think the poor are not the same and 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 it is easier to recognise a principle; in other words, it assumes your knowledge of the principle. Failing that knowledge, your examples will probably prove misleading and even contradictory. You 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 out, it requires 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 medicable 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.

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.

But 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 right, Nietzscheans do not avoid error by assuming that Might is wrong. 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 simply inverted.

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 of 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 weak, strong 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? 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.

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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 from weakness—incapacity for sustained thought. 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 look for him wherever he is and join him on whichever side he happens to be.

The ravages of this complaint in Paris at the present moment are 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 fleeting maxims of the Revolution and the cheap and hasty maxims of the Restoration. 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 Voltairean bourgeoisie. According to Pierre Jaudon, French society of the present day is ‘an expression of Byzantine charlatanism and the insane efforts of degenerate barbarians.

Byzantine effrontery certainly. I had what I consider a unique experience of cosmopolitan Byzantianism 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 tattered society en décadence, to which they can cling as drowning men clinging 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 is no better than the haste to take the easy way out. 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 city. Among them, 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 one can supply 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 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 sport 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 have seen 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.

The two best advertised persons in France to-day are Sarah Bernhardt and Maurice Maeterlinck. And I mean by that the salesmen. 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 have seen 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.

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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 breed of the Flaubertian. Some of them, which were alike we 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 have yet to be expressed by a symbol, so the proper figure of Mrs. Foisacre is a cipher. The second 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 great part not of indifference to sex, but of sexual precocity; as the twig is bent the tree inclines. In her anxiety to please you she is willing to ascribe 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 protectsions; distinctions between them are relatively the 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 simple, single or integral nature.

I need no more to 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 exhibited 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 to 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 gladly disencumber 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 friendship to the 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, but the opportunity to meet them is there and 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 you will only be of value to her if 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 replace 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.

Her self-created gift is for satire with a compensate-
tion 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 against demands. With you, for example, she assumes the mask of satire. She pro-
bably discovered quite early in your acquaintance that
satire amused you and produced in you a flattering esti-
mate 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 per-
suades her other friends that she is gradually eliminat-
ing satire; for the first-rate sentimentality is offensive,
and forswears satire with as much sincerity and per-
mance as 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 of her, a form, a mask, a satirical, a looking-glass,
which, like the feminine nature wherever it appears, whether in philo-
sophy or in flesh, a mere looking-glass of man. Herself
and in herself nothing, absolutely nothing, but reflec-
tion, 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 pedantically a mirror with no fidelity and lies to
the truth that it possesses neither truth nor falsehood;
or, rather, its truth is to be always false. To Mrs.
Foissacre I would adapt the advice: To thine own self
be true—thou canst not then be true to any man. Sush
is the feminine nature of which Mrs. Foissacre 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
turn a material of her mind. Still 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 exhilarat-
ing experience she ever has with life and literature; 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 unedu-
cable. 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 her self and with her second-rate friends. Thus to
your disappointment with her will be added chagrin with
yourself; and from the meleé with a shadow you will
emerge sore, baffled and defeated.

When I had concluded my diagnosis, Tremayne, who
had been attentive, 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 warn-
ings 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 at-
tending University Extension lectures, John Churton
Collins is a name that Latin scholars, and even 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 extrava-
gance. The only poet with whom Byron could justly
have been compared was Shakespeare, and the compar-
ison would not have been favourable to Byron; but
by hailing Godwin, for example, as the cataract of the
edges of this real riva1, 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. Only Collins, Miss Emmerson has said, had no such
excuse for eulogising Pope; for every reader of taste
knows now that Pope and his school, as Emerson said,
rote poetry fit only to put round frosted cake. But
This 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 to be desired.

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'—revised by what
was amorphous, extravagant, coarse, with a genius
delicate and finely touched rather than robust and rigor-
ous, with a tendency to reduce and submit everything to
the standards and touchstones of a lucid intelligence.
Now it is but a step in the French sphere which he was
preeminently 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 greater dignity and value of
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, ser-
mons 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.' 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 microscope, of course, with its 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 world of its immediate 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 depict their gregarious element in life 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 excellently 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 St. Benet's term, or some other, as has been said, "experts," and to support this assertion 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 on a prose."

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 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," later 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 inquisition 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 together that the necessary and vital connection between them cannot be disputed. But Cole 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 moments, perhaps of lowered spirit and 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 life 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 that inherent workings of his mind which had led him to be called a success in life, though he would gladly have shared life's honours, rewards, and vantage-grounds, for he was neither an enthusiast nor a brethren, but quafid his faith in the power of God 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 excellently 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 St. Benet's term, or some other, as has been said, "experts," and to support this assertion to the circumstances of his time. This illuminating comment on Burke's supposed desertion of his party is made:

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A. E. R.
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 fery lands forlorn. (Keats.)

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dare, 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 subduec eyes,
Albeit unsod to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. (Shakespeare.)

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

) thou
Who charioteest 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.

I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd 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 some-
ting already from other sources. He must know a
little of Greek mythology, and some geography and
even sciences. The first selections are instantly open to
all imaginative minds. Let us note, further, at how
much greater length we need to quote for coherency,
even if we have, in fact, taken enough to satisfy those
who may not know the poems. For such a circum-
stance, however, we cannot be blamed. Clearly (and
here is the unnecessary justification of this method of
criticism) the whole poems cannot be given. In criti-
cising Mr. Yeats' play we selected by no means the
best of his verses, but the best. There are dozens in
the play too hoideous to quote, too roar and bawl 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 asleeep. Milk-white be-
longs to everyone who cannot find a more 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 vastly deep."
"Why, so I can, 1, 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 extremely delicate as
perception; yet we may all check it. Mr. Yeats, in
mantrumissing "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 sug-
genial that Mr. Yeats' example is responsible for
half the versifiers of to-day. William Morris, Covent-
try Patmore, and Robert Browning are respec-
tively 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 Collins 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 far wider scope than 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 im-
proving 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
Medievalism. 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 noisely monotonous and aggressively tedious.
Others, of course, have shared his views on the matter,
but no one has voiced them so forcibly as he. And,
thanks chiefly to him, the Revolt against Uniformity has
begun.

We have never entirely succumbed to it. We have never
ever 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.
et.)
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 shown that we still have a half-idea of just now by keeping off the largest problems. Rut whenever we have a ceremonial holiday, of their fabrication has been removed. Coronation over, 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 bric-a-brac official costumes, with mountainous toppers 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 sign-boards that Professor Pigott-Jones busies himself. He believes that here and now he can do most—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 buildings which could no more be drafted on our present-day civilisation than an elephant’s tusk could be crafted on a mollusc of the slime. But, generally speaking, he is as practical as he is inspiring. He urges changes in 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 which 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 venturesome individual plucked a sign out of the street, and the whole thing defaced the form of man? If policemen must have the word "General" is splashed across a street was small and ran by the Thames, men had this attention attracted to name streets after some genuine local association. Laden with Mischief," at Madingley, and the Little brightness and j..."

In olden days, he observes, it was the custom to name streets after some genuine local association. 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 the colour of a 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," he says, "and the nearest station 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 the colour of a token might be worn which would remind one of its particular associations and greatly relieve the tedium of our journeys.

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 ewe, we got a Dog Alley, and the neighbour of a vixen would 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 Ladymith Avenue. The imagination that used to make the making of local names is no longer present. We have banished the natural man. Fancy, caprice, and spon-taneity 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 soaked in the same! For 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
Everything concerning them is minutely recorded. In fact, the way these Glasgow dramatists pry into the private lives of unimportant people, 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," by W. Somerset Maugham, is the work of 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 theuers of the 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 Guignolese 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 Protagonist," by Anthony Rowley, has a detective story to tell, of self-sacrifice and Scotch slobber. The Protagonist 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 polar-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 Protagonist, is preparing for the ministry. He has a taste for costly bound books, and is in love with the Protagonist's daughter. What more natural than the Protagonist should discover the books packed away in his own cupboard, and, finding that his employer means to be reimbursed, seeks 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 a fit of dastardly murder of a sailor in London.

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 and tobacco and the overpowering smell of unimportant people. From other places come indications pointing to the growth of local drama without spiritual power, taste, or aesthetic refinement. Some of these indications come from Lancashire, 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, gd. each.) I gather from the prospectus printed with these plays that the aim of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre is "to bring to London's despotic sway," and that the venture was not a success till "the shareholders, all Glasgow men, reinforced the finances."*

* * *

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 relationship of dangerous trades to love affairs, and one wherein Mr. Bernard Shaw is called a fool and a traitor to London's despotic sway, and the other a story of the discovery of the self-sacrifice of the Protagonist that he calls him a noble liar (in Roman Capitals) and gathers him to his bosom. The action of "A Weaver's Shudder," 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? The employer of labour has 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," by W. Somerset Maugham, is the work of 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 theuers of the son, goes off in a stage trance, describes how he committed the murder, and dies. 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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 a fit of 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 Protagonist," by Anthony Rowley, has a detective story to tell, of self-sacrifice and Scotch slobber. The Protagonist 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. 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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 cause the dangers of misfortune. The inevitable pit accident happens, and Jock is brought home disabled to talk to Mary "about pitin' up the banns when ma airm's set." Are we to believe this is exactly the sort of scene pit-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 maintains that the rich are not 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 shows the wrong point of view. 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.

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's 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 unwell. 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 funds. He had acted in good plays, as an amateur, with 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 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 the 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, 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 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 the 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, he is made to live because his father has condemned him to death. He has a vast deal to learn, etc., etc., etc.

"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; 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 exhibition shows that Mr. Hastings has not 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.

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 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 of an interesting style, and rewrite. Like Mr. Hastings, she wrote the play straight off.

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Pastiche.

ANOTHER VIEW OF G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Yus," said the old woman with whom I had scanned an acquaintance in a certain village, "I've spoken to a real, live prince. I'veard 'e was 'is a good man, and to be sure, 'is size was tremendous. And mighty queer 'e was as well. Everythink I said 'e turned it upside down, and fair puzzled me. Yet see, I found 'im on 'is eere doorstep, scribblin' on a bit of dirty paper.

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

"No,' I says, 'it's 'ard to sit. 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,' says he. 'Never was educated enough.'

"Don't mention to me,' say I, 'the edication of the masses. I want the edication of the upper classes. Demo- cracy talks about 'paintin' the town red': that's pestic. But aristocracy can only talk about paintin' the map red: that's picturesque. It was like turnin' somersaults with words, 'is talk was.

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

"No,' says he, 'votes are not good enough for women.' (I never
THE GASTRONOMIC SCHOOL OF POETRY.

The "Epicures' League" held its first international dinner in 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 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 date,
Fyed thee "fresh" and "newly laid."
Worth the price I pitifully paid?
If I knew who laid thee
I would not upbraid thee.

THE EPIC OF THE EPIREC.

(With acknowledgments to William Blake.)

O, thou who art the soul of mystery!
What was thy genesis—and what thy history?
Thy origin Teutonic mere abuse is—
But has thy secret solved at far Eleusis?
O, I was a naughty pirate man
Whose every word was a lie
When I said—"Who would not be a Freewoman like me."

THE SIAMESE SINS.

Two gooob (blacks) don't make a boogoe (white)," said I, oogoob (tying on) my ooboog (peaked hat fastened with a yellow riband).

GARN,

"Tell me 'seff—"

And "Who was this Prince? I inquired.

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

THE ACCURSED.

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

ME AND JANE.

A SHORT STORY.

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

THE PROSTITUTE AND PARNASSUS.

BY L. N. K. STAYNES.

... And so, once more I say, the lower stratums 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,—

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. VISSAK.

UNMENTIONABLE DISEASES WE HAVE KNOWN.

Where evry lurks the lately poached egg
Couched on a decadence of buttered toast—
The gourmand pauses, lately engrossed
With potato longings—now in half a pint of milk
Twiss my wild first love and favour newly born;
'Tis Scylla now, and now Charybdis calls!}

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

W. HUGH HIGGINBOTTOM.

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...
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WAGE SYSTEM.

SIR,—The writer of "Notes of the Week" has no forgiveness for, but he does 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 for the whole of the wage-earner's 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 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 on 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 in the first place, i.e., for stock and raw materials, the wages being the valuable services to which the wages will be manifoldly particulars in respect of each business, but probably with goodwill and a spirit of sweet reasonableness the men would not find the increase. The whole of this is the point 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 suppose that I wish employing a capital of £100,000 and paying at the commence ment of the co-partnership £50,000 per annum in wages, and that 4 million of services may 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 remain a profit of 5 per cent. on the capital employed. Let us suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that the profit is 10 per cent. of the 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 affect any material improvement in the men's outlook on life? Figures are a sore 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.

G. 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 Canadians, 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 this self-seeking. The Germans, Australians, and Japanese, under her present Government, is as useless to the Germans and Austrians as she could be under any other. Ms. Brown's advances, if the answer is in the nature of this control is highly important. Let us suppose, for instance, that the Federation is to organise industry to meet the demands of the whole nation. He accordingly proposes the retention of State control, and agrees with the Banking Reform League that serious consequences. But it will also be a glorious chance for the Continental nations, for something like the Chinese, and Japan and China 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 is clear, but the question is, is Britain 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 take a prominent place among the Yellow races, and 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 inequality arise from State interference with credit operations, I fully concur that it is unnecessary to take up space in THE NEW AGE to argue that. My attack is upon whether a token, the use of which is gradually being superseded in commerce, shall or shall not be termed a more primitive social condition. I contend that there is no possible half-way house between free competition (in which I assume freedom of credit) and barrack Socialism. Krupokine 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.

When 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 organisations of industry. This system virtually establishes a number of small governments within the present State. Your leading-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-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 barracks. 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 Crown in working out the British Empire, Continental Europe, far desiring to help the British, will dance with delight. The mere pleasure of seeing the most unpopular nation in the world severely pummelled will be enough, without any thought of ulterior conse-
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 clerics from 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 to Seddon's petition? I fancy that the hundred and eighty-eight Diocesan employees who signed it alone would make him uncomfortable.

Mr. Pott's experience teaches him that those who conscientiously refuse to sign exhibiting examples of caution, self-restraint, and humility woefully lacking in many of the "quarter-millions, thousands, or hundreds, as the case may be," as he says. Yet now very sighted, that 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 can, and I am sure that, if one studies it, it will 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 suffragette defies 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 peti-

There are, of course, a few clergymen who consider bloodshed a sin, but they dealt in Galilee, so Galice must not be blamed for concluding that the whole Church is disobedient to the Gospel. But this Gospel, if he alone able to do so, is, as it were, another Galilean, one who studies it, sees, the stone in the corner of humanism to gape. One out

Profess us all Christians. The Catholic Church will probably reap that harvest. But where is Mr. Pott? He is being a Pot, since he is a Canon, and that I am afraid that he signed with some frivolity. He accuses me of being unfair to the poor suf-fragettes and their allergy, to seductive persons who have done nothing against either Gospel or 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.

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"cattish," I recall in self-defence some very neat cat com-

The two do not compare, in my opinion. As to being "cattish," I recall in self-defence some very neat cat com-

Sir,—It is repeatedly stated in the Press that this ship was the last word in naval architecture. As far as ridicul-

THE "TITANIC."

Sir,—It is repeatedly stated in the Press that this ship was the last word in naval architecture. As far as ridicul-

wish to think me a "thoughtful reformer" but object to effort beyond a little discussion. I never set out to be a

I do not mind in the least distressing persons who

VIVISECTION AND ABUSE.

Sir,—The original subject raised by "M. B. Oxon" was the desirability and the legitimacy of shear abuse as a means of dissecting vivisection in particular. The legitimacy your correspondent is prepared to admit, since, in the absence of logical, 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, the hotel resorts to this method; for what else but abuse is his epithet of "crooked" as applied to my defence? I shall not, how-

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

In game-preserving districts poor people are usually or very commonly licensed 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, howls and whines 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 ruthless done.

The injustice, crueltv, 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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